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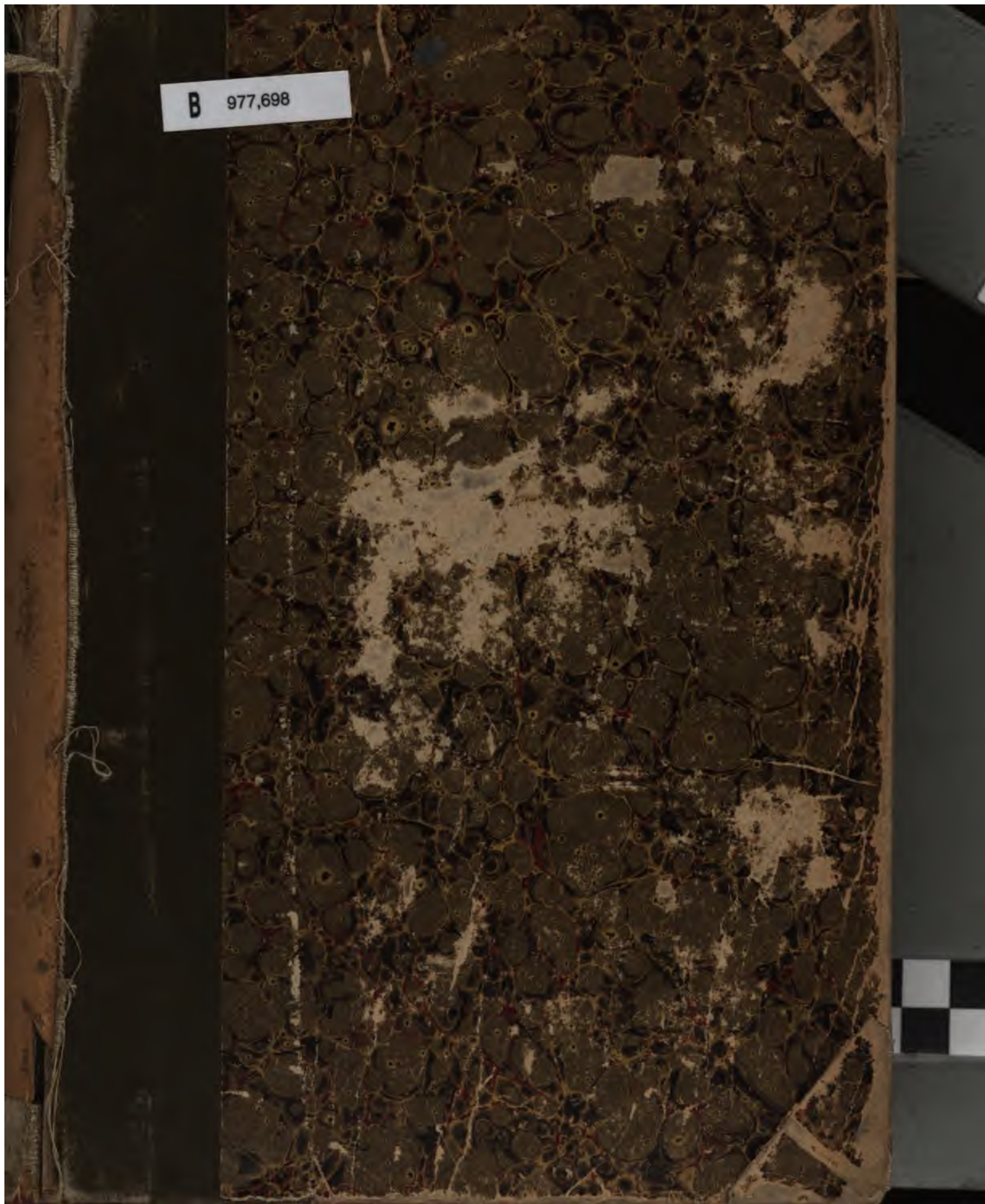
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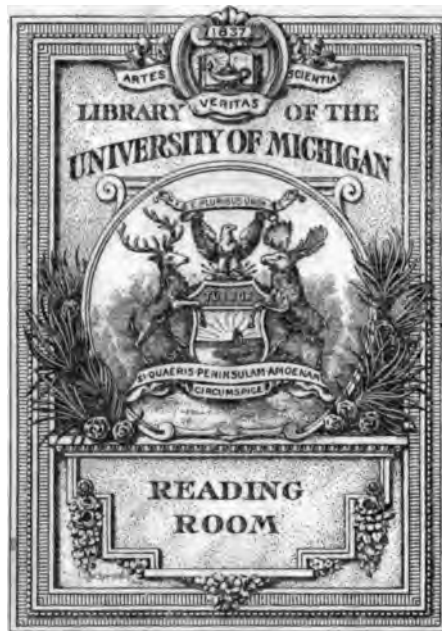
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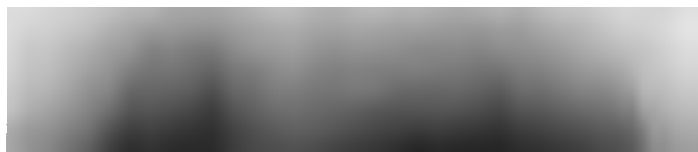
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# THE BOOKMAN

*AN ILLUSTRATED LITERARY JOURNAL*

VOLUME V.

MARCH, 1897—AUGUST, 1897

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*"I am a Bookman."*—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

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NEW YORK  
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY  
FIFTH AVENUE AND 21ST STREET

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American Editors: { PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, of Columbia College, N. Y.  
JAMES MACARTHUR

## ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1897

### New and Attractive Features

*A New Serial Story begins in this Number*

#### IN KEDAR'S TENTS

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "The Sowers "

The great popularity which Mr. Merriman's recent novel, *THE SOWERS*, has won for him in England makes a serial from his pen one of the events of the present year. During the past few months *THE SOWERS* has been selling rapidly, and continues to be the favourite book of the hour. His new novel, entitled *IN KEDAR'S TENTS*, which has been secured for *THE BOOKMAN*, does not fall behind his previous work as a thrilling story of adventure. Mr. Merriman is one of the born story-tellers, and *IN KEDAR'S TENTS* is full of exciting episodes, adventurous incidents, brilliant repartee and dramatic climaxes. The opening scene takes place during the Chartist uprising in England, but shifts quickly to Spain, where the hero of the story becomes involved in a tangle of love and intrigue. *IN KEDAR'S TENTS* has been pronounced by critics who have read the advance sheets to be one of the best serials that have been written for years, and equal to Anthony Hope's *PHROSO*, which held the interest of its readers in *McClure's Magazine* as did no other serial during the past year.

#### AMERICAN BOOKMEN

From Irving to Holmes

By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

For some months back, the Editors have been making arrangements to present to the readers of this magazine a series of papers during the present year, which shall give a more complete, a more exhaustive and picturesque account of the lives of our great American Bookmen who have lived and worked in the present century, than has yet been published. The series began with an article on Washington Irving in the February number, and will be continued through the year. Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe has been engaged to write these papers, and few men have probably had the training and are so happily situated as Mr. De Wolfe Howe for undertaking this delightful task. An attractive feature of these articles, besides the new material given in the text, will be the addition of new portraits and fac-similes and other interesting illustrations connected with the various authors who are to be considered.

#### LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS

The series of Living Critics, which has proved a popular one in *THE BOOKMAN* during the past year, was finished, so far as American and English critics are concerned, with a paper on William Dean Howells by Professor Peck in the February number. These studies, however, are now being extended to Living Continental Critics, about whom very little that is trustworthy has yet been published

## THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER

in English. In embracing this opportunity, the Editors of THE BOOKMAN will bring into this neglected field an amount of fresh material which will be gladly welcomed by all readers. The articles, of course, will be accompanied, as heretofore, by recent portraits.

### OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS

By EDWIN M. BACON

It was intended during the past year to follow up the articles on the Old Booksellers of New York, which appeared in THE BOOKMAN in the previous year, with a series of like articles on the Old Booksellers of Boston; but Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, who undertook the work, found the field so much more interesting and extensive in its resources than he had imagined, that it has been impossible for him, until now, to condense his material and put it in shape for a series of articles to be published in THE BOOKMAN. There will be four papers in this series, and a feast of good things can safely be promised, as many interesting facts hitherto unpublished concerning the relations between some of these old booksellers with the historians and litterateurs of New England have been discovered by Mr. Bacon. These papers will be illustrated with portraits, and it is intended to reproduce fac-similes of those contracts made with authors, that are interesting as possessing a curious documentary value. The first paper of the series appeared in February.

### GENERAL FEATURES

Professor Harry Thurston Peck will contribute, as heretofore, signed articles on topics of immediate contemporaneous interest. Among them are papers on "The Americanization of England," "The Progress of 'Fonetik Refawrm,'" "An American Play in an English Theatre," and a series of articles under the general title "France and Germany," embodying the results of much careful observation, and replete with significant illustration and anecdote.

Special articles of interest may also be looked for, from time to time, in the future, from those who have already contributed to THE BOOKMAN, and who have undertaken to contribute in the future. Among these are the following:

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All the other popular features of THE BOOKMAN will be continued, and the Editors—grateful as they are for the recognition which their efforts in the past have evoked—hope, in the future, to approach still nearer to the standard of excellence which they have set before them, in their desire to make THE BOOKMAN the most readable, the most authoritative, and the most complete of literary journals.

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# THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. V.

MARCH, 1897.

NO. 1.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

*The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps be enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Professor Saintsbury's recent article in *Blackwood* on "Twenty Years of Reviewing" has resulted in the reviewers once more being reviewed. The *Westminster Gazette* has gone to the pains to gather opinions on the subject of book reviewing from a number of writers supposed to be authorities. Sir Walter Besant waxes eloquent and discusses the matter at great length. But the gem of the "opinions," according to the London *Literary World* of January 5th, is surely that expressed by Mr. Clement K. Shorter. We are willing to believe that the metaphorical language was born in the brain of his interviewer. Here is Mr. Shorter's opinion :

"As to good books being overlooked, I should say there never was a time when this was less likely to happen than nowadays, when the tendency is all the other way—when there is such a desire, I mean, to detect the new-fledged genius and give welcome to the rising sun, that all our geese are swans, and every writer of moderate promise is hailed as a star of the first magnitude. No ; the wheels (!) of literary criticism nowadays grind exceeding small, and I think you can be pretty certain that whatever escapes them can hardly be of much account."

The newly fledged genius in the act of hailing the rising sun, with the star of the first magnitude still unretired for the night, and the geese-swans going for a trip on the great wheel of literary criticism, would make a fine illustration for the *Sketch* !

Mr. Levett Yeats, who promised us a new historical novel a year ago, is likely to follow up *The Honour of Savelli* with a short story of about 20,000 words. Mr. Yeats, we believe, has another Italian story in hand, but it is not likely that he will finish it for some time. He

is at present in the Punjaub, and the duties of a frontier station leave him very little time for literary work.

Mr. Bret Harte has just written a new poem of the "Truthful James" order, entitled "Free Silver at Angel's."

We learn from a reliable source that the editor of *Thoreau*, Mr. H. G. O. Blake, who is living at Worcester, Mass., has had long in view the selection and publication of two more volumes of *Thoreau's Journal*—*Late Spring* and *Late Summer*, which would make the circle of the year complete. It was the hope of Emerson that the whole *Journals* would some day be printed just as they stand, whether published elsewhere or not, and with all the variety of thought and observation which the entry for a single day might contain. It is not certain that this will be feasible, certainly not for a long time, but there can be little doubt that the purpose of Mr. Blake will take effect, and this before very long. This news will greatly gratify the increasing circle of *Thoreau's* admirers.

As is well known, the energetic Director of the State Library at Albany, who is also the head of the Library School at that place, is what some people call a "spelling reformer," and in the course of the evolution of his theories he has had at different times a large assortment of variegated views upon this subject. The successive stages of this process have been reflected in the different methods in which he has written his own name, for it has figured in his letters some-

times as "Dewey," sometimes as "Dewy," and sometimes again as "Dui." This fact, together with others relating to his interesting personality, having become known to his disciples of the Library School, and having been duly pondered with proper solemnity, one of his pupils, a young lady, with that touching confidence in the greatness of her teacher which is always so pleasing to contemplate, not long ago timidly inquired, "Please, sir, did you really write the Douay Bible?"

A meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs was held the other day in Springfield, Mass., and was addressed at considerable length by Professor A. E. Morgan, of Wellesley College. Miss Morgan appears to have taken as her text our remark that the Macmonnies Bacchante was an inappropriate appendage to a great public library, in that its associations suggest nothing but drunkenness and lust. The lady went on to say some very pretty and poetic things about the Bacchic worship, its mystery and its beauty, ladling out also a generous libation of Plato and other bits of antiquity more or less germane, and intended especially for our discomfiture. We must confess that it always gives us a creepy feeling to hear ladies, young or old, skating around on the very thin ice of Hellenic ethical and æsthetical philosophy. We can never, in fact, quite succeed in keeping ourselves down to the safe limits of a University Extension Socrates and a Chautauquan Plato; and we sometimes wonder what would happen if a conscientious lecturer were honestly to expound the real teachings of the cheerful pagan who wrote the *Symposium*. As a matter of fact, all this talk about the "divine wine of Nature" and the "vital impulses" underlying the Bacchic orgy is merely a process of wreathing flowers about a grinning skull; and to be told of the beautiful symbolism of the Floralia, and the spiritual significance of the cults of Isis and Cybele and Aphrodite, and the subtle allegories of the phallic worship, would make a cat laugh. Somehow or other, just at this moment, there comes stealing into our memory the refrain of a song once popular in the music-halls:

"The poor girl didn't know, you know!"

Miss Jane H. Findlater, the author of *The Green Graves of Balgowrie*, has just finished a new story. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Anne, but the novel is not historical.

Mr. Andrew Lang contributes to the February number of *Good Words* an article on Victorian Literature. Browning and Tennyson he pronounces the glories of the Victorian Age. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë are put in the first rank, and Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope in the second. Lytton, Trollope, Reade, and Kingsley are pronounced lacking the touch of immortality, and even about George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë the critic hesitates. Mr. Lang declines to say anything about living authors.

The Robert Louis Stevenson memorial committee recently met in London. It was agreed, we understand, that the memorial should take some form of sculpture, the particular form to be decided by the amount subscribed. Many are in favour of a statue, but it is felt that after Lord Rosebery's strong pronouncement against this there might be a difficulty. No appeal will be made to the public until a pretty complete organisation shall have been formed. It is hoped to raise the sum of £5000.

A collection of poems entitled *A Vintage of Verse*, by Mr. Clarence Urmey, will be published about Easter by Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco.

A lady, writing to the *Critic* from New Albany, Ind., begins to remark:

"In the 'Letter Box' of THE BOOKMAN—which announces itself as, and is currently supposed to endeavour conscientiously to be, 'a literary journal,' etc."

After reading thus far, we are prepared to give a cordial assent to the lady's concluding assertion:

"Next to education in pure patriotism, the great need of this nation is education in choice English."

It is! It is! Especially in the vicinity of New Albany, Ind.

To the February number of *The Temple Magazine*, Dean Farrar contributes a





is the way in which even the greatest admirers of his literary work accept without question the myth that he is personally a disagreeable, bumptious, and mannerless creature, who delights in being gratuitously rude to all who are brought into contact with him. A sillier falsehood than this was never propagated; for no one could be in his private relations more truly modest, unassuming, and courteous than Rudyard Kipling. He has, no doubt, at times offended individuals; but any one who knows the nature of the American Bore and his propensity for thrusting himself upon the attention of all who attain a degree of literary distinction will understand why this should be; for the American Bore, if less swinish than the German Bore and less exasperatingly smug than the British Bore, is more irrepressible and flamboyant than either, and is therefore in many ways a greater nuisance.

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The only deflection that we have ever observed on Mr. Kipling's part from the requirements of perfect taste and tact, is to be seen not in his personal bearing, but in that portion of his literary work which records his impressions of America and Americans. Of course we do not think because Mr. Kipling has accepted unstinted hospitality at the hands of Americans, or because Americans have received his work with universal admiration, or because he has made his home in America and taken an American lady for his wife, that his honest criticism of the country and of its people should be one whit the less searching and severe; since the best and truest criticism is absolutely independent of any personal considerations. But we do think that these facts ought to have profoundly modified the tone in which his criticisms have been couched; and that, to say the least, his impressions and observations should have been set forth with the sobriety and courtesy of a gentleman, and not in the supercilious patter of the cockney on a Saturday-to-Monday outing.

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The most acute students of Mr. Kipling's prose have, in their esoteric talk, started a new subject of speculation—whether, after all, Mr. Kipling's pictures of India are really accurate, or whether, if we knew the country, we

should not find that he has constructed a fictitious India out of his imagination. Some philological caviller asserted not long ago that the names of several of Mr. Kipling's characters are really quite impossible, and cited, as an example, that of our old friend Gunga Din, as involving an incredible linguistic combination; but this person was promptly silenced by a transcript from the Indian pension-rolls on which the name actually occurred. Not long ago we spent an evening with a party of Anglo-Indians at a London club, and during the talk Mr. Kipling and his works were mentioned. It turned out that all the Anglo-Indians present were unfriendly to Mr. Kipling, and they pulled both him and his books to pieces at a great rate; but not one of them even so much as suggested that his descriptions were untrue to life; so that we think this particular theory to be untenable. And, indeed, one might reasonably assert this, anyhow. To give such subtle and convincing impressions as Mr. Kipling has done of an actually existing India is a thing sufficient to place him in the very front rank of literary artists; but to suppose that he could evolve the whole thing out of his inner consciousness is to credit him with a miraculous genius beside which even the creative power of a Shakespeare would suffer by comparison.

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Mr. Rudyard Kipling has completed a new short story about 12,000 words in length, to which he has given the title "Slaves of the Lamp."

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It is seldom that one who is successful as a poet succeeds equally in prose; but if Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, whom we introduced to our readers in the December number of *THE BOOKMAN*, can write up to the level of a little sketch by her called "Adam," which appears in the *Outlook* of January 30th, we should like some more. It is a story that Miss Wilkins might be proud to own. Besides having that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin, it has a degree of artistic merit that is quite unusual.

⊗

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have in the press a new and revised edi-

tion of Cary's version of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova*, edited by Professor L. Oscar Kuhn, an authority on Dante literature. Professor Kuhn will elucidate the obscure passages with explanatory notes, and will also write an introduction. The book will be handsomely illustrated.



Mr. E. A. Robinson writes thanking us for the "unexpected notice" of his book of poems called *The Torrent and the Night Before* in these columns in the February BOOKMAN. Mr. Robinson adds: "I am sorry to learn that I have painted myself in such lugubrious colours. The world is not a 'prison house,' but a kind of spiritual kindergarten, where millions of bewildered infants are trying to spell God with the wrong blocks."



We grieve to note that Professor Max Müller has polluted his interesting reminiscences in *Cosmopolis* by the use of the execrable word "sermonette;" and here is the *Dial* of Chicago speaking of "essayettes." After that, *ces coquins sont capables de tout!*



Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in the press a posthumous work by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, entitled *The Mount*. It is a narrative of a visit to the site of an ancient Gaulish city on Mont Beuvray, with a description of the neighbouring city of Autun.



Charles Reade once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."



The dramatisation by Mr. Marion Crawford, assisted by Mr. St. Maur, of the former's novel, *Dr. Claudius*, has at last been produced by the Holland Brothers at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in this city, and has been unanimously damned, alike by the critics and by the general public. This result was what any moderately intelligent person might have predicted. The way in which the decision to make a play out of this particular book was reached can only be described as idiotic. Instead of running over the list of Mr. Crawford's novels,

to see which one afforded the most striking dramatic possibilities, a sort of census was taken to discover which of the books had had the largest sales and was most popular with the readers of current fiction; as though the popularity of a book as a book gave any indication whatever of its probable success when made into a play! As a matter of fact, any one with half an eye and the least mite of dramatic feeling can see that of all Mr. Crawford's novels the one that is ideally fitted for the purposes of the stage is *Greifenstein*, which is, indeed, to our mind, by far the most stirring work of fiction that he has ever produced. It fairly bristles with dramatic situations, and an experienced playwright like Mr. Edward Rose, for example, would find the task of evolving a successful drama from it as easy as rolling off a log. There occur to one, at the mere mention of the book, two superbly striking scenes which alone would make the fortune of any play; the first being the German-student duel, where Rex, the unknown and apparently unskilled bookworm, slashes the face of the Rhenish bully; and the second that strange and gloomily powerful situation when the elder Greifenstein and his brother in their talk unexpectedly stumble upon the guilty secret of the woman who sits at the table with them and knows that the revelation dooms her to death. The undercurrent of the supernatural which runs through portions of this book heightens the effect of the whole and gives an impression of weirdness that baffles description. We commend these observations to Mr. Crawford's attention and to the notice of those stage-managers who are seeking for a play that will win an instantaneous and golden success.



The New Amsterdam Book Company will publish immediately in conjunction with Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, of London, a second edition of Huysmans's great novel, *En Route*. An extensive review of this book appeared in THE BOOKMAN when it was first published in England a few months ago, so that we need only refer now to its authorised publication in this country. The same firm will publish shortly the only complete edition of Moltke's *Letters to His Wife*, and a new and cheap edition of the standard

*Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, by Professor Edward Dowden. A book of decided dramatic interest will be Mr. Clement Scott's *From "The Bells" to "King Arthur,"* giving a critical record of the first-night productions at the Lyceum Theatre, London, illustrated with portraits of Sir Henry Irving in character, scenes from the plays, copies of the play-bills, and a frontispiece photograph of the great English actor. Mr. Scott has a long and interesting career behind him as a dramatic critic in London, and the book is sure to prove at once edifying and entertaining. We notice, too, that the New Amsterdam Book Company is to have a contribution to the discussion of the Transvaal affairs entitled *A Narrative of the Boer War: Its Causes and Results*, by Thomas Fortescue Carter.

The recent facts which the Jameson raid brought to light have stirred Olive Schreiner's indignation; and the barbarous cruelties which the natives of South Africa are suffering at the hands of the English race have inspired her to write a story, much as Mrs. Stowe was moved in her day to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by the atrocities inflicted on the African in America. *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, as the story is called, describes the humanising of a gross, brutal English trooper who is won by the quiet sympathy and reasoning of a Jew to change his old life and to see in the oppressed native a brother man. His whole attitude toward the natives is changed, and finally he sacrifices his life to save one of them. It is written with strong emotion and passionate earnestness, recalling the qualities which made *The Story of an African Farm* so vigorous and powerful an appeal to the human heart. Not the least remarkable thing about the book is the writer's changed attitude toward Christ and Christianity. It will be remembered that in *The Story of an African Farm* the writer's position was that of agnosticism, that she seemed to be groping for light, and that the book had no finality about it. It was written by one in a state of transition, as indeed it could not be otherwise when we recollect that Olive Schreiner was only twenty years of age when *The Story of an African Farm* was published. Messrs. Roberts Brothers, who publish the authorised edition of *The Story of an*

*African Farm* in this country, are also the publishers of *Trooper Peter Halket*. The book will be published by the time this is in the hands of our readers.



There is one fine passage in *The Story of an African Farm*, which we herewith quote. We do not apologise for its length, for it gives the essence of a very wonderful book—wonderful in itself, and something more than wonderful as the production of a girl of twenty. Since Philip James Bailey at the same age completed his first draft of *Festus* there has perhaps been nothing like it:

"Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my person; but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun, and the wisdom to use it, and the deep loving heart of an angel, it would not stead me through life like this little chin. I can win money with it, I can win love; I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head the lighter is she for climbing. I once heard our old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle; and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our cursed end," she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled; "when we are tiny things in shoes and socks, we sit with our little feet drawn up under us in the window and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us: 'Little one, you cannot go,' they say, 'your little face will burn, and your nice white dress be spoiled.' We feel it must be for our good, it is so lovingly said; but we cannot understand, and we kneel still with our little cheek wistfully pressed against the pane. Afterward we go and thread blue beads and make a string for our neck; and we go and stand before the glass. We see the complexion we are not to spoil, and the white frock, and we look into our own great eyes. Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no more look out wistfully at a more healthy life; we are contented."

Olive Schreiner (Mrs. Crinwright) was born in South Africa, where she has always lived. Her father was a German, a Lutheran clergyman in Cape Town; her mother was English and the daughter of a Nonconformist preacher who once laboured in the East End of London. The atmosphere in which Miss Schreiner grew up was saturated with theology. The young girl encountered by herself all the claimants for her trust—poets, philosophers, and theologians—and the results of her musings may be found in *The Story of an African Farm*. Her bent was toward physio-

logical study ; but the success of her book and the encouragement of Mr. George Meredith, who saw in her work great promise, led her to devote herself to literature. She has not found it easy to follow up her early and rapid success, and this is not for want of power or for want of diligence, for she must have written what would make several books since then ; but she is entirely free from vulgar ambition, and has all the sensitive fastidiousness of the artistic temperament. Rumours have reached us from time to time of a new novel which she wrote some years ago, but which she is still withholding.



The story of how Olive Schreiner was "discovered" is worth repeating. The manuscript of *The Story of an African Farm*, when the author brought it to London, was much longer than it is now, and in various respects different. It was submitted to Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and read by Mr. George Meredith, whose reading of manuscripts has always

been accompanied, even when a book of merit has been declined by him, with flattering and treasured words of praise. In Miss Schreiner's story he recommended large omissions. When she met him she only knew him as the "reader," and was perhaps not too well pleased with his work on her manuscript. His reception, therefore, was not very cordial. When Miss Schreiner learned that the publishers' reader was no other than the great novelist whose works she had admired in South Africa she probably found means of making it up to him. A later work by



By permission of Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

Olive Schreiner

her is entitled *Dreams*, also published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, which has gone through numerous editions. In February, 1894, Miss Schreiner married a young colonist. Her political articles to a well-known English magazine a few months ago caused a good deal of comment, and will probably be published in book form later on. The above portrait is taken from her latest photograph.



Mrs. Craigie is still engaged on her new novel, *The School for Saints*, upon



John Oliver Hobbes.

which she has been at work for over a year. It was her first intention to make a play of it for Sir Henry Irving, and some talk about this got into the newspapers when the author was here in 1895. But she discarded the idea, and is now working her material into what is likely to be her longest and most important book. The story has a political background, and the late Lord Beaconsfield is said to figure among the characters. It was announced for publication in the spring, but it is doubtful whether it will appear before the autumn. The F. A. Stokes Company will publish the novel in this country.

As being of especial interest in connection with the reported announcement of Mrs. Craigie's engagement to Mr. Walter Spindler, the artist, we reproduce from a former number of our magazine a drawing of the lady made by Mr. Spindler nearly two years ago. It is the face of a brilliant and worldly woman, such as Mrs. Craigie has lately shown herself to be. Friends of ours

who have watched her career with interest express themselves as sceptical concerning the issue of her present engagement; for while Mr. Spindler is rich and accomplished, he can hardly minister to the new ambition that has sprung up in the mind of his *fiancée*—an ambition to shine in the world of *la haute politique*. The possession of money by no means fills the measure of Mrs. Craigie's desires, for money in abundance she has always had—

her father, Mr. Morgan Richards, having made an enormous fortune through the sale of what is euphemistically mentioned in the press as "a certain proprietary remedy," but which may be more specifically described as liver pills.

Evidences of Mrs. Craigie's desire to exercise a powerful social and political influence have for some time not been wanting. She has mingled very freely in the most influential Tory circles of London, and has in fact been seen so much in the company of Mr. Arthur Balfour as to give rise to sporadic rumours of their engagement; while the recent change in the ownership of the *Academy* is obviously another move in the game: for although the fact, so far as we know, has not been publicly mentioned in connection with the sale of the *Academy*, it is Mrs. Craigie's father who has purchased it, presumably to give his daughter a means of rewarding her literary friends and punishing her enemies. There is really no reason why Mrs. Craigie should not succeed, for she

has everything in her favour—remarkable beauty, unlimited cleverness, and no end of money.

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We think it proper to note here that, from all accounts, a feeling is springing up that in the matter of the divorce suit brought by her against her husband, the latter received something less than even-handed justice. Mr. Craigie has some warm friends, who have stood by him from the first; and through them his side of the case is beginning to make its way into the minds of many who had formerly condemned him. We have heard the whole story of this affair, and while it is not our intention to discuss the matter, we feel warranted in saying that we expect ultimately to see a very decided modification in the opinion that is now so generally held. About one thing, at any rate, there can be no question; and that is the very arbitrary and unjudicial manner in which Sir Francis Jeune, before whom the case was tried, gave all his rulings against the defendant, so as to cut him off almost without a hearing. This, indeed, is a matter of record, and it is by no means creditable to the administration of justice in one, at least, of the English courts.

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We have just read *The Forge in the Forest*, an Acadian romance of 1746-47, by Charles G. D. Roberts, a copy of which we received in advance, but not in time to review it in this number. The book will be out about the beginning of the month. Meanwhile, let us give it a hearty welcome and assure our readers that it is a story to shake the torpor from the brain and to keep the soul alive. It is charged with romance, and works like wine. Professor Roberts has given us some excellent verse in his time, besides a volume of nature sketches, and is about to bring out a *History of Canada*; but in *The Forge in the Forest* he has written a story that will repeat itself in our dreams for many a long day. Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company,



who publish *King Noanett*, are also the fortunate publishers of Professor Roberts's novel. *The Forge in the Forest* is destined to an enviable popularity.

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Miss Louise Imogen Guiney's delightful appreciation of Mr. A. E. Housman's book of poems, *A Shropshire Lad*, in a recent number of a Chicago journal, has caused a number of readers to make inquiries about the book and its author. It will interest them to know that by arrangement with the English publishers Mr. John Lane will shortly issue an American edition. Mr. Housman, who, strange to say, is a college professor, is a brother of Mr. Laurence Housman, the well-known artist, who has also recently published a volume of poems. *A Shropshire Lad* has been enthusiastically received in England and is likely to have a cordial welcome here.

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Messrs. Henry Holt and Company make the interesting announcement that



LORD BYRON IN 1822.

From a silhouette by Mrs. Leigh Hunt.

they have in preparation a biographical series on The Great Explorers, to be written by well-known writers.



The above silhouette of Byron was cut by Mrs. Leigh Hunt at Pisa in 1822. Byron was wont to sit in this manner in the garden of the Lanfranchi Palace, using the back of a chair for an arm, his body indolently bent, and his face turned slightly upward. His riding dress was a mazarine blue camlet frock with a cape, a velvet cap of the same colour, lined with green, with a gold band and tassel and black visor; his trousers, waistcoat and gaiters were all white and of one material. Evidently Byron, toward the close of his life, cared nothing for his personal appearance!



The *Sketch*, in its issue of January 6th, has a number of interesting and authentic portraits of Byron, from which we have selected four for reproduction. Byron's personal appearance is known to have had a wonderful effect upon the youth of his generation. Macaulay tells

us that they bought pictures of him, and did their utmost to resemble him. Lady Blessington, who met Byron for the first time in Genoa in April, 1823, thus records her first impression:

"His head is finely shaped, the forehead open, high and noble. His eyes are gray and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other. The nose is large and well shaped, but, from being a little too thick, it looks better in profile than in front face. His mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending, the lips full and finely cut. In speaking he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin; so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air. His face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill health, as its character is that of fairness—the fairness of a dark-haired person; and his hair, which is getting rapidly gray, is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally; he uses a good deal of oil on it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression."

The portrait by Sanders is taken from a full length (in oils) painted in 1807. Byron thus alludes to it in a letter to his friend Samuel Rogers: "If you think the picture you saw at Murray's worth your acceptance, it is yours; and you may put a *glove* or mask on it if you like." The picture never became the property of Mr. Rogers, and is now in the possession of Lady Dorchester. The portrait of Byron in Albanian dress is a half-length in oils by Phillips. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1814, and called "A Nobleman in the Dress of an Albanian." This portrait is now the property of Byron's grandson, Lord Lovelace. The miniature by Holmes was painted in 1815, that most fatal year in Byron's life, the period of his separation from his wife and exile from his country. This portrait was considered by all who knew Byron to be an excellent likeness. Mr. Edward Trelawny thus alludes to it in one of his letters. "The miniature by Holmes that you have of mine, his sister thought very like, but that no artist of her time could do justice to his (Byron's) expressive face."



AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.  
From an oil painting by G. Sanders.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY.  
From a water-color by Gilchrist of Cambridge.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SIX, IN ALBANIAN DRESS.  
From an oil painting by T. Phillips, R.A.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-SEVEN.  
From a miniature by G. Holmes.

AUTHENTIC PORTRAITS OF LORD BYRON.





## AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

### II.—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

There is no lack of testimony to show that the men of Cooper's own day were his enthusiastic readers. The men of

NOTE.—The above portrait is from a painting by J. W. Jarvis, representing the novelist at the age of thirty-three, just after he had achieved his first signal success. It was repeatedly declared an excellent likeness, with the exception of the somewhat heavy appearance of the mouth, which did not, in fact, exist.

our time have read him, for the greater part, as boys; and the men of the decades immediately to come—that is, the boys of our own households, are principally his readers to-day. Is not this merely another way of saying that the writer who shared with Irving the earliest honours of American literature, in the boyhood of its history, has taken

his more permanent place as the favourite of boyhood through the generations that follow him?

Irving is reported late in life to have said of a literary comrade: "He and I were very fortunate in being born so early. We should have no chance now against the battalions of better writers." It is, indeed, hard for us to realise in the present "clash of magazines" and new books how meagre in quantity and quality was the production of American writers before Cooper attained his first successes. Excepting Irving and Bryant, who read his poem, "The Ages," at Cambridge in the year of the appearance of *The Spy*, a list of the writers of the day would be a catalogue of half and quite forgotten names. But it concerns us less to inquire into the precise state of American literature as Cooper found it—a suggestion is enough—than to see what he brought into it.

At the very beginning it may be said that no man ever brought more of himself into the books he wrote than Cooper did. His early training, his later circumstances, his personal weaknesses and strengths all left indelible marks upon the pages of his books. Consequently there is no writer whose life is better worth studying for the light it throws directly upon the productions of his pen.

It was at Burlington, N. J., on September 15th, 1789, that Cooper was born. His father, William Cooper, was of Quaker, English descent; his mother, Elizabeth Fenimore, of Swedish blood. The Coopers had come from Shakespeare's birthplace in Warwickshire to New Jersey more than a hundred years before the novelist's birth, and as holders of broad tracts of land in the new country had provided their best-known descendant with a well-inherited national feeling. James Cooper, as he was called till the New York Legislature in 1826 made the family name Fenimore-Cooper, in which the hyphen was not long retained, was the eleventh of twelve children. A family in those days was no scanty affair, and when William Cooper, in 1790, transported his establishment from Burlington to the place that was to bear the name of Cooperstown, the cavalcade numbered fifteen persons. In this region, about the headwaters of the Susquehanna, the father of the novelist had recently become possessed of thousands of acres of land,

and here, in 1799, he finished the building of his manor-house, Otsego Hall, for a long time the most distinguished private dwelling in or near the Otsego region of New York.

What is now a prosperous farming district was then a wilderness, at least on one side; for Cooperstown was a veritable frontier settlement. The young Cooper would have been a strangely different person from the hosts of boys whose delight he has been, if the lake and the woods at his very doors had not called him irresistibly to learn all that they had to teach him, and it is easy to believe that his response to the call was eager. His books themselves bear evidence enough that his knowledge and love of the woods came to him at the time when the mind receives its enduring impressions. The life at his father's house through these early years was also full of expanding influences. The conquest of the wilderness and the furtherance of large-minded plans for the future of a new community are not always joined, as they were in the Cooper family, with a domestic life of grace and refinement. The growing town of Judge William Cooper's building drew to itself a population of more than common diversity and strength. At the Hall many distinguished guests found entertainment. Talleyrand was one of them, and reference is often made to an acrostic he is said to have written in honour of the novelist's sister Anna, who was killed in her twenty-third year, 1800, by a fall from a horse. As the lines are not often seen, they are transcribed here from a local history:

"Aimable philosophe au printemps de son âge,  
Ni les tems, ni les lieux n'alterent son esprit;  
Ne cédant qu'à ses goûts, simple et sans étalage,  
Au milieu des déserts, elle lit, pense, écrit.  
"Cultivez, belle Anna, votre goût pour l'étude;  
On ne saurait ici mieux employer son tems;  
Otsego n'est pas gai—mais tout est habitude;  
Paris vous déplairait fort au premier moment;  
Et qui jouit de soi dans une solitude,  
Rentrant au monde, est sur d'en faire l'ornement."

However truly the statesman might have written "*Otsego n'est pas gai*," it was not for gaiety, but for education that the young Cooper left it. His first important schooling was at the hands of the English rector of St. Peter's Church in Albany, whence it is not unlikely that he carried to Yale College the



OTSEGO HALL, COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

By permission, from the photograph of an old picture.

strong preference for the Episcopalian form of worship and Church government, which, with an equally violent feeling against Puritans and New Englanders, he carried through life and into many of his stories. But it was merely a boy's feeling on all subjects that he took to college with him, for he was only thirteen when he entered the Class of 1806 in the second term of its Freshman year, with but one classmate younger than himself. A disposition to see more of the land and waters about New Haven than of his books, and the participation in his Junior year in a frolic which the Faculty considered a weightier offence than his father would have had them think it, put an end to his collegiate life. Judge Cooper, a prominent Federalist and several times a member of Congress, had no difficulty in securing his son's appointment as a midshipman in the navy, and the boy for nearly a year had the training of our naval officers while yet there was no Annapolis Academy—before the mast on a merchantman. On the ship *Sterling* he sailed to London and Gibraltar, and as a quick-minded, active youth won from the sea a species of teaching which served his later purposes as well as his early knowledge of the woods. When his commission, dated January 1st, 1808, made a full-fledged midshipman of him, he saw a few years of service on Lake Ontario and Lake Champlain; but his marriage, in 1811, to Miss De Lancey, a sister of the Bishop of Western New York, di-

vorced him from the sea. In the waters about Hell Gate and Shelter Island, well known to modern yachtsmen, one finds that he sailed enthusiastically for pleasure, as, indeed, throughout his life he betook himself to boats and the woods whenever it was possible.

The seeker for *personalia* touching Cooper's early days must often have thought it the pity of pities that on his death-bed he expressed to his family a wish, naturally regarded as a command, that no biography of him should come from them. Family papers, therefore, have had no such publicity as in many another instance. It was in his family life that the best side of Cooper's nature, as time developed it, was shown, and one can but feel a certain regret that the lips of those who only could reveal his gentler characteristics, and give the world a fair acquaintance with the whole man, have been for the most part sealed. His daughter, Susan Fenimore Cooper, in the introductions she has written for his novels since his death, gives many random glimpses of the loveable qualities of her father; but no complete picture, painted with all the colours that might have entered into it, has ever been drawn. Until Professor Lounsbury's excellent life of Cooper appeared in 1882, there was no more adequate account of his career than that contained in Bryant's memorial oration delivered five months after his death.

One must be content, therefore, with a scanty knowledge of Cooper's earlier



COOPER'S MOTHER IN THE HALL, OTSEGO.

By permission, from the photograph of an old picture.

days. Random suggestions show his young manhood to have been vigorous and spirited in body and mind. One anecdote, preserved in the annals of Cooperstown, may not be too trivial to repeat. It is probably of the time while Cooper was a midshipman, and at home on a furlough. A foot-race was to be run through certain streets of the village, for the prize of a basket of fruit. While Cooper and his competitor were preparing to start, a little girl stood by full of eagerness for the exciting event. Cooper quickly turned and picked her up in his arms. "I'll carry her with me, and beat you!" he exclaimed, and away they went, Cooper with his laughing burden, the other runner untrammelled. It is almost needless to add that Cooper won the race, else why should the story have been preserved?

Nearly ten years passed between Cooper's marriage and the appearance of his first book. In this time the last thing that he could have said of himself was, "I am a bookman." He was merely a country gentleman, happily married, of domestic tastes, and interested in improving the several places in which successively he lived, in Cooperstown and

Westchester County. The inevitable anecdote of the beginning of his literary career is that one day, on finishing an English novel, he put the book down impatiently and told his wife he could write a better story himself. She challenged him to do it, and his first novel, *Precaution*, was the result. Apparently its highest claim to consideration by American readers at the time was that it was thought in England to be the work of an Englishman. The American prophet could hope for little honour unless the mother country accorded it to him.

"God forbid thou shouldst get in the clutches of Blackwood,  
"O Lord! how the wits of Old England would grin!"

are two lines from some verses addressed by one American writer of Cooper's early day to another, and they indicate fairly a deprecatory attitude that was commonly taken.

But it was not for a man of Cooper's individuality to walk long in paths that others had made for him. Such success as *Precaution* attained was sufficient to make his friends spur him on to further exertion, and *The Spy*, published in the

next year, 1821, was a definite announcement both to English and American readers, who only a year before had seen the completion of Irving's *Sketch Book*, that a new and vital figure had appeared in literature. If this were the fitting place, one could write many pages about the impression the book created at home and abroad, the attempts to identify Harvey Birch with

various real persons, the translation of the story into many languages, and the adoption of the principal character by at least a single individual, a French spy, as a model for his own actions.

No time was lost in following up this eminent success. By 1826, Cooper's popular fame was securely established by *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot* (written to show that a truer picture of sea-life than Scott's *Pirate* could be drawn), and *The Last of the Mohicans*. In each of these, as in everything else that he did best, he wrote of the scenes he knew and loved. In his failures, the works in which he was obviously out of his element, he has been well likened to a backwoods landlord of whom Cooper himself told the story. A party of gentlemen, Cooper being one of them, stopped at his inn one night and asked for entertainment. The landlord, dismayed, said he had nothing in his house fit for them to eat. "What have you?" they inquired. "Only venison, pheasant, wild duck, and some fresh fish," he replied. What more could be wished,



J. FENIMORE COOPER.

From an original drawing published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, as "The Author of *The Spy*," by Colburn and Bentley, London, April 4, 1834.

they asked him; and his answer was that he thought they might want some salt pork. Cooper, as time went on, too often withheld the venison and fish which he might have produced.

But the "salt pork" period of his production did not come for several years more. His popularity was at a high point when, having made literature definitely his employ-

ment, he moved with his increasing family to New York City, and entered conspicuously into its best social and intellectual affairs. He was the founder and the life of the Bread and Cheese Club, which brought together every week the cleverest men in the town, and before he sailed to Europe, in 1826, a great dinner in his honour gave memorable evidence of the esteem in which his countrymen held him. Chancellor Kent presided; General Scott, Governor DeWitt Clinton, Charles King, afterwards President of Columbia, and many others of equal note were of the company.

With a family of ten persons, including servants, he moved about Europe for more than seven years, always avoiding hotels and establishing himself in rooms, which were made to seem as much like home as possible. Italy was the country which most won his affections, but France, Germany, Switzerland and England were all seen with an intimacy which gave him some real knowledge of their life. It was during

this stay abroad that the habit of drawing comparisons of national traits fixed itself upon him. The truth, as he conceived it, was always of the first importance to him, and in his telling of it, in story, exhortation, and controversial writing, often blended into one, he managed by degrees to step on nearly all the toes that came within his reach. With a wider acquaintance with people than most of his countrymen, he naturally became conscious of American shortcomings, and they irritated him. He was no less provoked by the dense European ignorance of American life. It did not reassure him to find a school-teacher in Dresden genuinely surprised at the discovery that the Cooper children were not blacks. In England he was unable to persuade an elderly scholar of his acquaintance that there was no truth in a certain dictionary definition of the verb *to gouge*, "to squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb; a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America." In France a more serious matter was the part he took in a controversy about the relative expenses of a republic and a monarchy as forms of government. His position appears to have been patriotic and just, but for some reason it was misunderstood at home, and materially affected his popularity. If Jingoism is a tendency of this day, it was a confirmed habit of that, and one who cared at all for the esteem of fellow-Americans had to be scrupulous, indeed, in venturing remarks that could be construed into an aspersion, however remote, upon the American eagle. Cooper did not care, and consequently estranged many of his countrymen; and readers abroad, finding as many flings at themselves as at Americans, could not regard him with any kinder feeling.

Yet it would be unfair to leave the impression that Cooper's European days were devoted to conflict. There is constantly the fair background of his family life, the sharing of all his pleasures with those he loved, the leaving of an unfinished page to join in a game of backgammon or chess or to play with his children. There are glimpses of high friendships, such as that with Lafayette. There is the meeting in Paris with Sir Walter Scott.

"Est ce Monsieur Cooper que j'ai l'honneur de voir?"

"Monsieur je m'appelle Cooper."

"Eh bien, donc, je suis Walter Scott."

A hearty greeting, each to each, ended with Sir Walter's suddenly recollecting himself, and saying, "Well, here have I been *parley vooing* to you in a way to surprise you, no doubt, but these Frenchmen have got my tongue so set to their lingo that I have half forgotten my own language." It is a delight to read of the talk that followed, and worthy of remembrance to find "the American Scott" in these days calling himself a chip from the block of the great romancer, and speaking of Sir Walter as "my sovereign." Nor should it be forgotten that these years in Europe were full of literary achievement. *The Prairie*, *The Red Rover*, and *The Water Witch* were all written during his absence from America, besides four other tales of varying merit and several productions outside the field of fiction. For future use, moreover, Cooper gathered the material for ten volumes of travel published after his return.

It was in 1833 that he set foot again on his native soil, never to leave it. All the growth of New York and much of the development of the country appeared to him a movement in the wrong direction—away from distinction and toward commonplace. A dinner, like the one which marked his departure, was suggested on his return, but feeling or imagining that his countrymen were in no real sympathy with him, he declined the honour. He took up his abode in Cooperstown, renovated Otsego Hall (where before his death seventeen new works of fiction were written), and had the misfortune to enter at once into a controversy with his fellow-townsmen.

Cooper was in the right, and the Cooperstown folk were wrong. They were not the owners, as they thought they were, of Three-Mile Point, a portion of the Cooper property, which they had long used as a pleasure ground. He warned them against trespassing, and they passed resolutions, full of scorn, for "one J. Fenimore Cooper," and denouncing "any man as sycophant who has, or shall, ask permission of James F. Cooper to visit the Point in question." The newspapers took the people's side, and printed false accounts of the difficulty. Cooper demanded their retraction, and when it was not made sued them for libel. The courts upheld his attitude and granted verdicts in his favour. Thereupon the Whig

The affair of the "Point" has been generally misapprehended. I have never objected to the plan being used, if not abused, but the real question has been for the ownership. It is not money but a question of principle by my father, to protect it for descendants who will inherit it in 1850. Certainly I cannot pocket money, & I think on one such a verdict, but the affair has been accompanied by circumstances that require an explanation, and the money must be paid. The verdict has already been given away. The lesson is working favourably, and much good will result from it.

Very sincerely and truly yours

J. Fenimore Cooper

J. H. Paulding Esqrs.

Fac-simile of Cooper's handwriting. Portion of an unpublished letter written in 1839, having reference to the affair of "The Point."

press of the country pounced upon him, and, not forgetful of slurs in his books upon the newspaper fraternity, said every evil thing of him which they could unearth or invent. From the portion of an unpublished letter of 1839, here reproduced in fac-simile, the reader may see not only what manner of handwriting was Cooper's, but how positive were his convictions in the matter of "The Point."

Bryant is said to have heard Cooper tell a story of a disputatious man, who was confronted in argument with the familiar speech, "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny that too," was the reply, "for two and two make twenty-two." Cooper was not wholly unlike that person. Not content with a legal verdict, he injudiciously undertook to have the last word, and to put it into the form of fiction. In 1838 appeared the two novels *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found*, which attempted to speak this word. They tell the story of an insufferable family of Effinghams who returned from abroad to their American home, and found everything here, especially the newspapers, common and unclean. The Three-Mile Point controversy entered under its very name into the circumstances of the second story, and it was impossible not to identify one of the Effinghams with Cooper himself. He was the sort of a person "whose fine, curvilinear face," as we read on a certain page, "curled even more than usual with contempt." The writer's best friends trembled at the lack of judgment the books revealed. "I think," wrote Greenough, the sculptor, a devoted friend, "you lose hold on the American public by rubbing down

their shins with brickbats as you do."

In the diary of an unprejudiced person of the time is found the frank declaration that the books were "more worthy of the talents of a silly girl than of the matured genius of the author of *The Spy* and *The Pioneers*." And, indeed, Cooper never brought forth more unmistakable "salt pork."

If the books were injudicious and private opinions unfavourable, the newspapers were shameless in their reviews. They remembered old scores, and did not confine themselves to criticising the stories, but attacked the writer, his motives, and his character. This was more than Cooper could endure, and right and left he began suing the editors for libel. They made light of the trouble at first, but as suit after suit went against them, they were sobered, and, after several years of litigation, silenced. In the trials Cooper was practically his own counsel, and pleaded his cases successfully against the best lawyers of New York State.

No editor who attacked him was too prominent to escape his demand for justice. Thurlow Weed, of the *Albany Journal*, and Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, had to pay the piper with their humbler brethren for liberties taken with Cooper's good fame. There is a curious bit in Weed's own account of the time. He tells us that on his way to one of the Cooper trials he picked up a new book to shorten the journey. It "proved to be Mr. Cooper's *Two Admirals*, received from New York that morning. I commenced reading it in the cars, and became so charmed with it that I took it with me into the court-room, and occupied every interval that my attention could be withdrawn from the trial in its



*J. Fenimore Cooper.*

From the painting by Chappel.

perusal." Plaintiff and defendant have rarely faced each other under stranger conditions.

Greeley's first offence lay in printing Weed's jocular account of a suit that went against him, and the *Tribune* was

promptly brought to book. The humorous pen of its editor soon set every one laughing. "His fun," he wrote of Cooper,

"did seem to us rather inhu-- Hallo there!





*J. Fenimore Cooper*

From a Daguerreotype by Brady.

we had like to put our foot right into it again, after all our tuition."

And farther on one reads,

"It seemed to us, considering the present relations of the parties, most ungen— There we go again! We mean to say that the whole of this part of Mr. Cooper's speech grated upon our feelings rather harshly. We believe *that* isn't a libel. (Th's talking with a gag in the mouth is rather awkward at first, but we'll get the hang of it in time. Have patience with us, Fenimore, on one side, and the Public on the other, till we nick it.)"

These unfinished words—it is somewhat difficult of belief—were made the ground for a second suit against Greeley, which seems, however, not to have been pressed to a trial.

The most important suit of all was brought against the *New York Commercial Advertiser* for its review of Cooper's admirable *Naval History*. He had tried to get at the truth about the battle of

Lake Erie, and because he did not glorify the popular Commodore Perry at the expense of the unpopular Commodore Elliott, he found himself and his work ruthlessly condemned. He determined to have it shown that he had told truths, his reviewer lies. The case involved too many nice distinctions to be safe in the hands of an ordinary jury, and was entrusted to three eminent referees. There must have been a feeling of relief, by the way, among men liable to be drawn for jury duty, for in a previous case—one of the few, be it said, in which Cooper was not successful—the twelve good men and true had been obliged to listen to the reading aloud of both volumes of *Home as Found*. Be this as it may, the referees heard for five days all that was to be said on each side, and after Cooper's summing up of his own case in a speech of remarkable skill and force, occupy-

ing in all eight hours, a verdict was returned setting the historian altogether in the right. It was a distinguished personal victory, possible only to a strong man, who had shown himself the stronger through the very unpopularity of the course he followed to a successful end. This was in 1842, and it practically put an end to the newspaper attacks and suits. It should always be remembered that Cooper brought these suits on questions of truth, not of opinion, questions in which he and not the works of his imagination were involved; and to see the single-handed, sturdy fighter come out of the combat so clearly the winner is one of the spectacles in which the Anglo-Saxon in a man rejoices.

After this period of battle there were nearly ten years of life left to Cooper, and he did not waste them. In the midst of the lawsuits he had written

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*The Pathfinder* (1840) and *The Deerslayer* (1841), completing, by supplying the first and middle portions, the sequence of stories in which he himself thought his fame had the strongest hope of continuance. Outwardly the last years of his life were uneventful, but they were crowded with literary activity, which, however, failed to restore the popularity that for many reasons had in part deserted him. It would be foolish to suppose that Cooper was indifferent to the success of his writings. As early as 1825 his constant friend, Bryant, wrote to R. H. Dana touching a proposed review of *The Last of the Mohicans* :

"Ah, sir! he is too sensitive a creature for me to touch. He seems to think his own works his own property instead of being the property of the public, to whom he has given them."

It is not surprising, therefore, to find in an unpublished letter of 1841 the frank avowal :

"I have lost most of my interest in this country."

To another correspondent, in a letter also unpublished, he wrote in 1846 :

"If I were fifteen years younger I would certainly go abroad and never return. I can say, with Wolsey, 'If I had served my God with half the zeal I've served my country,' it would have been better for me."

But whatever changes his fame suffered, the man remained the same through this last portion of his life. Those who knew him best loved him best. Those who knew him and understood him least made most of the faults, which often did lie far beneath the surface. The outward show and the inner motive often so remotely related, that it is only fairer to attach the greater weight, in estimating a man's character, to the opinion of those who are most committed to speak. Let us remember, the strength of will and conviction, the loyalty to truth as he saw it—never "steadily and whole" or not—perfection that gave his domestic life a certain beauty, and let the memory of his aggressiveness, his mistakes of judgment, and whatever else is unlovely, take care of itself. They may or may not be true estimates. The certainty that when Cooper died at 50 Hall, in 1851, lacking one day of two years, a personality of extraordinary vigour and distinction was gone from the world, and American literature lost the man through whom Am-

erican books had won, and perhaps are winning, a wider dissemination than any other single hand has given them.

It would be idle to attempt assigning to Cooper, the chief prophet of the west and the sea to thousands of readers by many tongues, his exact place among American writers. It is worth while, however, to recall a few of the impressions Cooper has made upon his fellow craftsmen. His scanty endowment of humour, whether in fiction or in the conduct of life, prepares one for finding Mark Twain the most violent modern assailant of his "literary offences." The humourist easily provokes a laugh when he says, "Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig;" but it is the fun and not the justice of all that Mark Twain says that makes his attack readable. Others than he, equally worthy of attention, have felt differently. Balzac declares that "if Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." And it was only yesterday that Du Maurier, in *The Martian*, told us of the effect of "Félimore Coupère" read aloud in French to the school-boys of the tale, and of their delight in "the beloved Bas-de-Cuir with that magic rifle of his, that so seldom missed its mark and never got out of repair."

The strength of a creative artist is unlike that of a chain; it lies in the strongest, not in the weakest link. In Irving's diary, a few weeks before his death, he wrote of Cooper: "In life they judge a writer by his last production; after death by what he has done best." And it is the Cooper of his best works, the Leather Stocking series and the saltiest sea tales, that he is and will be remembered. Men forget his failures, as they have forgotten his altercations; but he still speaks that universal language which the young and the people of all lands comprehend, and the boyhood of American literature bids fair, in Cooper's tales, to preserve a long-enduring youth.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

*The subject of the third paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "William Cullen Bryant." It will appear in the April number.*

## LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

## I.—FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.



FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

From a photograph by Eugène Pirou.

Ferdinand Brunetière enjoys at the present time the distinction of being unquestionably the foremost literary critic of France. His pre-eminence among his brother-craftsmen is as universally conceded as Sainte-Beuve's was thirty or forty years ago. In one respect, however, his position is widely different from his illustrious predecessor's. Sainte-Beuve was not only an authority; he was popular. Ferdinand Brunetière is *not* popular, does not claim

to be, perhaps does not care to be. Unlike Monsieur Poirier, who did not care to be feared, and was satisfied to be loved, he is, or at least seems to be, satisfied if he is respected and, to a certain extent, feared, and makes certainly no effort to win the love of the crowd. I doubt whether the *odi profanum vulgus et arceo* has ever found a more continuous expression than in the score of volumes that have now come from the pen of the powerful editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

How did Brunetière come to hold such a position before the public? To what extent are the feelings he inspires the same as the feelings he would like to inspire? How much of him is in the past, how much, provided he lives, in the future? These are the questions that have to be answered in this sketch.

The keynote of Brunetière's work is authority. His object is not to tell us what he likes and why he likes it, but what we ought

to like; and he enters upon such a work only because he has himself, at great pains and labour, tried to discover what *he* ought to like. From the start he has upheld the theory that there are canons of taste. Just as in life there are pleasures that must be shunned, and other pleasures, too, which, without having to be entirely shunned, are, however, acknowledged to belong to an inferior order, so in literature and art he holds that what attracts us most is

not necessarily what we must hold to be most beautiful, and that we must educate our taste by means of our critical faculty and try to like most that which we have discovered to be best.

This was the doctrine which was at the base of the first article published by Brunetière in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* twenty odd years ago, in which he criticised the favour shown by the public to some novelists, Hector Malot among others. Such is the doctrine which he still defends with undiminished vigour; and in this doctrine itself we can find to a certain extent the explanation of the position held by him before and in regard to the public. He is not the critic who is constantly watching for the appearance of new talents, who hails the advent of the new-comer and introduces him to the reading fraternity with a few words of encouragement. His function he conceives to be to warn the public lest they be lured into bestowing their favour upon undeserving beneficiaries. Although he never said it in so many words, it is clear that he would consider it no misfortune if the number of new works were considerably reduced. He is no sympathiser with the craving of so many readers for that which is new, and would consider it a great gain if more of the time spent among books were spent in serious converse with the masterpieces of the past; and this is the reason why, after many battles against contemporary writers who seemed to him somewhat overrated and to a certain extent dangerous, he now prefers, in regard to a great deal that the public applauds, to preserve an attitude of disdainful silence.

Subjective criticism, then—that is, the criticism which aims clearly to explain what the critic himself likes, the criticism therefore in which the critic explains himself perhaps more than he explains the works of which he writes, is the very reverse of what Brunetière requires criticism to be. It is a curious coincidence that has given him as a contemporary the most keenly and delightfully subjective critic that France has ever possessed, Anatole France; no wonder, then, that blows have been given and received by each of the two critics.

Anatole France would like to say, in fact, he has said, that, after all, Brunetière's criticism is as subjective as his

own, as any one else's. Where did he learn to distinguish what must be liked from what must not be, unless within himself? What directed him, if not his own instinct, his own nature? The objection is one that is not easily disposed of. Still it must be admitted that it does not overmuch embarrass Brunetière. He appeals to tradition, and when doing so he does not feel that he does, after all, simply follow the bent of his own mind. His position is not unlike that of Boileau in the celebrated *Querelle des Anciens et des Modernes*. For him the ancients are greater because they are ancient, or, rather, they have, by retaining the admiration of men through successive centuries, more clearly established their claim to greatness.

Brunetière, therefore, studies the exemplars of excellence bequeathed to us by the past, and therein tries to discover the nature, the elements of true literary greatness, of real æsthetic beauty. It may, perhaps, be called a real piece of luck in his career that the great masterpieces of the French literature of past ages are what they are. The past for him necessarily consisted, above all, of the masterpieces of the age of Louis XIV. Nothing equal to them had been produced by France in the preceding ages, and these masterpieces rested their claims upon tradition and authority: in religion, the Catholic tradition (in spite of the high intellectuality of the French Protestants of the seventeenth century, not a single great writer appeared among them); in politics, the monarchical traditions; in literature, the classical tradition. Greek poetry was almost as sacred to Racine as the Bible to Bossuet. Had he, instead of Boileau, written an *Art Poétique*, he would surely have repeated the words of the Roman poet:

" Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna." :

Here, therefore, Brunetière found the most congenial field for study. But even here he discriminates; the more traditional the writer, the higher he places him; his men are Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, rather than Descartes, Corneille, and Molière. But the interest of his articles on the French seventeenth century, and moreover of most of his articles, is not simply due to the compactness and subtlety of his argument. His knowledge and presentation of facts

give the reader a sense of security which is felt with but very few critics. We feel that we are dealing with a man who knows all that can be known about his subjects and who tells us all he knows.

In fact, for those who speak, or rather write, with insufficient knowledge, he is simply merciless. Those who followed his career can remember how completely he disposed of a work on Montesquieu, which less informed critics had hailed as a remarkable performance. The execution, for such it was, was so complete that the book has now disappeared, and the author, so far as we know, has remained silent ever since.

a period of nearly fifteen years with the result that Brunetière's article itself has ceased to be reprinted in the *Études Critiques*, of which it was originally a part.

Of course it is not always pleasant for the reader of contemporary works to be told, "You had better leave that alone; if you want excellence look at the past." And the writers themselves may well feel some irritation against such a style of criticism. Add to this that Brunetière's manner was in no way calculated to soften the sharpness of his repudiations. Quite the reverse. And the more successful the writer he assailed, the more uncompromising and aggressive his attitude. The whole series of articles on the *Roman Naturaliste* is as severe a dressing down of Émile Zola as can well be imagined, and now that Brunetière is perhaps the most influential member of the French Academy, we are at no great pains to discover who most violently objects to the election of the author of *Le roman expérimental*.

This undeniable aggressiveness of Brunetière's nature was intensified as a consequence of his contact with his times. When he appeared, France was filled with an enthusiasm for liberal ideas and progressive tendencies which owed its existence to the great struggle waged by the republican party against the government of Napoleon III. The old taboos had collapsed in 1870. Love of change, sympathy for novelty, were found everywhere; in many respects the conservatism of 1870 was as fully advanced as the conservatism of twenty-five years before. The more aggressive the critics looked toward the future, the more downy and indulgent Brunetière was to turn his eyes toward

the past. Most progressive among the divisions of the public mind was the republican party, and this created in Brunetière an intense dislike of that party for its mental attitude toward men and things. He strove to exasperate it. If he spoke of history, he would mention as the greatest historical works in the last centuries Bossuet's *Histoire des Variations*, a book of theological history; Miguel's work on the negotiations relating to the Spanish succession, a very superb collection of diplomatic documents, which is seldom opened by any save professional historical investigators; and the Duc de Broglie's volumes on the diplomatic history of the eighteenth century, whose author, as the head of the royalist party, was most intensely disliked by the republicans; while Michelet, whose popularity was due to his unflinching republicanism no less than to his magical power as a resurrecter of the past, was totally ignored by him. If he spoke of oratory, he remembered how bitter a warfare was waged between the Church and the republicans, and therefore wrote in a footnote that Bossuet was a much greater orator than Demosthenes, because political oratory cannot compare in importance with sacred oratory.

From the foregoing it should not be inferred that Brunetière was himself a royalist, or a strong Catholic. These were simply his means of expressing his dislike of a certain lack of respect toward the past, which was certainly one of the attributes of the French republican party twenty odd years ago. It also sprang from a tendency in Brunetière to draw as sharply as possible the line that divides him from his opponents.

But after all, to praise the past, to belittle the present, this is not an attitude of conspicuous originality, and Brunetière has originality. He is a conservative, but a curious sort of conservative, something like a Lord Randolph Churchill of literature. He is one of the boldest and most receptive of thinkers; his mind is not closed against any sort of truth; but there is no truth for him save in the theories that strongly establish the dependence of the present upon the past. This explains how he became the staunch advocate that he is of the modern doctrine of evolution, which he has boldly attempted to apply to the history of literature, at first some-

what timidly, in the lectures upon the *Époques du Théâtre Français*, then with absolute openness in his *Évolution des Genres dans l'Histoire de la Littérature*, and especially in his *Évolution de la Poésie Lyrique en France au XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*. He could not go on simply saying that there is no greatness save in the past. Something must be conceded to the present. What? How much? The doctrine which is expounded in Brunetière's recent works is that that is great in the present which is a transformation of what was great in the past. He thus escaped one of the gravest dangers that beset his literary conservatism. If novelty is blamable, if we must follow in the footsteps of the past, why were the so-called *Classiques* of 1810-30 so inferior to the Romanticists? The answer is that the past is not to be imitated; that, moreover, imitation is always somewhat weak, but that its lessons are always to be studied; that in it some germs will always be discovered which, wisely cultivated, will bring forth a brilliant crop of new fruits. One form of literature flourishes at one time, another form in another, but there is a connection between the two; the *genres*, the literary forms which Brunetière all but endows with physical reality, transmute themselves into each other, so that Victor Hugo's poetry is in some respects the legitimate representative and descendant of Bossuet's oratory.

The theory is fascinating in the extreme; it is supported with a heavy mass of admirably selected arguments and quotations. And yet—and yet, it is perhaps not entirely satisfactory. What can we think when in the very vestibule of the edifice we see Béranger ignominiously turned out as undeserving to be called a lyric poet, or perhaps a poet at all?

So much as to the critic; what about the writer? Two things are to be distinguished in Brunetière's style—his vocabulary and his sentence. The former is admirably selected; the words are clear, they are honest, they are used in their traditional meaning, which has caused many superficial observers to say that Brunetière writes in the style of the seventeenth century. His sentence is his own; and we are not entirely sure that it is entirely in keeping with the spirit of the French language; it consists of an attempt to combine compactness and flexibility, and the writer, or rather,

perhaps the reader, sometimes pays a high price for the result. The French sentence, the sentence of Pascal and Voltaire, consists almost entirely of nouns and verbs; Brunetière too often seems to prefer conjunctions and prepositions, adjectives and adverbs. The traditional French sentence is so built that it progressively discloses its meaning. Brunetière's too often hides its meaning till the very last words are reached, and until then remains absolutely unintelligible. You are with a guide that grasps you by the hand and makes you follow him blindly, until he suddenly takes out from under his cloak the hidden light and illumines with its radiance every corner as well as the bold outline of the majestic cave.

But will this remain Brunetière's style? We doubt it. Brunetière is comparatively a young man still. He has hardly passed the age at which Sainte-Beuve began his admirable collection of *Lundis*, his surest claim upon the admiration of the public, the work in the slow construction of which he, little by little, and quite late in life, acquired the full mastery of his own style. Why should we not expect such progress from his powerful successor? He has ceased to be simply a writer. He now faces the public and teaches by means of the spoken as well as of the written word, and the laws of oratory require absolute directness of speech. We have no doubt that Brunetière's lectures and speeches, coupled with his desire to become one of the ethical guides of his time, will lead him to adopt a form of expression that will require as little effort from the reader, who keeps the page under his eyes, as from the hearer, whose senses have at their disposal only the utterance of the present moment.

Brunetière now occupies a privileged and commanding position. Since 1886 he teaches the intellectual *élite* of France in the École Normale Supérieure; he is a member of the French Academy; the Sorbonne opens its doors wide to him whenever he chooses to instruct from the professor's chair the public which it attracts; he has under his direction the most authoritative periodical in the world; his debt to the public, when measured by his responsibilities, is of the greatest. We are confident that it will not remain unpaid.

Adolphe Cohn.



I.

This is a practical age and it longs for a practical poet,  
 One who will sing of the themes that are hot in the hearts of the toilers,  
 Sing for the Utilitarians, sing for the Makers of Money.

Not in verses effeminate, honeyed with fanciful phrases,  
 Neat little nerveless lines that trickle in triolet measure,  
 Roses and wreaths and raptures and love and lullaby-baby !  
 He who pipes to the Age these songs of patches and powder,  
 Wrapping some quaint conceit in verses pretty and pliant,  
 Proffers poetical pap to a grim, carnivorous giant.  
 No ! but in good strong Saxon smacking of vim and of vigour,  
 Rough sledgehammering lines that smite like strokes on an anvil,  
 Sing of the coarse and the crude, but wrench the heart of the hearer !

II.

Where shall he seek for a theme who sings to the Men of the Present ?  
 Where ? when the world is full of themes that are waiting a singer ?  
 Open your window and look,—then write, O pitiful poet !  
 Ay, but mark you only what all have seen and are seeing,  
 Things that appeal to the touch and the taste and the sight and the hearing,  
 Things that are common, ubiquitous, far from the quaint and the cryptic.

**Not those sights unseen that only the eye of the artist  
Views in a marvellous radiance born of the intellect's brooding,  
Clothed with a beauty celestial and robed in an infinite splendour,  
Flashed on the rapturous vision—lost in the moment of seeing ;  
Not those songs unsung whose faint melodious music  
Thrills with a heavenly note in the sensitive soul of the poet,  
Swelling, falling, dying—lost in the moment of hearing.**

**But if you tell of the country, avoid the unduly romantic,—  
Rivulets rifting the hills in shafts of quivering silver,  
Blossoms that bower the earth with snows of odorous beauty—  
These have been done to death, their scent will sicken the reader.  
Rather remember the muck that reeks in the redolent barn-yard,  
Picture the loves of the bull, or holding fast to the human,  
Limn the sweating ploughman cursing his team in the furrow,  
Munching his bread and cheese at noon and woundily snorting  
Jests of unsavoury strength to the blowsy, snickering scullion.**

**Or if you tell of the town, what a field for the bard dithyrambic !  
Palaces reared in pride that have watched that pride's dissolution,  
Dens where the heart of man grows foul with lust and corruption,  
Hovels where misery crouches in dull un murmuring squalor,  
Gaunt black-chimneyed factories, looms and clattering spindles  
Spinning wealth for their lords and dank disease for the toilers,—  
Every street is a cycle and every house is an epic !  
Calmly it views each day humanity's pitiless struggle,  
Ay, and its walls have echoed to every note of the gamut,  
Joy with its infinite gladness and woe with its drear lamentation ;  
Words of hope to the bride and mirthful ripples of laughter,  
Words of despair that are wrung from the breaking heart of the mourner  
Bending, shaken with sobs by the side of the cavernous coffin—  
Oh, if ye had but a voice, what a poem of pain and of passion  
Ye could pour into words, ye walls of the homeless city,  
Grim grey walls that remember but never reveal the remembrance !**

**Or if you tell as others have done of the beauty of women,  
Tune the string no more to the note that has echoed for ages.  
Long have the poets pictured the lithe-limbed languorous maiden,  
One who dreams where myrtles droop in the amorous starlight,  
Lulled by the lover's lute and the drowsy splash of the fountain ;  
One whose passionate eyes and voice that is ever caressing  
Quickens the pulse of man with the soft shy thrill of desire,—  
Far too long has she reigned, this child of poetical fancy !  
Ye who seek for applause from a matter-of-fact generation  
Follow for once and all the curious cult of the Ugly.  
Turn to the bold-faced jig who, cased in follicular bloomers,  
Straddles the wind-puffed wheel ; to the nymphs who are loved by the coster,  
Smut-faced factory-girls with voices husky and raucous,  
Hair soot-sifted, hands black-nailed and roughened and warty—  
These be the poet's theme,—and the hot-lipp'd hiccupping harlot.**



But if they soothly speak who say in their practical fashion,  
 "He is the greatest poet who sings to the greatest of numbers,"  
 (Lo, the norm democratic applied to the things of the spirit !)  
 Why not pass from out the leading-strings of the tyro,  
 Straight to the theme that stirs all hearts with anticipation,  
 Pass to the ultimate reason, the motive-power, the mainspring,  
 On to the First Great Cause of all humanity's labours ?  
 Telling of that which holds the keys of Hell and of Heaven,  
 Sets the lips athirst, invokes irresistible power,  
 Moves by its magic touch ten million quivering spindles,  
 Scars the incredulous earth with the iron symbols of progress,  
 Spans the impetuous river, restrains the thundering torrent,  
 Flecks with fleets the tumultuous breast of the billowy ocean,  
 Bids great cities arise in the heart of the dolorous desert,—  
 Money the bane and the blessing, Money the god and the demon !

Money in all its forms and in all its representations—  
 Gold and silver and bronze and clinking copper and nickel :  
 Eagles and dollars, doubloons and broad satisfactory guineas,  
 Turkish piastres and Spanish pesetas and francs and Austrian florins,  
 Annas and taels and yen and marks and Muscovite roubles,  
 Öre and lire and thalers and stuivers and drachmas and milreis—  
 Lakhs of it, stacks of it, piles of it, mounds of it, heaps of it, hills of it !  
 Ay, and the promise of paper that crisply and cunningly crackles,  
 Greenish or brown or blue or white or pleasantly purple,  
 Packed into neat little squares or rudely rammed into bundles,  
 Great fat sweltering wads that bulge with an opulent bigness.  
 Call it by numerous names, transmute it or mint it or melt it,  
 Still supreme will it sway the world and its wallowing millions,  
 Still will it master the minds of men while he who beholds it  
 Sees in its depths whatever responds to the cry of his yearning.  
 Health to the sick, and ease to the toiler, and hope to the hopeless,  
 Power and place and favour and fame and glory and grandeur  
 Come at its beck. It smites the golden portals of pleasure,  
 Flinging with wanton hand an endless shower of roses ;  
 While in the gleaming goblet the dark red wine as it mantles  
 Guides the leering eye to a long voluptuous vista  
 Filled with a dusky light and forms that mistily floating  
 Weave and wind and whisper the words of passionate promise,—  
 Beautiful eyes that burn, and slim white fingers that beckon,  
 Twining arms, and lips that lure with lingering kisses.

### III.

Ruled there once in the Rome of eld an emperor youthful,  
 New to the passion of power. His courtiers fawningly told him :  
 "Lord art thou of all ; the earth is thine and its peoples.  
 Far in the savage North the painted barbarous Briton  
 Bows when he hears thy name, and the skin-clad chiefs of the Getæ  
 Sledging the frozen Ister ; the swart Numidian hunter  
 Calls unto thee as a god ; in the grim Hyrcanian desert,

Lair of the tawny tiger, the roving Scythian nomads  
Tell of thee at night when the camp-fires flame in the darkness.  
All are thine, O Cæsar !"

The emperor languidly listened ;  
Then, at the end, he said : " This tale of all my dominions  
Well do I know. Each day men prate and sing and recite it,  
Soldiers and senators, sages and crack-brained clamorous poets.  
'Tis but a babble of words. Now mark the hest that I give you :  
Tell me the tale no more, but show me the truth of it plainly.  
Have I the power of a god ? Mehercle ! let me behold it.  
Set it before my eyes to know it and see it and feel it !"

Swiftly the word of command sped forth by the fleet viatores.  
Then in the Martian Field with a sound of clangorous music  
Stood the magnificent host of Rome's imperial legions  
Far as the eye could reach, in multitudinous columns,  
Rank on rank and troop on troop. Their glittering standards  
Swayed and tossed and blazed in the glare of the pitiless sunlight  
Over the spears ; and the plumes of the bronze-tipped crest of the helmets  
Foamed like a wintry sea. At the blast of a stridulous trumpet,  
Rolled the mail-clad torrent in waves of terrible splendour  
On with a sweep irresistible, while to the clarion shrilling,  
Blent with the stormy swell of the drums and the clash of the cymbals,  
Rose a tumultuous shout that smote the face of the heavens.  
" AVE, CÆSAR !" it cried—then thundered away into silence.

Proudly the emperor gazed on the militant march of the legions,  
Gazed with a face that flushed and an eye that eagerly kindled.  
" Said we the truth, O Cæsar ?" (thus spake a senator stately)  
" He who is master of these is master and monarch unquestioned,  
Ay, and a god upon earth !"

" Not so," said the emperor slowly.  
" Strong is the sword to smite ; it tames the pride of the valiant,  
Masters and slays and destroys the timorous mortals who fear it—  
True ; but the stubborn soul will still defy and escape it.  
Therefore, away with the legions ! for only he is a monarch  
Seated supreme, who sways the heart and the mind of the vassal."

Low in the listening ear of a slave spake one of the præfects  
Hoary with age and versed in the lore that experience teaches.  
Soon from the stately ærarium started a file of attendants  
Wending a devious way to the gates of the emperor's palace,  
Each on his shoulder a casket bearing.

" Come," said the præfect ;  
" Come, O Cæsar, and learn at last thy limitless power !"

Swiftly he led the way to a marble hall of the palace,  
Bidding the emperor stand in a gallery swung from the ceiling.

Then in an endless procession the slaves with their ponderous caskets  
 Entered and entering paused and each his wonderful burden  
 Poured on the tessellate floor—a flood of glittering money,  
 Tribute of East and of West ; great heaps of darics and drachmas,  
 Staters and aurei, all of them blended in precious confusion,—  
 Rivers of silver and gushes of gold and pallid electrum,  
 Bursting in torrents that tinkled and splashed on the face of the marble.  
 Higher and higher and higher the tide of the magical metal  
 Swelled like a sea till it touched the feet of the wondering Cæsar.  
 Over its gleaming depths he hung with a fierce fascination,  
 Pale to a ghastly white as he glared with a terrible wildness,  
 Till of a sudden he turned and rent his garments of purple,  
 Tearing with frantic fingers the last few shreds from his shoulders,  
 Stood for an instant stripped in the pose of a powerful swimmer,—  
 Then with the howl of a wolf he leaped in the air and descending  
 Down, down, down he plunged in the ocean of gold and of silver !  
 There in the glittering heap he rolled and wallowed and tumbled  
 Filled with a marvellous madness, a terrible joy of possession,  
 Thrusting his naked legs deep down in the aureous billows,  
 Till, when he felt at last the myriad pieces about him  
 Slithering down his back, he clutched them and greedily kissed them,  
 Gnawed them and bit them and licked them and snarled like an amorous  
     jackal,  
 Crying aloud the while in a voice all gasping and broken  
 One great shuddering cry with a note of maniacal laughter—  
 “ Money ! Money ! Money ! now am I monarch and master ! ”

## IV.

Money the god—it is lord of the lords of the earth and the rulers.  
 See the anointed king who wields the sword of his people,  
 Eager to hurl irresistible on in the path of destruction  
 Armies and fleets ; yet he falters and looks to a mightier monarch,  
 Looks to the Master of Money—then leaves the command unspoken.  
 Stilling the trumpet-call, he checks the impetuous legions,  
 Seals the sullen lips of the cannon stricken with silence,  
 Yields to the prince of the purse and reigns as he who was monarch  
 Once by the grace of God, but now by the grace of the banker !

Money the bane—in the hand of the base-born merciless tyrant,  
 Oh, how it blights and blackens and scars the pure and the perfect !  
 Masters the honour of man and the vaunted virtue of woman,  
 Sears with the brand of shame the human heart and the conscience,  
 Laying an impious grasp on the shrine and the consecrate altar.

Lo, the smooth-faced priest as he stands in the perch of his pulpit,  
 Fraught with a message of wrath, surveying the great congregation.  
 Soon, as he looks, he beholds in the midst of the people expectant,  
 Squat like a venomous toad, alert like a hideous spider,  
 One of a fearful fame who, armed with invincible millions,  
 Wrings from the hand of toil the fruit of its burdensome labour,

Coins from the blood of the poor the price of their bitter undoing,  
Hears with a grin of content the mournful cry of the orphan,  
While with a tainting touch he fouls the fountain of Justice,  
Buying and selling and slaying the souls of men with his money.  
Him beholding, the priest perceives the auriferous halo  
Round that ophidian head and his voice momentarily falters.  
Then his message of wrath he diverts to the sinners of Judah :  
Boldly he bans old Balaam and tells the truth about Ahab,  
Fearless of speech, and he lashes the lust of adulterous David ;  
But of the sins of the reptile before him complacently basking  
Never a word does he say ; and his voice with its unctuous accents  
Oozes with oil as he ends in a bland benedictory manner,  
Quenching the lightnings of God in a platitudinous puddle !

Money the blessing—it yields in the hand of the generous giver  
Fruits of a bounty divine to the heart that is fainting and weary.  
Touched by the finger of Love, it rises a spirit celestial  
Strong to protect and to save with its shield of omnipotent power.

Deep in the dreary abode where poverty broods and oppresses  
Grisly and gaunt, there crouches a figure grimly despairing ;  
One who has fought and fallen in Life's unpitying struggle,  
One who is beaten and baffled and worn and weary and wounded.  
Close to his side uplifting a face of mute supplication  
Pinched and pale and pathetic a child is silently nestling,  
Uttering never a word with the lips that tremble and quiver ;  
Only the wondering eyes and the look of pitiful pleading  
Burden that sinking soul with a terrible anguish of yearning,  
While in the gathering gloom and the chill of the deepening darkness  
Faintly a poor little voice, like the distant echo of wailing,  
Cries with the long low cry that rends the heart of the mother.

Then to the mansion of woe speeds swiftly the message of Mercy  
Bearing the wand of gold that stills the cry of the helpless.  
Soon through the dismal dusk and the long dark shroud of the shadow  
Runs a ripple of light like the radiant wing of an angel  
Where in a luminous mist on the verge of the sorrowful threshold  
Standeth a beautiful Form as of old in the house of Admetus,  
Bidding the spectre avaunt. It speaks, and the desolate hearthstone  
Shines with a roseate glow ; and the note of infinite wailing  
Sinks to a coo of content as it welcomes the warmth of the firelight.  
Peace and Plenty are there ; and Hope with its vision of promise  
Brightens the sunken eyes ; a sea of scintillant splendour  
Pours like a flaming flood its tide of limitless bounty ;  
Till in the lustrous light, transfigured, the walls of the hovel  
Gleam with the glory divine of the shimmering portals of Heaven !

## V.

This be a theme for him who sings to the Men of the Present,  
Sings to the Utilitarians, sings to the Makers of Money.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

## BARON JÉRÔME PICHON AND HIS LIFE OF COUNT HOYM.



Among the obituary notices which crowd the public prints no mention seems to have been made of the late Baron Jérôme Pichon. His name is perhaps unfamiliar to the majority of American readers; but no man was better known in the literary and artistic circles of France as a cultivated gentleman, eminent as a bibliophile, scholar, and erudite writer.

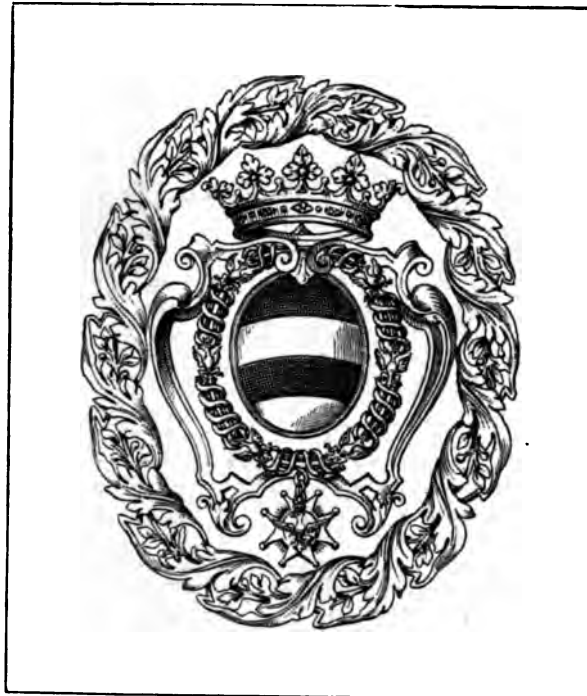
He died in his hôtel on the Quai d'Anjou, in Paris, on August 26, 1896, at the satisfactory age of eighty-three years. His

residence, modestly called an "Hôtel," was an old palace, the entrance to which, through massive gates, under an archway, led to a large square or courtyard, from which access was given to the various portions of the sculptured structures enclosing it. The spacious rooms and lofty carved ceilings of this old palace, rich with the gilding of past centuries, were in keeping with the characteristic traits of this baron of the old school, distinguished for his attainments, and one whose modesty and courtesy inspired respect and regard.

At one time Auditor to the Council of State, he relinquished, with advancing years, all active public service, finding congenial occupation in historical and bibliographical studies and acquisitions. For half a century, beginning in 1843, he was President of the Society of French Bibliophiles, and its honorary president at the time of his death. As early as 1860 he had gathered a collection of books and manuscripts which ranked as one of the most remarkable and valuable in France. For some reason—perhaps because at the time he fancied himself "growing old"—he caused this library to be sold at public auction in Paris in 1869. It comprised 1085 titles and realised the handsome sum of 450,000 francs. As he could not live without books, he gradually accumulated a second collection, which, although much less extensive than the first, is of considerable importance. The Baron was what a Frenchman might call a *collectionneur de la vieille roche*, with an enlightened affection for objects illustrative of the arts and history of the

past, which, with rare discrimination, he gathered to himself into the Hôtel de Lausan. As a bibliophile his name will live in the annals of French bibliography. Ever ready, when called upon, to communicate information from the stores of a retentive memory, to inquiring friends and fellow *littérateurs*, he was the recognised *doyen* of the bibliographical fraternity of his time. In connection with Charles Nodier and Techener he founded the *Bulletin du Bibliophile et du Bibliothécaire*, to which he contributed articles of value, up to the time of his death. His researches in various departments of bibliography and literary history, published from time to time, furnish valuable and reliable records, based upon facts and not opinions. One of the books written by him, and published in 1880 under the auspices and with the imprint of the Société des Bibliophiles, is a life of Count Hoym. This work furnishes a characteristic example of its author's thoroughness, and well illustrates what has been said of his qualities of mind and heart.

So far as we know, no review of this book has been published either in the United States or England. As a biography containing much curious and interesting matter illustrative of the literary and artistic history of the early part of the eighteenth century, it is of unusual interest, well repaying perusal, and worthy of translation and republication in English. Perhaps few of those possessing in their libraries volumes sumptuously bound and emblazoned with the arms of Hoym know much of his brilliant career and tragic end. Baron Pichon says in the preface to his book, that "inheritors of the riches of amateurs who have preceded them should be animated with a species of filial piety for their memory, of gratitude at their having possessed that which we in our turn have, and loving that which we value. Hence the pleasant task of gathering details of their existence."



ARMS OF COUNT HOYM.

A catalogue of the collection had come into his possession in 1830, and he records his satisfaction when, in 1831, at the age of nineteen, he purchased the first book he had ever seen from Count Hoym's library, the *Memoirs* of Bassompierre in four volumes. Although the author of an article published in the *Bulletin de Techener* in 1838, in remembrance of the one hundredth anniversary of the Hoym sale, M. Pichon did not commence active researches respecting him until after the inauguration of the Second Empire, when he undertook the examination of the French archives of foreign affairs. In these, while he found much relating to the life of Hoym in Germany, there was little touching his life in France. Hearing, however, that a Saxon gentleman, Charles Sahrer de Sahr, was also occupied in the investigation of the same subject, he entered into correspondence with him, and in 1869, at his instance, went to Dresden, not only searching the archives there, but visiting Shaska, Königstein, Moritzburg, and Lichtewalde—all places filled with souvenirs of Hoym. One year was spent in

these investigations, which were supplemented by additional researches made for him by the Count Albert de Vitzthum among the archives at Lichtewalde. Thus, in collaboration with M. de Sahr, the projected work was in progress when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, interrupting direct communication with Germany. The death of M. de Sahr in 1874 increased the difficulty of the task, so that it was not completed until 1880, when the book was, as before stated, published in two octavo volumes by the Society of French Bibliophiles. The first volume contains the history of Hoym's life; and the second, extracts from his correspondence, inventories of his books, furniture, pictures, porcelains, and objects of art, with letters and documents relating to their acquisition. The author of a work requiring so much time and patience could have undertaken the task solely from sentiments of fraternal regard and sympathy.

Born in Dresden in 1694, Charles Henry, Comte de Hoym, was the son, by a third wife, of Louis Guebhard, Baron d'Hoym, Financial Minister of the Elector of Saxony. His father died in 1711; and the Elector, Augustus the Strong, conferred upon the son, then but seventeen years of age, the title of Count of the Empire. As an *attaché* of the legation of Saxony, he was present at the coronation of the Emperor Charles VI. at Frankfort. Before the age of twenty he had visited most of the European courts, where his personal attractions, intelligence, and accomplishments won for him many friends. He had so far mastered the French language as to be able to write it with scholarly elegance, and was, about 1716, the author of a clever treatise in French upon the works of Terence. In 1720 he was appointed by the Elector, then provisional King of Poland, Ambassador to Paris from the kingdom of Saxe-Poland.

Louis XIV. died in 1715 during the two years of Hoym's first sojourn in France, and the reign of Louis XV. had begun under the regency of the Duc d'Orléans. The court of Augustus the Strong, with all its brilliancy, wealth, and splendour, was as full of intrigue and corruption as that of the regent, and these, indeed, were the characteristics of all the European courts of the period. It was during his residence in Paris—of about fifteen years in all—

that Hoym formed the remarkable library and collections of works of art which, rather than his career as a diplomat or brilliant courtier, have made his name known. In tastes and general character he seems to have been much more of a Frenchman than a Saxon.

Hoym reached Paris for the second time in July, 1720, with credentials from Warsaw as *Chargé d'Affaires de Saxe-Pologne*. For nine consecutive years he resided in the French capital, domiciled in the hôtel, Rue Cassette, which "became in his hands an enchanted palace." Without neglecting affairs of State, he applied himself to reading and study to such an extent as to injure his eyesight, which led him to devote his leisure to collecting pictures, porcelains, and artistic objects. Handsome, with a fine figure, wit, and good manners, allied to great wealth, he occupied an enviable position. The Elector Augustus, his master, was fond of "hearing all the news," and this Hoym furnished him in long, gossipy letters, keeping up at the same time an active correspondence with his friends and admirers in the various capitals of Europe, for he seems to have been a favourite with the fair sex. Letter-writing in those days was a pastime, and also an accomplishment held in much greater esteem than at the present time. Some of his letters, which have been preserved, might be classed as models of epistolary elegance. A portrait of Hoym (see page 34) engraved by Morse, after a painting by Rigaud, and published in Baron Pichon's book, shows him to advantage in full periwig and the rich costume of the period. Judging from it, one would pronounce him a finished man of the world, sensitive, refined, and intelligent.

It seems to have been with some misgivings and reluctance that he quitted France, where he had led so brilliant and happy a life, to return to Saxony. His rather tardy compliance with the orders of Augustus, who had appointed him Minister of State, appears to have irritated this absolute and violent monarch; but Hoym finally reached Dresden in 1729, leaving Paris on the third of March, occupying nine days in making the journey. At the time of his return to Saxony as Minister to Augustus, the courts of Europe were wrangling for supremacy in Poland. In this war of intrigue between the powers for posses-

sion of the future disrupted kingdom, Hoym seems to have taken an active part. The new favourites who surrounded Augustus were the natural enemies of the new Minister, who apparently was not of the conciliatory disposition necessary to such a position. Possessing power and wealth, both objects of jealousy, he was accused of abusing the one, and securing to himself emoluments to which he was not entitled. By continued complaints and misrepresentations, to which the King listened reluctantly and at first discredited, he seems to have been brought at last to the state of mind his informers desired. Hoym was called upon to give an account of himself, which he did so satisfactorily that the cabal was silenced for a time. As his biographer remarks, it would have been better for him to have retired to some one of his large estates and employed himself with literary pursuits and the enjoyment of his books and artistic treasures. But he seems to have been actuated by a true patriotism and a desire for the welfare of his country. What all the kings of the time needed was money. Like Charles VII. of France, who to obtain the wealth of his richest, as well as one of his most loyal subjects, despoiled and imprisoned Jacques Cœur, Augustus assented to the ruin of Hoym.

In 1731 his calumniators obtained the appointment of a committee of two persons, both of them his enemies, to investigate his conduct. This committee submitted a list of eighteen charges, giving Hoym the choice of acknowledging himself guilty of "these crimes" and submitting himself to the clemency of the King, or appearing before a special commission for judgment. Augustus assured the niece of Hoym that her uncle had nothing to fear; that he was an honest man, and he would not withdraw his protection from him. He had served him worthily for nine years as Ambassador to France, and for two years as Minister; his father before him having held the same office. To refuse to admit culpability was to ensure certain judgment in condemnation. Under these circumstances Hoym preferred, perhaps unwisely, what seemed to him the less of the two evils—to acknowledge his alleged shortcomings, and, conscious of his personal integrity, rely upon the just clemency guaranteed by

the assurances of the King's confidence and esteem. In any case, Hoym did not, in admitting his culpability, reply to anything but vague and ambiguous charges.

Of the eighteen articles of accusation, the first was entitled, "notice to reform." To this Hoym answered, "There is no reply to make to an introductory accusation so new and strange." The second charge, "disobedience," was having omitted to send to the Chamber of Accounts a regulation ordained by the King. The reply to this was, that "owing to the death of the Master of the Chamber, it had not been completed." The third was, "despotism." The answer to this was, that he had "always obeyed the King." The fourth was, "attention to his individual interests." The fifth was, "bad treatment of others." The sixth, "concealing matters from the King." The answer to this was, "The King had signed every measure." The seventh was, "acting contrary to orders."

These will give a fair illustration of the rest of the charges, all of which are of a similar character. One of them, however, is curious and interesting; it is the sixteenth, "The Matter of the Porcelain." Augustus had established the factory at Meissen for the production of the famous Dresden china. After the discovery of the art by Böttcher, the workmen were not only enjoined to secrecy, but were even strictly confined, holding no outside communication. A workman named Zecht succeeded, however, in escaping and carrying to Vienna a knowledge of the processes of manufacture. The charge against Hoym was that he had possessed himself of the secret, and had caused a French artist named Lemaire to come to Dresden, granting him especial privileges in the acquisition of the porcelains. The real object, however, was to secure the services of this man, as well as those of other French artists, in perfecting the designs and decorations, Hoym having taste and good judgment, and justly esteeming the German forms and painting little less than horrible. When special pieces or services were commanded by the King, he interested himself in having them executed artistically. The collection and manufacture of porcelains was not only a favourite hobby of Augustus, but the



sale of the products of Meissen a source of considerable revenue. The German artists naturally resented what they considered foreign interference; but it is an established fact that to French artistic influences—and not German—we owe the most beautiful work done at Meissen, and that these results were due largely, if not entirely, to the cultivated taste and direction of Count Hoym. Of the various charges this seems to have been treated as one of the most serious.

The combined attack upon Hoym finally resulted in a commission decreeing in the name of the King that he be deprived of office; that he be banished from Dresden and the court, and remain on his estates, which he should not leave without express permission; that he should dispose of none of his lands nor contract any debts without authorisation, and pay the sum of one hundred thousand crowns, which the King took, ordering one half of it delivered at the epoch of Saint-Michel in 1731, and the rest on New Year's Day, 1732. Thus we find the act of despoliation begun.

Hoym managed to communicate with faithful friends and retainers in Paris and have his library, pictures, and artistic objects removed from his residence there to places of greater security. Some of his books he caused to be sent him for solace in his banishment, and a number of them were found after his death scattered about, the bindings covered with paper to protect them from injury. In his exile in his own house he was attended by some members of his family, and notably by his niece, who appears never to have ceased her efforts in his behalf.

In 1733 Augustus the Strong died suddenly at Warsaw, after a dinner in which he had indulged too freely in wine. Hoym wrote a letter to the new Elector, in a tone of moderation and respect; but, like his father, this Prince was under the influence of the famous Minister Brühl, one of the Count's bitterest enemies. No change was made in Hoym's position. On the contrary, additional charges were brought against him, leading to his arrest and removal to Sonnenstein, a castle on the Elbe. Another letter to the Elector asking for liberation, seconded by the efforts of his nephew, Prince Lubomerski, resulted in his being taken back in 1733 to his estate at Lichtewalde. Hoym became con-

vinced after his arrest that he had nothing to hope for through the Elector after his probable election as King of Poland. He therefore commenced to set his affairs in order, and made his will. At the instigation of Brühl, new orders were sent to seize his papers, and to take him to the fortress of Königstein. We now find him making his last and most painful journey, reduced by illness and suffering of mind and body. The most touching appeals of his sister, Mme. de Vitzthum, and others produced no effect upon the Elector. The rooms in which he was confined were so damp that in the report of the physician of the fortress it is stated that mushrooms grew upon the walls.

In November, 1735, a new commission was sent, composed of two of Hoym's avowed enemies, and an inquisition was commenced anew. The last sitting of this commission began on April 16, 1736, and continued for several days. On the twenty-first of the month, upon retiring he requested that his attendants should not trouble his sleep. The next morning the lifeless body of the unfortunate Count was discovered suspended from a hook in the wall by a handkerchief with which he had hanged himself. A paper left near at hand requested his servants to place him in his bed, that his death might be attributed to an attack of apoplexy. The remains were buried outside the cemetery of the fortress.

The deadly animosity to which he fell a victim, and which followed him even in his death, is evidenced in the condemnation to imprisonment with hard labour of four soldiers and two corporals for having supplied him with money and some ink, and sent letters from him to Dresden.

Thus, says Baron Pichon, did these miserable assassins, for a little favour and gold, persecute an innocent man, reducing him to despair, and forcing him to end his days, in order to obtain more money to offer for the satisfaction and caprices of their master and his followers. No thought is now given to these men, while the name, the merits, and the sufferings of their victim are eternally graven in the memory of bibliophiles and men of taste and cultivation.

Hoym's will left the larger part of his property to his brothers and to his niece, Mme. de Watzdorf, after the payment of special bequests to various

friends, and to his faithful attendant Christian. Fifty thousand livres were to be paid to the General Hospital of Paris. The King of Saxony, however, declared his property confiscated, and seized the large estates that were left by him in Saxony. He endeavoured to possess himself of his property unsuccessfully in France, amounting to 1,700,000 livres, although he seems to have succeeded in securing a portion of it. Hoym had left ten thousand livres for Christian to pay to M. Astruc for writing his justification, which should be published either in Paris or in Holland. This Astruc never did, although he had received a special and unconditional legacy of ten thousand livres. The second sum of the same amount left to pay for the justification was offered him on condition that he should *not* do the work stipulated. Astruc took the money, and no justification appeared. Thus the unhappy Hoym was pursued and outraged even in his grave.

The wisdom and the taste displayed by Hoym in the selection of his books and in his love for them are matters of tradition as well as record. It was a remarkable library in its time. Theology, books of religious dogmas, commentaries and homilies were then a literary fashion. Works of this character, many of them in Latin, filled the shelves of the dilettante book-collectors; but upon Hoym's were found not only most of the Greek and Latin classics, but a remarkable assemblage of choice copies of the best literature of France in original and most desirable editions. The catalogue had been made in Latin in 1736 by the French bibliophile Gabriel Martin, and the sale at auction took place at Paris in 1738. There were 4785 lots or titles.

Hoym began the collection of his library in 1715, and the inventories of his purchases, all of which are preserved, foot up to about 115,000 francs. The total product of the sale, exclusive of the books he had in Germany, was 86,630 francs. According to the memorandum left by him, it had reached in 1725 the value of 25,000 livres—a considerable sum, considering the prices of the time. In this year the library of Du Fay, then one of the finest in Europe for the choice nature and rarity of the books, was dispersed. From this Hoym made large acquisitions. In the matter

of binding he was of correct and fastidious taste, and among the many books we have met with which belonged to him we have never seen a single poor or inferior copy. His binders were Boyet, Du Seuil, and Padeloup—the best workmen of the time, and never excelled at any succeeding period. Although many of the books are in calf binding, a large proportion are in morocco. He sent to the East in order to secure the best Levant skins, which were mostly red and citron or light brown, and in his letters he complains that no good blues were sent him. Neither this colour nor green is found in the library to any great extent. The more ordinary calf bindings are attributed by M. Pichon to a workman named Girou. These, usually having Hoym's arms impressed in gold upon the sides, are very satisfactory, but in no way comparable with the morocco bindings, which are many of them richly decorated with gold tooling and mosaics. The arms and monograms upon the sides and backs varied at different epochs. In 1725, having received the order of the White Eagle, the design is composed of the monogram C. H. surmounted with a crown with a crowned eagle in the centre, and surrounded with an ornamental oval border. Later the border of intertwined foliage enclosed his escutcheon surmounted by the crown, a small star with the eagle upon it being appended below. The crowned monogram was used on the backs. A third stamp, similar, but more delicate and of more elaborate ornamentation than the two first, succeeded. All of these were made of different dimensions, to correspond with the sizes of the books.

The bibliophiles of the eighteenth century were not given to elaborate descriptions in their catalogues. In that of Hoym's library, volumes which would now bring thousands of francs are disposed of in a couple of lines; while allusion to the elaborate bindings is made in a few instances only. Most of the books are in Latin and French, with some in Italian, while German and English literature is almost entirely unrepresented. Although there are many translations, we find but one book in English—the five folio volumes of Purchas's *Pilgrimages*, bound in red morocco. It sold for 120 francs. In such an

auction as that of the Beckford Library it would now bring as many pounds sterling.

In 1728 came the sale in Paris of the books of Colbert, at which Hoym again made many valuable acquisitions, so that at the time of his departure for Dresden in 1729 his library had cost him over 96,000 livres. This superb collection was contained in two apartments in the hôtel in the Rue Cassette; mostly arranged on shelves supported by carved brackets, with some of the choicer ones in locked cabinets. The shelves were hung with bands of green silk, embroidered in the same colour; and large sheets of green cloth were used to cover them in the absence of the owner. Upon their removal from the hôtel in 1733 the books were packed in cases, two of which were sent to Germany, but the contents of the others do not appear to have again seen the light until the making of the catalogue. There were assembled in these boxes some matchless volumes—a number printed upon vellum and many in beautiful bindings. There was the Mayence Bible of 1462; the *Nef des Fols* of 1497, printed upon vellum with the cuts beautifully painted as miniatures. The former, the title of which occupies three lines, is followed by a single line of "description": "A fine copy upon vellum." This brought 2000 francs. The last sold at auction, a copy on paper, was purchased for 20,000 francs, in Paris, about a year ago. The *Ship of Fools* bound in velvet brought 133 francs, and is now in Dresden. It was bought by Brühl, who replaced the velvet by what the Baron calls "a binding without name, made by a harness-maker, or leather-dresser." The *Vies des Saints*, translated from the Latin of Pierre Natalis, with illustrations painted in miniature (Paris, 1524), two volumes in folio, in red morocco, and *printed on vellum*, sold for 60 francs! Then there was the *Très-élégante, délicate, melliflue et très-plaisante Histoire de Perceforest, Roy de la Grande-Bretagne*, etc. (Paris, Galiot du Pré, 1528), six volumes in folio, in red morocco. "Copy printed upon vellum, ornamented with figures and capital letters painted in gold and colours." It now belongs to the Duc d'Aumale. This was sold for 399 francs! Another book, by Hiéron Natalis, *Adnotationes et Meditationes in Evangelia cum figuris* (Antwerp, 1595), in folio, the text illuminated in

gold, in a superbly ornamented binding in red morocco by Du Seuil, with Hoym's arms, and noted in the catalogue as *Exemplar elegans, interius et exterius decoratum*, sold for 63 francs. This book is now in America. There was also a fine manuscript breviary on vellum, with miniatures, and bound in one of the richest of Padeloup's mosaics upon citron morocco; a superb book, which sold for 103 francs, and is now in the collection of M. Dutuit. The list might be swelled indefinitely, but the imaginary contemplation of such books coupled with such prices might be a painful gratification to a bibliophile reader. There were in the library, of editions of the Bible (Testament and Psalms), 202 titles; a still greater number of commentaries and theological works, followed by jurisprudence and philosophical and scientific books. The strongest and largest portions consisted, however, of an extraordinary assemblage of early editions of the Greek and Latin classics, French literature, and histories of all times and nations. There were eighty editions of Homer (including translations), beginning with the five incunabulæ of 1481, 1482, 1483, 1486, and 1498; forty-five of Vergil, embracing the edition "Perantique" without date and two others printed prior to 1500. Of Terence there were fifty different editions, and also a large number of editions of Ovid, including the first—an "*exemplar elegans*"—which sold for 26 francs. In the department of French history there are 330 items; and of early French poetry, 359.

In turning over the leaves of the old catalogue, priced in ink by the hand of some old bookman more than a century and a half ago, we smiled inwardly at his naïve annotations on the margins of a copy possessed by Baron Portalis. Opposite the price of one fine book, sold for 12 francs, he writes, "Folly;" of another, for 36 francs, "Still greater folly;" and of a Psalter in a red morocco binding with decoration in compartments, "Sold, 16 francs, on account of its coat, which is superb." Such books as the first Marots and Rabelais with the early Paris imprints and those of Sebastian Gryphus and François Jaste, bound in morocco, sold for from three to fifteen francs! These figures multiplied one hundred times approximate nearer to their present value. While it

is not by a money standard that such a library should be estimated, its relative importance may be judged by the fact that if sold in Paris to-day the 86,000 and odd francs expended for it through the "folly" of its purchasers would be swelled into millions by those now sailing in the same *stultifera navis* as their predecessors of 1738.

Probably we should have heard little of Count Hoym, and thought less, had it not been for his love of books. To Baron Pichon we owe not only a most interesting volume, but a model (if we may so style it) of bibliographical biography. In some respects the author and his subject resemble one another; in others there are strong contrasts. Both possessed literary tastes and a love for the arts and artistic objects. Both were readers and students; the collectors and owners of large and valuable libraries—gathered not from ostentation, but for the pleasure and knowledge to be derived from them. The one, although living in times of revolutions and many political changes, passed a quiet, unostentatious life, leaving the world at a ripe old age; the other, the courtier, mixing with the feverish political life of his time, active, intelligent, richly endowed mentally and physically, ends his own existence in his forty-third year.

Hoym had seen men of strong intellects, of determined wills and purposes directing public affairs under kings occupied with other things than government and the welfare of their subjects; thrones surrounded by sycophants tearing one another from high places to reach preferment or wealth over their prostrate souls and bodies. The court

of Augustus was no stranger to such scenes of luxury and strife as were enacted on a larger scale in other capitals. Hoym undoubtedly had his weaknesses, and erred like other men; but after reading his life, so patiently and impartially set forth in Baron Pichon's book, in which fraternal feeling has not warped judgment or coloured facts, the conclusion reached is that Hoym was in his time, and for his time, equal, if not superior, to most of those of his contemporaries who possessed a corresponding rank, position, and power. That he was the victim of envious jealousy and malice there seems to be no doubt. His experience was only that of others in like circumstances, and one which is so often recorded in the histories of empires and kingdoms, recalling the memorable words of Cardinal Wolsey when shorn of all his wealth and honours, and serves to emphasize the ancient admonition, "Put not your trust in princes."

NOTE.—In 1731 le Chevalier Gordon de Percelet edited the works of Clément Marot with those of his father, Jean Marot, of Michel Marot, his son. The book printed at the Hague in five volumes contains a dedication to "Son Excellence Monseigneur le Comte Hoym, Ministre d'État de sa majesté Polonoise, et son Ambassadeur en France." After the laudatory phrases in vogue at the time, and an "appreciation" of works of the Marots, he winds up with the following: "Whatever may be the merits of the poets in this collection, it will be a glory to them, my lord, to have entered into the library of your Excellency. A library so magnificent, so numerous, and so well chosen that it may justly pass for one of the wonders of literature. It will be a glory to me to enter with them, but a greater privilege to be able to merit a continuance of your kindness, and persuade you anew of my sincere respect."

Robert Hoe.

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## OPPORTUNITY.

Once only did the Angel stir  
The pool whereat she paused in pain;  
Another step outspeeded her;  
The waters ne'er have moved again.

John B. Tabb.

## HOW TO WRITE A SHORT STORY.

A SYMPOSIUM.

## I.

BY ROBERT BARR, AUTHOR OF "A  
WOMAN INTERVENES," ETC.

There was a man once who, wishing to engage a coachman, took the applicants for that position to a road bordering a cliff, so that each might show how near he could drive to the edge with safety. One competitor brought the wheels of his vehicle within a foot of the precipice; another had nine inches margin; a third, six inches; while another daring individual left barely an inch between himself and destruction. The final aspirant, however, crossed to the other side of the road, and drove as far from the precipice as possible, and him the man engaged as coachman.

I don't know that this fable has any direct application to what I am about to say concerning short stories, but it came into my mind on reading the comment of an editor on a short story I have written, and which I believe appears in *The Temple Magazine* for March. The editor wrote: "It occurs to me that your story ends rather too abruptly. Will you pardon my suggesting this, and will you see whether another hundred words added to the proofs would not improve it somewhat?"

Now, I leave it to any sensible author, in a fair way of trade, if the suggestion that his story *can* be improved does not come upon him with a shock of surprise. Nevertheless, I gave what time I possessed to the problem, and after mature deliberation admit the story may be strengthened, but not by lengthening it. My contract was to get those two young people over the border safely, and that done, my task ended; yet must I go maundering on telling what became of the innkeeper, which had nothing to do with the story; therefore, cut a hundred words off, Mr. Editor, if you like; but any addition to the narrative, it seems to me, would make it worse than it now is.

I think a rightly constructed short story should always allow the reader's imagination to come to the aid of the

author. I am myself thoroughly convinced that those two young people married each other, and doubtless lived happily, in less tumultuous lands than France, ever afterward; but I submit that my commission extended not so far as that. I saw them secure across the boundary, and after that, God bless you both! My undertaking was to save their necks from the sharp blade of the guillotine by whatever means was practicable, and if, afterward, they threw their arms round the spot where the axe might have fallen, that was not my affair, so I turned my back and looked the other way—an action which, I doubt not, all true lovers will commend.

I think it will be generally admitted that up to a few short years ago the English storyteller was outdistanced by his brother of France or of America. If I were put to it to find an English writing compeer of Guy de Maupassant, I should have to go to California and select Ambrose Bierce. America has been particularly notable in her short stories, from the time of Washington Irving and Edgar Allan Poe to the to-day of Howells, Stockton, Aldrich, and Henry James. It would be difficult to find the equal in ingenious short stories of *Marjory Daw*, by T. B. Aldrich, or *The Lady or the Tiger*, by Frank Stockton; while as far as serious short stories are concerned, *A Man without a Country*, by the Rev. Edward E. Hale, and some of the short stories by Mary E. Wilkins, reach a very high level.

I take it that the reason of this discrepancy is because the Englishman has been hampered by tradition, while the Frenchman and American have not. Up to a very recent date a story of less or more than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England. I have in my possession a letter written by the editor of a first-class London periodical to whom I sent a story of two thousand four hundred words. The editor wrote that he was pleased with the story, and that if I would make it six thousand words in length he would take it.

It would have been an easy matter to have padded the effort several hundred

per cent., with the result of spoiling the story, but much as I desired to appear in that celebrated journal—for I was young then—I had the temerity to point out to the editor that this was a two-thousand-four-hundred word idea, and not a six-thousand-word idea; whereupon he promptly returned the manuscript for my cheek.

I am pleased to see that the younger periodicals are driving from the field the stodgy old magazines that have done so much to handicap the English writer of short stories, and so we may look upon the six-thousand-word tradition as sadly crippled, if it is not yet dead. But the tradition is still rampant in England, and nowhere else, in other fields of writing industry. The Englishman dearly loves to have things cut into lengths for him. In the sixpenny reviews you will find articles all of a size, while in the great dailies, I suppose the heavens would fall if the leading article were more than an exact column in length; therefore a ten-line idea has to be rolled exceedingly thin to make it run to a column of space. Then among the horrors of London is the "turn-over" in some of the evening papers. I often picture to myself the unfortunate wretches who labour upon these deplorable articles. They must toil away, piling word on word, till they slop over the leaf, and then their task is ended.

The body of French and American short-story writers is largely recruited from the brilliant young men of the press; but if you put upon young men the iron fetters which English newspaper work imposes, they soon become fit for nothing else than the production of stories six thousand words in length, to the letter.

Five years ago the editor of a magazine sent me a note asking me to write for him a five-thousand-word story. I promised to do so as soon as a five-thousand-word idea came to me. He wrote frequently for that story during the first three years, but lately he seems to have given it up. He is not more discouraged than I am: he might as well have expected a man to eat an eight-course dinner with a four-course appetite. To my sorrow, I haven't met with a five-thousand-word idea since 1891.

It seems to me that a short-story writer should act, metaphorically, like this—he should put his idea for a story into

one cup of a pair of balances, then into the other he should deal out his words; five hundred; a thousand; two thousand; three thousand; as the case may be—and when the number of words thus paid in, causes the beam to rise on which his idea hangs, then is his story finished. If he puts a word more or less, he is doing false work.

I have, finally, a serious complaint to make against the English reader of short stories. He insists upon being fed with a spoon. He wants all the goods in the shop window ticketed with the price in plain figures. I think the reader should use a little intellect in reading a story, just as the author is supposed to use a great deal in the writing of it. While editor of a popular magazine, I have frequently been reluctantly compelled to refuse my own stories, because certain points in them were hinted at rather than fully expressed, and I knew the British public would stand no nonsense of that sort. The public wants the trick done in full view, and will have no juggling with the hands behind the back.

I often think there was much worldly wisdom in a remark the late Captain Mayne Reid once made to me. "Never surprise the British public, my boy," he said; "they don't like it. If you arrange a pail of water above a door so that when an obnoxious boy enters the room the water will come down upon him, take your readers fully into your confidence long before the deed is done. Let them help you to tie up the pail, then they will chuckle all through the chapter as the unfortunate lad approaches his fate, and when he is finally deluged they will roar with delight and cry, 'Now he has got his dose!'"

I believe if I had accepted this advice, I might have been a passably popular short-story writer by this time.

In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a going concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry*, will live when most of us who are scribbling

to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops. My own book, based on this model, was reviewed at some length by the critic of one of the sixpenny reviews. Now, one may perhaps be justified in expecting that a man who is paid for giving his estimate of stories will peruse them with more care than one who buys the book and reads them for nothing; yet this critic, although highly commending the book, and desiring not only to be just but generous to the author, selects two stories, the first and the last in the volume, and in each case completely misses the point on which each story hinges. The first is an unpleasant story about a man and his wife, who hate each other so thoroughly that each resolves to murder the other—the man by brutally flinging his wife over a precipice in Switzerland; the woman by flinging herself over the same precipice under circumstances that will convict her husband of her murder. The story hinges on the fact that neither suspects the other of murderous thoughts, and this, so far as the woman is concerned, is shown by her last words, "I know there is no thought of murder in your heart, but there is in mine;" yet the critic says, "In 'An Alpine Divorce' we have a wife who divines that her husband means to throw her over a precipice."

In the second story are a Russian wife, a French husband, and a French girl, who is the wife's rival. They are seated together at lunch in a room belonging to the wife. The Russian has saturated the carpet and walls of the room with naphtha, which, as every one knows, is a volatile substance, and when so used would at once fill the room with an inflammable gas ready to destroy all within if a match were struck. The cause of the final catastrophe is hinted at in the conversation between husband and wife:

"What penetrating smell is this that fills the room?" asked Caspiller.

"It is nothing," replied Valdoreme, speaking for the first time since they had sat down. "It is only naphtha. I have had the room cleaned with it."

The critic, speaking of this story, says: "'Purification' turns upon the revenge of a Russian wife upon her rival, which she secures by the means of an explosive cigarette."

These instances, and other indications similar to them, lead me to the opinion that if a man wishes to be successful as a short-story writer he must lay it on with a trowel. If he is going to consume his characters with naphtha, he must state the number of gallons used and the method of its application. All of which goes to show that that eminent writer of romance, Euclid, is an unsafe model for the modern short-story writer to follow.

## II.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC, AUTHOR OF "THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE," ETC.

I don't know that I have anything luminous to offer in comment upon the sprightly remarks of my dear friend Robert Barr. Here, as everywhere else, what he says is all his own. When I listen to him, my delight in the direct and smashing way in which he goes at things—the sense of charm that I get from his methods of debate, from his forms of expression, from the man himself—are so great that I have never formed the habit of regarding critically the substance of his propositions. Moreover, he is a captain among wags. How can even the editors be sure that he is not joking at the present moment?

Apparently, his general point is that a short story should be short; in particular, he insists that the author should be the judge of its size, and that in deciding upon this, he should consider nothing save the horse-power capacity, so to speak, of the idea, otherwise the engines which he puts inside the story.

This seems all to be sound enough, so far as it goes. But when you come to details, I do not see just how he fits his illustrations and his deductions together. He is of opinion, again I say apparently, that six thousand words is too much for a short story: in his own practice, he has for five years kept himself well within the limit of five thousand. But of the "short stories" which he selects as models of their kind, Mr. Aldrich's *Marjory Daw* and Mr. Hale's *A Man without a Country* (that is to say, two out of his three examples) are sure-

ly more than six thousand words in length. He mentions Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James as masters of the short story—but he would have been at a standstill if he had tried to cite any tale by either of them that did not exceed six thousand words. Mr. Howells's incomparably beautiful *A Parting and a Meeting* occupied two long instalments of a magazine; the average of Mr. James's stories is over rather than under ten thousand words. One of the tales he mentions—Mr. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*—was, as I recall it, very short; but that is such a unique achievement in so many other respects that one could with warrant quote it as an exception which proved the rule against him.

But no one wants to prove anything against him. There is really no issue marked out, unless it may be one of definition. The term "short story" is used now to cover indiscriminately the small novel of fifteen thousand words and the yarn of twenty-five hundred. Somewhere in this wide range, after hunting about a good deal, the individual writer finds the sort of thing that he is most effective and at home in. As use develops and crystallises his knowledge of his powers, he gets to have convictions as to what he can do best, and gradually ceases to experiment outside his chosen line of work. I do not say that these convictions are necessarily well founded. They may be easily the product of nothing better than obstinacy or self-conceit, but when they are formed they shape the author's choice of method, style, subject, dimensions, and the rest. If the man who has satisfied himself that three thousand words is his form, comes out and chaffs the less nimble creatures who cling to six or eight thousand for themselves, I will laugh as cheerfully as anybody so long as he is witty and gay-hearted, and Robert Barr could be nothing else. But I must not pretend to think that he has proved anything.

In conclusion, since we are talking of ourselves, I may say that for a number of years I have declined to accept any commission for a short story under five thousand words. This means simply that I cannot turn myself round inside narrower limits, with results at all satisfactory to my conception of what I ought to be doing. It may be answered very

logically that this shows I cannot write short stories, but I should have an equal right to retort that short stories begin at five thousand words, and that under that limit of length they are yarns. It is, to repeat, a matter of definition. Turgénieff's *Virgin Soil* contains 115,000 words, and produces the effect of a short story. I have in my time read tales barely a hundredth part as long which tired me much more.

### III.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON, AUTHOR OF  
"TALES OF MEAN STREETS," ETC.

I have read the proof of Mr. Robert Barr's article. What he says is very excellent, and his use of Euclid's *Geometry* as an illustration is inspired. Little can be said in the abstract to help the beginner who would learn the *technique* of the short story. But of things that may be cultivated, the command of form is the first; indeed, I think it is all. Let the pupil take a story by a writer distinguished by the perfection of his workmanship—none could be better than Guy de Maupassant—and let him consider that story apart from the book, as something happening before his eyes. Let him review mentally *everything* that happens—the things that are not written in the story as well as those that are—and let him review them, not necessarily in the order in which the story presents them, but in that in which they would come before an observer in real life. In short, from the fiction let him construct ordinary, natural, detailed, unselected, unarranged fact; making notes, if necessary, as he goes. Then let him compare his raw fact with the words of the master. He will see where the unessential is rejected; he will observe how everything receives its just proportion in the design; he will perceive that every incident, every sentence, and every word, has its value, its meaning, and its part in the whole. He will see the machinery, and in time he may learn to apply it for himself. But only by experience, inspired by natural gift, will he learn this, and will thus achieve the instinctive eye for the essential, and that severe command of material that will admit nothing else. Then, it may be, his critics will complain of his "sketchiness," and cry



aloud for a "finished picture," meaning the industrious transcript of the incapable. But he will know that he has done well, and he will judge them at their worth.

But let what Mr. Barr says be remembered. Every story has its length—to a word. It is the aim of the artist to determine that length, and the first lesson is to reject.

#### IV.

BY JANE BARLOW, AUTHOR OF "IRISH IDYLLS," ETC.

The fact that Mr. Barr's interesting article might almost as appropriately be entitled "How *not* to Write a Short Story," seems natural enough, considering the craft of which it treats; for a process of selection—of elimination—does certainly lie at the root of the matter. That artist's ordinance, *Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*, is nowhere more inevitable and more rigid than in the construction of the short story. Often, indeed, the things to be renounced are quite obvious; there is so much the mere attempt at which confounds us. A gradual growth in depravity, for instance, like Tito's in *Romola*, or the complex interaction of social life on a whole countryside, as in *Middlemarch*—subjects so palpably beyond our scope—can hardly fail to be avoided as rocks that would wreck our small enterprise in port. But there are others more insidiously unfit, and if we run upon them we may find ourselves epitomising a "three-decker," or, contrariwise, amplifying an anecdote. It behooves us, moreover, to choose promptly as well as discreetly. In a long narrative it may sometimes be permissible to start before the goal is clearly descried. "Fortune brings in some boats that are not

steered," but not the frail skiff of the short story, nor have we any sea-room to spare for aimless drifting. Therefore we are constrained to hold, with Aristotle, that "a well-constructed plot must not begin nor end at haphazard." Some serviceable hints may doubtless be drawn from the wisdom of the ancients, and we might profitably compile a list of acknowledgments like that of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus or Miss Austen's Catherine Morland:—From Hesiod: How much more is the half than the whole; from Horace: That in trying to be brief we may become obscure; from Aristotle again: That what indicates nothing by its presence or absence is not an essential part—and so forth. An adaptation of the Law of Parsimony makes a useful maxim: "Characters must not be multiplied unnecessarily;" and the Arabian thief, who sought to extract too large a handful from the jar, is a not inapposite apologue. To cite more modern authority, Mrs. Ewing, a writer the excellence of whose style is less generally appreciated than it should be, made it a rule never to use two words when one would do. But that "when" is the question which continues to give us pause. Other pertinent reflections are that unless the requisite brevity lies in the matter rather than the manner, we shall probably have not so much a story as a *précis*. Again, that the mystery, if mystery there be, should lie more in the manner than the matter, else the story becomes a conundrum. On this point, Goethe's notes on his ballad of the exiled and restored Count, and the poem itself, are instructive reading. But, after all, the truth, I fancy, is that there are many ways of constructing stories short, and that every single one of them is wrong, except for its owner.

#### TENNYSON.

Life spoke her mystic secrets in thine ear,  
And Art gave to thee thine own Merlin's spell:  
While in thy soul, as in an ocean's shell,  
God's everlasting music echoed clear.

*Robert Adger Bowen.*

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

## CHAPTER I.

## ONE SOWS.

"If it be a duty to respect other men's claims,  
so also is it a duty to maintain our own."

It is in the staging of her comedies that Fate shows herself superior to more human invention. While we with careful regard to scenery place our conventional puppets on the stage, and bid them play their old, old parts in a manner as ancient, she rings up the curtain and starts a tragedy on a scene that has obviously been set by the carpenters for a farce. She deals out the parts with a fine inconsistency, and the jolly-faced little man is cast to play Romeo, while the poetic youth with lantern jaw and an impaired digestion finds no Juliet to match his love.

Fate, with that playfulness which some take seriously or amiss, set her queer stage so long ago as 1838 for the comedy of certain lives, and rang up the curtain one dark evening on no fitter scene than the high road from Gateshead to Durham. It was raining hard, and a fresh breeze from the southeast swept a salt rime from the North Sea across a tract of land as bare and bleak as the waters of that grim ocean. A hard, cold land this, where the iron that has filled men's purses has also entered their souls.

There had been a great meeting at Chester-le-Street of those who were at this time beginning to be known as Chartists, and, the law having been lately passed that torch-light meetings were illegal, this assembly had gathered by the light of a waning moon long since hidden by the clouds. Amid the storm of wind and rain, orators had expounded views as wild as the night itself, to which the hard-visaged sons of Northumbria had listened with grunts of approval or muttered words of discontent. A dangerous game to play, this stirring up of the people's heart, and one that may at any moment turn to the deepest earnest.

Few thought at this time that the movement awakening in the working centres of the North and Midlands was destined to spread with the strange rapidity of popular passion—to spread and live for a decade. Few of the Chartists expected to see the fulfilment of half of their desires; yet to-day half of the People's Charter has been granted. These voices crying in the night demanded an extended suffrage, vote by ballot and freedom for rich and poor alike to sit in Parliament. Within the scope of one reign these demands have been granted.

The meeting at Chester-le-Street was no different from a hundred others held in England at the same time. It was illegal, and yet the authorities dared not to pronounce it so. It might prove dangerous to those taking part in it. Lawyers said that the leaders laid themselves open to the charge of high treason. In this assembly, as in others, there were wire-pullers, men playing their own game, and from the safety of the rear pushing on those in front. With one of these we have to do. With his mistake Fate raised the curtain, and on the horizon of several lives arose a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.

Geoffrey Horner lived before his time, insomuch as he was a gentleman-radical. He was clever, and the world heeded not. He was brilliant, well educated, capable of great achievements, and the world refused to be astonished. Here were the makings of a malcontent. A well-born radical is one whom the world has refused to accept at his own valuation. A wise man is ready to strike a bargain with fate. The wisest are those who ask much and then take half. It is the coward who asks too little, and the fool who imagines that he will receive without demanding.

Horner had thrown in his lot with the Chartists in the spirit of pique, which makes some men marry the wrong woman because the right one will have none of them. At the Chester-le-Street meeting he had declared himself as up-

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holder of moral persuasion, while in his heart he pandered to those who knew only of physical force and placed their reliance thereon. He had come from Durham with a contingent of malcontents, and was now returning thither on foot in company with the local leaders. These were intelligent mechanics, seeking clumsily and blindly enough what they knew to be the good of their fellows. At their heels tramped the rank and file of the great movement. The assembly was a subtle foreshadowing of things to come—of Newport and the march of twenty thousand men, of violence and bloodshed, of strife between brethren, and of Justice nonplussed and hesitating.

The toil-worn miners were mostly silent, their dimly enlightened intellects uneasily stirred by the words they had lately heard, their stubborn hearts full of a great hope with a minute misgiving at the back of it. With this dangerous material Geoffrey Horner proposed to play his game.

Suddenly a voice was raised.

"Mates," it cried at the cross-roads, "let's go and smash Pleydell's windows!"

And a muttered acquiescence to the proposal swept through the moving mass like a sullen breeze through reeds. The desire for action rustled among these men of few words and mighty arms.

Horner hurriedly consulted his colleagues. Was it wise to attempt to exert an authority which was merely nominal? The principles of Chartism were at this time to keep within the limits of the law, and yet to hint, when such a course was safe, that stronger measures lay behind mere words. Their fatal habit was to strike softly. In peace and war, at home and abroad, there is but one humane and safe rule: Hesitate to strike; strike hard.

Sir John Pleydell was a member of that Parliament which had treated the Charter with contempt. He was one of those who had voted with the majority against the measures it embodied. In addition to these damning facts he was a large colliery owner and a local Tory of some renown. An ambitious man, as the neighbours said, who wished to leave his son a peerage, Sir John Pleydell was known to be a cold and calculating speculator, originally a so-

licitor in Newcastle, pausing to help no man in his steady career of self-advancement. To the minds of the rabble this magnate represented the tyranny against which their protest was raised. Geoffrey Horner looked on him as a political opponent and a dangerous member of the winning party. The blow was easy to strike. Horner hesitated—at the cross-roads of other lives than his own—and held his tongue.

The suggestion of the unknown humourist in the crowd commended itself to the more energetic of the party, who immediately turned toward the bye-road leading to Dene Hall. The others, the minority, followed as minorities do, because they distrusted themselves. Some one struck up a song with words lately published in the *Northern Liberator*, and set to a well-known local air.

The shooting party assembled at Dene Hall was still at the dinner-table as the malcontents entered the park, and the talk of coverts and guns ceased suddenly at the sound of their rough voices. Sir John Pleydell, a young-looking man still despite his gray hair and drawn, careworn face, looked up sharply. He had been sitting silently fingering the stem of his wine-glass—a habit of his when the ladies quitted the room—and although he had shot as well as, perhaps better than any present, had taken but little part in the conversation. He had, in fact, only half listened, and when a rare smile passed across his gray face, it invariably owed its existence to some sally made by his son, Alfred Pleydell—gay, light-hearted, *debonnaire*—at the far end of the table. When Sir John's thoughtful eyes rested on his motherless son a dull and suppressed light gleamed momentarily beneath his heavy lids. Superficial observers said that John Pleydell was an ambitious man; "not for himself," added the few who saw deeper.

When his quick mind now took in the import of the sound that broke the outer silence of the night Sir John's glance sought his son's face. In moments of alarm the glance flies to where the heart is.

"What is that?" said Alfred Pleydell, standing up.

"The Chartists," said Sir John.

Alfred looked round. He was a soldier, though the ink had hardly dried

upon the parchment that made him one—the only soldier in the room.

"We are eleven here," he said, "and two men downstairs. Some of you fellows have your valets, too—say fifteen in all. We cannot stand this, you know."

As he spoke the first volley of stones crashed through the windows, and the broken glass rattled to the floor behind the shutters. The cries of the ladies in the drawing-room could be heard, and all the men sprang to their feet. With blazing eyes Alfred Pleydell ran to the door, but his father was there before him.

"Not you," said the elder man, quiet, but a little paler than usual; "I will go and speak to them. They will not dare to touch me. They are probably running away by this time."

"Then we'll run after 'em!" answered Alfred, with a fine spirit, and something in his attitude, in the ring of his voice awoke that demon of combativeness which lies dormant in men of the Anglo-Saxon race.

"Come on, you fellows!" cried the boy, with a queer, glad laugh, and without knowing that he did it, Sir John stood aside, his heart warm with a sudden pride, his blood stirred by something that had not moved it these thirty years. The guests crowded out of the room, old men who should have known better, laughing as they threw aside their dinner napkins. What a strange thing is man, peaceful through long years, and at a moment's notice a mere fighting devil.

"Come on; we'll teach them to break windows!" repeated Alfred Pleydell, running to the stick-rack. The rain rattled on the skylight of the square hall, and the wind roared down the chimney. Among the men hastily arming themselves with heavy sticks and cramming caps upon their heads were some who had tasted of rheumatism, but they never thought of an overcoat.

"We'll know each other by our shirt-fronts," said a quiet man, who was standing on a chair in order to reach an Indian club suspended on the wall.

Alfred was at the door leading through to the servants' quarters, and his summons brought several men from the pantry and kitchens.

"Come on!" he cried. "Take anything you can find, stick or poker—yes, and those old guns, use 'em like a club. Hit very hard and very often. We'll charge the devils. There's nothing like a charge. Come on!"

And he was already out of the door with a dozen at his heels.

The change from the lighted rooms to the outer darkness made them pause a moment, during which time the defenders had leisure to group themselves around Alfred Pleydell. A hoarse shout, which indeed drowned Geoffrey Horner's voice, showed where the assailants stood. Horner had found his tongue after the first volley of stones. It was the policy of the Chartist leaders and wire-pullers to suggest rather than demonstrate physical force. Enough had been done to call attention to the Chester-le-Street meeting, and give it the desired prominence in the eyes of the nation.

"Get back! Go to your homes!" he was shouting, with upraised arms, when the hoarse shouts of his adherents and the flood of light from the opened door made him turn hastily. In a moment he saw the meaning of this development, but it was too late.

With a cheer Alfred Pleydell, little more than a boy, led the charge, and, seeing Horner in front, ran at him with upraised stick. Horner half warded the blow, which came whistling down his own stick and paralysed his thumb. He returned the stroke with a sudden fury, striking Pleydell full on the head. Then, because he had a young wife and child at home, he pushed his way through the struggling crowd and ran away in the darkness. As he ran he could hear his late adherents dispersing in all directions, like sheep before a dog. He heard a voice calling:

"Alfred! Alfred!"

And Horner, who an hour—nay, ten minutes—earlier had had no thought of violence, ran his fastest along the road by which he had lately come. His heart was as water within his breast, and his staring eyes played their part mechanically. He did not fall, but he saw nothing, and had no notion whither he was running.

Alfred Pleydell lay quite still on the lawn in front of his father's house.

## CHAPTER II.

## ANOTHER REAPS.

"Attempt the end and never stand in doubt."

During the course of a harum-scarum youth in the city of Dublin certain persons had been known to predict that Mr. Frederick Conyngham had a future before him. Mostly pleasant-spoken Irish persons, these, who had the racial habit of saying that which is likely to be welcome. Many of them added, "The young divil," under their breath, in a pious hope of thereby cleansing their souls from guilt.

"I suppose I'm idle, and what is worse, I know I'm a fool!" said Fred himself to his tutor, when that gentleman, with a toleration which was undeserved, took him severely to task before sending him up for the Bar examination. The tutor said nothing, but he suspected that this, his wildest pupil, was no fool. Truth to tell, Frederick Conyngham had devoted little thought to the matter of which he spoke—namely, himself, and was perhaps none the worse for that. A young man who thinks too often usually falls into the error of also thinking too much of himself.

The examination was, however, safely passed, and in due course Frederick was called to the Irish Bar, where a Queen's Council, with an accent like rich wine, told him that he was now a gintelman, and entitled so to call himself.

All these events were left behind, and Conyngham, sitting alone in his rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand, three days after the breaking of Sir John Pleydell's windows, was engaged in realising that the predicted future was still in every sense before him, and in no wise nearer than it had been in his mother's lifetime.

This realisation of an unpleasant fact appeared in no way to disturb his equanimity, for as he knocked his pipe against the bars of the fire he murmured a popular air in a careless voice. The firelight showed his face to be pleasant enough, in a way that left the land of his birth undoubted. Blue eyes, quick and kind, a square chin, closely curling hair, and square shoulders bespoke an Irishman. Something, however, in the cut of his lips—something close and

firm—suggested an admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood. The man looked as if he might have had an English mother. It was, perhaps, this formation of the mouth that had led those pleasant-spoken persons to name to his relatives their conviction that Conyngham had a future before him. The best liars are those who base their fancy upon fact. They knew that the thoroughbred Irishman has usually a cheerful enough life before him, but not that which is vaguely called a future. Fred Conyngham looked like a man who could hold to his purpose, but at this moment he also had the unfortunate appearance of not possessing one to hold to.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and held the hot brier bowl against the ear of a sleeping fox-terrier, which animal growled, without moving, in a manner that suggested its possession of a sense of humour, and a full comprehension of the harmless practical joke.

A moment later the dog sat up and listened with an interest that gradually increased, until the door opened and Geoffrey Horner came into the room.

"Faith, it's Horner," said Conyngham. "Where are you from?"

"The North."

"Ah! sit down. What have you been doing up there? tub-thumping?"

Horner came forward and sat down in the chair indicated. He looked five years older than when he had last been there. Conyngham glanced at his friend, who was staring into the fire.

"Edith all right?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes."

"And—the little chap?"

"Yes."

Conyngham glanced at his companion again. Horner's eyes had the hard look that comes from hopelessness; his lips were dry and white. He wore the air of one whose stake in the game of life was heavy, who played that game nervously. For this was an ambitious man, with wife and child whom he loved. Conyngham's attitude toward Fate was in strong contrast. He held his head up and faced the world without encumbrance, without a settled ambition, without any sense of responsibility at all. The sharp-eyed dog on the hearth-rug looked from one to the other. A moment before the atmosphere of the room had been one of ease

and comfortable assurance—an atmosphere that some men, without any warrant or the justification of any personal success or distinction, seem to carry with them through life. Since Horner had crossed the threshold the ceaseless hum of life in the streets seemed to be nearer, the sound of it louder in the room; the restlessness of that great strife stirred the air. The fox-terrier laid himself on the hearth-rug again, but instead of sleeping watched his two human companions.

Conyngham filled his pipe. He turned to the table where the match-box stood at his elbow, took it up, rattled it, and laid it down. He pressed the tobacco hard with his thumb, and, turning to Horner, said sharply:

"What is it?"

"I don't know yet—ruin, I think."

"Nonsense, man," said Conyngham cheerily; "there is no such thing in this world—at least, the jolliest fellows I know are bankrupts or no better. Look at me—never a brief; literary contributions returned with thanks; balance at the bank, seventeen pounds ten shillings; balance in hand, none; debts, the Lord only knows! Look at me. I'm happy enough."

"Yes; you're a lonely devil."

Conyngham looked at his friend with inquiry in his gay eyes.

"M-m! perhaps so. I live alone, if that is what you mean. But as for being lonely—no, hang it! I have plenty of friends, especially at dividend times."

"You have nobody depending on you," said Horner, with the irritability of sorrow.

"Because nobody is such a fool. On the other hand, I have nobody to care a twopenny curse what becomes of me. Same thing, you see, in the end. Come, man, cheer up. Tell me what is wrong. Seventeen pounds ten shillings is not exactly wealth, but if you want it, you know it is there. Eh?"

"I do not want it, thanks," replied the other. "Seventeen hundred would be no good to me."

He paused, biting his under lip and staring with hard eyes into the fire.

"Read that," he said at length, and handed Conyngham a cutting from a daily newspaper.

The younger man read without apparent interest an account of the Ches-

ter-le-Street meeting, and the subsequent attack on Sir John Pleydell's house.

"Yes," he commented; "the usual thing. Brave words followed by a cowardly deed. What in the name of fortune you were doing in that *galère*, you yourself know best. If these are politics, Horner, I say drop them. Politics are a stick, clean enough at the top, but you've got hold of the wrong end. Young Pleydell was hurt, I see—seriously, it is feared."

"Yes!" said Horner significantly, and his companion, after a quick look of surprise, read the slip of paper carefully a second time.

Then he looked up and met Horner's eyes.

"Gad!" he exclaimed, in a whisper.

Horner said nothing. The dog moved restlessly, and for a moment the whole world—that sleepless world of the streets—seemed to hold its breath.

"And if he dies?" said Conyngham at length.

"Exactly so," answered the other, with a laugh of scaffold mirth.

Conyngham turned in his chair, and sat with his elbows on his knees, his face resting on his closed fists, staring at the worn old hearth-rug. Thus they remained for some minutes.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Horner at length.

"Nothing; got nothing to think with, you know that, Geoffrey. Wish I had; never wanted it as I do at this moment. I'm no good, you know that. You must go to some one with brains, some clever devil."

As he spoke he turned and took up the paper again, reading the paragraph slowly and carefully. Horner looked at him with a breathless hunger in his eyes. At some moments it is a crime to think, for we never know but that thought may be transmitted without so much as a whisper.

"The miners were accompanied by a gentleman from London," Conyngham read aloud, "a barrister, it is supposed, whose speech was a feature at the Chester-le-Street meeting. This gentleman's name is quite unknown, nor has his whereabouts yet been discovered. His sudden disappearance lends likelihood to the report that this unknown agitator actually struck the blow which injured Mr. Alfred Pleydell. Every exertion is

being put forth by the authorities to trace the man, who is possibly a felon and certainly a coward."

Conyngham laid aside the paper and again looked at Horner, who did not meet his glance nor ask of what he was thinking. Horner, indeed, had his own thoughts, perhaps of the fireside—modest enough, but happy as love and health could make it, upon which his own ambition had brought down the ruins of a hundred castles in the air—thoughts he scarce could face, and yet had no power to drive away, of the young wife whose world was that same fireside; of the child, perhaps, whose coming had opened for a time the door of Paradise.

Conyngham broke in upon these meditations with a laugh.

"I have it!" he cried. "It's as simple as the alphabet. This paper says it was a barrister, a man from London, a malcontent, a felon—a coward. Dammy, Geoff, that's me."

He leapt to his feet. "Get out of the way, Jim!" he cried to the dog, pushing the animal aside and standing on the hearth-rug.

"Listen to this," he went on. "This thing, like the others, will blow over. It will be forgotten in a week. Another meeting will be held, say, in South Wales, more windows will be broken, another young man's head cracked, and Chester-le-Street (God-forsaken place; never heard of it) will be forgotten."

Horner sat looking at the young Irishman with hollow eyes, his lips twitching, his fingers interlocked. There is nothing makes so complete a coward of a man as a woman's love. Conyngham laughed as the notion unfolded itself in his mind. He might, as he himself had said, be of no great brain power, but he was, at all events, a man, and a brave one. He stood a full six foot, and looked down at his companion, who sat white-faced and shrinking.

"It is quite easy," he said, "for me to disappear in such a manner as to arouse suspicion. I have nothing to keep me here. My briefs . . . well, the Solicitor-General can have 'em! I have no ties—nothing to keep me in any part of the world. When young Pleydell is on his feet again, and a few more windows have been broken, and nine days have elapsed, the wonder will

give place to another, and I can return to my . . . practice."

"I couldn't let you do it."

"Oh, yes, you could," said Conyngham, with the quickness of his race to spy out his neighbour's vulnerable point. "For the sake of Edith and the little devil."

Horner sat silent, and after a moment Conyngham went on.

"All we want to do is to divert suspicion from you now, to put them on a false scent, for they must have one of some sort. When they find that they cannot catch me they will forget all about it."

Horner shuffled in his seat. This was nothing but detection of the thoughts that had passed through his own mind.

"It is easy enough done," went on the Irishman. "A paragraph here and there in some of the newspapers; a few incriminating papers left in these rooms, which are certain to be searched. I have a bad name—an Irish dog goes about the world with a rope round his neck. If I am caught, it will not be for some time, and then I can get out of it somehow—an alibi or something. I'll get a brief, at all events. By that time the scent will be lost, and it will be all right. Come, Geoff, cheer up! A man of your sort ought not to be thrown by a mischance like this."

He stood with his legs apart, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, a gay laugh on his lips, and much discernment in his eyes.

"Oh, d—n Edith!" he added, after a pause, seeing that his efforts met with no response. "D—n that child! You used to have some pluck, Horner."

Horner shook his head and made no answer, but his very silence was a point gained. He no longer protested nor raised any objection to his companion's harebrained scheme. The thing was feasible, and he knew it.

Conyngham went on to set forth his plans, which, with characteristic rapidity of thought, he evolved as he spoke.

"Above all," he said, "we must be prompt. I must disappear to-night; the paragraphs must be in to-morrow's papers. I think I'll go to Spain. The Carlists seem to be making things lively there. You know, Horner, I was never meant for a wig and gown; there's no doubt about it. I shall have a splendid time of it out there."

He stopped, meeting a queer look in Horner's eyes, who sat leaning forward and searching his face with jealous glance.

"I was wondering," said the other, with a pale smile, "if you were ever in love with Edith."

"No, my good soul, I was not," answered Conyngham, with perfect carelessness; "though I knew her long before you did."

He paused, and a quick thought flashed through his mind that some men are seen at their worst in adversity. He was ready enough to find excuses for Horner, for men are strange in the gift of their friendship, often giving it where they know it is but ill-deserved.

He rattled on with unbroken gaiety, unfolding plans which in their perfection of detail suggested a previous experience in outrunning the constable.

While they were still talking a mutual friend came in, a quick-spoken man, already beginning to be known as a journalist of ability. They talked of indifferent topics for some time. Then the newcomer said jerkily:

"Heard the news?"

"No," answered Conyngham.

"Alfred Pleydell, young fellow who resisted the Chartist rioters in Durham, died yesterday morning."

Frederick Conyngham had placed himself in front of Horner, who was still seated in the low chair by the fire. He found Horner's toe with his heel.

"Is that so?" he said gravely. "Then I'm off."

"What do you mean?" asked the journalist, with a quick look; the man had the manner of a ferret.

"Nothing, only I'm off; that's all, old man. And I cannot ask you to stay this evening, you understand, because I have to pack."

He turned slowly on Horner, who had recovered himself, but still had his hand over his face.

"Got any money, Geoff?" he asked.

"Yes; I have twenty pounds, if you want it," answered the other, in a strangely hoarse voice.

"I do want it—badly."

The journalist had taken up his hat and stick. He moved slowly toward the door, and there pausing saw Horner pass the bank-notes to Conyngham.

"You had better go, too," said the

Irishman. "You two are going in the same direction, I know."

Horner rose, and, half laughing, Conyngham pushed him toward the door.

"See him home, Blake," he said. "Old Horner has the blues to-night."

### CHAPTER III.

#### LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA.

"No one can be more wise than destiny."

"What are we waiting for? why, two more passengers, grand ladies, as they tell me, and the captain has gone ashore to fetch them," the first mate of the *Granville* barque of London made answer to Frederick Conyngham, and he breathed on his fingers as he spoke, for the northwest wind was blowing across the plains of the Medoc, and the sun had just set behind the smoke of Bordeaux.

The *Granville* was lying at anchor in the middle of the Garonne River, having safely discharged her deck cargo of empty claret casks and landed a certain number of passengers. There are few colder spots on the Continent than the sunny town of Bordeaux when the west wind blows from Atlantic wastes in winter time. A fine powder of snow scudded across the flat land, which presented a bleak, brown face patched here and there with white. There were two more passengers on board the *Granville* crouching in the cabin, two French gentlemen who had taken passage from London to Algieras, in Spain, on their way to Algiers.

Conyngham, with characteristic good-nature, had made himself so entirely at home on board the Mediterranean trader, that his presence was equally welcome in the fore-castle and the captain's cabin. Even the first mate, his present interlocutor, a grim man given to muttered abuse of his calling, and a pious pessimism in respect to human nature, gradually thawed under the influence of so cheerful an acceptance of heavy weather and a clumsy deck-cargo.

"They will be less trouble than the empty casks, at all events," said Conyngham, "because they will keep below."

The sailor shook his head forebodingly, and took an heroic pinch of snuff.

"One's as capable of carrying mis-



chief as the other," he muttered, in the bigoted voice of a married teetotaler.

The ship was ready for sea, and this mariner's spirit was ever uneasy and restless till the anchor was on deck and the hawser stowed.

"There's a boat leaving the quay now," he added. "Seems she's lumbered up forrard wi' women's hamper."

And, indeed, the black form of a skiff so laden could be seen approaching through the driving snow and gloom. The mate called to the steward to come on deck, and this bearded servitor of dames emerged from the galley with up-rolled sleeves and a fine contempt for cold winds. A boy went forward with a coil of rope on his arm, for the tide was running hard, and the Garonne is no ladies' pleasure stream. It is no easy matter to board a ship in mid-current when tide and wind are at variance and the fingers so cold that a rope slips through them like a log-line. The *Granville*, having still on board her cargo of coal for Algeciras, lay low in the water, with both her anchors out, and the tide singing round her old-fashioned hempen hawsers.

"Now see ye throw a clear rope," shouted the mate to the boy, who had gone forward. The proximity of the land and the approach of women—a *blêe noire* no less dreaded—seemed to flurry the brined spirit of the *Granville's* mate.

Perhaps the knowledge that the end of a rope, not judged clear, would inevitably be applied to his own person, shook the nerve of the boy on the fore-castle; perhaps his hands were cold and his faculties benumbed. He cast a line which seemed to promise well at first. Two coils of it unfolded themselves gradually against the gray sky, and then confusion took the others for herself. A British oath from the deck of the ship went out to meet a fine French explosion of profanity from the boat, both forestalling the splash of the tangled rope into the water under the bows of the ship, and a full ten yards out of the reach of the man who stood, boat-hook in hand, ready to catch it. There were two ladies in the stem of the boat muffled up to the eyes, and betokening by their attitude the hopeless despair and misery which seize the Southern fair the moment they embark in so much as a ferry-boat. The forepart of the

heavy craft was piled up with trunks and other impedimenta of a feminine incongruity. A single boatman had rowed the boat from the shore, guiding it into mid-stream, and there describing a circle calculated to ensure a gentle approach on the lee side. This man, having laid aside his oars, now stood, boat-hook in hand, awaiting the inevitable crash. The offending boy in the bows was making frantic efforts to haul in his misguided rope, but the possibility of making a second cast was unworthy of consideration. The mate muttered such a string of foreboding expletives as augured ill for the delinquent. The boatman was preparing to hold on and fend off at the same moment. A sudden gust of wind gave the boat a sharp buffet, just as the man grappled the mizzen-chains; he overbalanced himself, fell and recovered himself, but only to be jerked backward into the water by the boat-hook, which struck him in the chest.

"*A moi !*" cried the man, and disappeared in the muddy water. He rose to the surface under the ship's quarter, and the mate, quick as lightning, dumped the whole coil of the slack of the main sheet on to the top of him. In a moment he was at the level of the rail, the mate and the steward hauling steadily on the rope, to which he clung with the tenacity and somewhat the attitude of a monkey. At the same instant a splash made the rescuers turn in time to see Conyngham, whose coat lay thrown on the deck behind them, rise to the surface ten yards astern of the *Granville*, and strike out toward the boat now almost disappearing in the gloom of the night.

The water, which had flowed through the sunniest of the sunny plains of France, was surprisingly warm, and Conyngham, soon recovering from the shock of his dive, settled into a quick side-stroke. The boat was close in front of him, and in the semi-darkness he could see one of the women rise from her seat and make her way forward, while her companion crouched lower and gave voice to her dismay in a series of wails and groans. The more intrepid lady was engaged in lifting one of the heavy oars, when Conyngham called out in French :

"Courage, mesdames ! I will be with you in a moment."

Both turned, and the pallor of their faces shone whitely through the gloom. Neither spoke, and in a few strokes Conyngham came alongside. He clutched the gunwale with his right hand and drew himself breast-high.

"If these ladies," he said, "will kindly go to the opposite side of the boat, I shall be able to climb in without danger of upsetting."

"If mamma inclines that way, I think it will be sufficient," answered the muffled form, which had made its way forward. The voice was clear and low, remarkably self-possessed, and not without a suggestion that its possessor bore a grudge against some person present.

"Perhaps mademoiselle is right," said Conyngham with becoming gravity, and the lady in the stern obeyed her daughter's suggestion with the result anticipated. Indeed, the boat heeled over with so much good will, that Conyngham was lifted right out of the water. He clambered on board, and immediately began shivering, for the wind cut like a knife.

The younger lady made her way cautiously back to the seat which she had recently quitted, and began at once to speak very severely to her mother. This stout and emotional person was swaying backward and forward, and, in the intervals of wailing and groaning called in Spanish upon several selected saints to assist her. At times, and apparently by way of a change, she appealed to yet higher powers to receive her soul.

"My mother," said the young lady to Conyngham, who had already got the oars out, "has the heart of a rabbit—but yes, of a very young rabbit!"

"Madame may rest assured that there is no danger," said Conyngham.

"Monsieur is an Englishman?"

"Yes; and a very cold one at the moment. If madame could restrain her religious enthusiasm so much as to sit still we should make better progress."

He spoke rather curtly, as if refusing to admit the advisability of manning the boat with a crew of black-letter saints. The manner in which the boat leapt forward under each stroke of the oars testified to the strength of his arms, and madame presently subsided into whispers of thankfulness, having reason, it would seem, to be content with mere earthly aid in lieu of that heaven-

ly intervention which ladies of her species summon at every turn of life.

"I wish I could help you," said the younger woman presently, in a voice and manner suggestive of an energy unusual to her countrywomen. She spoke in French, but with an accent somewhat round and full, like an English accent, and Conyngham divined that she was Spanish. He thought also that under their outer wraps the ladies wore the mantilla, and had that graceful carriage of the head which is only seen in the Peninsular.

"Thank you, mademoiselle, but I am making good progress now. Can you see the ship?"

She rose and stood peering into the darkness ahead, a graceful, swaying figure. A faint scent, as of some flower, was wafted on the keen wind to Conyngham, who had already decided, with characteristic haste, that this young person was as beautiful as she was intrepid.

"Yes," she answered; "it is quite clear. They are also showing lights to guide us."

She stood looking apparently over his head toward the *Granville*, but when she spoke, it would seem that her thoughts had not been fixed on that vessel.

"Is monsieur a sailor?" she asked.

"No; but I fortunately have a little knowledge of such matters—fortunate since I have been able to turn it to the use of these ladies."

"But you are travelling in the '*Granville*.'"

"Yes, I am travelling in the '*Granville*.'"

Over his oars Conyngham looked hard at his interlocutrice, but could make out nothing of her features. Her voice interested him, however, and he wondered whether there were ever calms on the coast of Spain at this time of the year.

"Our sailors," said the young lady, "in Spain are brave, but they are very cautious. I think none of them would have done such a thing as you have just done for us. We were in danger. I knew it. Was it not so?"

"The boat might have drifted against some ship at anchor and have upset; you might also have been driven out to sea. They had no boat on board the *Granville* ready to put out and follow you."

"Yes; and you saved us. But you English are of a great courage. And my mother, instead of thanking you, is offering her gratitude to James and John, the sons of Zebedee; as if they had done it."

"I am no relation to Zebedee," said Conyngham, with a gay laugh; "madame may rest assured of that."

"Julia!" said the elder lady severely, and in a voice that seemed to emanate from a chest as deep and hollow as an octave cask, "I shall tell Father Concha, who will assuredly reprove you. The saints upon whom I called were fishermen, and therefore the more capable of understanding our great danger. As for monsieur, he knows that he will always be in my prayers."

"Thank you, madame," said Conyngham gravely.

"And at a fitter time I hope to tender him my thanks."

At this moment a voice from the *Granville* hailed the boat, asking whether all were well and Mr. Conyngham on board. Being reassured on this point, the mate apparently attended to another matter requiring his attention, the mingled cries and expostulations of the cabin-boy sufficiently indicating its nature.

The boat, under Conyngham's strong and steady strokes, now came slowly and without mishap alongside the great black hull of the vessel, and it soon became manifest that, although all danger was past, there yet remained difficulty ahead; for when the boat was made fast and the ladder lowered, the elder of the two ladies firmly and emphatically denied her ability to make its ascent. The French boatman, shivering in a borrowed greatcoat, and with a vociferation which flavoured the air with cognac, added his entreaties to those of the mate and steward. In the small boat Conyngham, in French, and the lady's daughter, in Spanish, represented that at least half of the heavenly host having intervened to save her from so great a peril as that safely passed through, could surely accomplish this smaller

feat with ease. But the lady still hesitated, and the mate, having clambered down into the boat, grabbed Conyngham's arm with a large and not unkindly hand, and pushed him forcibly toward the ladder.

"You hadn't no business, Mr. Conyngham," he said gruffly, "to leave the ship like that, and like as not you've got your death of cold. Just you get aboard and leave these women to me. You get to your bunk, mister, and stooard 'll bring you something hot."

There was naught but obedience in the matter, and Conyngham was soon between the blankets, alternately shivering and burning in the first stages of a severe chill.

The captain having come on board, the *Granville* presently weighed anchor, and on the bosom of an ebbing tide turned her blunt prow toward the winter sea. The waves out there beat high, and before the lights of Paullac, then a mere cluster of fishers' huts, had passed away astern, the good ship was lifting her bow with a sense of anticipation, while her great wooden beams and knees began to strain and creak.

During the following days, while the sense of spring and warmth slowly gave life to those who could breathe the air on deck, Conyngham lay in his little cabin and heeded nothing, for when the fever left him he was only conscious of a great lassitude, and scarce could raise himself to take such nourishment as the steward, with a rough but kindly skill, prepared for him.

"Why the deuce I ever came, why the deuce I ever went overboard after a couple of señoras, I don't know," he repeated to himself during the long hours of that long watch below.

Why, indeed? except that youth must needs go forth into the world and play the only stake it owns there. Nor is Frederick Conyngham the first who, having no knowledge of the game of life, throws all upon the board to wait upon the hazard of a die.

(To be continued.)



## LONDON LETTER.

Two subjects are being much discussed at present in the literary world here. The first is the question whether publishers should put their stamp upon books issued for review. Many publishers do not. They content themselves with the insertion of a slip. Others write upon the books or stamp them, and sometimes in a very disfiguring way. It is contended that this should no longer be done; that if a paper notices a book the publisher has the cheapest and most effective form of advertisement, and that he should be content to let his book pass un mutilated into the reviewer's hands. The offending publishers reply by saying that they find their new books put immediately on sale by second-hand booksellers, often not cut, and that this injures the legitimate trade. But something has to be done with these books. An editor must have a very large house and a very catholic taste if he preserves all the books sent to him for review. Often, also, a specialist gets several copies of a book for different papers. I remember sending three copies of one book for different periodicals controlled by me to one reviewer. The reviewer did not estimate highly the value of the book, and sold all the three copies. The publishers found this out by private mark, and complained to me. The incident was annoying to them, but no one was to blame. I think the result will be that all marks will be given over. Publishers in these days cannot fight the press. Whatever may be said of the worth or worthlessness of reviews, there is no author who does not look eagerly for them, and no publisher who can afford to be indifferent to them. A systematic boycott of certain publishers might not tell at the beginning, but it would tell soon in these days of fierce competition.

The other subject is more important. It relates to the custody and return of manuscripts. The multiplication of magazines has not reduced the number of contributions sent to each. The number has been perhaps exaggerated, but it is undoubtedly very large. It is a legal question not yet decided here how far editors are responsible for the care and return of such manuscripts as are

found unsuitable. Consequently many editors are putting notices in their papers that they will not return manuscripts sent without previous correspondence. As a rule, however, when a stamped envelope is enclosed, an endeavour is made to send the manuscript back to the author. The point is whether, in cases of accidental loss, the editor is responsible, whether he puts in a notice or not. If this be so, the editor's position is intolerable. The extreme carelessness of many contributors is beyond belief. Many have a practice of sending a story to forty or fifty periodicals in turn. Very often they have never seen the periodical to which they send their contributions. Of course they have not read its rules, and if they did, they would pay no attention. In many cases they do not know its name accurately nor the address of the office. They are content with putting "London" at the bottom, with some approach to the name, and it is often doubtful for what periodical exactly they design their favours. A further exasperating practice is that they frequently do not write their names and addresses on the manuscript. They send a letter saying that a manuscript is coming. In a few days the manuscript arrives. By this time the overworked editor has lost the letter, and he has to keep the manuscript until he receives indignant letters about it. Sometimes inevitably the manuscript disappears. Again, it happens occasionally that a manuscript is sent out for some one to read and never returned. What adds to the annoyance of the business is that successful periodicals hardly depend to any extent nowadays on outside contributions. Both the subjects and the writers of all important articles are chosen by the editors, often years before. It is unwise to neglect the contribution-box, for something may be occasionally found in it, though I have never been so fortunate as to find anything of the slightest importance. But writers ought to keep a copy of their manuscript, in fact, their chances would be much improved if they took pains to imitate Ibsen, and to write over their matter two or three times. It would be a good thing if

some case of this sort were formally tried one of these days, so that we might know exactly where we stand.

The publication of Mr. Shorter's book on Charlotte Brontë has naturally led to a certain amount of controversy. Mr. Shorter expressed a strong opinion as to the historical character of the traditions collected by Dr. Wright in his racy and entertaining work entitled *The Brontës in Ireland*. Dr. Wright, it will be remembered, contended that these Irish stories were told by Mr. Brontë to his daughters, and that they were partially the groundwork of their novels, particularly of *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Nicholls, Charlotte Brontë's husband, and Miss Nussey, her surviving friend, both disbelieve the stories, and they have been severely criticised by a writer in the *Westminster Review*. Dr. Wright's reply so far is that many of the traditions were familiar to him from his boyhood, and that others he received from the neighbours. He claims to have given tradition simply as tradition, without guaranteeing it as history. He read an interesting paper at the last meeting of the Brontë Society in Bradford on his view of the question. The controversy is not at an end, and further publications may be expected. The contention of the *Westminster* reviewer is that the traditions are self-contradictory, and therefore valueless. Admirers of the Brontës will watch the development with much interest.

Mr. Barrie, since his return from America, has not been doing much literary work. He has been engaged in the dramatisation of *The Little Minister*, with which he has made good progress. He did not at first intend to do the work himself, but has now taken it in hand, and it may be expected without very long delay.

An addition to the literature about Robert Burns may be expected soon. It will be genuinely new, and will throw considerable light on the poet's life and works. More I am not at liberty to state at present.

A new development in publishing is to be attempted by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, of *Pearson's Weekly*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and other publications. The idea is to publish new novels at two shillings instead of six shillings. Whether this will be successful or not remains to be seen. Does it follow that if the public

buy, say, 3000 copies of a book at six shillings, they will buy, say, 10,000 at two shillings? Obviously they must if the scheme is to be successful. If they buy 40,000 at six shillings, will they buy 120,000 at two shillings? And even if they did, would the author and publisher be in an equally good position? I am exceedingly sceptical on the whole subject. I doubt very much whether the prospects are good. It must be remembered that we have had two-shilling novels by the best authors for many years, and that the sales have not been remunerative. In fact, the wholesale booksellers declare that nothing does worse than the yellow-backs. It is perfectly obvious that an ordinary six shilling volume at two shillings can yield a very small profit. If it is well got up it will cost a shilling to print and bind, and the retailers must have it at one third. Out of this threepence must come the money for the author, the advertising, the travelling, the publishing. Nevertheless, it may be that a new book-buying public is to be tapped, and the result will be carefully watched.

The *Westminster Gazette* has been printing a correspondence on reviewing, and various authors and reviewers have been giving their experience. The whole does not seem to count for much. The tax put upon publishers by sending, say, eighty or a hundred copies of their books for reviews is not very serious, and to say the least it is worth paying. Nobody can say precisely what are the effects of reviews any more than they can say what is the effect of advertising. Wise publishers will send books for review, and will advertise, and hope for the best, and that is all that can safely be said.

Ian Maclaren, since his return to England, has been so busily engaged with the affairs of his congregation that he has had very little time for literary work. He has, however, two religious volumes on the stocks, and is preparing the materials for another volume of stories in a somewhat new vein.

I understand that some sensation is likely to be caused by Mr. Crockett's new book, *Lad's Love*. The writer boldly flings down the glove to his critics, and the new work is likely to provoke considerable discussion.

The first volume of Mr. Henley's edition of Byron has been published and

very favourably reviewed. Mr. Henley has thoroughly mastered the subject, and his notes are written with great literary skill. I doubt, however, whether the circulation has been very large; in fact, I disbelieve altogether in the existence of a Byron boom. Mr. Murray is busy getting things ready for his edition, which will undoubtedly be the final one. The executors of Lord and Lady Byron have combined to forbid the publication of all copyright matter. The time, however, is drawing near when certain documents will become available which reveal the secret, whatever it is, of the separation between Lord Byron and his wife. It is known that Lady Byron left her manuscripts and journals

for publication, and that they were edited and prepared for the press by an English clergyman, Dr. A. J. Ross. They were, however, suppressed by her representatives, much to the disappointment of many. Lady Byron was a remarkable woman, and had round her at Brighton a remarkable circle, including such men as Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, Dr. George Macdonald, Frederick W. Robertson, and many others. One of George Macdonald's novels is dedicated to her in these words: "To the memory of Lady Noel Byron, I dedicate this volume with a love stronger than death."

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, January 30, 1897.

## PARIS LETTER.

The election of a man of letters to the French Academy is usually followed by a republication of some of his works, which are expected to derive increased selling power from the addition to the author's name of the words "de l'Académie Française." It is not a very usual proceeding for a new Immortel to issue at once some new work, which will enable the public to judge whether the Academy was rewarding in him *services passés* or *services présents*. Anatole France has chosen the bolder course, and his taking possession of old De Lesseps's seat has been almost immediately followed by the publication of a new work of his, the first to present itself with the words *par Anatole France, de l'Académie Française*.

The new Academician, when he wrote *L'Orme du Mail* (The Elm on the Mall), cannot have failed to know that he was writing a good thing, or else his critical faculty was not turned upon himself. The book is in France's best vein. It is perhaps the strongest and most penetrating, and certainly the most brilliant thing that has been written about official life in France; although containing no facts, only conversations between a small number of characters, it deserves the inscription placed by the author above the title, "Histoire Contemporaine." It is a book that future historians of our times will certainly not pass by any more than the student of Louis XIV.'s reign can

afford to ignore La Bruyère's *Caractères*. The sceptical prefect, the no less sceptical cardinal-archbishop, the ambitious theologians, the soured and unrewarded university professor, the jovial and worldly-wise doctor acquaint us in the most delightful and natural manner with the different modes of looking at things contemporary. One might find some fault with Anatole France for not bringing forward a few more characters imbued with deep convictions; but we know that Anatole France is the La Rochefoucauld of the nineteenth century. He does not easily believe in the existence of deep and disinterested convictions. In fact, I doubt whether he cares much for them at all; and herein lies its chief and least praiseworthy limitation; but we must take him as he is, and such as he is he is a charming writer whose deft light touch leaves no doubt that the Academy made no mistake on the day of his election.

Another much-talked-of book of the most recent days is *Le Jardin Secret*, by Marcel Prévost, which first appeared by instalments in the *Revue de Paris*. Prévost's friends are enthusiastic about it, and offered him a banquet to celebrate his new success; while his critics acknowledge that it is far superior to the *Demi-Vierges*. It certainly shows that Prévost has not yet said his *dernier mot*.

An historical narrative that has all the personal interest of a novel is a com-

paratively rare thing. Such a thing is found in Gustave Geffroy's book, *L'Enfermé*, which is simply a biography of Auguste Blanqui, the celebrated socialist and conspirator, whose life was almost entirely spent in prison. Such books are usually written by political followers of the hero. Such is not the case here. Geffroy had hitherto given his attention only to pure literature and art. It is the dramatic interest in Blanqui's career, the indomitable strength of will of the man, his unconquerable individuality, that attracted him. His book is a work of art, and may be said to have taken the Parisian public entirely by surprise. It is one of the strongest books of the past few years.

The name of Blanqui brings me to another of the political combatants of years past who has just disappeared, Auguste Rogeard. The man died almost forgotten, and yet he was the author of a masterpiece of political satire, *Les Propos de Labienus*, which he published in 1865, immediately after the coming out of the first volume of the history of Julius Cæsar, of Napoleon III. Well do I remember how eagerly we devoured then the thin pamphlet, the sale of which was soon, of course, forbidden by the imperial government. The circumstances are now almost as completely forgotten as the man; but the book will live. It contains some of the most finished pages of French prose of this century. Rogeard wrote nothing else that deserves to be mentioned. He remains *homo unius libri*.

We are soon to have an exhaustive study of a curious literary character of this century, Felix Arvers, who was made illustrious by a sonnet. The author of the work, M. Louis Aigoin, knew personally Arvers. He is, therefore, not a very young man, as Arvers died in 1850. In the mean time he publishes a short notice on the famous sonnet, where he establishes that the lady in whose honor it was written was Madame Mennessier, the gifted daughter of Charles Nodier.

Together with his notice M. Aigoin publishes what he calls *des variations sur les rimes du sonnet*. His variations consist of three very clever sonnets, reproducing exactly the fourteen rhymes of Arvers's poem. His first variation is the supposed answer of the lady; the second an answer by a lady *fin de siècle*; and the third he calls *le sonnet*

*d'Arvers à revers*. It is a poem having a meaning exactly the reverse of that of Arvers. The whole is a very pretty and very clever *jeu d'esprit*. I think the lovers of French poetry will be glad to retain at least one of M. Aigoin's sonnets, "The Lady's Answer." We give it here together with Arvers's sonnet:

#### SONNET D'ARVERS.

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère :  
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu.  
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,  
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas ! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,  
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,  
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la  
terre,

N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,  
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre  
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas.

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,  
Elle dira, lisant ses vers tout remplis d'elle :  
"Quelle est donc cette femme ?" et ne comprendra pas.

#### THE LADY'S ANSWER.

Ami, pourquoi nous dire, avec tant de mystère,  
Que l'amour éternel en votre âme conçu  
Est un mal sans espoir, un secret qu'il faut taire,  
Et comment supposer qu'Elle n'en ait rien su ?

Non, vous ne pouviez point passer inaperçu,  
Et vous n'auriez pas dû vous croire solitaire.  
Parfois les plus aimés font leur temps sur la  
terre,  
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pourtout Dieu mit en nous un cœur sensible et tendre.

Toutes, dans le chemin, nous trouvons doux  
d'entendre

Le murmure d'amour élevé sur nos pas.

Celle qui veut rester à son de vois fidèle  
S'est émue en lisant vos vers tout remplis  
d'elle :

Elle avait bien compris, . . . mais ne le disait pas.

Among the books in preparation I notice something of a much more ambitious nature : nothing less than a translation of the Bible into Provençal. When I add that the translator, who has been at work on it quite a while, is Frédéric Mistral himself, the lovers of the old idiom of the troubadours will know what a treat is in store for them.

Coppée's *Grève des Forgerons*, perhaps his best poem, has just had a very curious rendering. You know that it is a narrative made by a striking blacksmith

—of how he committed a murder during the strike. Jules Claretie has had Mounet Sully recite it on the stage of the Théâtre Français. The stage represents the Cour d'Assises; the judges are there, and jurymen, gendarmes, and everything else, so as to make the court scene as realistic as possible, and Mounet Sully, in the dock, as the striker, gives his story to the jurymen. It was a very interesting performance.

Just as I write, the Théâtre Français is preparing to give the first perform-

ance of two little plays of decided literary interest, two proverbs destined to go together, by Edouard Pailleron: *Mieux Vaut Douceur* is the title of one, and of the two others *Et Violence*.

Yesterday, at the Académie Française, Pasteur was eulogised by his successor, Gaston Paris. The orator was worthy of his theme. It was a great *séance*.

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, January 29, 1897.

## THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The letters that have come to us during the past six weeks have been more varied in their topics than usual, though there are just as many persons as ever prowling around with knives in their boots. Before closing our visor and couching our lance we salute them one and all.

### I.

A note, purporting to come from Mrs. Israel U. Sage, informs us that her learned husband is indisposed and cannot himself write to us this month. She makes some scattering remarks of a critical nature, presumably suggested by Mr. Sage, though marked by an undercurrent of asperity such as we have never noticed in that gentleman's own communications. We regret to learn of his illness, and trust that it was not induced by his arduous labours over the back numbers of *THE BOOKMAN*. The fact is, we have long cherished a little theory of our own that the name "Israel U. Sage" is a pleasing pseudonymous cryptogram intended to contain an allusion to "real usage;" and we are also pretty certain that Mrs. Sage is at least first cousin to the celebrated Mrs. Harris. However, we scorn to take any unfair advantage of an invalid, and shall therefore say nothing about this last letter until Mr. Sage recovers the full enjoyment of his remarkable powers of criticism and casuistry.

### II.

It is interesting to note how many etymologists are still at large. Whenever we see one of them on the rampage

we know that trouble for us is surely brewing. Here is a note from such a person:

"By what indurating process has your literary conscience reached the point where you are able to use again and again, without turning a hair, the word 'caption' in the sense of a heading or title line? The word is not from the Latin noun *caput* ('head'), but from the verb *capere* (to 'take' or 'seize'). In its not uncommon but wholly unjustifiable use when a heading or title is meant it is, as Webster says, an Americanism, and 'not used by our best writers.'"

It is truly kind of our correspondent to shed upon our ignorance the light of his linguistic knowledge; but we venture to remind him that *capere* also means "to contain," and hence the meaning given to "caption" in *THE BOOKMAN* and elsewhere is etymologically appropriate, a caption being a line which *contains* the condensed expression of what follows. As to its being an Americanism, why should not Americans use Americanisms, we should like to know? And as to Webster's dictum that it is not employed in this sense by "our best writers," Webster wrote that remark before the word had appeared in *THE BOOKMAN*.

### III.

A Rochester reader asks us what three novels by Thomas Hardy are the most generally popular. We reply that, judging from the sales, *Tess* ranks first and *Jude the Obscure* second; but we have no satisfactory data with regard to the question of the third. Personally, we should say *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.



## IV.

A lady wishes us to express an opinion as to the correctness of the phrases "It goes without saying" and "A dinner of twenty covers." We reply unhesitatingly that we see no reason for cavilling at them. They are, of course, importations from the French, and their great convenience fully justifies their use.

## V.

Here are two criticisms sent in by a reader who does not favour us with his name :

(1) "On page 485 of your January number ('of Barnum's and of Forepaugh's circi') does not the introduction of the second 'of' restrict you to the singular—'circus'?"

Yes, it does. We were unjustifiably careless ; and our critic scores.

(2) "Why *will* you use the bastard 'lengthy'? Why not use 'strengthy'?"

We certainly should use "strengthy" if we felt like it. It is a fine old English word, as our correspondent may discover if he will consult a lexicon of the language. As to "lengthy," it was a good enough word for Gibbon, in whose writings it first appeared, and it ought to be good enough for our anonymous critic.

## VI.

A peremptory postal card from Hagerstown, Md., demands an answer to the question :

"Why is the word 'verse' used in the tenth line of page 478, January number? I was taught to say 'stanza.'"

Because general usage has sanctioned this extension of the original meaning, and allowed the word to be applied to a short division of any composition, prose or poetry—*e.g.*, to the subdivisions of the chapters in the Bible.

## VII.

Here is a letter from a reader in Halifax, Nova Scotia :

(1) "DEAR BOOKMAN : Why do you inflict such words as 'rhyparography' and 'amblyopia' upon your readers? Are you colluding with the publishers of dictionaries, and attempting to make a dictionary an indispensable companion to every reader of THE BOOKMAN? The average patron of your magazine dislikes such words ; and they add nothing—but weariness—to the otherwise instructive character of your edi-

torial notes. Give us, instead, the good, plain, direct Saxon words, which carry their meaning in front of them. It is singular that THE BOOKMAN which contained the queer words, had also Brander Matthews's article quoting the comment of Taine on Madame de Lafayette's lucid style. She required no unusual words to paint every requisite shade of meaning, and neither does the editor of THE BOOKMAN when he endeavours to be clear.

"(2) Which expression is correct : 'He graduated' or 'He was graduated'? You speak of Professors Sloane and Wilson as 'graduating,' etc."

(1) Our correspondent evidently does not understand the delight that it gives us to browse over the entire field of the English language, drawing impartially upon all its sources, and exulting in the sense of freedom and spaciousness which this exercise affords. Why enshrine Saxon above the other elements that go to the making of our mother tongue? Unmixed Saxon is good enough for Gurth and Wamba, but it is not nearly good enough for us nor apparently for our correspondent either, inasmuch as we note that nearly all the important words in his letter are of Latin origin. By the way, another individual writes us on the same topic and broaches a theory that we are very young and are trying to show off our vocabulary. But alas ! we are not young. *Pas de chance !*

(2) Both expressions can be justified by good usage, but the latter is more academically exact.

## VIII.

Another gentleman writes :

"I find in the January BOOKMAN (page 406) the expression 'the most hyocephalous Briton,' but I do not find 'hyocephalous' in any dictionary. Will you kindly tell me what it means?"

Pigheaded. We thought it more polite to put it in that way.

## IX.

A person who is evidently a specialist in microscopy asks :

"Why does the artist who designed the cover for your Christmas number spell George Eliot's name with two 'l's'?"

It was rather queer, wasn't it?

## X.

And here is a letter from St. Louis :

"Why does Mr. Hamlin Garland, in his pretty story 'Upon Impulse,' let his Mrs. Blakerly say, 'Nature *don't* work in all cases'? Is the use of 'don't' for 'doesn't' an Americanism?"

Mr. Hamlin Garland is a realist, and this is the way that Mrs. Blakesly actually talked. It is pretty hard luck if a realist can be held personally responsible for everything that his characters do and say. Think of poor M. Zola in such a case!

## XI.

When we made our rule not to return rejected manuscripts even when stamps are enclosed, a good many persons wrote to ask us how we could justify ourselves. So (in the January number) we justified ourselves. Immediately every one of them sent us a transcription of the French proverb *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. This made them very happy, so that we didn't mind it; but really the proverb applies only to those who defend themselves before they are attacked, and this we haven't done. Letters on this subject still keep pouring in, most of them very long, but adding nothing new to the discussion. One letter, however, raises an ethical question, so that we print it in full for the benefit of the literary world. The writer is evidently a violent sort of person, and we grieve to say that in the course of his letter he employs a wicked, wicked word, which we feel obliged to represent by a dash for the protection of our younger readers.

"Criticising your remarks on page 484 of *THE BOOKMAN* for January, *re* the return of rejected manuscripts, the point is this: If stamps sufficient to cover the cost of returning manuscript are sent you, and you refuse to return property that does not belong to you—you are a ——— thief!"

"Don't fall back on others or write of precedents, but be man enough to shoulder your own responsibilities."

"Two wrongs don't make a right."

"READER."

Now, as to the principle involved in the point here raised, we assume that after we have given due notice that no manuscripts are returned even when stamps are enclosed, if intending contributors still continue to send us stamps, these are obviously not meant to be returned, but are to be regarded as little offerings to the editors; and as we are not at all proud, we accept them gratefully, for we have a large correspondence, and stamps are always useful. But dear, dear! what a fuss about a few postage-stamps!

## XII.

A wise and perspicacious reader pens the following sentiment:

"*THE BOOKMAN* is journalism of a sublime order."

Thanks.

Several letters remain to be answered at some future time.

## NEW BOOKS.

## THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.\*

## I.

Our generation is not likely to know all that is to be known about Byron. There are probably documents in reserve, in addition to accessible new documents. But Mr. Henley has begun a new edition of his Letters and other remains in prose, with copious and very entertaining notes. Even specialists will find Mr. Henley's notes more than adequate in the matter of biography and elucidation of events and allusions, also as pictures of the age. A few remarks on details are made below. Certain-

\* *The Works of Lord Byron*. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. I., Letters: 1804-13. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

ly, if we are to understand Byron, we must understand his *milieu*, "bigoted yet dissolute," with other veracious antitheses. Perhaps one generation is not much more dissolute than another. Byron and his coevals may remind one of the Duke of Wharton and his. Byron could not well be much more dissolute than Wharton, of whom Atterbury was so fond; and Wharton's genius might, perhaps, have rivalled Byron's, if he could have abstained from drink and the service of the king over the water. Both men were young, noble, notorious, full of power—and spoiled. Mr. Henley regards Byron as "the master poet" of the generation, and here I am, in one sense, unable to follow him. Even setting Coleridge, Words-

worth, and Scott aside as seniors, men of an elder generation, I am obliged to regard Keats and Shelley as poets infinitely greater than Byron. But, as their generation stoned them, while to Byron it listened eagerly, there is a sense in which Byron is undeniably its "master poet." Now the great Byron mystery is not Mrs. Beecher Stowe's legend, nor anything else that can be elucidated by documents, either in Mr. Henley's or in Mr. Murray's promised edition. The real mystery is the division of opinion about Byron's poetical merits. Mr. Henley has Scott, Goethe, Mr. Arnold, and the opinion of Byron's Europe on his side. On mine might be reckoned Thackeray and Mr. Swinburne in his later humour, and, perhaps, the common consent of the little flock which still cares for poetry. All the members of the little flock, to be sure, are not exactly allies with whom one would gladly march through Coventry. A person who ventures to think that Byron, as a poet, was egregiously over-rated, must be content to be called a prig, a sniffer, and so forth. The public which does not read poetry takes Byron for granted, and assumes that these epithets are well deserved. But a man can only say what he thinks! I am as much convinced as Mr. Henley can be of Byron's vigour, his powers of satire, his sensibility to what is great in nature, and to certain captivating ideas, Freedom and the like. On the other hand, I miss in him the indefinable essence of poetry, that which we admire in the great Elizabethans, and Cavaliers, in Milton, and in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, nay, even in "Miss Byron," Alfred de Musset. Byron seems to me to be, as a writer, a poet of Pope's generation, who has read Scott, lives after the French Revolution, has travelled, and has had adventures. If Wharton (the Duke) could have lived when Byron did, he might have been a poet like Byron, and might have lacked exactly what in Byron one misses. Not only the indefinable poetical essence is absent in Byron, but his *technique*, and even his grammar, are often deplorable. In an essay of Mr. Hayward's, the passages chosen to prove Byron's superiority in lucidity to Tennyson usually defy construction. And these are chosen passages. Byron's blank verse will scarcely be defended by any mortal.

These are enormous drawbacks, yet Byron won almost every contemporary suffrage, and still holds many. Why? This is the Byron mystery. One allows for *r  clame*, the *r  clame* of Byron's youth, beauty, rank, wit; for his *legend*—the queer romantic tales that Goethe believed. One allows for the novel element, the combination of Scott's still popular measures (very ill done) with Oriental romance, and the gloomy Byronic corsair. One allows for Byron's fine large topics, Greece, the sea, ruined empires, tempest, freedom; and probably the combination of so many obviously captivating things, poetical and personal, carried the contemporaries of Byron off their feet. The tradition swayed Mr. Arnold, but was wasted on Thackeray. A great deal, at lowest, remains to Byron, a unique place in letters, but for that poetic essence which lives in the works of the highest poets, I still think that one looks to Byron in vain. But it is too early to reiterate these heresies, if they are heresies. When Mr. Henley comes to publish Byron's poems, he may be able to convert one, though conversion is difficult in a question determined for every man by intuition.

On Byron's character it is vain to waste words. What character could one expect in a man of his education, position, passions, and hereditary qualities? In his earliest letters we find him damning, boasting of being drunk, and talking about "crim-cons" to a Miss Pigot, with whom he had "a charming friendship." His mother he speaks of in the tone we know, though his letters to "The Honourable Mrs. Byron" (he would call her "Honourable") are not wanting in respect. He was never at ease with his title, as other young men of rank were at ease. He was an inveterate *poseur*; thus he writes of Lords Aberdeen and Elgin,

"Come, pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see"

in the way of Greek remains. The Pilgrim was really bored by Greek remains. He "unreservedly avowed," says Moore, "the little value he had for these relics of ancient art." He was the same in everything, "that man never was sincere." He had noble impulses, but all was evanescent. He was the *fanfaron* of his vices, and may very well have been less vicious than he pre-

tended. Mr. Henley thinks he only had, perhaps, one friend, Lord Clare, though so many were anxious to be friendly. Without going into details and disputed points, it is not an amiable character, but nothing short of a moral miracle could have saved a man born and trained as Byron was. Again, Scott, Moore, perhaps Shelley, who knew him, saw him in another and a happier light; while Leigh Hunt (whom I cheerfully hand over to Mr. Henley's mercies) saw him in a worse.

Andrew Lang.

## II.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the interest and value of Mr. Henley's notes. They show a minute and intimate knowledge of the men and manners of the first quarter of our century, such as it is likely that few living men possess; and in fact they contain the raw materials and suggestions for a history of that remarkable period which Mr. Henley himself aptly describes in these sentences of his Preface:

"The years whose voice-in-chief was Byron have always seemed to me among the most personal, so to speak, as they are certainly the worst understood in the national existence. They were years of storm and triumph on all the lines of national destiny; and they gave to history a generation at once dandified and truculent, bigoted yet absolute, magnificent but vulgar (or so it seems to us), artistic, very sumptuous and yet capable of astonishing effort and superb self-sacrifice. It was a generation bent above all upon living its life to the uttermost of its capacity; and though there are still those living who can remember when its master-poet was gathered to his fathers, so great a change has come upon his England in the interval between the obsequies at Hucknall Torkard and the writing of this Preface, that it is practically not less remote from ours than the England of Spenser and Raleigh."

In the preparation of his notes, Mr. Henley has drawn upon the most varied sources of information—upon memoirs and letters, upon histories and newspapers, upon squibs and pasquinades and popular songs and pamphlets, and upon private sources that are available to very few. The result is extraordinarily interesting, and brings up most vividly an environment whose contemplation justifies Mr. Henley's view of its intellectual and social remoteness from our own generation. In many respects it is much nearer to the England of Swift than to the England of Tennyson.

Take this bit, for instance, from Mr. Henley's account of that strange personality, Lady Caroline Lamb, afterward Lady Melbourne, whose relations with Byron formed only one of her innumerable escapades. Mr. Henley quotes from her own story of her first meeting with Lord Byron:

"Rogers and Moore were standing by me. I was on the sofa; I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said: 'Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting in all her dirt with us; but when you were announced she flew to beautify herself.'"

One can scarcely turn a page without finding something of curious interest relating to every possible sphere of life, the highest as well as the lowest. Here are the contemporary annals of the prize-ring, in which Mr. Henley is evidently deeply learned. Here is a sketch of the career and personality of Lord Yarmouth, afterward Marquis of Hertford, whom Disraeli drew as Monmouth in *Coningsby*, and whom a greater than Disraeli consigned to a fearful immortality as Lord Steyne in *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Henley points out that these two delineations of the same dissolute noble are not only both masterpieces but masterpieces that supplement each other, in that Disraeli dwells more upon the magnificence of his subject, while Thackeray, whose picture will always be uppermost in the reader's mind, gives us rather the debauched patrician, an awesome figure with red hair and jarring voice and gleaming tusks. How he left to John Wilson Croker (who figures in Thackeray as Mr. Wenham) over £20,000, while the Countess Zichy and his other mistresses got more than £200,000; how his valet, who appears in *Vanity Fair* as M. Fiche, enriched himself with a sum almost as large; how the Marquis once kicked the Prince of Wales, and how a contemporary lampoon (which Mr. Henley quotes) described this and many other odd but characteristic details, are all set down in full.

Mr. Henley devotes much space to Thomas Moore, and has the courage and the honesty to do full justice to his powers as a writer of light, brilliant, and scarifying insolence, and to the exquisite rhythmical quality of his songs. Leigh Hunt is flayed in a most savage

manner; but after all, the harshest things set down by Mr. Henley are not his own but are quotations from Keats and Moore, and from Byron himself, upon whom this insolent yet fawning creature fastened like a leech and finally, as Sir Walter Scott declared, exhumed and rent like a hyena—after which utterances the picture of him as Harold Skimpole, drawn by Dickens in *Bleak House*, seems almost complimentary. Mr. Henley deals with Lady Byron in a spirit of fairness and self-restraint; and while giving a sufficiently full account of Mrs. Leigh, furnishes no information upon which the tooth of scandal can seize. He dismisses the notorious charges of Harriet Beecher Stowe with terse contempt.

Altogether this, the first volume of Mr. Henley's great work, is a remarkable and fascinating one, and it is earnestly to be hoped that at some day or other the author may be induced to expand his wealth of materials into a well-rounded and symmetrical history of the later Georgian era in which lived (to quote again from Mr. Henley), "the sole English poet bred since Milton to leave a master-influence on the world at large."

Harry Thurston Peck.

#### THE RELATION OF LITERATURE TO LIFE.\*

"Mere literature will keep us pure and keep us strong." So said Professor Woodrow Wilson in 1893, and now Mr. Warner antedates the sentiment in his recently published essay, written ten years ago. The exact relation of literature to life is with difficulty ascertained when one assumes so much at the start. Like every other observer whose preconceptions amount to idealisation, Mr. Warner finds about what he wishes to find in the homes of the poor. If it were true, as he asserts, that "the majority of mankind live largely in the imagination," that "the light of poetry is diffused over the English peasant and English operative," that it is the "clear, literary quality" of the Bible that "sup-

plies the want in the human mind which is higher than the want of facts or knowledge," why, then, literature would have a chance to keep people pure and strong, and poetry would be "as necessary to the universal man as the atmosphere," and the race would be animalised by its abstraction. Fortunately, neither the premises nor the conclusion are necessary for the support either of our confidence in human nature or of that calling whose difficulty, Mr. Waugh nobly says, is its glory. Mr. Warner has wit in several degrees of puissance from satire to puns, but there is evidence here, no less than in *The Golden House*, that he lacks a correspondingly large sense of humour. The conception of the every-day functions of literature peeking out from these pages recalls the ravages of the same in Chicago as depicted by Eugene Field:

"It would be hard to imagine a prettier picture than that presented to my vision as I looked in from the porch upon the doctor's family, gathered together in the library after dinner. The doctor himself, snuggled down in a vast easy-chair, was dividing his attention between a briar pipe and the odes of Propertius; his wife, beside him in her rocker, smiled and smiled again over the quaint humour of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*; upon yonder settle, Francis Mahoney Methuen, the oldest son, was deep in the perusal of Wilson's *Tales of the Border*; his brother, Russell Lowell, was equally absorbed in the pathetic tale of *The Man Without a Country*; Letitia Landon Methuen, the daughter, was quietly sobbing over the tragedy of *Evangeline*; in his high chair sat the chubby baby boy, Béranger Methuen, crowing gleefully over an illustrated copy of the grand old classic, *Poems for Infant Minds by Two Young Persons*."

Nowhere but in ancient Athens (outside of Chicago) was there ever a public that knew instinctively the finer beauties of expression, and hungered for them when they were not accessible. It cannot be denied that the *Antigone* and the *Prometheus* were written for a popular, not a literary, audience. Taking a wide and charitable view of the American public, it may be said, I think, that the relation of literature to life is not, actually or potentially, what Mr. Warner would have it. Mr. William Winter is nearer the mark when he says: "The people care not at all for literature. They do not read it, and they know nothing about it until it is brought home to their hearts by some great interpreter of it. What they do know is

\* The Relation of Literature to Life. By Charles Dudley Warner. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

action," and hence they take more delight in the theatre and the newspaper than in books. Those who frequent the east side of New York or London's Whitechapel don't find "the people" perusing Longfellow and Tennyson to any extent. They worship at other shrines—the shrines of mixed ale, and cold slaw, and needlework on shirts and "pants." If they are sometimes caught worshipping at distinctively literary shrines, they let others do the reading. "The appraisal of the past is ever the work of the few," says Zangwill. The penny newspaper has a more vital because a more timely and exciting interest. The extinction of literature might for the moment create a panicky feeling in the American mind, justifying one in applying to it the hyperbole of Choate upon the death of Webster (cited by Mr. Warner) that "the sailor on the distant sea would feel less safe;" and one might be further justified, for the purposes of present exhilaration, in rushing to Longfellow's conclusion that "but for such men, a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out forever." But every one knows, and Mr. Warner knows, that the world is not constructed on this tumblefication plan, and that the roving sailor or the Hindoo woman on the Ganges would enjoy the same calm self-complacency if the creators of literature and literature itself were effaced from the earth.

The only other paper that reopens a really live question is the one on "Modern Fiction," which, if I remember rightly, the late Professor Boyesen said he "couldn't understand" when it first appeared. So much thinking has been done out loud on this subject since then that Mr. Warner still, assuming it to be "one of the great privileges of fiction to right the wrongs of life," has the charm of originality. Evidently Mr. James's eloquence anent "the immitigability of our moral predicament" and the realists' insistence that we should truthfully reflect it, and Tolstoy and Turgénieff and D'Annunzio, have left Mr. Warner serene and undisturbed. He cannot see that a report of "ordinary talk" is worth writing or worth reading. "I do not call *that* a story!" he says, in a burst of boyish abhorrence. In fact, there is a certain naïveté

of expression about all this that is very diverting. To him "Art for Art's sake" implies a want of enthusiasm and sympathy. No selfishness is so supreme as that of the preoccupied sort that is able to look upon the intellectual poverty of the world without a wish to relieve it. I fear that the novelists of next century will not so unhappily blend the traits of the moralist and the artist as does Mr. Warner. It is ingrained in the soul of nearly every young artist of to-day that his first concern is not "What is right?" but "What is true?" or "What is beautiful?" He does not go to work to create a conventional theodicy in his novels, but, with unblurred vision, simply attempts to reflect some part of the irregular patchwork of human life. He knows that his is not the only conscience in the world, and trusts that other people, who clamour to see justice done here and now, and who may even be preoccupied with moral as he is with artistic questions, will enter a protest at the proper time. This, to my mind, is a fair statement of the attitude of the aspiring artist toward his work and his public. Of course it is diametrically opposed to Mr. Warner's Gospel of Art.

In his treatment of a big subject, like either of these, I feel in some way that he is never quite serious—except in tone—and finical, not to say whimsical, rather than convincing. This may be partially a matter of form. In his longer essays the paragraph structure is so fragmentary as to prevent a full circulation of blood in all the members. Each part does not tingle, as it should, with the conception of the whole. So, at a particular point of his progress, it is not always clear what he is "driving at," and at the end one is pleased to discover that the whole is a well fitted mosaic. This is not garrulity nor discursiveness, but an imaginative writer's logic. He merely correlates things which cannot be separated in reality, but which are often far apart in superficial minds. Because the essays do not have a trenchant editorial ring, some will undoubtedly declare them "diffuse."

For my own part, I infinitely prefer Mr. Warner in his short essays selected from the Editor's Drawer, where their very compression have made for allusiveness and sparkle. "As We Were Saying" is the quintessence of a whole life, and dulls the critic's appreciation

of everything else Mr. Warner has done, however informing or sincere. The wit and satire of that little volume, meted out with the swiftest and lightest of touches, place it well within the province of Literature of Power. But, alas! such spikenard loses its fragrance when it is unbottled and spilt over a wide surface. One feels that the Macaulayan essay is not Mr. Warner's *métier*, he can do at least one thing else so much better.

Till I took up this volume I had no adequate notion of Mr. Warner's resourcefulness as a preacher. Under slightly different circumstances he might have been pressed into the service of the Church with as little wrench as were Drs. T. T. Munger and Lyman Abbott, with the latter of whom, by the way, he perfectly agrees in claiming (p. 82) that governments derive their power not "from the consent of the governed," but from God. At the very least, Mr. Warner might have been a great teacher. There are hortatory and didactic earmarks all over this beautiful volume. "What is scholarship?" "What is the Bible?" are some of the questions that open paragraphs. "Let us" this, and "Let us" that, he urges. The following would be enigmatical in spoken discourse: "By books? Yes. By the newspaper? Yes. By the diffusion of works of art? Yes." "And this," he exclaims, "is called a picture of real life! Heavens!" And (p. 252) "with a shudder he recognised what a peril he had escaped. Great Scott!" Where did you last meet with these expletives and mannerisms, gentle reader? In the pulpit, of course. Mr. Warner is a Puritan and a New Englander first of all. Once upon a time it occurred to him to query if the Empress Theodora was "orthodox," and he was shocked to discover "vegetable total depravity" in his garden! One may well be awed in considering what a substratum of earnestness and gumption supports the lightest play of wit. His is no crystallisation of breath on the window-pane; it is the tracery of delicate lily-work or spiral fluting about a Romanesque column. Those who "wheel through the air in circling eddies," please take notice. Lowell and Higginson and Warner built on the foundations.

The book before us, then, affords an interesting glimpse of Mr. Warner's

own development. It gives the processes of thought and workmanship which led to the finished product of his latter years. It can hardly be accepted as a retrospective view of the literary or humanitarian topics which have occupied the world in the last three decades, nor as highly suggestive regarding the questions of the hour. For those who prefer consummate results to processes *Harper's Magazine* is ever open. Mr. Warner is happier there nearly every month than he is here. There his motto seems to be, "Let us make the world pleasant and throw a cover over the refuse." Here he as much as says, "My dear knight, Mæcenas, you shall drink at my house the ignoble Sabine wine in sober cups, which I myself sealed up in a Grecian cask. *Nota bene*, however, that down cellar there is the Cæcuban and the juice of that grape which is squeezed in the Calenian press."

The volume comprises ten essays, varying from fourteen to forty-two pages in length, and written at intervals from 1872 to 1890. The first very properly, if somewhat prosaically, gives the book its title. This is, too, the only one that has not been printed before. There is nothing finer in the collection than the brief paper on "Simplicity." Like Hawthorne, Mr. Warner loves to retouch the old classical myths. This time it is Nausicaä, but should it have been Musidora or Galatea, he could just as gracefully and daintily have brought her to life, and used her to adorn a moral. The other essays are about Equality, Scholarship, Modern Fiction, Mr. Froude's *Progress*, the Relation of England and of English Criticism to the United States, the Relation of the Newspaper and the Novel to the Common School, and finally, *A Night in the Garden of the Tuileries*, which was written the same year as *Saunterings*. It was intended to be a "hair-curler," but from lack of restraint it leaves the reader unimpressed and the writer dishevelled. It was evidently composed too soon after the experience for Mr. Warner to take that objective point of view which nowadays is held to be the chief solace and inspiration of the journalist, and which certainly tends to an exasperating candour in the discussion of vexed questions.

George Merriam Hyde.

## THE BABYLONIAN TALMUD.\*

No work in the literature of the world has had so unfortunate a history as has the Talmud. It has suffered from blandiloquence, on the one hand, and traducement on the other. It has remained for Mr. M. L. Rodkinson to fill its cup of woe to the brim by making it the object of a mystification. The title-page promises to the subscribers the "original text edited, formulated, and punctuated;" and the preface explains the somewhat unintelligible word "formulated" to mean the excision of all "irrelevant matter" and all "accretions." This is hanging out false colours. The accompanying prospectus excites the expectation of "an exhaustive, systematic, and philologically accurate text." This is wilfully throwing sand in the eyes of people to whom the text itself is a sealed book. Mr. Rodkinson's previously published pamphlets—which he grandiloquently describes in the prospectus as "twenty-two published theological works"—show that his early training has been such as to rob him of the very faculty of appreciating the first principles of scientific philological work. To have studied the Talmud as a purely religious exercise—even for forty years—does not necessarily make a man a Talmudic scholar. The excision of "irrelevant matter" does not lead to an "original" text; the irrelevant may be as original as the relevant. The canon of Mr. Rodkinson's judgment as between what is original and what is added, is based on nothing but the whim of Mr. Rodkinson's moments. It is pure fancy. In performing these acrobatic feats of jumping from one passage to another, Mr. Rodkinson has obliterated the true character of the Talmud, as certainly as he has misstated its theological point of view when he says that "it knows no authority but conscience and reason. It is the bitterest enemy of all superstition and all fanaticism." The subscribers to the work will, then, understand that they are getting extracts—and not necessarily the best—from the Talmud; and not *the* Talmud,

as both prospectus and title-page lead them to expect.

In the prospectus referred to, Mr. Rodkinson shores up his work with endorsements from five leading Rabbinical authorities in this country. It is proper that those who may be inveigled into subscribing for the "ten to twelve volumes in English and four volumes in Hebrew" should know that two of these authorities, Dr. K. Kohler, in New York City, and Dr. B. Felsenthal, in Chicago, have publicly condemned Mr. Rodkinson's work on the Talmud, and have withdrawn their support. I am authorised to do so also in the case of Dr. M. Jastrow, the learned author of the *Talmudic Dictionary*, which the Messrs. Putnam's Sons are now publishing. From the rest of the learned world the strongest criticism has come in the form of complete silence. One can only feel sorrow that the Rev. Dr. I. M. Wise, the venerable head of the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, has allowed the "bowels of compassion" to influence him to such a degree as to cause him publicly to countenance that which, I am sure, his better judgment must condemn.

The Talmud will always remain a difficult book to understand, perhaps the most difficult which the hand of man has ever written; and no amount of "punctuation" and "formulation" will make the rough places smooth. To be able to read the Talmud in any language but the original is a forlorn hope. No amount of translation will lubricate the intellectual wheels of one who would have an understanding of its contents for the mere asking. The Talmud is not a law-book. It is a minute-book, not only of practical legal discussions, but also of non-practical casuistic controversies which often had but a remote bearing upon questions of actual life; a vitascope in which the changing paper-war of syllogism and paralogism is either hurried before us or long drawn out, according to the varying whims of the legal big-wigs in session.

Of what use to the world, then, these "ten or twelve" volumes? Those of my brethren who search in the Talmud, and find there rules of conduct and lines of faith, from out the maze and jungle of discussion, will have none of it served up on linen paper with uncut edges and in a language which even the

\* A New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud, English Translation; the Original Text Edited, Formulated, and Punctuated by Michael L. Rodkinson; Revised and Corrected by the Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise. Vol. I. Tract Sabbath. New York: New Amsterdam Book Company.



ten lost tribes could not understand, all the "Identification Societies" notwithstanding. Those who do not so search, but who look upon its tomes as an interesting monument of bygone mental and literary activity, will be content to have a copy un-"punctuated" and un-"formulated," bound in morocco, tooled, and gilt-edged, behind the glass doors of their so-called libraries. Students, however, will be glad enough to tread the dusty roads of former times, and to finger the dog-eared pages over which their fathers bent their backs double. The other class—not of the house of Israel—who use the "Rabbi Talmud" of their evil imaginings as Don Quixote did his windmills, and hope that the dirt thrown upon the dead may bespatter the living—not even "twenty to twenty-two" volumes of translation will make their wish any less the father to their thought. But if we must enter the lists against such as these, let us always strike above the belt. To say, as does Mr. Rodkinson, that certain portions of the Talmud, which do not come up to what we to-day think right and proper, are "additions made by the enemies of the Talmud," is not only to make a statement quite unfounded upon any serious argument, but tacitly to assume the position, and a most dangerous position it is, that we are to-day responsible for the utterances of every one who happened to write in Hebrew or to have been born a Jew.

What the outside world wants from Rabbinical scholars is a careful presentation of the Talmudic system of law and theology, and a well-equipped student can here do yeoman's work.

But Mr. M. L. Rodkinson cannot.

*Richard Gottheil.*

#### THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.\*

A witch of Andover once wrote to a novice who had removed from Berlin to a western city with a full course of lectures on *Æsthetics* and the History of Philosophy stowed away in his valise, "I fear you will not find the people hungering for the higher learning." That we do not is perhaps rather sur-

\* The Sense of Beauty. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

prising when it is recalled how, in the days of Aquinas and Duns Scotus, blood was shed over the empty problems of nominalism and realism, and edicts were published forbidding the discussion of them on the street corners. If the people could realise that Dr. Santayana's book touches their lives at a thousand points, whereas the scholastic dispute about how many angels could dance on the point of a needle pertains to the flesh at only one point; if they could see in it the promise of the existence of the physical world to the individual as well as a salutary mental discipline, they would board and scuttle every last edition the Scribners might produce. But it is notorious that an eyelid hides the sky, and those who have eyes and see not naturally overlook the outstretched remedial hand.

"An idle poet, here and there,  
Looks round him; but for all the rest,  
The world, unfathomably fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest."

He who tarries may here read why the stars are beautiful; why "home" is a concept of happiness; why the obligation to enjoy one's self is absurd; why nothing is objectively impressive; why criticism and idealisation involve each other; why a gay prison and a prison-like church fail to appeal; why we smile when Punch beats Judy in the puppet show; why beauties are incompatible; why a sense of form is Heaven's last gift to a creative mind. And if one go to the author to get his meaning, not one's own, one will find an agreeable suggestiveness in such *obiter dicta* as the following: Perfection is a synonym of finitude; no man is a specialist with his whole soul; to love glass beads because they are beautiful is barbarous, to love jewels only because they are dear is vulgar; a beautiful voice will redeem a vulgar song, a beautiful colour and texture an unmeaning composition; it is possible to fail to sympathise with the struggling sailors because we sympathise overmuch with the winds and waves; character can never be observed except as it is manifested in action.

These are but a tithe of the matters alluded to by way of elucidation, and in following the craggy ridge of the author's argument one is mightily refreshed to stumble upon such flower-besprent crevices. But if one discern the tenor and import of this book he

will not pause long by the wayside. He will become vaguely aware that while the author sticks manfully to his discussion of Form, and the Nature, Materials, and Expression of Beauty, eschewing even the more accessible ground of the history and philosophy of art, he has likewise made an extremely flattering simplification of many questions within the province of ethics and metaphysics.

Whereas æsthetic judgments are mainly perceptions of good, moral judgments, he says, are mainly perceptions of evil. Conscience in reality speaks by the authority of the dreadful evils to which our nature is exposed—death, hunger, disease, weariness, isolation, and contempt. Morality is therefore plainly utilitarian, a means and not an end. "It is the price of human non-adaptation, the consequence of the original sin of unfitness." Remove danger, pain, etc., and "thou shalt not" becomes an impertinence. In a sense, morality is work, servitude; the activity of the imagination, play, freedom. In the play of the imagination we reach the good that is good in itself and for its own sake; morality is good because it is useful, good only because of the excellence of its consequences. It is only in the spontaneous activity of his faculties that man finds himself and his happiness. Æsthetic delight, therefore, alone has "value."

It is suggested that perhaps the finest flower of human nature is the æsthetic demand for the morally good—that is, where such morally useful ends as cleanliness, truthfulness, honour, are consecrated by one's own constitutional sensitiveness. On the other hand, the extent to which æsthetic "goods" should be sacrificed is a moral question.

Beauty is defined as "pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing." The question seems to be, Is a thing beautiful because it is agreeable, or agreeable because it is beautiful? Is honey sweet because it tickles the palate, or do we like it because it is sweet? Dr. Santayana prefers the former statement; and while the reviewer does not for a moment pit his knowledge against that of the author, he would ask (merely for information) if thus to put the cause for the effect is not rather Berkleyan. Or was it Spinoza who said that we desire nothing because it is good, but it is good because we desire it?

One may pleasantly occupy one's self for several hours in discovering, on the basis of the present volume, whether or not Dr. Santayana is a Berkleyite. "The web of things which our intelligence is always busily spinning" points to the affirmative. "As truly objects as chairs and tables" counts one for the negative, which is promptly lost in the whirl of the adjacent statement that "the real world is merely the shadow of that assurance of eventual experience which accompanies sanity." Finally the needle reasserts itself, and the compass is boxed in the sentence "The essence of a thing is its existence in our absence."

But beauty aside, the above ethical simplification, which doubtless comprises the veriest commonplaces of modern philosophy, gives the work an atmosphere of generous candour and absolute freedom. Here at last is an American writer who commits himself, be it ever so incidentally, to moral evolution; and who confesses, be it never so playfully, that he has wallowed "in Epicurus's sty" long enough to be thankful for the perception of "any inkling of divinity" in the external world. "Such transcendent realities, if they exist, can have nothing to do with our ideas of them." He modestly believes that in planning his "Outlines of Æsthetic Theory" from this point of view he has "studied sincerity rather than novelty." That the reader may be "enabled to compare what is said more directly with the reality of his own experience," Dr. Santayana has omitted references to writers, both living and dead, "to whom no honour could be added by his acknowledgments." This arrangement, while probably not intended as a practical joke on the reviewer, makes it doubly laborious to ascertain Dr. Santayana's place among his contemporaries, and in the eyes of many, we fear, will emphasize the novelty at the expense of the sincerity and sanity of his views. It is possible the Platonists do "turn their discoveries into so many revelations," and that "the veil of the absolute and infinite soon covers their little light of specific truth;" it may be that there is "no explanation in calling beauty an adumbration of divine attributes;" but we certainly are entitled to the precise pedigree of this criticism. There are re-

vered names among "the Platonists." And convicts of a prior state don't embark on a new galley without full information as to their bodyguard.

These glimpses into Dr. Santayana's well-rounded philosophy are of course no criterion of the book in question, which from *a* to *z* is a disquisition on æsthetics. Its last sentence should quiet all fears regarding his essential soundness and optimism. "Beauty," he says, "is a pledge of the possible conformity between the soul and nature, and consequently a ground of faith in the supremacy of the good."

Whoever takes up this attractive volume as one Russell Sullivan said he did Longfellow, "to read a few pages before sitting down to dinner so as to be in a comfortable frame of mind for his meal," is going to be disappointed. It is no cocktail; it is no *vade mecum*. It is capable of expansion into two large volumes sold at the usual prohibitive price. It would be more "popular," however, if thus expanded. As it is, many a paragraph breaks off just where it begins to be interesting, and the reader hungers for the wealth of illustration which he feels is pitifully hoarded in the mind of the writer. It is indeed a pity that, possessing that rare grip on his subject which forbids diffuseness, he should, in his eagerness to condense the best that has been said and add a "last word" of his own, have so sacrificed decorative to structural motives. Mr. E. S. Dallas's *Gay Science*, or Professor Everett's *Poetry, Comedy, and Duty*, or Mr. William Archer's *Masks or Faces*, or even Dr. Samuel Harris's pious books, while they may not have thrilled metaphysicians in their day, leave the unlearned reader pleasantly aware that philosophy is not as "harsh and crabbed" as dull fools suppose. On perusing one of these books, a money-grabbing American is haunted by the thought that although its theme cannot "make a Juliet," "displant a town," or "reverse a prince's doom," it is still worthy of "some attention." Who will write the broadly convincing book? University professors can and will not; Mr. I. Zangwill et Cie. *possunt quia posse videntur*. One is about as sure of the goods being delivered as of Professor Fiske's or Hall Caine's *Life of Christ*.

Notwithstanding his insistent, cloud-compelling logic, Dr. Santayana has his

strongest hold on the imagination. With a far-reaching literary and artistic background, and the knack of seeing things objectively and picturesquely, he tucks away in the interstices of his book matter of a distinctly entertaining value, which, as has already been hinted, might have been quadrupled in quantity but for his self-repression. A man who can remark, by the way, that "the human mind is a turbulent commonwealth," that education is "to multiply discriminations," that Whitman speaks of leaves of grass not flowers, drum-taps not music, the average man not the hero, and thus "by an effort to show us everything as a momentary pulsation of a liquid and structureless whole" stirs the imagination, should handle diagrams of physiological psychology charily, and the concepts of inductive logic with moderation. There is an Emersonian vein, too, on page 221 which might be worked to advantage.

A few trifles may be mentioned in conclusion. He uses the expression "comparatively permanent and universal." "The plastic arts" are several times made to include painting; witness the Introduction, where the "plastic arts with poetry and music" of the second sentence is resumed in the "fine arts" of the third sentence. It cannot be that in the first instance he meant to leave painting out in the cold. The repetition involved in the use of synonyms rather than pronouns, where the latter is possible, as in the above sentence and the following snatch of *quasi* prose-poetry: "The spectacle of nature. . . gives us back our birthright as children of the planet, and naturalises us upon the earth"—this sort of thing is not consonant in the long run with simplicity. There is the intentional omission of a comma on page 148—lest we be "cloyed with Grecian perfectness."

G. M. H.

#### THE WIZARD.\*

The days of miracles are not yet past. Mr. Rider Haggard has written a tract. "Is it still possible," he asks, in the beginning of the first chapter of *The Wizard*,

"to the Voice of Faith calling aloud upon the

\* *The Wizard*. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

earth to wring from the dumb heavens an audible answer to its prayer? Does the promise uttered by the Master of mankind upon the eve of the end—"whoso that believeth on Me, the works that I do he shall do also . . . and whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do"—still hold good to such as do ask and do believe? "

This is a rather leading question even for an archbishop to answer; when, therefore, a novelist of fire and thunder, such as Rider Haggard, intimates that he is about to prove that the promise uttered does hold good, the reader, confident that his answer will be as remarkable as his question, is mildly curious to see what is going to happen.

Thomas Owen, an English minister, with a good living, a cellar full of old wine and an incipient love-affair, having heard of the murder of a missionary in Central Africa, by the "Sons of Fire," a particularly ferocious tribe of heathen, finds that the Voice of Faith irresistibly impels him to convert them. So, abandoning his good living and his good wine, and leaving behind him the young lady who returns his affection, he sets out, with an admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, for the land of the Sons of Fire.

Two years have gone by, and from the rectory in a quiet English village we pass to a scene in Central Africa. And now how shall the savages be converted? That is simple. Our missionary has had it disclosed to him in a dream that the heathen king is about to be poisoned, and that an antidote for the poison to be used may be found growing on a certain tree; by means of which knowledge, so kindly and opportunely furnished him, because he has had sufficient faith in the "promise uttered by the Master," the king is saved and Christianity glorified. After this we are plunged into a whirlpool of fire and flood, thunder and lightning, howls of savages and clash of spears, bloodshed and poisoning *ad nauseam*, out of which Christianity somehow comes forth victorious over heathenism every time.

Then at last, as a final means of testing which of the two faiths is the more satisfactory, the missionary, with two converted Sons of Fire on the one side, and a small but select gathering of the heathen on the other, fares forth in an extremely severe thunderstorm to see which group will be struck by lightning. The missionary and his disciples stand

beneath a cross which they have erected (having no lightning-rod, the reader is pleased to observe, for the missionary would not, he announces, be so distrustful as to put up one), while the heathen all around, arrayed in snakeskin dresses, perform magic incantations. The thunder mutters in the distance; it comes nearer; the storm breaks.

"At length the storm was straight overhead. . . . It played about the shapes of the doctors, who in the midst of it looked like devils in an inferno. It crept onward toward the station of the Cross, but [can the reader doubt the end?] *it never reached it.*"

Meanwhile the poor savages are being played the very deuce with.

"Of the twenty and one, eleven were dead, four paralysed by shock, five were flying in their terror, and one, Hokosa himself, stood staring at the fallen, a very picture of despair."

And so at last some forty or fifty thousand savages are converted into devout Christians of the end of the nineteenth century; and Rider Haggard complacently concludes that "thus through the power of faith, that now, as of old, is the only true and efficient magic, was accomplished the mission of the saint, Thomas Owen, to the Sons of Fire."

That this tale is, as its author declares, in the dedication, a "tale of faith triumphant over savagery and death" is apparent. That it is not a tale triumphant over the minds of modern readers admits of no less doubt.

But aside from the mock and maudlin sentiment which this book expounds, in regarding Christianity as a religion of mere marvels, and making its triumphs mere frauds of supernatural legerdemain, and in describing its ideal exponent as "the Wizard"—aside from all this (for, after all, Rider Haggard is not a bishop of Central Africa) the tale itself, as a narrative of adventure, is quite as sad a failure as it is in what must be regarded as its religious aims (for the author evidently means to be serious) by the very obviousness with which every incident is directed toward this absurd effort to prove that the promise uttered still holds good.

Whether or not savages are such poor, easily-to-be-fooled creatures as they are made out to be in *The Wizard* we neither know nor care. But to make their credulity a means of proving the power of Christianity is an argument as fatuous as it is uncalled for. Certainly the mis-

sionary did succeed in converting the savages in this tale. But we all know that the missionary was a sham missionary, the savages sham savages, the thunder and lightning the rattle of tin sheets and flash of limelight behind painted scenery, and the faith that the sham missionary taught a sham Christianity. In *She* we knew equally well that the savages and the scenery were mere imitations. There, finding what we sought—entertainment—we did not care; for a good melodrama justifies itself. But when the melodrama is a sham plea for a misrepresented faith, such as *The Wizard* is, we are compelled to believe one of three things, either Rider Haggard regards us as savages, or regards us as sham, or is himself a sham. And if the reader must choose which it shall be, can he hesitate?

J. N. Rosenberg.

#### A HISTORY OF LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

Since the publication in the *Century Magazine* six or eight years ago of the studies by Dr. Eggleston of the domestic life of the American colonists, we have had the promise from him of a fuller history of the early settlements and colonial life. Yet this new volume, *The Beginners of a Nation*, does not exactly follow out the expected lines; it is at once more profound and more generalising in its tone; more a study of character than of manners; in fact, the author terms it the history of the dynamics of colony-planting. It is the first printed result of sixteen years of toilsome research at home and abroad on the culture history of the United States. As the magnitude of the chosen task became apparent, the author began to fear for his completed work, lest, as felicitously expressed by Sir Walter Raleigh, "the darkness of age and death would have covered over both it and me before the performance." Hence the advance publication of this single volume.

The book bears somewhat the aspect of a text-book, with its old-time side-

hints, or suggestions, printed in smaller type, alongside each page. Its division into numbered paragraphs, usually a page or so in length, adds to that effect and not to its apparent narrative sequence. At the end of each chapter are a few notes termed "elucidations," in the form of quotations, explanations, etc., which are, as notes usually are, most interesting.

The grotesque and misleading glimpses that Europe got of the New World through the "lying license of travellers," while the mist of ignorance still dimly enveloped the distant shores and the glitter of the fabulous gold of Ind still blinded all eyes, are strikingly suggested in the opening chapter; and the career of that romantic, ready-witted, paradoxical braggart, Captain John Smith, never was limned by a more skilful hand. The procession of motives which caused the planting—and the sorrows—of the Virginia colony, is brilliantly aligned. The rivalry with Spain was ever present and aided the three strongest motives that feverishly and blindly spurred on the colony-planting—cupidity, patriotism, and religious zeal, that dominant concern of the seventeenth century. A desire to share the wealth of "the mines," to add glory and domain to England, and to rival the Catholic Church in the conversion of the heathen, acted as compelling and, especially, as distributing forces.

The delusive endeavours toward colony development of the ignorant and indolent Virginia settlers were most pitiable. Of these the silkworm fever died the slowest death; for its fate lay in adverse economic conditions, and a lesson in economic principles is slow and hard for men to learn. Silk grass, the vine, "orenges, limmons, and almonds" were vaunted, and many other pleasant plants and fruits were to be laboriously and slowly cultivated; while savage war, and famine, and pestilence sorely and constantly imperilled the life of the vine and lemon growers. The production of naval stores, of glass, and wrought iron, also came to naught; while through tobacco, regarded as an evil, and denounced by the Parliament and the King, came the colony's salvation, its great wealth, and in course of time also the hopeless commercial entanglement of its citizens. For the dull weed gave neither shelter, food, nor raiment;

\* *The Beginners of a Nation*. By Edward Eggleston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

it was sown with bitter toil, and watered with human sweat, and gathered with anxious fear, only to be sold in ruthless ruin, while the prodigal gains were squandered by borrowing ere they were received. The pitiful record of improvidence and extravagance had an early and bitter chronicler in the Sot-Weed Factor. It was but one of Virginia's many and long disregards of the law that the early crops of all colonists should be food products.

It is difficult for any one who is fully familiar with the sources and details of the earliest history of the English colonies to judge whether this book would wholly satisfy or enlighten the thoughtful learner. Perhaps, like some clever professors, Dr. Eggleston assumes that his class of scholar-readers know more than they really do, and at times leaves them unenlightened. Fully and brilliantly pictured in parts, some aspects of these "beginners" seem meagrely touched, notably in the chapters entitled "The Great Puritan Exodus," and "New England's Dispersions" (and to an extent in "The Prophet of Religious Freedom"). That no adequate or impressive portrait is given of Roger Williams or Anne Hutchinson, or of any of the Puritan leaders, and no telling account of the Connecticut and Rhode Island migrations, must be felt by every reader. Perhaps literary considerations have had much weight in these cases. Bradford alone with his "quaintly vivid expression in writing" is brightly drawn. The expressive phrase applied to Roger Williams—"bedevilled by a trivial scrupulosity"—is weakened by the incessant and monotonous employment throughout the chapter of the words *scruple*, *scrupulous*, and *scrupulosity*. "The age was in love with scrupulosity." "Williams was never disentangled from scrupulosity." "Enthralled by the scrupulosity of his time." "The region of petty scrupulosity." "Many of his scruples were peculiar, but his scrupulosity was not," until the word "scrupulosity" seems to lose its wonted meaning through repetition, and appears like a disease or monstrosity peculiar to Williams.

It is not like Mr. Eggleston to employ the "medium of the underlanguage" as Mr. Brownell terms a scant vocabulary, for he is usually felicitous and varied in his choice of words. Indeed,

this very work affords many examples of terse, curt phrases that are almost apothegms.

This book is but a first volume, and the three less satisfactory chapters end it. The second volume may fill out the somewhat imperfect outlines of New England's story. This must be said even of these chapters; their spirit of judgment is calm and dispassionate; they are true as far as they go; there is no idealisation, ancestor-worship of either Pilgrim or Puritan—nor are there jibes and sneers.

When we note this justice, this clarity of statement, this painstaking adjustment of values, we see that the historian should have above all else the qualification shown by Dr. Eggleston and thus named by Sir Thomas Browne: "Sure a great deal of *conscience* goes into the writing of a history."

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#### MATINS.\*

It is not always that a young poet makes so distinct an achievement with a first venture as Mr. Francis Sherman does in his *Matins*. It has not perhaps those qualities of obvious thought and extremely simple fancy which insure an instant popularity; but it has certainly the marks of pondered beauty which reveal the inward eye and a deep brooding on nature. Its faults are all the faults of the mystical poetic temperament; its merits are those of the slow and intimate dweller among the hills of dream. And it is the peculiar honour of the book that while it shows traces—too obvious traces—of the pre-Raphaelite school of writers, it still possesses an individual note, a strain of voice, faltering and not always sure, yet fresh and refined and lovable and unaffected.

It is easy to make a rough division of our poets and interpreters into two classes: those who seem to fill and possess this body of the senses to overflowing, so that they are constantly drawn to outward aspects of things; and those who seem rather to pass somewhat furtively and shyly through life, occupied with their own thought, and touching

\* *Matins*. By Francis Sherman. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

the material universe with no very great assurance of its reality. Of the former class Mr. Kipling is a good instance, with his splendid and glorified realism, his delight in things as they are, and his entire disregard of those vexing doubts which beset the saint and the philosopher. In the latter class one places the mystic Rossetti, the dreamer Morris, the seer Emerson. To these men life was one great interrogation. The answer to one question only suggested another behind it, more subtle and more unanswerable still. They were always awaiting the opening of the door, the lifting of the veil. The here and the now could not wholly suffice them. And is it too much to say that the youth of a consecutive philosophy is inconsequent dream? At least in this little book of *Matins* there is the introspective spirit and the meditation of a personality undissipated by the distractions of the world.

Mr. Francis Sherman is a member of that cult of recent neo-paganism which is indeed pagan in name, but hardly more than half pagan at heart—a cult which has for its excuse the decay of orthodoxy, and for its aim the preservation of religion. The very title, *Matins*, is in itself an index of the religious character of these tender, meditative lyrics of nature, with their unhurried, their infinitely unhurried, utterance, and their aspirations untarnished by the wisdom of the world. You may read them from end to end and never guess the aspect of this nineteenth century from any description of theirs. Only their accent, the accent at times of *The House of Life*, or *The Earthly Paradise*, gives any hint of their place in the vast library of English letters.

But what I think most remarkable in the book is, not so much any single poem, as an evident tone in them all, charming and cultivated and individual; so that one leaps at once to the glad surmise: Here is a man of whom we may expect good tidings; here is another artist who is heeding his own revelation. That unhastening lyric "A November Vigil" has something of Rossetti's manner in "The Bride's Prelude"; and there are several other poems which recall "the idle singer of an empty day." But there are poems, too, which have a new word of the woods and streams and hills where they were born, and these to my ear are the more lovely

and attractive. I like the tone of the lines:

"Across the sky the cloud swung still,  
And pressed the moon down heavily  
Where leafless trees grew on the hill.

"The pale moon now was very thin,  
There was no water near the place,  
Else would the moon that slept therein  
Have frightened her with its gray face."

And yet the tone is not new. That accent is Rossetti's, beautiful and full of charm as it is.

I like even better the accent in the lines

"Beneath the ice the shoulders of the tide  
Lift, and from shore to shore a thin blue  
crack  
Starts, and the dark, long-hidden water  
gleams,"

because here Mr. Sherman has his eye on the objects he knows; he is speaking of things unfamiliar to English poetry; the traditions of treatment and execution fail him, and he is cast back on his native resources. I like, too, the simplicity of the whole poem "The Path." It has something of Browning's directness and force.

*Matins* is, in short, the most notable first volume of verse of the past year, I should say; and while it is notable for its beautiful lines and stanzas, it is more notable still for the unwritten beauties between them—the beauties, I mean, which Mr. Sherman must have stored away in that fancy of his, memories of the lovely country which gave him birth, haunting impressions of the northern valley where the blue St. John goes down between the dark-dressed hills through its iron gate into the Fundy tide. There he has seen the great tent-fold of winter shut down in silent gloom; heard the bursting thunder of the ice in spring; been made, I dare say, almost to laugh aloud with gladness at the first returning robin's vespersong; and idled down the shallows of many a pellucid stream, in the sultry shade of alder and of ash.

Ah, perhaps it needs a few years of exile among the stifled cliff-dwellers in the roaring cañons we have reared to our glory, and have called in pride the centres of our civilisation, fully to appreciate the golden air of that idyllic land.

*Bliss Carman.*

## SISTER JANE.\*

"Sister Jane" herself, it may be said at once, is a distinct and delightful addition to that select company in books who have the vitality to escape from the printed page and live in the memory of the reader.

"So far as Sister Jane was concerned, the whole village knew of her peculiarities, her strong will, her firm opinions, and the sharp flavour she conveyed into the most ordinary discussions; the whole village knew of these, but only a few knew how thin and frail a partition stood fluttering between the shrewd tongue and the tender heart. None knew as I knew—none would know."

And yet, several came to know, especially one woman, and she was a sinner.

As the story progresses it becomes clear that Sister Jane is the central figure about whom the other characters are grouped, and that her little house is the principal scene for the action of the plot. When Mandy Satterlee is sheltered there the place becomes a magnet for the attracting of Jiney Meadows, whose strange peculiarities are drawn with much delicacy and strength. Mrs. Beshears and her two demented old sisters are especially quaint and pathetic; while William Wornum himself, who tells the story, cannot hide behind his mask of shyness the quiet strength and geniality which win us to him.

Mr. Harris, in commenting on his own work in this book, says:

"The knack of narration belongs to the gifted few. . . . With me, all is lacking. When the impressive moment arrives the apt and trenchant word eludes me. The sparkling phrase, the vivid grouping, and illumination that flashes the whole scene upon the mind are wanting."

Now if there be one gift which Mr. Harris possesses supremely, it is just that "knack of narration," which he disclaims. In the introduction to the new edition of his first "Uncle Remus" book, Mr. Harris, in speaking of the sustained popularity of these folk-lore tales, says:

"Such a survival might almost be said to be due to a tiny sluice of green sap under the gray bark. Where it lies in the matter of this book, or what its source is more of a mystery to my middle age than it was to my prime."

In that "sluice of green sap" lies the secret springs which keep the work of

the author of *Uncle Remus* ever fresh and pleasing, and its vitality is strengthened by a simple sincerity and quiet honesty of purpose. To a writer who is endowed with these qualities we may easily forgive any lack of "sparkling phrase" and "vivid grouping." As to that, Sidney Lanier has said, "Art has no enemy so unrelenting as cleverness," and we can afford to miss it in *Sister Jane*, when so much smart, flashy writing runs riot, nowadays, over every news-stand and through every railway train.

The weakness which mars *Sister Jane* throughout is neither the lack of effective narration nor the welcome absence of smart writing; it is a weakness of construction. Books, like houses, demand in their construction architectural skill. When this is wanting, the general plan, however good of itself, cannot be carried out with due regard either to utility for service or to symmetry for effect; the plot cannot be worked out with truth to life or with due regard to the demands of art. In *Sister Jane* the whole story of the finding and return of the lost child is deplorably unconvincing. Would a lad, especially one who, during his absence, had been well cared for and tenderly reared, change so radically between the years of five and ten that not even his own mother and sister, though constantly with him, should note some hint of the truth in voice or look or manner? It is incredible. Even when the boy's identity is revealed the parents express no surprise at their failure to perceive it for themselves, experience no flashing illumination of mind, express no wonder at so strange a blindness.

The attempt Mrs. Bullard makes to elope with her old-time friend falls yet further short of realistic effect. Women do not usually call to bid their friends farewell while the man they would elope with waits without in his buggy and the husband may appear at any moment. The whole scene is strangely fantastic, and the actors in it are mere puppets.

Again, does Mr. Harris really suppose that women go astray for the reason given by Mandy?

"'I wanted somethin' I could call mine—somethin' that'd be my own—somethin' that nobody on the wide earth would dast to claim. Here it is!' She stepped swiftly to the sofa

\* *Sister Jane*. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.



and kissed her child. . . . Oh, the passion of motherhood !"

A strange error truly ! A peculiar illustration of the way in which a writer's heated imagination may carry him far afield when he fails to bathe its product in the cool, still waters of reflection. These are violations of truthfulness to life. The marriage of Mandy is a violation of artistic effect ; so also the too happy and complete consummation of the story.

Mr. Harris is far and away at his best when he lets his characters speak for themselves. If in tragedy his creations appear fantastic, and his situations are

unnatural, on the other hand, we recognise the surety of touch and the appeal to life in the quiet, unforced humour and simple human qualities that appear in the work which is done in the ordinary daylight of action. And that is a great test. It is when Mr. Harris goes beyond this and attempts a more ambitious part in fiction that he oversteps the bounds which nature and art have set him. "Uncle Remus" may well rest his fame on the distinguished rôle which he has proved he can best play in the literature of our country.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

## NOVEL NOTES.

**SONNY.** By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Co. \$1.00.

**SOLOMON CROW'S CHRISTMAS POCKETS.** By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: Harper & Brod. \$1.25.

**STORIES OF A SANCTIFIED TOWN.** By Lucy S. Furman. New York: The Century Co. \$1.25.

**THE REAL ISSUE.** By William Allen White. Chicago: Way & Williams. \$1.25.

**MEG MCINTYRE'S RAFFLE.** By Alvan S. Sanborn. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.25.

**FELLOW TRAVELLERS.** By Graham Travers. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

One of the most marked features of the current literary movement is the unusually large number of volumes of short stories. Among these two collections by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart make appeal for first attention. Both are composed of studies of the Arkansas environment, and of the wider, mellower world spread on the opposite side of the Father of Waters, which the author has made her *milieu*, and of which she writes with such exquisite tenderness and delicious humour. The sketches collected under the title *Sonny* made the reader laugh with a swelling heart when they appeared in the *Century*, and the effect of the whole is still stronger in book-form. The story of the life of an Arkansas boy, from his birth to his marriage, is told in the quaint language of his farmer father, yet it strikes the note of the universal. In *Solomon Crow's Christmas* there is no connecting link binding the stories together as in the smaller volume, and several of the sketches, as in the case of "Little Mother Quackalina," are of a juvenile character. But the atmosphere is the same that has always enveloped Mrs. Stuart's work, and there is the same pervading sweetness of spirit and the same delicate humour always wavering on the narrow border between laughter and tears.

The work of Miss Furman also is rich in humour, and is a similar interpretation of certain phases of Southern life ; and it may not be a digression to comment upon the fact that the

month's output of books emphasises anew the rapid development of literary power in the South and West. Miss Furman, who is among the most recent and the youngest of the group, is a native of Kentucky, although she has lived for several years in Indiana, and is thoroughly familiar with the types and the scenes reproduced in these studies of "a sanctified town."

"Over the people of this small town, a few years since, swept a strong wave of religious enthusiasm, baptising them with a strange and new experience, redeeming their lives from the commonplace and the monotonous. This experience they have named 'sanctification,' believing that the Holy Spirit enters into and fills their hearts, leaving no room for any evil to abide. And if to some persons this faith seems objectionable, be it said that the best answer is the daily life of many who profess it. The Bible is their one book, newspaper, fashion-plate, almanac, and guide in all matters of soul and body. They know it from lid to lid ; and if at times they dwell rather upon the letter than upon the spirit of its teachings, it is a fault of mind and not of heart."

Miss Furman has touched this sensitive subject with complete reverence, and yet with considerable humour. But her humour has not the sweetness which carries Mrs. Stuart's fun straight home to the heart, nor that appreciation of beauty as an element of literary art which is one of the highest tests. The only touch of beauty reveals itself in "The Floating Bethel," and slight as it is, it lifts the story above the others. But, as has been said, the author is young, and as she advances in life and in art, a fuller appreciation of this mint and anise and cummin will perhaps not be long neglected for the weightier matter already so fully at her command.

It is this same absence of beauty which is the principal blemish of the work of Mr. William Allen White, and which may have been one of the causes of the early passing of that extraordinary novel, *The Story of a Country Town*, published about ten years ago. There is a certain resemblance between Mr. Howe's story and Mr. White's which does not lie wholly in the similarity of environment and of types. Both are written by newspaper men, both are distinctly journalistic in style, and both deal

almost exclusively with the gloomiest aspects of a phase of Western life which must be sombre enough from any point of view. Both are evidently written with such profound feeling of the desolation and isolation of life on the edge of the great American desert, as to effect a vivid realisation of the almost unimaginable conditions of such an existence. The various sketches composing Mr. White's book are all of this atmosphere, although the touches of alleviating humour are scarcely so dry and grim as the fun to be found in *The Story of a Country Town*. One of the tales, "The Story of Aqua-Pura," is terrible in its intensity. It describes the daily life of an old man left with five companions, the sole inhabitants of a deserted boom town in the throes of the drouth.

"It was his habit to sit on the front porch of the deserted hotel and look across the prairies to the southwest and watch the breaking clouds scatter into the blue of twilight. He could see the empty water-tower silhouetted against the sky. The frame buildings that rose in the boom days had all been moved away, the line of the horizon was guarded at regular intervals by the iron hydrants far out on the prairie, that stood like sentinels hemming in the past. The dying wind seethed through the short brown grass. Heat lightning winked devilishly in the distance, and the dissolving clouds that gathered every afternoon laughed in derisive thunder at the hopes of the worn old man sitting on the warped boards of the hotel porch. There had been a time when he was too poor to go to the East, where his name was a byword. Now he was too poor in purse and in spirit. . . . Day after day he put on his overcoat in winter and made the rounds of the vacant buildings. He walked up and down in the little paths, through the brown weeds in the deserted streets all day long, talking to himself. At night, when the prairie wind rattled through the empty building, blowing sand and snow down the halls, and in little drifts on the broken stairs, the old man's lamp was seen by straggling travellers burning far into the night.

"If it would only rain!" he said over and over, and the only child left alive in the burning desert would say in reply: 'If it would only rain! What is rain?'"

One wishes the author had made a fuller presentation of the life and the feeling of the little girl, since to have done so must have given the work the gentleness and beauty that it lacks. And yet, notwithstanding its gloom, its harshness, and its journalistic style, Mr. White's book is notable—more notable than many brighter and better written books, and leaves an eager desire to see his next work.

The stories of Mr. Sanborn are the opposite of Mr. White's in every respect, except the lack of style. This drawback, however, is not so noticeable, as the work is largely in dialect. The first two are given up to rollicking humour of the horseplay variety, and may possibly find appreciative readers, since tastes differ so widely. A fight between two Irish women is one of the leading features of "Mrs. Molony's Revenge," and the lady herself is the narrator:

"Wid a prhayer to the saint av me christnin' on me bhurratin' lips, I let her have ut again; an' all to wanst, I niver know how, I found meself wid me two eager fishts clinched in Mrs. Mulligan's hell-rhid shnakes av hair, an' she yellin' bhloody murder worse nor a looney in a shtraight jacket, wid her thirty claws in me own hair—bad luck to me haste!—an' the iligant rhoses av me Sunday bonnet all smashed to pink poolp."

But it seems unnecessary to say more about these stories, for while it is true that they are not all of this type, nor all in Irish dialect, the manner and the literary quality are about the same throughout the volume, even when the theme, as in "Molly and Giuseppe," is the murder

der of her children by the woman; and the vulgarity of the spirit of the work is, perhaps, most sharply accentuated in the excursion into the burlesque of the classic entitled "Baucis and Philemon."

Nor would it appear worth while to make more than a passing mention of *Fellow Travellers*, were the book not a recent and striking example of the different estimation in which stories are held in England and in America. An American who examines fiction critically would never have given a second glance at this collection, having learned by experience that one need not eat a whole loaf to know that the cake is sad. But here comes a no less eminent authority than the London *Spectator* praising Miss Travers's work without reserve, and the London *Chronicle* saying:

"Miss Travers interests us in her characters directly she shows them to us; the interest enhances all through, and the curtain drops before we are in the least danger of being bored by them. . . . Her literary style has improved, her psychological insight has sharpened."

There seems no room for appeal from such a decision from such autocratic sources, and the American reviewer turns over the pages of *Fellow Travellers* in a good deal of perplexity, feeling that this cannot possibly be the work spoken of. The chief characteristic of the first story is a jingle of threadbare quotations. "The Knight and the Lady" deals in the stereotyped way with brave men and fair women. "The Story of a Friendship" exploits a provincial's opinion of Wagner's operas in an entirely unimportant way. "After Many Days" fails to arrive after much aimless wandering. "A Great Gulf" is an ineffectual, childish feint at the unfathomable, suggesting the duck serenely afloat on the surface of the ocean utterly unconscious of the depths beneath.

PHROSO. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.75.

It is hardly fair, perhaps, to take the illustrations into account when considering a work of fiction; yet it is not easy to leave them out when they are as many and as remarkable as in this new novel of Mr. Hope's. The eccentricities of drawing need not be pointed out, but the male petticoat of the Greek national costume is made so distinctively the central feature of the artist's designs that it cannot be ignored; he would probably feel that his work had failed if it were not regarded with attention. Concerning his model, the average reader can only surmise that it may have been a ballet-dancer's skirt of antique Italian pattern. The first picture in which it figures is absurd, the last is ludicrous, and the one which portrays the fall of the villain over a precipice—going straight down with his arms at his side and his petticoat spread like a parachute—travesties tragedy.

For the story itself there can be nothing but praise. It is true that it can scarcely be called literature, as doubtless no one knows better than the author. A writer who leaves off such work as *Half a Hero* and takes a royal road to fortune, if not to fame, with *The Prisoner of Zenda*, must be conscious of the change of method. But the work is quite as fine in its different way as if it were of much finer literary

quality, and far more interesting than many a better written story. Too many books are worn thin by overuse of literature's tools, too few are endowed with the vitality that makes this tale vividly alive. From beginning to end it moves with a breathless rush. The plot is the purchase by an English nobleman of an isolated island inhabited by semi-civilised Greeks who have a confirmed habit of killing any man who buys the island. They kill the old lord who sells it, and who dies just as the new owner arrives, so that the story opens with murder, to be followed by attempted assassination, all leading to blood and adventures galore.

The narrator is the Englishman, a young and handsome man; and one of the two leaders of the mutinous islanders is a beautiful Greek girl, "Phroso," the Lady Euphrosyne. She makes her appearance before the usurper wearing boy's clothes, the pretty masquerade which has so long and so often appealed in fiction; and neither Joan in armour nor Rosalind in doublet and hose was more bewitching than the lady of the island. Her disguise seems to have been less transparent than usual, owing probably to the ubiquitousness of the demi-semi-petticoat, but her identity is finally disclosed. She is the young Englishman's prisoner and makes desperate efforts to escape, attempting to stab him in one of these struggles for freedom. Yet notwithstanding, they fall in love with each other, the glance of her bright eyes touching the heart which her dagger failed to reach; so that a charming love story runs through the ceaseless storm of adventure. As to these adventures, no adequate idea can be given, since one rushes upon the heels of another in breathless succession from cover to cover. Besides the perpetual fighting between the Englishman and his friends and the islanders, who are determined to kill them if they can't drive them away, there are plots within plots. The villain of the story schemes to murder his wife in order that he may marry Lady Euphrosyne, and makes many harrowing though unsuccessful attempts to carry out his design. Infuriated by jealousy of the Englishman, the Greek villain accuses him of having killed the old lord, which leads to one of the most dramatic scenes of the story:

"My last champion was disarmed; he had but protracted the bitterness of death for me by his gallant attempt. I fixed my eyes steadily on the horizon, and waited. The time of my waiting must have been infinitesimal, yet I seemed to wait some little while. Then Demetri's great sword flashed suddenly between me and the sky. But it did not fall. Another flash came—the flash of white darting across between me and the grim figure of my assailant. And Phroso, pale, breathless, trembling in every limb, yet holding her head bravely, and with anger gleaming in her dark eyes, cried:  
"If you kill him, you must kill me; I will not live if he dies!"

This occurs about midway in the story, yet the tension does not slacken, and there is no fall from the grand opera pitch up to the very end. And, although there are closing signs of peace and happiness, a secret spring which threatens to reveal an awful secret is touched in the concluding paragraph. So that, take it all in all, *Phroso* is likely to be read with more avidity than any other of the author's stirring stories since *The Prisoner of Zenda* took us all captive

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Readers who know the work of Sarah Orne Jewett open a new book written by her with that same sense of quiet delight and gratification which possesses the connoisseur who examines a delicate bit of painting wherein the subdued, exquisitely shaded tints blend into an effect—true not only to that in nature which all may see, but also to that something else which only an artist can divine and reveal.

Nor will such readers be disappointed in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. As in all of Miss Jewett's writing, the touches are delicate rather than striking, and the tone is subdued and quiet, admitting of no white lights or black shadows. But the work is very fine and very true. *The Country of the Pointed Firs* is a story of wholesome, simple, rural life, with the breath of the sea for tonic and the sunshine of summer for warmth. The picturesque delineation of character, the writer's close contact with nature, and her appreciative insight, all contribute a reality and charm to the book which are very convincing. Miss Jewett, one is persuaded, spent a summer at Dunnet Landing, lodging with Mrs. Todd. Any one might recognise the house, with its herb garden and its large-bodied, large-minded mistress. She is full of quaint wisdom, and knows something of human nature. "There's more women likes to be loved than there is of those that loves," she says, and her own life's story taught her the truth. Of an entertaining visitor she remarks, "She may not be considerate, but she's dreadful good company;" and who does not recognise the truth and beauty of this bit of imagery?

"There's sometimes a good hearty tree growin' right out of the bare rock, out o' some crack that just holds the roots; . . . you lay your ear down to the ground, an' you'll hear a little stream runnin'. Every such tree has got its own livin' spring; there's folks made to match 'em."

Truly "Mrs. Todd's wisdom was an intimation of truth itself. She might belong to any age, like an idyl of Theocritus."

Mrs. Todd's mother, who lives out on Green Island, moves in a luminous atmosphere of lovingkindness, into which it is a privilege to enter. The day's visit with her on Green Island is a treat that readers will enjoy. Captain Littlepage is very entertaining, and the vague mystery which clings about his personality is not cleared away at the end of the book, which is a great merit. Poor Joanna, who retired to her desert island because of an unhappy love affair, occupies more space than we should be willing to yield her, were it not that Mrs. Todd, with the help of her entertaining visitor, tells the story. They sketch in side characters with a very happy touch, especially that of the minister who paid a duty visit to poor Joanna.

"Well, there's a difference in gifts. Mr. Dimmick was not without light."

"'Twas the light of the moon, then," snapped Mrs. Fosdick.

"He seemed to know no remedies, but he had a great use of words."

When Mrs. Todd's summer lodger sails away from Dunnet Landing the little volume comes to its quiet ending, leaving the impression that, suggestive and delightful as such books are,

they cannot, save in rare instances, leave any deep impression. Miss Jewett possesses the artistic power, the knowledge, and the self-control to venture more. These delicate sketches of life hold the same place in literature as do their counterparts in painting, but no artist can rest an enduring popularity on such trifles light as air.

**THE SCARLET COAT.** By Clinton Ross. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

**THE PUPPET.** By Clinton Ross. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

Up to the appearance of these two books, almost simultaneously, there had been a long silence upon the part of the author, which is well accounted for by the quality of the work. The evident care and deliberation with which it has been done are in marked contrast with the carelessness and haste of the current literary movement. There can be no doubt that Mr. Ross has studied the makers of literature as closely and as profitably as he has studied the makers of history, and that the composure, clearness, and simplicity of his style are partly, and perhaps mainly the result of this study of the masters. And yet, on the other hand, it might be urged that this attention to style has been too exclusive, strange as such an objection may sound in these rushing literary days. It may be complained that too much of the substance of the work has been chiselled away, and that, espe-

cially in the case of *The Scarlet Coat*, overmuch polishing has thrown the action of the story too far in the perspective, so that those great historical personages who figured at the siege of Yorktown, and the momentous scenes of which they were the centre, flit across the pages of the book as the pictures of a kinetoscope are unrolled on the screen. This effect, although perceptible, is not so marked in *The Puppet*, by reason, perhaps, of the less material nature of the story—a romance of marvellous adventure, beginning in New York and ending in Rome, and which might have been fittingly situated "in the unmapped land of the imagination." In each of the books the slender thread of a love-story connects much that is admirable in historical and geographical description with an attractive tendency toward philosophic generalisation.

"What is that air?" asks the Royalist sweetheart of the rebel lover, as the drums beat at Cornwallis's surrender.

"It's 'The World Turned Upside Down,'" he answered.

"Yes, the world is," she said."

And the lover of the other story, having won the princess whom he has rescued from persecution, concludes that, after all, man is more than the puppet of destiny; that "the least of us, the weakest, the lowest, makes some impression on life, on the universe, like a little pebble, a ripple, perhaps, of imperceptible, inconsiderable smallness, but still a ripple in the great, the infinite sea."

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

**THE PURITAN IN ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.** By Ezra Hoyt Byington. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$2.00.

The Puritan has always been a pioneer. It came to him to conquer forests in the beginning, to defend himself from savages, to found cities and churches and governments, and to die in the struggle for liberty, and with that persistence of being in character which is his birthright, there is a certain poetic fitness if not poetic justice in the fact that the Puritan is a pioneer now—that to this day, over his grave, he is fighting still. The fight has moved on from the musket and the red coat and the Indian to literature and theology and art, but the Puritan has returned. He claims the land. He becomes a settler again. He faces his sons. Whether he looks out over a more discouraging wilderness than he had before is a question that can only be decided by our final national acceptance of the Puritan spirit as the most essential and sublime element in our American life. Dr. Byington's book is to be welcomed as contributing to this end.

The effective prejudices concerning the Puritan character have been for the most part against him. He has lost ground in the popular mind because those who disliked him have been eloquent, and those who liked him have not. We are not without indications that the arts have spent their revenge upon the Puritan, that they are now returning to give him

a setting which he never could have given himself, to render him a justice which they have been too narrow to render before. When the literary spirit which the Puritan opposed shall turn the second time upon its persecutor, it will be to make him forever glorious.

A book must come to a man with the authenticity of a few of his prejudices if it would seek to gain headway enough to drive him beyond the rest. To the conscious or unconscious recognition of this principle Dr. Byington will be indebted for the peculiar effectiveness of a volume which would seem at first sight, particularly to a connoisseur, to fall short of its opportunities. The facts are certainly familiar for the most part, and they have been presented in a more vital manner, but *The Puritan in England and New England* has the novel and marketable quality of being punctiliously fair—a quality which is interesting almost of itself when brought to bear upon a type of man who has surrounded himself with more imagination without having any than any type in history. While from the point of view of a literary and historical specialist Dr. Byington's book is open to the charge of having the spirit rather than the spiritedness of justice, those who are most familiar with the literature of the subject will be the first to welcome it as an excellent synthesis of appreciation and criticism—a serviceable and necessary book in the education of the people.

THE COLONIAL PARSON OF NEW ENGLAND.  
By Frank Samuel Child. New York: The Baker &  
Taylor Co. \$1.25.

OLD COLONY DAYS. By May Alden Ward. Bos-  
ton: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.

This industrious and conscientious historian of the colonial parson characterises his work as "a picture," but he does not say, and possibly does not know, that the picture has been printed in detached sections, like a child's puzzle, and that it requires a good deal of ingenuity to fit the right body to the right head. It is not easy to tell without looking forward or turning back whether the character immediately under discussion be the New England parson or the Virginia clergyman. The whole book reads, indeed, much as if it had been printed directly from the author's notes, with little thought of sequence or continuity. And yet the work is valuable and even interesting in a jolting, jumping way. It reveals great research; it is rich in anecdote; it presents the colonial parson in every aspect by which he is known to history—as an agriculturist, as a politician, a preacher, a teacher, a writer, a scholar, a poet, a man, and, above all, as an ancestor. Certainly no fault can be found with the substance of the work; and if it be intended for a text-book, as its appearance would seem to indicate, and thus to be taken in small, broken doses, it will doubtless serve its purpose admirably.

*Old Colony Days*, lying along somewhat similar lines, comes after the other like asphalt after cobblestones. In a style of perfect ease and simplicity, its author also has much to say of the colonial parson, whom it would be difficult, indeed, to separate from any account of the beginnings of New England. He is not, however, here made the more important figure. It is to Governor William Bradford, "the father of American history," that the opening chapter is devoted, the Rev. Cotton Mather and his contemporary brethren of the cloth receiving a second place. Under the heading "An Old-time Magistrate" there is a charming portrayal of good Judge Samuel Sewall, a princely gossip, who did for America in the seventeenth century what Pepys did for England, and Saint Simon for France. Each of these men wrote down from day to day, apparently for his own use, the occurrences of the day, the details of the life about him; and each has given us an incomparable picture of the world in which he lived—a picture which no historian, biographer, poet, or painter could have equalled. And they have painted three widely differing worlds. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between the countries they represent than the pages of these old diaries of the seventeenth century. Judge Sewall seems to have been in the main a genial and tender-hearted man, yet he believed in witchcraft, and attended executions. The chapter on witchcraft will perhaps be generally regarded as the most interesting in the book. The author has evidently studied this outbreak of superstition in New England thoroughly, and gives in her brilliantly written account of it a more coherent story than most writers on the subject have been able to offer. In connection with this, also, the colonial parson figures conspicuously, and sometimes, it is pleasant to read, to the credit of his memory.

FOLK-SONGS.  
tory Exercises.  
rosch. New Y.

It is with this publication of rosch, whose studies serve to be quoted.

"The chief difficulties active promoters of singing, especially in the lack of singers who slow process of teaching such untrained material conductor and the singer."

"It seems to be the most possible opportunity for people who can sing a little, to learn the simple if proper methods are in a comparatively short time."

The purpose of this is to present a sight-singer conductor can readily pose, but to urge the for permanently successful supplement a previous publication by rosch, entitled *A Poet singing*, which develops the habit of singing.

There is, perhaps, no more authority or is better subject than Mr. Damrosch and inspiring work as a combined with his broad founder and leader of the and the People's Classes, success of which in widely disseminating music are well known to the special importance to any suggestion in this field of work, and valuable to leaders and singers.

The book, as the title suggests, of folk-songs, chiefly of German part-songs collected from the composers. A special feature itself to the reviewer, is the presence of the English translations often neglected in works of the translations were made by Lawrence, in whom Mr. Damrosch is an able collaborator.

THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND  
By Coulson Kernahan. New York  
Co. 50 cts.

Mr. Heinemann has told us that the best advertising medium, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan has been beyond most of the writers of his books on religion have formed the sermons. *God and the Ant* was half the pulpits of London, and go on Sundays you hear the praise of the companion volume. Mr. Kernahan any account carry out the thought to write no more books, a special gift to stimulate teachers, and attract Dr. Horton that in England, there volume he has lived.

It is an old story which gains credit declared

an apprentice, a loan to him by a friend of a few books was not only radically shaping and ennobling but, at the same time, inspired him to pose, if he ever acquired wealth, to make it possible for others to have the books that it so difficult to obtain.

Contracts have been completed for a music hall, and club house building by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the Westmoreland, Pa. It is to cost \$250,000. An interesting new library building, just dedicated, is that at Pennam. It is erected by the town as a command soldier's memorial. A useful library, with suitable tablets, more deserving monument to the Civil War than the unhappy mus- been set up on stone pedestals in small cities and towns.

The Historical Society reports a library for the past year of 1227- arly as many pamphlets. The high is to hold all the treasures of society has gathered, is now and when completed will not the Society and State University of Madison, more than ever of historical research in the

Buildings have been provided by the Me. ; Fort City, Pa. ; in the town of Stoughton, Mass. 1000 from the will of the late of Boston, for the purchase of

George H. Foster.

A. L. S.

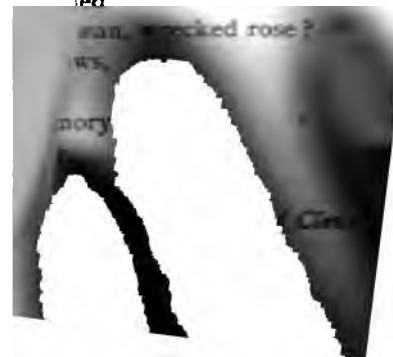
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Marlowe's *Edward the Second* inaugurate the series, edited with prefaces, notes, and glossaries under careful and capable scholarship. (Price, 45 cents per volume.)—*The Land of the Castanet* is a readable and entertaining collection of Spanish sketches, some of which appeared in *The Cosmopolitan*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. There are several illustrations. The very naïve prefatory note disarms severe criticism, and prepares the reader for a refreshing series of papers on a theme which has the

air of novelty and is far from the beaten track of travel. (H. S. Stone and Company. Price, \$1.25.)—*Gold Stories of '49*, "by a Californian" (Copeland and Day, \$1.00), is a series of picturesque narratives in blank verse of

"the conquering of the mighty West,  
The peaceful battles of the timeless god!  
... the men who vanquished valiant wilds,  
The old Gold Finder's glory, and their fame,  
The heroes of the march Across the Plains,  
Whose dauntless souls and sinews shared the strong  
Exultant passion of the Pioneers."

## AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The *Monthly Bulletin* of the Providence Public Library has just completed its second volume. An elaborate index is issued, which makes the bibliographical lists and other matter contained in this publication of more than usual value.

The opening ceremonies of the Fisk Free and Public Library, in New Orleans, took place on January 18th. This is the institution which is to serve as a public library for New Orleans. Mr. William Beer, Librarian of the Howard Memorial Library, who has been acting as consulting librarian and general director of this new undertaking, was, on December 7th, formally elected as its librarian. He will continue to manage the two libraries, one of which will serve as the popular institution and the other as the more scholarly resort.

The Annual Report of the Minneapolis Public Library for the past year shows a gratifying increase in the growth and use of the institution. Its present extent is about 93,000 volumes, of which 8607 were added by purchase during the past year. There were issued for home use 559,053 volumes, an increase over last year of 8465. This is almost exactly twice the circulation of 1891. The Minneapolis Library contains also a Museum of Art, in which interesting and valuable additions are noted.

The sixth annual meeting of the Connecticut Library Association and the second union meeting of the Library Associations of the New England States was held at Hartford on Wednesday, February 3d. Among the features was an address by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and papers by Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Justin Winsor, Librarian of the Harvard University Library, and other prominent experts.

The Public Library at Helena, Mont., is active, and, in its desire to do good, has especially invited the members of the Legislature to use its resources. It employs the newspapers for its announcements, and it would appear that woman's suffrage is a burning question in that locality, as an extensive list of books on that subject is issued, presumably for the information of the legislators.

The Germans are continuing their work of acquiring the libraries of their scholars and writers from foreign barbarians, as noted in a number of THE BOOKMAN. The library of Gustav Freytag has been presented to the City Library at Frankfurt. It is a collection of something over 7000 numbers.

The University of Basel, Switzerland, and the other scientific institutions of that city, are rejoicing in a new library building recently opened. It will hold about 400,000 volumes, and is provided with the necessary reading and administration department. This building will form a home for the collections of various institutions and a centre for their work.

A special meeting of the American Library Association was held on Saturday, February 6th, in Hamilton Hall, Columbia University, New York City. Its purpose was to consider and authorise the reincorporation of the Association under the laws of the United States so that it may have its headquarters at Washington, and, if feasible, act as a visiting board from time to time for the Library of Congress. It has been thought that, with the opening of the new building for the National Library, a larger development of library interests, from Washington as a centre, might properly be inaugurated.

The American Library Association has issued its itinerary and general plan for the trip to Europe next summer. It is proposed to leave Boston on Saturday, June 26th, and to reach the same port again on August 22d. The itinerary is summarised as follows: "A week between Liverpool and London, allowing an opportunity to see some of the leading libraries before the Conference; the Conference; a post-conference trip with the L. A. U. K. and under their management; a free week which may be spent in London, in the country, or in a trip to Paris; and a two weeks' trip up the east coast, visiting the principal cathedral cities, and also some of the larger public libraries."

The last *Bulletin* of the Boston Public Library announces a number of important gifts, among which is a fund of \$10,000, to be employed in acquiring rare editions of the writings of American and of foreign authors. This is to be known as the Longfellow Memorial Collection, and the fund was given by Miss Victorine Thomas Artz, of Chicago. From the estate of the late Charles Mead, a legacy of \$2500 as a fund for the Library was received. Likewise the beginning of a collection of works by and relating to Walt Whitman has been given.

One of the interesting little libraries growing up in New York City is the Free Circulating Library of the Riverside Association on West Sixty-ninth Street, which was opened in 1894. It reports for the past year a circulation of nearly 16,000 volumes, or about ten times the number of volumes possessed by the Library.

The New York Public Library has just issued its first *Bulletin*. This number contains chiefly announcements of the Library, the report of the Librarian, and similar matter.

The Library of the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., has received a most important addition in the library of the late Professor James Strong. This consists of 6027 bound volumes and 4500 pamphlets, including nearly 3000 university dissertations. Professor Strong was an ardent collector in several fields of biblical literature, and particularly of books and pamphlets on the Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews.

The extent to which library organisation is developing in this country is illustrated by the fact that a late number of the *Library Journal* contains reports of meetings and other proceedings from twenty-two State and municipal library associations. These local societies, thus far, confine themselves chiefly to discussions concerning library work or in agitation for desired library legislation.

The city of Brooklyn seems in earnest in its resolution to establish for itself a free public library before its identity shall be merged in the Greater New York. At the enthusiastic meeting of its Public Library Association recently, which was attended by a large number of influential citizens, speakers representing various interests urged most strongly the furtherance of the project. Mr. Andrew Carnegie was the honoured guest of the evening and was introduced as the man who had spent five million dollars in founding libraries. Mr. Carnegie traced the motive of his great benefactions to libraries to the fact that in his boyhood, while

working as an apprentice, a loan to him by a benevolent friend of a few books was not only the means of radically shaping and ennobling his career, but, at the same time, inspired him with the purpose, if he ever acquired wealth, to make it possible for others to have the books that he found it so difficult to obtain.

Plans and contracts have been completed for a new library, music hall, and club house building, presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie to the citizens of Homestead, Pa. It is to cost \$250,000.

Another interesting new library building, just completed and dedicated, is that at Pelham, N. H. This is erected by the town as a combined library and soldier's memorial. A useful structure like a library, with suitable tablets, seems to be a more deserving monument to the soldiers of the Civil War than the unhappy musketeer who has been set up on stone pedestals in so many of our small cities and towns.

The Wisconsin Historical Society reports accessions to its library for the past year of 5247 books and of nearly as many pamphlets. The new building, which is to hold all the treasures this enterprising society has gathered, is moving on steadily, and when completed will not only strengthen the Society and State University, but will make Madison, more than ever before, the centre of historical research in the Northwest.

New library buildings have been provided by bequest for Bangor, Me. ; Ford City, Pa. ; Linnwood, O. ; while the town of Stoughton, Mass., is to receive \$25,000 from the will of the late Henry L. Pierce, of Boston, for the purchase of books.

*George H. Baker.*

## THE ROSE.

*"There are no roses in the wintertime."*

*A. L. S.*

Is there a flower that blossoms but to die?  
 The buoyant rose, of our brief spring a part,  
 Lives with a youth eternal in the heart.  
 Forget we ever that fair blossom time?  
 The scent, the sound, the soft recurring rhyme  
 Of wind through rose boughs; of pale petals blown  
 Down still, green ways; of dark leaf-mysteries sown  
 By sunlight; of bird-notes that thrilled and throbbed?  
 Forget we ever the wild rain that sobbed  
 And drenched our late, last rose—our wan, wrecked rose?  
 Nay, in all weathers, in the sun or snows,  
 In song or odour, leaf, or sea, or sky,  
 It blooms—the deathless Rose of Memory!  
*There is no flower that blossoms but to die.*

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*



## THE BOOK MART.

## EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1897.

Immediately after the holidays there is a noticeable change in the relative positions of the different classes of literature, as indicated by their sales. The cheap editions, illustrated holiday editions, and juveniles retire from the front ranks, while religious books, educational works, and miscellaneous literature take a more prominent place. Fiction, however, is not affected, remaining in the lead throughout the year.

With the opening of the year there are suggestions of the annual revival in the sales of paper-bound books, guide-books, and works on out-door subjects; but it is yet too early to give any definite statements as to the extent or character of the probable output.

January business includes a considerable call for the various helps on the Sunday-school lessons, Peloubet's *Select Notes on the International Lessons* being the most popular. *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, by Henry van Dyke, and *The Upper Room*, by Ian Maclaren, are other religious books at present in good demand.

Educational literature also becomes of interest, and in addition to the regular text-books we find such works as *The School System of Ontario*, by George W. Ross; *The Songs and Music of Froebel's Mother Play*, by Susan E. Blow, and *The Republic of Childhood*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith selling readily.

Library trade receives a decided impetus at this season, and the present year is proving no exception. The competition is sharp, and the numerous lists have to be priced low to secure orders. Fiction, as in general business, is the most prominent; but works of reference, general information, travel, etc., are noticeable.

The publications of the month have been few, the most popular being *Phroso*, by Anthony Hope; *Grip*, by John Strange Winter; *On Many Seas*, by F. H. Williams, and *On the Face of the Waters*, by Flora A. Steel. All of these are meeting with a good demand; and in addition may be included, in paper binding, *That Affair Next Door*, by Anna Katherine Green; *Don Balasco of Key West*, by Archibald Claverling Gunter; *Arrested*, by Esme Stuart, and *The Career of Candida*, by George Paston.

The more popular works of fiction during the autumn and holiday seasons still continue to sell readily, particularly *Kate Carnegie*, *Sentimental Tommy*, *The Seats of the Mighty*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *King Noanett*, and *Quo Vadis*. Also the books of Marie Corelli, John Kendrick Bangs, Frank R. Stockton, and Mark Twain.

In miscellaneous subjects, *Guesses at the Riddles of Existence*, by Goldwin Smith; *In and Beyond the Himalayas*, by S. J. Stone; *Angling*, in the Out-of-Door Library, and *George Washington*, by Woodrow Wilson, are selling well.

Business generally for the past month can only be classed as fair, the country trade being rather lighter in proportion than the city. This is due to the natural reaction after the Christmas rush, and because of the preparation for stock-taking in many instances, together with the lack of numerous new publications. However, as a number of prominent publications are announced for early issue, it is likely that there will be some increase in the volume of sales. The best selling books of the month, in their order of popularity, were:

*Kate Carnegie*. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50  
*The Damnation of Theron Ware*. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.  
*The Sowers*. By Henry Seton Merriman. \$1.25.  
*The Seats of the Mighty*. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.  
*Sentimental Tommy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.  
*King Noanett*. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.  
*The Honourable Peter Stirling*. By Paul L. Ford. \$1.50.  
*That Affair Next Door*. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.  
*Don Balasco of Key West*. By Archibald Claverling Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.  
*Quo Vadis*. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*Under the Red Robe*. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.  
*The Prisoner of Zenda*. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.  
*Checkers*. By H. M. Blossom. \$1.25.  
*A Singular Life*. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. \$1.25.  
*The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*. By Henry van Dyke. \$1.75.

## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, February 1, 1897.

Business was only moderately good during January, which may have been due chiefly to the extremely cold weather which prevailed. Stock moved fairly well, and country trade was good. Orders were decidedly miscellaneous, this indicating that the new year found the dealer rather low in stock. As compared with the corresponding period last year, it is to be noticed that the demand did not differ to any particular extent, practically the same class of books being called for. The greatest measure of success was accorded to the latest fiction, and all of the past season's noteworthy books went very well.

It is scarcely safe to predict nowadays, but it certainly seems that spring business at its worst should be fair. Not a little will depend upon what the publishers have under way; and it would seem at present that spring publishing, especially the early part of it, will be decidedly meagre in its character; for, with the exception of two or three important works, nothing is an-

nounced for which anything but an ordinary sale can be expected. This may, however, be amended later on.

As usual, January was a quiet month for new books, and scarcely anything worthy of special notice appeared. Mrs. Steel's new book *On the Face of the Waters* monopolised most of the interest, and is having quite a fair call. *Quo Vadis*, notwithstanding its extraordinary run during the holidays, appears to be growing in popular favour, and a large number, considering the period of the year, was sold last month. It will doubtless have a very large sale during the spring, as everybody is reading it or intends to read it.

Among the minor fads in literature, books of charades are taking a leading place, and the demand for some of them is very good. Bellamy's two books, *A Century of Charades* and *A Second Century of Charades*, are responsible for starting the fad, and they have since had many imitators, none of which, however, have been as successful as the two books named.

Some of the numerous popular manuals on parliamentary law attain enormous sales, which can be paralleled only by the most successful fiction. The best selling work of this kind in the West is Roberts's *Rules of Order*, which takes the greater part of the demand. The yearly sales of this work amount to over 15,000 copies, and they are increasing all the time. The next best sellers are Cushing's *Manual* and Reed's *Rules*. Shattuck's *Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law* also enjoys a large and increasing vogue.

The adjective "red" seems to have a peculiar attraction for novelists lately, judging from the frequency with which it appears on the title-pages of recent fiction. It would seem, too, that it is a lucky word to use, for, strangely enough, nearly all of the "red" books have been more than usually successful. For example, among last year's books, *The Reds of the Midi*, *The Red Spell*, *The Red Republic*, *The Red Cockade*, etc., all sold well, and this year starts with *On the Red Staircase*, which is meeting with a very fair measure of success.

An analysis of last month's sales shows that there was not much difference as regards popularity between *Kate Carnegie* and *Sentimental Tommy*. The sale of *Margaret Ogilvy* was perhaps more remarkable than all else, and the work is much in demand. *The Seven Seas* sold largely, and so did *The Seats of the Mighty*. *Menticulture* is still meeting with a heavy demand, and *King Noanett* is keeping its place in the front rank. The following books sold best last month, and it will be noticed that most of them appeared in the previous month's list:

*Sentimental Tommy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.  
*Kate Carnegie*. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.  
*Quo Vadis*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*Margaret Ogilvy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.  
*On the Red Staircase*. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.  
*Seats of the Mighty*. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.  
*The Damnation of Theron Ware*. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.  
*Artie*. By George Ade. \$1.25.  
*The Seven Seas*. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.  
*King Noanett*. F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.  
*Menticulture*. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.

*A Singular Life*. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25.

*Days of Auld Lang Syne*. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.

*The Honourable Peter Stirling*. By Paul L. Ford. \$1.50.

*Rodney Stone*. By Conan Doyle. \$1.50.

*Sir George Tressady*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, 2 vols. \$2.00.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, Dec. 21, 1896, to Jan. 23, 1897.

The four days preceding Christmas were about the busiest ever known in the wholesale trade, which would mean the same for the retail. The weather was fine until Christmas eve, by which time the bulk of the retail business would be transacted. Trade has been very good since, and the slack time usually experienced with the advent of the New Year was delightfully absent. This statement is confirmed by the retailers. Foreign and colonial business has been good and steady.

What is being read? This question is best answered by stating what is being sold. The reply is six-shilling novels principally. The favourite is *On the Face of the Waters*, not one of its many competitors coming near it in public favour. The publication of new books and new editions has recommenced with vigour. Since Christmas, during one week, nearly 150 appeared. It requires considerable activity and system on the part of the bookseller to keep himself posted in the latest issues. Fortunately for him reliable lists are issued (one of them twice a week, in which no book is inserted until actually on sale), and by studying these he will not be at a loss for the information his customers need.

All books dealing with South Africa still claim attention, conspicuous among them being Selous's *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia*, which on the eve of the Jameson inquiry is not likely to show any abatement of sales.

The execution of orders for back parts of magazines occupies a considerable amount of time and labour on the part of the wholesale trade at this time of the year. What a large number of the millions of magazines issued in a year are torn or lost! The general opinion is that in this matter children and dogs are the friends of the bookseller. The production of new magazines continues merrily, each one endeavouring to outshine its rivals. But in their departments the *Woman at Home*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Quiver*, *Sunday at Home*, and other old favourites remain undisturbed.

The trade in diaries and almanacs has been brisk; it is always so as the year begins, the public suddenly discovering on the first of January that a fresh twelvemonth has commenced. Annuals of various kinds and diocesan calendars (always spelled "kalendars," by the bye) form a considerable item in the amount of business done. Hazell's *Annual* and Whitaker's *Almanac* sell in very large numbers.

Orders for Marie Corelli's new six shilling novel, entitled *Ziska*, to be published on February 15th, are coming in very freely. So far, nearly 40,000 copies have been bespoken by the trade.

The announcement of a work by the Librarian of Windsor Castle, entitled *Queen Victoria*, has led to the trade applying for copies before the book is ready, to a degree that must be unprecedented.

Appended is a list of the best-selling books of the hour:

- On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. 6s.  
 The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.  
 The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.  
 The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.  
 The Babe B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.  
 The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.  
 Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.  
 The Devil Tree of El-Dorado. By J. Ackworth. 6s.  
 Three Girls in a Flat. By E. F. Heddle. 6s.  
 Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.  
 An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.  
 Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.  
 Joan Seaton. By M. Beaumont. 4s. 6d. net.  
 Tom Sawyer, Detective. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d.  
 Emma. By Jane Austen. (Illus. Standard Novels.) 3s. 6d.  
 Rich and Poor. By Mrs. B. Bosanquet. 3s. 6d. net.  
 Evil and Evolution. 3s. 6d.  
 The Clock of Nature. By H. Macmillan. 5s.  
 Peter Mackenzie. By J. Dawson. 3s. 6d.  
 Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.  
 Poems of Robert Browning. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.

#### SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between January 1, 1897, and February 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

##### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)  
 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)  
 4. True George Washington. By Ford. \$2.00. (Lippincott.)  
 5. Principles of Sociology. vol. 3. By Spencer. \$2.00. (Appleton.)  
 ✓ Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

##### NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)  
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 ✓ King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)  
 4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Lane.)  
 5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 6. Forty-One Years in India. By Roberts. \$12 00. (Longmans.)

##### ATLANTA, GA.

- ✓ The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
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Some months ago we spoke of Sir Edwin Arnold as having sold some verses to be used in advertising "Bovril" and patent medicines, and we characterised this sort of thing as the work of a literary Cheap Jack. Ever since that time we have been receiving letters of protest from admirers of Sir Edwin ; and various newspapers have also taken us to task, alleging that the would-be Laureate was the victim of an unscrupulous person who deceived him as to the use which was intended to be made of the verses, etc. Now what we said was said with perfect deliberation, with a full knowledge of the circumstances, and after reading Sir Edwin's own attempt at explanation. The facts of the case are these. A well-known advertising agent came to Sir Edwin and offered to purchase the manuscript of a poem at a liberal price, asking permission to make any use of it that he might see fit. Sir Edwin demurred to this last stipulation, but finally consented, in consideration of the payment of an additional sum of money. The agent then got the poet to sign an agreement in writing which embodied this permission. Later, when the verses appeared in "Bovril" advertisements, and when the fact had been very severely criticised by the press, Sir Edwin began to bluster and to talk about the "outrage" to which he had been subjected. Finally he even put the matter into the hands of his lawyers, who were at once met by the written agreement authorising the agent to make any use of the poem that he pleased. Now we should like to know just wherein we have done him any injustice. What did he suppose the ad-

vertising agent wanted of the poem ? Why did he think that he was asked to sign this special agreement ? And why did he imagine that he received an extra sum for signing it ? Until we get a more plausible answer to these questions than any that has yet been made, we shall continue to hold and to express our opinion that in this whole affair the author of *The Light of Asia* showed himself too little conscious of the dignity of literature.



Readers of Dickens will remember the controversy which was excited after the appearance of *Bleak House* by the use which was made in that book of the theory that spontaneous combustion in the human body is possible, in employing this very extraordinary form of death to dispose of Lady Dedlock's quondam lover. We have been interested to note that the possibility of such a thing is treated at considerable length in a book that has come to us from the house of W. B. Saunders of Philadelphia. The work is entitled *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine*, and its authors are Dr. George M. Gould and Dr. Walter L. Pyle. The volume, which is a large one and profusely illustrated, is distinctly not one for the average layman's perusal, but it contains an extraordinary number of curious facts, among them the discussion in question. We cannot go into the matter here except to note that after a very careful examination of all the alleged cases of spontaneous combustion in the human body, the authors of the book sum up their conclusion that there is no reliable evidence to support the belief. One other discussion

in the book has to do with wolf-children, under which head a number of remarkable facts are gathered ; and the authors actually refer their readers to Mr. Kipling's Jungle Books "as a legitimate source of recreation to the scientific observer."

The latest volume of the Great Educators Series, edited by Professor Nicholas Murray Butler, is in press and will be issued by the Scribners almost immediately. It is entitled *Thomas and Matthew Arnold and Education in England*, and is from the pen of Sir Joshua Fitch, formerly Inspector of Her Majesty's Training Schools. It is to be followed in September by a volume entitled *Horace Mann and Education in America*, the author of which is Professor B. F. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan.

We are in receipt of the following letter from the author of *The Sowērs* :

REFORM CLUB, PALL MALL, S. W.,  
February 16, 1897.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

SIRS : I shall deem it a favour if you will allow me to protest against the singular proceeding of the American Publishers' Corporation. This corporation has, I learn from advertisements, issued a paper-cover edition of one of my earlier novels. It is to be presumed that they are within their rights in this respect, and this, of course, is a question for the English publishers of the book ; but I cannot believe that the American Publishers' Corporation is justified in issuing, under the title of *Christian Dellacott, the Journalist*, a novel published in this country and elsewhere as *The Slave of the Lamp*. It is to be presumed that the title has been altered with the view of deceiving the American public into the belief that this is a new book instead of a very early attempt. I most strongly protest against this procedure, and remain, sirs,

Your obedient servant,  
HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

The fourth edition of Rudyard Kipling's *Seven Seas*, published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, is now in the press.

The fact that even Homer occasionally nods makes it less remarkable that Mr. Laurence Hutton should not only nod, but be caught in the very act in a most amusing manner. Yet this is really what has occurred. He writes in an article, happily entitled "Two Books for Book Lovers," in the March *Book Buyer*, of George Meredith's *Shaving of Shagpat*, and after quoting George Eliot's

dictum that "*The Shaving of Shagpat* is a work of genius and of poetical genius," and more, he goes on to say in his own person :

"This was written when George Meredith was in his twenty-eighth year, and when he was almost entirely unknown. *The Shaving of Shagpat* was his second volume of verse (*sic*), and it antedated his first romance, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, by four or five years."

If George Eliot had not written "poetical" or if Mr. Hutton had ever read George Meredith's Oriental fiction, this need not have happened.

And, by the way, Mr. Hutton at the end of the March instalment of that charming bit of autobiography, "A Boy I Knew," just completed in the *St. Nicholas*, at last discovers to daylight the whole mainspring of his mundane action. It is all due to Thackeray, and in a sense Mr. Hutton must hereafter be classed with Henry Esmond, Pendennis, and the rest. This is the way he tells the story, and there is a picture of it :

"And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head, and said : 'Whatever you are, try to be a good one.'

"And whatever The Boy is, he has tried for *Thackeray's sake*, 'to be a good one !'"

Seldom in recorded history has a great man exerted a more powerful influence.

Mr. F. N. Doubleday, who for many years has been business manager of *Scribner's Magazine* and also manager of the Scribner's subscription book department, has joined the concern of Mr. S. S. McClure. A publishing company is to be organised, and to be known as the Doubleday and McClure Company, but active work will not begin until the autumn. Mr. Doubleday has also been elected Vice-President of the S. S. McClure Company, and with Mr. A. F. Jaccaci, who for several years has been art manager of *Scribner's Magazine*, and is now the art editor of *McClure's*, will form an important accession to the group of young men who are making *McClure's Magazine* one of the most popular and readable of our periodicals.

The *Sun* of this city informs an inquiring correspondent that Mr. George S. Sims is the foremost playwright of the day. Well, well !

We have received from Mr. John Calvin Bright, of New Lebanon, O., several poems, which he offers us as payment for an advertisement which he desires to have inserted in *THE BOOKMAN*. We think that he is overpaying us, inasmuch as any one of these poems would be more than an equivalent for the very modest advertisement which he encloses in his letter. We print the advertisement right here so that it may receive more attention than if it appeared on the advertising pages :

*THE MINISTER'S DREAM.* 38 pages; 12mo. "Beautiful and impressive; instructive and interesting. Let the ladies read it." *Religious Telescope*, Dayton, Ohio.

Single copy, 10 cts.; fifteen copies, \$1.00. No stamps. Address Jno. Calvin Bright, New Lebanon, Ohio.

Right here, also, for the same reason, we print the poem that we have selected as being far more than an adequate compensation for the advertisement :

#### THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

What noble woman reared amid the wood  
Of wild America brought up her blest  
And noble son so well that he well could,  
Become to us, "the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnati of the growing West?"  
Arise and tell, O let the nation all,  
In unison, "'Twas queenly Mary Ball!"

Who gave the greater Fabius to us,  
That all the warriors of the age baptized  
Him in his sober admiration thus?  
Who trained the man that hath so well chastised

Those who would have our Freedom sacrificed?

Delivered us from the proud Briton's thrall?  
The universal answer, MARY BALL!

The Father of His Country! Glorious Name!  
Whose influence gave us our government!

The Son was worthy of the noble dame  
Who gave the nation such a compliment!  
Indeed, it seems, that he was heav'n sent!

Thou gavest to the West her noblest Son!  
O MARY BALL! O MARY WASHINGTON!

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• Correspondents from time to time write to ask why we do not publish a portrait of Marie Corelli, in whom even those who correctly estimate her writings feel a sort of gossip interest. We reply that we should be very glad to do so were it not for the fact that Miss Corelli persistently refuses to allow any one to have her photograph; and she has never made any exception to this rule, though often teased by her publishers and others to change her mind. It is a wonder that some of our enterprising journals have not sent a repre-

sentative armed with a kodak to haunt the purlieus of Longridge Road, Kensington, and get a snap-shot at this rhetorical young woman. For the benefit of the curious, however, we will say that Miss Corelli is short, very dark, and with a face that is neither pretty nor plain, but has a rather intense and slightly weird expression, such as one would look for in the author of *The Sorrows of Satan*. She has deep grey-blue eyes and arching brows, and is famous for her beautiful arms and hands. Her friends say that she is an accomplished pianist, an expert performer on the mandolin, and a graceful dancer.

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When Dr. Robertson Nicoll was in this country last autumn, he was especially interested in studying at short range the characteristics of American journalism. Some of his general observations (which were, in the main, distinctly favourable) he has since given to the English public in the form of a printed interview; but among them is not found a criticism that he frequently made in conversation, to the effect that a very striking trait of the American press is its almost invariably familiar way of speaking of public men *tout court*, saying always "Bryan," "McKinley," "Cleveland," etc., for "Mr. Bryan," "Mr. McKinley," and "Mr. Cleveland." Dr. Nicoll made the comment that in England even the most strenuous political opponent of a statesman would never think of treating him in this hypocoristic way, but would always employ the respectful prefix to the name. This is undoubtedly true, and the contrary usage does prevail in America; but we observe that, like a great many other good things, the English keep their manners largely for the benefit of their own countrymen. Here, for instance, is the *Saturday Review*, the organ of ultra-cultivated and well-bred English people, speaking of the American Secretary of State as "Dick Olney." We call Dr. Nicoll's attention to the interesting fact. But perhaps this is not to be regarded as typical, but merely indicates a certain natural irritability excited by an accomplished and courageous statesman at whom Whitehall not long ago mocked as "an amateur diplomat," but who has since that time taken the noble Marquis, who presides at Whitehall, by the

scruff of his neck and compelled him to climb down with undignified celerity from a very high horse that he was riding.

The *Dial*, in reviewing Dr. Nicoll's *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, sagely remarks :

" Dr. Nicoll's work thus far bids fair to equal in freshness, variety, and intrinsic worth of matter, his well-known *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*."

We are glad to get this fresh light upon the authorship of the last-named volume, although it involves the belief that Dr. Nicoll is a centenarian. And as to this, we must say that, from his appearance, we never should have thought it.

Some of our readers will remember a charming piece of fiction that was published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company two years ago entitled *The Story of Christine Rochefort*, by Mrs. Helen Choate Prince. The same firm has a new novel by her in the press entitled *A Transatlantic Châtelaine*, which will probably be issued this spring. Other fiction to be published shortly by this firm includes *The Wisdom of Fools*, a book of five stories by Margaret Deland ; a new novel by Mrs. Burnham, and two stories in one volume by Mrs. Catherwood, one of which, " The Spirit of an Illinois Town," appeared in the *Atlantic*, and the other, " The Little Renault," was published in the *Century*.

Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company will publish immediately a new novel by Clinton Ross entitled *Zulka*, being the history of an adventure in the life of an American gentleman, with some account of the recent disturbances in Doro-la, which is supposed to be situated in North Africa, and forms the background for some very exciting incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Another adventure story which is said to resemble Rider Haggard's African tales is *At the Queen's Mercy*, by Mabel Fuller Blodgett. The same firm have in the press *The Merry Maid of Arcady and Other Stories*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison ; *The Pomp of the Lavillettes*, by Gilbert Parker, and *Pictures of Russian History and Literature*, being the Lowell Lectures which were recently delivered at Cambridge by Prince Sergius Wolkonsky.

Last year, when the revived Olympic Games were being celebrated in Athens,

and when the newspapers were talking about this as a continuance of the splendid traditions of the race, we felt called upon to point out that the alleged Greeks of to-day are not really Greeks at all, but a hybrid combination of Slav, Turk, and sundry other ethnic strains ; and now that the same people have been making an absurd " bluff " of fighting all Europe, we think it necessary to reiterate the same bit of information. Nothing can be more ridiculous than this talk about their " emulating the heroic deeds of their ancestors ; " and there is no evidence that the modern Greeks are capable of engaging in anything more heroic than the wearing of petticoats, the selling of dried currants, and the cheating of the national creditor.

The London *World* recently likened the modern novel to a gigantic octopus, which is everlastingly absorbing into its system some hitherto independent branch of literature. Not content with this, it pictures with awestruck pen this omnivorous monster stretching its tentacles over the map of the world, and threatening to revolutionise even the nomenclature of the habitable portions of the globe. Here is a specimen of the new geography :

" Soaring onward down Time's gulf, the prophetic eye welcomes the addition to the Union of the flourishing State of Marcella, familiarly abbreviated to Ma. comprising within its bounds the picturesque and prosperous towns of Elsmere and Tressady, the latter standing on the banks of the river Mississumphryward. Nor does it take a violent effort of the imagination to picture the uprising of the magnificent city of Satansville on the margin of Lake Corelli."

The Century Company will publish during the month a little book whose pages have kindled in us a warm feeling of interest and sympathy for the author. It is entitled *Nature in a City Yard*, and has been written by Mr. Charles M. Skinner, a journalist who is employed on the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Mr. Skinner combines philosophic calm with the poet's freshness of feeling and fancy. Imagine Thoreau transported from his home in the woods to a densely populated city, and compelled to substitute a Brooklyn backyard for his beloved Walden Pond, and you will have some idea of the contents of this book. Nor has the author, as is

not infrequent, simply applied the ingenious mind of a "hack" to a novel theme for the sake of its freakishness; the work has been patiently and lovingly done, and is both artistic and sincere.

Mr. John Lane has just published a novel entitled *Glamour*, by Meta Orred. Meta Orred, which, by the way, is not a pen name, is the author of the once very popular song *In the Gloaming*.

THE BOOKMAN desires to express its regret, and to apologise for the paragraphs appearing in the March number in reference to Mrs. Craigie. The several statements of a personal character we are now satisfied are inaccurate, the writer having been misinformed. Our informant was a person who should have known, and who certainly was convinced at the time of the accuracy of the report.

An amused interest has lately been excited in scientific circles by a suit which Mr. Stephen H. Emmens, of this city, has brought against Professor R. S. Woodward, of Columbia University. It appears that Mr. Emmens published a book not long ago in which he modestly attempted to upset the Newtonian theory of gravitation and to show that Sir Isaac was a person of no real scientific standing. In some notes in this book he said: "I am prepared to be told that I am ignorant and foolish; that I have ventured into a field without a decent equipment of knowledge," etc., etc., etc. Apparently, however, he wasn't really prepared to have this told to him, for when Professor Woodward, reviewing the book in *Science*, mildly insinuated that Mr. Emmens had quite accurately diagnosed his own case, the opponent of Newton immediately brought suit for \$50,000 damages, declaring that the review was "mendacious and malicious." The case will presently be tried, and the result apparently will turn upon the validity of the Newtonian theory. That Mr. Emmens should wish to submit his theory of gravitation and nice questions regarding the homogeneous sphere to the decision of the average New York jury is a thought so delicious as to give him rank among the subtlest humourists of the century; and

as he himself declares that he is a greater scientist than Newton, he must be a pretty tremendous fellow from every possible point of view.

Messrs. Scott, Foresman and Company, of Chicago, announce the publication in April of a work entitled *Latin Manuscripts*, by Professor Harold W. Johnston, of the University of Indiana.

About the flattest thing that we have seen lately in the way of controversy is a letter published by a certain Mr. J. D. O'Connell to the Rev. R. H. McKim on the propriety of applying the term "Anglo-Saxon" to the American and English peoples. Mr. McKim, taking into account the fact that the framework of our language is Anglo-Saxon, that our legal and governmental institutions are mainly Anglo-Saxon, and that the genius of the race is thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic, had argued that in spite of the infusion of other racial elements, it was still essentially proper to apply the term Anglo-Saxon in the traditional way. But Mr. J. D. O'Connell, who is connected with the Bureau of Statistics in the United States Treasury Department, writing quite in the spirit of Captain Shandon, says that this is "a diabolic falsehood," and he proves his case by a citation from that eminent ethnological authority, the *Chicago Tribune*, backed up by a large number of well-assorted adjectives of his own. Looking casually at Mr. O'Connell's surname, one is not surprised to find him concluding his screed with the remark that "the best ethnologists" believe the predominant strain in the English and American stock to be the Celtic.

An interesting story comes to us from Boston, where they tell it with bated breath. It appears that the officials in charge of the Juvenile Department of the Boston Public Library have noticed for the past week or two an unusual demand for copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. This demand was so much in excess of anything they had ever known that they felt it necessary to investigate the causes of this unprecedented interest in Bunyan. Inquiry revealed the fact that the teacher of history in a well-known school had reached the colonial events of the seventeenth

century, and had recommended to all her pupils the perusal of Bunyan's book as a part of the bibliography of the story of the Pilgrim Fathers!

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A great deal of speculation has been excited over the question of the authorship of a book lately published by the Scribners, and entitled *America and the Americans*, which purports to be a translation of the impressions of a Frenchman who has had large opportunities of observation, and who in this book has set forth his opinions of American society and American life. The hypothesis is freely advanced that this book is in reality the work of Mr. W. C. Brownell, and a great deal of ingenious argument has been adduced to support this theory. There are really, however, several hypotheses that might be offered. It may be actually the work of the anonymous Frenchman; or it may be the work of Mr. Brownell; or it may be the work of some other American; or it may be based upon a translation from the French, elaborated by Mr. Brownell. Looking at the question from the standpoint of internal evidence, there is at first sight quite a little reason for discrediting the French hypothesis, since the knowledge of this country seems altogether too minute and too accurate to represent the observations of a visiting Frenchman. Except for the casual mention of Jerry Simpson as "a Senator," and a blunder about the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia, we have detected none of the little slips which almost every foreigner is sure to make in writing of a life and of a people as strange as our own to the average European. The opinions set forth may also be fairly taken as those which, in general, Mr. Brownell is known to entertain. But a closer examination leads us to think that it is really a Frenchman's work, and that even if it be not, it was not written by Mr. Brownell. There is, for example, a quotation given from the Talmud, and this quotation appears *in French*. Now, this looks to us like a strong argument in favour of the view that the book is a translation; for in that case the quotation would, of course, have been given in French, and the translator, presumably not being a Semitic student and perhaps thinking that the Talmud belongs to French literature, preserved the quotation in the

form in which he originally found it. That the book was not written by Mr. Brownell is made likely by what is found on page 271, where is given an analysis of the contents of eight daily newspapers, classifying the distribution of space in each. The *Evening Post* heads the list and is put down as giving in one issue one hundred and five inches of editorial matter. A foot-note on this informs us that forty-nine inches of this were devoted to discussion that was "directly personal and somewhat abusive." But from what we know of Mr. Brownell's attitude toward the *Evening Post*, it is very unlikely that he would have gone out of his way to make this comment in the foot-notes. Moreover, we detect some slips and infelicities in language which are not the sort of slips and infelicities that one expects to find in the work of so polished a writer as he.

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But, in a larger way, we reject altogether the Brownell hypothesis, and for this reason. If Mr. Brownell had wished to publish three hundred pages of very sharp criticism of his own countrymen, of their social usages, and of their appreciation of the proprieties and even the decencies of life, we are certain that he would have done so frankly and courageously over his own name, and would not sneak behind a fictitious personality to conceal a moral cowardice from which we know that he is wholly free.

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The book itself is likely to receive somewhat less notice than the question of its authorship. It contains very little that is new, but repeats the criticisms on our domestic manners that have been iterated and reiterated from the time of Mrs. Trollope to that of Paul Bourget. The facts, as isolated facts, are true; but the impression given by the whole is really misleading and distorted. The style in which the book is written is neat and crisp and epigrammatic, but beyond this there is very little to be said.

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An Englishman from Birmingham, who possesses the partly classical and quite delightfully incongruous name of Evacustes A. Phipson, has been writing a paper in the last number of *Dialect Notes* on "British *versus* American English." We gather from his article that he is a "spelling reformer," and that he is also somewhat given to instructing

the universe on all other subjects ; for in the article in question he certainly takes to himself a pretty extensive field in which to scamper around. So far as his paper relates to English dialectic usage it is interesting and of some value ; but, like all Englishmen, he feels bound to tell us Americans both what we actually do and say, and also what we ought to do and say ; and in this he invites inevitable criticism. For instance, he confidently observes that Americans drop their h's in *hotel*, *heroic*, *historic*, *habitual*, *harmonious*, etc., and that we say *discord*, *control*, *réport*, *testimony*, *territory*, *molasses syrup*, and *artisses* (for "artists") ; and he finds fault with us for employing *exposition* in the sense of *exhibition*, and for using the word *yawn*. Mr. E. H. Babbitt, of Columbia University, has touched him up very gently in some notes appended to the article ; though we think that Mr. Babbitt himself has fallen into error in saying that "*insurance* is the universal American word," whereas one of the very largest companies in the United States calls itself an Assurance Society. The tail end of Mr. Phipson's article is devoted to a general dissertation on how the English language ought to be reformed. Thus, he thinks that we should say *Cathólic* and *herétic* because we say *fanátic* ; but how about *lunatic* ? He also calls *volcanic* for *vulcanic* "an inexcusable error," evidently now knowing that *Volcanus* is the correct form of the Latin word. He cannot say that he does not care for the Latin form, because he is a stickler for the restoration of Latin and Greek originals, telling us that we must say *harpyy* instead of *harpy*, *hecatogram* instead of *hectogram*, and *chiliogram* instead of *kilogram*. He also sapiently observes that we should write *Hubana* for *Havannah* ; but, as a matter of fact, no American ever does write *Havannah*, and the form which we do use (*Havana*) is really nearer to the Spanish pronunciation of the word than if we spelled it with a *b*, so that this ought to commend it to an advocate of "fonetik refawrm." Incidentally we may mention that Mr. Phipson splits an infinitive on page 431. Altogether, his general homily on correct usage is platitudinous and childish, and no more to be commended than any other Brummagem wares.

While we are on the subject of *Dialect*

*Notes*, we feel called upon to criticise the word-lists which each issue of this periodical publishes on its opening pages. These lists are collections of dialectic, colloquial, and vulgar words gathered by members of the Dialect Society and published in the *Notes* as a preliminary contribution toward the Dialect Dictionary. What we object to in the lists is the inadequacy of the indication as to where each word is used. Take, for instance, in the last issue, the word "dinky," which is there given as being employed at Ithaca, N. Y., and which is illustrated by a quotation from the *Cornell Era*. The unsuspecting reader—an Englishman, for instance—would naturally assume that this is a local, presumably rustic, word that originated in Tompkins County, N. Y., and that it is restricted in its use to that locality ; whereas, as a matter of fact, it is a genuine product of the Bowery, and undoubtedly was never heard of in Ithaca, N. Y., until some of the Cornell students had cut their first copy of *Chimmie Fadden*, from whose pages they imported it into their local sheet, whence it was culled by the guileless Cornell professor who sent it down to be published in *Dialect Notes*. How little he knew about it is obvious from the fact that he did not also give the reduplicated noun "dinky-dink," used in such expressions as "I gave him the dinky-dink." To be ignorant of these facts is no discredit to the Cornell professor, but it is a discredit to the editor who revised his notes and let them go into the word-list without proper correction and expansion. We could run through the entire list given in the last number and rip it all to pieces if we had the time ; but it is not our business, as it surely is the business of the editors of that publication ; and neither the Dialect Society nor the persons in charge of its official organ will get much support for their future publications if they do their work in this amateurish and inadequate way. As a matter of fact, it takes a great deal more training and a great deal more grasp to revise a glossary of dialect and slang than to edit a Greek play or to write a philosophical dictionary, for it needs something other than a bookish man. It needs some one who has judgment, experience, a wide knowledge of local usage, and a keen linguistic sense. We commend all these observations to the





Harrow  
Jan. 20<sup>th</sup> 1871

My dear Harrow

Even in your flight I  
perceiveth you. William the artist  
was talking to me last night; his  
two boys were going to Rugby, but  
he does not like the look of  
things there, and is attracted  
to the Victorian empire sitting  
in at Marlborough; but he  
wants his boys to go at  
once, at the beginning of the  
very term I promised to  
write to you about it: I think

it will be pleasant to  
have William's sons will  
you write a line directly  
to him, not through me; his  
address is -

J. S. Mathias - R.R.

J. Cornwall Place,

Little Marston. H.

I hope to see you on Sunday,  
and to find Mr. Farrar looking  
upset by her absence.  
Most sincerely yours  
Matthew Arnold.

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM MATTHEW ARNOLD.

editors of *Dialect Notes*, and we make no charge.



The most interesting portions of Dean Farrar's third paper of reminiscences now appearing in *The Temple Magazine* (to which we are indebted for the above fac-simile) relate to Matthew Arnold's experiences during his American tour in the winter of 1883-84. His first lecture, we learn, was delivered at New York, and many had paid large prices for good places; but before he had spoken long he was met by cries of "Speak up, Mr. Arnold," "We cannot hear you, Mr. Arnold," and many left the hall while he was speaking. "Next morning," Mr. Arnold told the Dean, "a professor of elocution called on me and remarked, 'This will never do. People buy tickets to come and hear, but you are very unintelligible; let me give you a lesson.' I gratefully accepted the kind offer, and we went to the hall before the delivery of the second lecture. The professor gave me

some excellent hints, and I was much better heard at the subsequent lectures. At the hall I saw a sort of music-stand which was just the right height for me, and as the sight of one of my eyes is stronger than the other, I used to place it at my right, read a sentence, and then raise my head as I delivered it. Next morning there appeared in a New York paper a criticism in which was the remark, 'As for Mr. Arnold's manner, it reminds us of an elderly parrot pecking at a trellis.'" These and all similar criticisms, however frank, Mr. Arnold took with absolutely imperturbable good humour. He used to travel in company with Mrs. Arnold, his two daughters, and the agent, whom he elegantly called his "Impresario." They usually had railway passes given to them, and on several occasions when presenting these to the conductor, he remarked, in a condescending tone, "Oh, the Arnold troupe, I suppose!"—"just as if we were a travelling circus," said Mr. Arnold, with a hearty laugh.

The morning after Matthew Arnold arrived in Chicago there was an article in one of the newspapers beginning, "We have seen him; he is an elderly gentleman who parts his hair in the middle, with supercilious manners and ill-fitting clothes." He also told Dean Farrar, with much felish, the story of a trick played by a New York paper on a Chicago paper, which, it was said, sometimes copied without acknowledgment its foreign telegrams. The New York paper inserted a clever letter purporting to have been written by Mr. Arnold, and commenting not quite favourably on the city of Chicago. It began: "At Chicago my host was *an artist in desiccated pork!*" The Chicago papers rashly accepted the letter as genuine, and exploded into vehement vituperation, which was perhaps excusable, for they had received Mr. Arnold with unusual warmth and hospitality. As soon as Mr. Arnold heard of it he telegraphed to Chicago saying that the letter was a forgery from beginning to end. It was then, however, too late to unsay the disagreeable remarks which they had heaped on the unoffending head of their distinguished guest, and when Dean Farrar visited Chicago in the following year he found a certain soreness still remaining, which made Matthew Arnold less popular there than he was in many of the American cities.



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From a photograph taken during his visit in 1883-84 by Sarony.

Some six years ago Professor Brander Matthews published in the *New Review* of London what he called "Ten Good Rules for Reviewers." Last month Mr. I. Zangwill published in the *Chap Book* of Chicago what he calls "Twenty Counsels of Perfection for the Guidance of Old Reviewers." A comparison of the two productions compels the inference that Mr. Zangwill is a careful reader of what Mr. Matthews writes. We wonder whether he has ever read that gentleman's excellent essay on "The Ethics of Plagiarism"?

Mr. Edward Arnold has just published a new and important work on African exploration, entitled *Through Unknown African Countries*, being the first expedition from Somaliland to Lake Rudolf and Lamu, by Dr. A. Donaldson Smith. It is illustrated with about thirty full-page plates, drawn from the author's

sketches and photographs, by Charles Whimper, A. D. McCormick, and others, together with a large number of illustrations in the text. There are also five original maps of the countries traversed, prepared from the author's survey by the Royal Geographical Society of England. Perhaps we could not do better than to quote from an address which the Hon. T. F. Bayard, the United States Ambassador in London, made after Dr. Smith's return from Africa, when he was entertained by the Royal Geographical Society:

"It has been an honest, brave, modest endeavour to let all the world know something of distant regions of which nothing seems to have been known before. In such a struggle and for such an end, I am rejoiced to find my countryman, an American, a pioneer and expositor. The story told in this simple adventure is eloquent beyond words, when we think of this little handful of men of our race, starting into the unknown continent, and marching bravely under the banner of intellect, cultiva-



THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

From a painting after an original miniature.

tion, and education into regions where these qualities had no place, and yet by virtue thereof feeling their mastery, not for gain of conquest, but for the purpose of unfolding a knowledge of the world in which we live."

In view of the revived interest in Byronic reminiscence, we give two portraits that will be new to many of our readers. One is that of Lady Caroline Lamb, afterward Lady Melbourne, whose infatuation for Byron was the talk of London at the time of his first meteor-like appearance, but who afterward, because of her chagrin at the *spretæ iniuria formæ*, abused him like a pickpocket until his death; yet who fainted away one morning when, looking casually out of her window, she saw a funeral procession passing and learned that it was Byron's. The other portrait is that of the Countess Guiccioli, whose connection with the poet's later life is too well known to call for any comment, and with whose published reminiscences of him most persons are familiar.

For the last thirty years or more

Byron's popularity has been waning. His title to rank among the greatest poets of the century remains still unassailed, but he is respectfully neglected. Our young men rarely read him, nor yet our young women, and they seldom quote him. In his charming and luminous "confessions" Mr. Lang owns that though he has tried his best he cannot like Byron. Why does he fail to please nowadays? One reason is obvious. He is at once perfectly "modern" and shockingly "old-fashioned." Now Scott is neither. Sir Walter's poems betray no date at all save that of their subject. They are broad-based on foundations almost indestructible in their humanity and patriotic love of the soil. They are made to wear, and

will remain evergreen when far more ambitious poetry has faded. Shelley is quite modern. His very revolts have ripened into steady movements, nor is he at all old-fashioned, because though a child of his age he is vaguely comprehensive and far-reaching enough to overlap the sympathies of at least two generations. Byron is too definite and concrete. To us he seems essentially a modern. He and his set are almost men of yesterday. There is no old school savour, no charm of quaint aloofness to grace their memories. Byron, after all, is only one of us. Strangling in our starch we can rally him familiarly on his limp collars, but Goldsmith's ruffles are sacred—they belong to another world.

And yet Byron seems old-fashioned—that is, because he was once fashionable. There was always too much of fashion about his work, and it has had to undergo the sentence of two generations of popular disapproval. Lord Byron created a new part in poetry and sentiment; being an amateur he rather

overacted it, and being a lord, he set the fashion for it. The poetical attitude that has been called "Byronic" was not really a ridiculous or false one, but rather a very manly, impressive, and dignified one. Byron worked out and dramatised with singular force one phase of humanity, one consecutive chain of sentiment. His scowling, despairing, misunderstood, Satanic, and yet fascinating and amorous heroes are not universal types, but they are men, and men who fit into poetry. And Byron must have believed in them and in himself—must have been more or less sincere. No doubt the whole thing is exaggerated. All revolts are; and Byronism was a perfectly healthy insurrection against the dull, flat, debased respectability which was then mastering English society.



But Byronism will soon be forgotten, and then Byron will resume his place. We shall condone his eccentricities as we do Shakespeare's, and see nothing to sneer at in them, but much to admire. His poetry we shall all have to read, because it is so strong and sound and satisfying; and, who knows, some fine day the doctors and man-milliners may combine to make us adopt his ridiculous, utterly impossible collars, which, after all, if we only thought about it (which, of course, we never do) are like his poetry, perfectly sensible, perfectly hygienic, and by no means unbecoming. In one respect Byron clung to the old traditions and belonged to the old world. He made the most of the old vocabulary, but attempted no innovations in epithets or constructions. His diction, especially his epithets, seems rather conventional to us whose taste has been influenced by the rich and felicitous word-painting of Tennyson and his rivals. But, after all, there is



LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

From an original miniature.

perhaps more true poetry in some of those superb descriptions in *Childe Harold* and which Byron has wrought with his less elaborated materials, than in the subtle tones and tints of *The Princess*. As to the charge which strict moralists bring against him, with some show of reason, that he is an "improper" poet, that does not help him; because the readers who like impropriety have been so well pandered to since his day, that they now reject him as comparatively puritanical. Let us never forget, too, that Byron, like his quasi-rival Scott (their names should always be associated), wrote as an amateur, wrote too much, and wrote too rapidly. Thus they both lost sadly in poise and finish, graces by which we now set great store; but they gained vastly in qualities which we value less highly—in force, in individuality, and in picturesqueness.



We welcome the publication of Lowell's *Complete Poetical Works* in the Cam-



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

bridge edition, and Mrs. Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne*, as we should the rock in the desert that arrests the drifting sand and affords the weary traveller the cool shelter and refreshment of the oasis. For there is a power in these names that recalls us from the books of the hour, and which invests literature with dignity and repose in our minds, and stimulates us in these "better moments" to retrenchment and revaluation in the books we read. Of the poets whose works have been gathered into one volume in the Cambridge edition—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Browning—that of Lowell now before us is the most nearly perfect and finished in its get-up; it is really a superb piece of bookmaking. The editorial treatment is similar to that displayed in the preceding volumes, which is all that need be said of its thorough quality and the variety of its features. The portraits here given of Hawthorne and Lowell are taken by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company from the frontispieces of these two volumes. That of Hawthorne has been reproduced from a daguerrotype, and is now published for the first time.

Some of the chapters of Mrs. Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne* appeared originally in the *Atlantic*, and the book was expected to have been published last autumn, but was withheld for further revision and expansion. As the daughter says in her preface, the volume is really written by her mother, Sophia Hawthorne, whose letters compose the bulk of the book; but the thread of comment, the work of amplifying current events and interlacing other correspondence, and so gathering up the whole into a beautiful and sympathetic picture of Hawthorne's relations in his home and to his wife and family, have been accomplished with marked skill and execution. The letters of Sophia Hawthorne reveal her gifted husband as a man sweet and human, sensitive and proud, but not morbid and melancholy, as we are too apt to think. Commenting on a paper which called him "Mr. Noble Melancholy," in a letter to her mother, we read:

"He is pensive, perhaps, as all contemplative persons must be; especially when, as in him, 'a great heart is the household fire of a grand intellect' (to quote his own words), because he sees and sympathises with all human suffering. He has always seemed to me, in his remote moods, like a stray seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil, but by the intention of a divine intellect saw and sorrowed over all evil."

Upon the occasion, in 1849, of his being ousted from office at Salem by a temporary injustice, she writes:

"I have not seen my husband happier than since this turning out. He has felt in chains for a long time, and being a MAN, he is not alarmed at being set upon his own feet again—or on his *head*, I might say—for that contains the available gold of a mine scarcely yet worked at all. As Margaret [Fuller] truly said once, 'We have had but a drop or so from that ocean.'"

A characteristic trait is again touched in these words:

"After dinner to-day Mr. Hawthorne went to the village, and brought back *The Salem Gazette*. Some one had the impudence to speak of him in it as 'gentle Nat Hawthorne.' I cannot conceive who could be so bold and so familiar. Gentle he surely is, but such an epithet does not comprehend him, and it gives a false idea."

We owe it to Mrs. Lathrop that in this book she has developed that side of her father's life in which we see him playful and tender to his children, loyal and affectionate to his friends, and faithful and fond to the wife who shared his poverty resolutely at a critical time, a time that made them "rich in mutual love and high thinking."



It seems strange in these days of handsome editions of standard authors that the man who was the father of poetry in our country should be without a highly respectable representative edition of his poetical works which would do honour to his memory. By this we mean that there is no such recent modern edition of his work as we find in the fine editions of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, and Holmes, which emanate from the Riverside Press. Surely it is befitting the work of William Cullen Bryant that it should be enshrined in a form that would best testify our appreciation and esteem for it. Bryant may not be much read nowadays, but at least he is one of our makers in literature, and some of his poems besides his *Thanatopsis* will long remain with us as permanent and precious possessions of the mind. Much material lies about still uncollected, which in the hands of an able bibliographer and editor would prove valuable and interesting if applied to this end. We hope very soon to hear that this is being done.



Messrs. Copeland and Day are preparing a special Easter edition of Father Tabb's *Lyrics* and *Poems* in white and gold binding. A book of poems by Mrs. Spofford, called *Titian's Garden and Others*, will also be published at Easter by the same firm.



The first few numbers of *The Month* have led us to form quite a favourable opinion of this new magazine. It is neatly printed, its contents are well selected, and it contains the cream of everything that appears in the *Critic*, of



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

which it is the monthly edition. The question that puzzles us in contemplating it is a business question. Why should any one pay three dollars a year for the *Critic* when they can get practically the same reading in *The Month* for the subscription price of one dollar? And if this thought should ultimately penetrate the mind of the reading world, what would become of the *Critic*?



And now Queen Victoria, whom we supposed to be too kind-hearted to harm a fly, has signalled the beginning of the year of her Diamond Jubilee by splitting a harmless infinitive! She announces that she "hopes, as far as her powers will permit, to in some degree take part in the commemorative proceedings in London." The promulgation of this sentence will probably stimulate the activity of those persons who are said to be urging the propriety of her abdication.



Lovers of classical study, and especially persons interested in iconography, will read with interest an announcement lately made by M. Gaston Boissier relating to the discovery at a military encampment in Tunis of a mosaic repre-



VERGIL COMPOSING THE *ÆNEID*. (ROMAN MOSAIC FROM TUNIS.)

senting Vergil composing the *Æneid*. This mosaic is about a yard square, and shows the poet clothed in a white toga bordered in blue, and with buskins on his feet. He is seated, and holds upon his knees a scroll partly open. On one side stands Clio, and on the other Melpomene, to whom the poet is evidently listening with fixed eyes, and a look upon his face as of one inspired. This discovery gives us in all probability an authentic portrait of Vergil, and it may be dated as early as the latter part of the first century of the Christian era.

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Prior to this discovery the most ancient portrait of Vergil was that contained in the Codex Vaticanus, and not earlier than the fourth century. It is interesting to note that this Vatican miniature presents the same face as that in the African mosaic, and the two may therefore be regarded as giving us a trustworthy portrait of the great Roman epic writer. The description of his appearance given by Donatus is also fully consistent with the two likenesses just mentioned. The face is that of a dark beardless man, with short hair, irregular features, and a prominent chin. This is a very different face from the

one given by the ideal portraits which picture him always as a young man with regular features and abundant hair fastened by a band and falling in ringlets upon his shoulders. The original likeness from which the mosaic was made is of course unknown, but it was probably found in some well-known picture, perhaps in one of the vignettes which, as Martial tells us, adorned in his time the first page of the manuscript editions of the Vergilian poems.

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Mr. Lorimer Stoddard, in his stage version of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, recently produced with success

at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has made one of the strongest dramas in point of action, characterisation, and literary quality seen in this country for many years. From the book he has drawn all of the telling episodes, and he has so condensed them that they move swiftly and logically through four stirring climaxes to the touching *dénouement* at the close of the fourth act, which is given in two scenes. He has also added considerable material of his own, sympathetically modelled upon Hardy's work, and so faithful to the truth that it blends with perfect harmony into the picture. As an example of transference from one form of art to another it is a model; as a drama, judged on its own merits, it is a fine achievement.

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It seems ungrateful to pick flaws in Mr. Stoddard's play; yet if the characters were not, on the whole, drawn with remarkable clearness we should perhaps be less offended by the uncertainty in the presentation of the important figure of Marian, admirably played, by the way; we wanted to go back and puzzle out the motives of her contradictory actions, and an effect of this sort is, of course,

disastrous in the drama, where the spectator should be kept pressing forward. In the third act, too, where Marian sustains a perfectly intelligent part in the dialogue, why should she be introduced reeling drunk? There is a false note, too, in this act when Tess, at the end of her resources, and benumbed by the fictitious news that Angel Clare is dead, seizes Liza Lu, just returned from making application for a position in her behalf, exclaiming, "The place! The place!" How much better it would be if the girl were allowed to run in and babble out in child fashion the miserable news. Then, too, how much simpler and more natural would be the episode of Tess's yielding to despair and to Alec D'Urberville, if instead of fainting and allowing the curtain to hide her prostrate figure, she were left standing on the scene, the helpless victim of destiny. The same animating desire to produce an effect is shown at the close of the piece, in the fine scene at Stonehenge, where Tess, overcome by fatigue from her flight after her murder of Alec D'Urberville, lies down to rest and is overtaken by her pursuers. As they enter, Angel Clare turns, and, raising his hand, says softly, "Let her sleep." The situation is infinitely tender, and the curtain should fall here; instead, however, Tess wakes, sits up, and, finding herself caught, makes a wholly foolish and rapturous reference to the rising of the sun. Yet, in spite of this artificial close, a strong impression is made, and the general feeling is that we have in the play one of the most heart-breaking of life's tragedies honestly and finely expressed in a work of art. For this effect credit belongs to the actors as well as to the dramatist; yet even the excellence of the acting is due in large part to the dramatist, for he gives them opportunities to be natural. The performances of Ibsen have shown us what a deal of bad acting the bad dramatist is responsible for, since representations of Ibsen's plays are always good because



MINNIE MADDERN-FISKE AS "TESS."

From a photograph by Sarony.

the dialogue is so natural that even mediocre actors are shamed out of their artificiality. So it is not surprising that all of the actors in Mr. Stoddard's work play well, and that Mrs. Minnie Maddern-Fiske finds in the part of Tess a means of forcing a recognition of her genius even from those who, in spite of her remarkable performances here in previous years, have been inclined to be sceptical. Mrs. Fiske, small, keen-faced, long-headed, is not for one moment the Tess of Hardy's novel; but the Tess that she does present is none the less an extraordinarily strong and vivid impersonation.



## LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

## II.—GEORG BRANDES



*Georg Brandes.*

The growth of the cosmopolitan spirit in criticism is one of the best signs of the times. We need a comparative study of the chief literary forms that we may distinguish their accidents from their essential characteristics; we need now and then to put ourselves in the position of the intelligent foreign observer, that we may understand our own limitations and rise above the provincial plane.

The critic can do certain services to his own literature that no foreigner can do in his place, but there are other services for which the foreigner is the better fitted. The very fact that one is born to the manner of a given literature operates to weaken his objective grasp of its more salient features; his treatment often loses in breadth what it gains in intimacy. Given the intellectual sympathy and the analytical faculty, without which serious criticism is impossible, the best critic is the one whose range is the widest.

It is a daring thing to take all literature—even all modern literature—for one's province; and this, of course, no one can do in the exact sense of the term. A few men, however, have gone far toward the realisation of this comprehensive ideal, and among them the Danish Jew, Georg Brandes, occupies a conspicuous place. The three culture-literatures of modern Europe are his field, to which he has annexed, by right of birth, the literatures of the Scandinavian North, besides making frequent

excursions into outlying territories. For just thirty years now he has been before the public, and his reputation has grown to such dimensions that he is to-day the most prominent man of letters in his native Denmark—a fact that means more than is likely to be imagined by those who have not followed rather closely the extraordinary intellectual activity of that wide-awake little kingdom.

On the Continent his work has been familiarly known for many years, owing to his years of residence in Berlin and in Paris, and also to the fact that he writes in German and French almost as idiomatically as in his own Danish. To English readers, on the other hand, he is hardly more than a name, for works of criticism are about the last to get translated into our speech, so hospitable to foreign books of other sorts from third-rate novels to tomes of erudition. Since Sainte-Beuve himself has never been put into English, except for a handful of selected essays, it is hardly surprising that Brandes should still await a translator. The only English translations with which I am acquainted are the volume made up by Professor Rasmus B. Anderson from several of the miscellaneous collections, and entitled *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century*, together with the brilliant monograph upon the Earl of Beaconsfield. The latest work of Brandes, an extended study of Shakespeare, is promised for early publication in an English translation.

The list of his works includes upward of half a dozen volumes of miscellaneous essays and *impressions de voyage*, besides the separate monographs devoted respectively to Holberg, Tegnér, Kierkegaard, Lord Beaconsfield, and the socialist Lassalle. In addition to these books, of course, there is the monumental work entitled *Main Currents in the Literature of the Nineteenth Century*. This work, upon which the critical reputation of the author chiefly rests, is the outcome of a series of lectures begun in 1871 and extending over a period of about ten years. It fills six volumes, and the story which it tells has, as the author suggests, something of the sweep and the symmetry of a great drama. The six volumes of the work are the six acts of the play, and receive incisive characterisation in an introductory chapter. The first of the literary groups to be discussed is that which includes Chateaubriand, Senancour, and Madame de Staël—a group inspired partly by Rousseau, and partly by the vivifying influences of the emigration. To the study of this *Emigrant Literature* succeeds a study of *The Romantic School in Germany*, with its reactionary and catholicising tendencies. Then comes *The Reaction in France*, typified by Joseph le

Maistre, Lamennais, and the young Hugo. The scene is now, midway in the play, transferred to another country, and Byron is the hero of *Naturalism in England*. The author says :

"This one man reverses the action of the great drama. The Greek war of liberation breaks out, a current of fresh air sweeps over Europe, Byron falls as a hero of the Greek cause, and his heroic death makes a deep impression upon all the writers of the Continent."

The fifth volume has for its subject *The Romantic School in France*, and the liberal movement to which the July Revolution gave so powerful an impulse. Finally, the drama is worked out to as definite a close as any such drama can have in the volume entitled *Young Germany*, which shows us the effect of the liberal impulse upon Heine, Börne, Auerbach, and their associates.

It is evident from this outline that Brandes set himself a task calling for powers of a very high order. Something more than literary history and a body of æsthetic principles was needed for so large an exposition. The work called for philosophical grasp, an unerring instinct for what is typical in the intellectual development of a nation or a period, a resolute assumption of the cosmopolitan standpoint, and a frank acceptance of the conclusions of modern thought. Looking back upon the work as a whole, it may fairly be said that the requirements are met, and that the ambition of the plan is justified by the result. The ideas of the author may not always be our ideas, and his sense of relative values may differ widely from our own, but it is impossible to withhold the tribute of our admiration from a work so acute in its details, so illuminating in its general treatment, and so sincere from first to last. A fine passage from *The Romantic School in Germany* may be taken to illustrate the spirit of the entire work :

"It follows, from my conception of the relation of literature to life, that the history of literature I teach is not a history of literature for the drawing-room. I seize hold of actual life with all the strength I may, and show how the feelings that find their expression in literature spring up in the human heart. Now, the human heart is no stagnant pool or idyllic woodland lake. It is an ocean with submarine vegetation and frightful inhabitants. The literary history and the poetry of the drawing-room see in the life of man a salon, a decorated ball-room, the men and the furnishings polished alike, in which no dark corners escape illumination. Let

him who will look at matters from this point of view, but it is no affair of mine."

"To bring literature back to life" is, then, the essential formula of our critic; a formula, be it observed, which has some points of contact with Arnold's "criticism of life" theory and with Taine's doctrine of the three influences that shape literature in all times and places, but which embodies a broader and deeper conception of what literature really is.

This new gospel of criticism was proclaimed by Brandes in so defiant a way that no little antagonism was aroused in the conservative Scandinavian camps. For the critic was not content with the quiet assertion of what he believed to be the principles of sound literary judgment, but felt constrained to add a good many things that could not fail to have an irritating effect. There was not only the implication that Denmark had never before produced any criticism worth mentioning, but also the very explicit statement that Danish literature and thought were still in the stage of the reaction—a stage outgrown by the rest of Europe for half a century. While a current of fresh ideas was sweeping over the greater part of the European world, the Scandinavian waters showed nothing but whirling eddies or stagnant pools. Henrik Jaeger has well expressed the smug self-satisfaction of the people to whom Brandes appealed in Denmark as Bjørnsen and Ibsen were appealing in Norway. He says:

"At the same time we read of diverging currents of thought in the world outside, and learned that some of the worst of them were flowing in our direction. But here, fortunately, they would gain no currency; there was peace here and no danger, for our little society was based, thank God, upon safer moral foundations than the great societies abroad. These great societies were generally regarded as falling into hopeless decay; ours, on the contrary, was still in sound condition, and it behooved us to preserve it thus by firmly intrenching ourselves and establishing a sort of spiritual quarantine for all modern ideas."

A society thus sunk in the contemplation of its own virtues needed arousing; and Brandes felt himself called upon to raise his voice in behalf of the enlightenment typified by such men as Comte, Renan, Taine, Mill, and Spencer. So alert was he to detect the note of emancipated thought, wherever sounded, that he discovered our own Theodore Parker,

and proclaimed him to a public that had never heard the name. He did not mince matters at all. Replying to his foes of the old orthodox school by means of an interesting polemical pamphlet called *Explanation and Defence (Forklaring og Forsvar)*, he used such language as this:

"The generation to which you speak is a generation that has studied Feuerbach through and through; that has seen comparative mythology come into existence; that has taken part in the first great campaigns of religious and historical criticism, and been a witness of their triumphs. We have learned our Renan, while you have hardly got so far that you can spell his name. You must speak to us in a different language from that which you addressed to the generation that looked up to you in 1848; we no longer understand you any more than you understand us."

This cocksureness of accent, coupled with the fact that the speaker was a young man scarcely out of the twenties, was naturally irritating to those who were thus rudely called to account, and Brandes was violently attacked from many quarters. Some of his enemies were simply scurrilous, like the one who delicately alluded to the critic's race by calling him "a dealer in old French clothes." Others were more serious, and raised the usual cries of "atheist" and "free thinker." He had replies for all these attacks except the purely personal calumnies, and those who made them probably had reason to regret their rashness. As an example of the neatness and despatch with which he settled the pettier criticisms made upon his work, the following instance is typical. A certain figure of speech employed by Brandes had been scornfully dismissed as a "farmer's metaphor," the critic adding that a Frenchman would never have used it. Brandes replied that the metaphor in question might be found in the "not wholly unknown" writer Aristophanes, and that it had just been used again in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by a very distinguished French writer. As for the charge of atheism, Brandes met it much in the spirit of Victor Hugo's well-known reply to the ecclesiastic who had brought a similar charge against the poet.

"The whole question is, they say, whether one accepts a Theos or not. This is an absolutely false position. The real question is: Do you accept a revelation—that is, an external, historical, positive revelation of the highest truth? In a word, do you accept this highest truth as *given*, or do you believe that it must

be *sought after*, and that with the most strenuous endeavour of man's highest faculties, without regard for any so-called historical revelation? In the first case you are orthodox; in the second you are a free thinker, whether your thought lead you to theism, or to pantheism, or to atheism."

Without some such statement as has above been made concerning the attitude of Brandes toward the larger issues of human thought, it would be impossible to understand his position as a critic. He has often shown himself a master of literary criticism in the narrower sense—in the sense in which it means a minute examination of the verbal texture of a piece of literature and the application of purely æsthetic tests—but his heart is not, nor ever was, in such work. He becomes his real self when the nature of his task permits the application of general ideas and philosophical principles, when he finds himself on the trail of some intellectual tendency in a people or an age, when the study of literature reveals to him the deep springs of human thought and action. The controversies of his early manhood have left their mark upon all of his work, although later years have given it more of urbanity and less of strenuousness, have softened its irony and relieved its oppressive earnestness. But if the fiery aggressiveness of his youth has given place to the better temper of maturity, he still gives evidence of what Boyesen called "a deep sympathy with the law-breaker whose Titanic soul refuses to be bound by the obligations of morality which limit the freedom of ordinary mortals." The same revolutionary sympathies which led him, many years ago, to an exaggerated estimate of Byron now lead him to an overvaluation of Nietzsche. His admiration for the strong man carries him into ethical vagaries not unlike those that have done so much to impair the influence of Carlyle. He still considers literature, as he did a quarter century ago, to be something that "brings problems up for debate." One of his early critics asked him if he really believed that the fact that Byron had brought religion up for debate had any significance in determining his rank as a poet. His reply was:

"I not only believe it, but I have indicated in the introduction to my work just why this fact has not merely great but decisive significance for Byron as a poet and for all the literature of this century."

Brandes would in all probability today give a similar answer to a similar question. Of course this is a one-sided view of literary criticism, for it carries the reaction against the æsthetic method too far. But it is the view that Brandes, by his very temperament, is forced to take, and it supplies a valuable corrective for the sort of chatter that too often usurps the name of criticism.

That the work of Brandes, taken as a whole, has been a contribution of great value to contemporary criticism can hardly be denied even by those the least in sympathy with his ideals. It more than makes up in light what it lacks in sweetness, and it has the stimulating quality that comes from freshness of thought and unconventionality of utterance. Here, says the reader who first makes his acquaintance, here is a man with an individual standpoint, who knows what he wants to say, and how to say it most directly and forcibly; a man, moreover, who has kept in touch with the chief spiritual movements of the age—with those "main currents" of thought the sweep of which he has so clearly marked out—who has been swayed by the *Zeitgeist*, yet who has a body of very positive opinions of his own. Those opinions are set forth in a strong and nervous prose that cares little for the subtler refinements of expression, but is fully adequate to the demands that the thought makes upon it. "The truly artistic style," he says in one of his essays, "is not that formal grace which spreads uniformly over everything." We shall find in his own style neither the superficial brilliancy of a Jules Lemaitre nor the over-elaboration of a Walter Pater, but rather the garment of a thought too serious to care for external rhetorical adornment, and too eager in the pursuit of fundamental truth to waste its energies upon the niceties of verbal modulation and harmonious phrasing.

William Morton Payne.



## PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.\*

With his retirement from the supreme executive office a few weeks ago, Mr. Cleveland's public life may be regarded as definitely ended. Our traditional and quite indefensible system, which gives no official rank to an ex-President, and therefore deprives the nation of the exceptional experience and the exceptionally impartial counsel of him who has passed through the great ordeal of administering the mightiest popular government known to the modern world, imposes upon Mr. Cleveland, as upon his predecessors, the dignified yet unfruitful obscurity of private station; for with scarcely an exception, our American Presidents have felt that they owed it to the majesty of the office that was once their own, to listen to no ordinary call of public service, and to hold aloof from all the din and uproar of party strife. In consequence, Mr. Cleveland already belongs to history; and even now the attempt is being made to assign to him and to his administration their proper place in the annals of the American Republic.

That such an attempt is absurdly premature is so obvious as to need no argument. With the passion of partisanship still strong in the minds alike of those who fought against him and of those who battled with him, the sense of true historical perspective cannot possibly exist to-day; and with the echoes of a great political battle still reverberating in the ear, no one can hear as yet the calm, clear voice that ultimately stills all others as it pronounces the final verdict in a nation's history.

But though it is too soon to weigh the policies and to judge the measures that are now inseparably linked with the story of Mr. Cleveland's public life, or to pretend to know how beneficial or how harmful is to be their influence upon the political welfare of the American people, it is, nevertheless, perhaps by no means an impossible task for one outside the range of purely partisan activity to form some sort of tentative opin-

ion of the man himself as an administrator and as a party leader; for, putting aside the merits of the ends that he has aimed to reach, the manner in which he has pursued them is wholly a matter of recorded fact and in no respect a matter of opinion; and it surely may even now be viewed with reasonable impartiality as a very interesting political and personal study.

For some cause or other, Americans have always found a peculiar pleasure in dwelling upon the striking contrasts that are so abundant in the lives of their public men. To recall in the presence of a stately Senator the fact that he was once a bobbin-boy; to see in the victorious general a whilom tanner or grocer's clerk; and to look back of the President seated in the simple chair that serves him as a very real throne from which to direct the destinies of seventy millions of people, and remember the rail-splitter or canal-boatman of twenty or thirty years ago, seems to titillate agreeably a certain almost universal instinct. Perhaps this feeling is a part of the national irreverence; or perhaps it is only a manifestation of the national sense of humour which finds an especial piquancy in vivid contrasts; or perhaps again, at bottom, it rests in some subtle way upon an intensely American admiration for the nerve, the capacity, and the "gumption" that enable some men to fight their way up from obscurity against tremendous odds and to wrest a brilliant success from the reluctant hand of Destiny. However this may be, the career of Mr. Cleveland is perhaps more full of startling contrasts, of striking anomalies, and of unexpected paradoxes, than can be found in the history of any other of our Presidents. No American in public life has ever experienced more rapid and astonishing turns of fortune; no man has raised and faced and fought so many deep rooted political and personal prejudices; no man has broken through so many thoroughly established political traditions.

Of all our American Presidents there are four who stand out conspicuously above the rest as representing four distinct types, each very characteristic and very national, and each differing essen-

\* Grover Cleveland. By James Lowry Whitte. With two portraits. Public Men of Today Series. New York and London: Frederick Warne & Co. \$1.25.

tially from the other three. In Washington we see the highest type of the colonial American, developed wholly under the influence of English traditions. Washington is, in fact, in his tone and temper, his point of view and his ideals, the representative upon American soil of the English gentleman and statesman, though with a difference that makes him *au fond* entirely American; and his immediate successors in the presidency did not very far depart from the standards that were his. Even Jefferson, with all his radicalism, must be grouped in the same class; for, as is the case with most Americans, his radicalism, startling as it seemed to the Federalists of his time, was only superficial; and when one thinks of him as strolling through the stately halls of Monticello, a landed proprietor, his cellars stored with rare old wines, his library filled with the choicest books, patronising the arts and sciences, and having his wants supplied by a retinue of slaves, he is readily seen to have been the true patrician whose democracy was in large part an intellectual assumption, just as the political theories of the great Whig dukes in England is found, upon analysis, to differ in no fundamental point from the conservatism of the Tory magnates. Jackson was the first New Man to arise in our government's history; and he represents the rough frontiersman, the fighter, the man who faced both nature and the savage in a successful battle for the mastery of the West. His election marks an epoch in our history, a break in the traditions that bound us closely to English influence; and he is the first of the American Presidents to stand firmly and almost fiercely upon the rock of national individuality. Lincoln, again, is still another type—the type of the Western provincial, a later growth than the frontiersman, with some of the frontiersman's traits, but more subtle, more open to new influences, more closely in touch with the resources of an older civilisation, much more a man of thought and somewhat less a man of action.

Mr. Cleveland, when he first became known to the nation at the time of his candidacy for the governorship of New York in 1882, typified a fourth and a still different kind of personality. In him was seen the modern American who lives in cities and represents a stratum

of the population that is every year becoming more and more numerous with the increase of the urban element. He was a type of the practical, every-day, usual citizen of moderate means and no very marked ambitions, a blend of the business man and the small professional person, one who knocks about with his fellows in a give-and-take sort of way, blunt, hard-headed, having a good digestion, and a brusque, unimaginative readiness to take a hand in whatever is going on. His education was of the simplest, his general information and reading presumably of the scantiest; and his interest in life was pretty nearly bounded by the limits of the city of Buffalo. As a practising lawyer he appeared in the local courts and cheerfully looked after the grievances of dispossessed tenants, the collection of petty debts, and any other small business that drifted to his hands. A bachelor, he had no need of a large income; his spare time was spent with cronies of his own kind; his recreation was derived largely from the intricacies of the game of pinochle played in the comfortable back room of a beer-garden; and perhaps this circumstance is in itself enough to give a fair idea of his general environment. When the eventful Convention was held that nominated him for the governorship, Mr. Cleveland took charge of his own canvass in person, sitting all through the sultry summer day in a small bedroom of his hotel, with a tub of cracked ice and innumerable bottles beside him, conferring with his cronies, receiving visits from country delegates, and by a sort of professional joviality bidding for the favour of that interesting class of politicians whom his chief advocate in recent years has generically described as Boys.

Elected Governor by an unprecedented majority owing to bitter dissensions in the opposing party, Mr. Cleveland entered upon a wider field and one that must have seemed at first a post of limitless exactions. But his lack of imagination stood him in good stead. He bent his back to the load and did each day's work as it came. Unused to large responsibilities, unable as yet to discriminate between the duties that are executive and the duties that are purely clerical, and retaining all the fussiness of the provincial business man, he viewed all questions as equally impor-

tant, attending personally to all his correspondence, insisting upon examining for himself every item and detail of the executive routine, and giving hours of his time each day to the minutiae that the merest clerk could have attended to with quite as much efficiency. But this was, after all, a manifestation of the conscientiousness that showed itself far more commendably in higher matters. The rough, blunt independence of the man and his unimaginative turn of mind made him indifferent to the insidious influences that rise like a malarial mist about the possessor of high political office. Mere subtleties of suggestion were lost on this brusque Buffalonian; and anything more pointed than suggestion roused in him a sort of cross-grained spirit of opposition that brooked no guidance. Suave, astute, and wily leaders of the party, like Mr. Tilden, who had expected to find the inexperienced country politician a ready instrument in their hands, were aghast to see him forging along in his own way with a sort of bull-necked stubbornness, clumsy and lumbering, yet with a power and energy which they had to recognise as very real. And the great body of the people, whose love for political independence is all the more intense because of the infrequency with which they ever have a chance to see it, applauded this burly, obstinate, tactless, but intensely earnest man. They laughed when the professional politicians were trampled on; and even the representatives of "labour" whom Mr. Cleveland calmly defied by his veto of a well-known bill, at heart respected him for his courage and his honesty.

Then came Mr. Cleveland's nomination to the presidency, followed by the memorable campaign of 1884—that shameful contest in which personal scandal was belched forth by the writers and speakers of both parties, in which foul innuendo and filthy suggestion took the place of argument, and in which clergymen vied with the shouters of the stump in spreading abroad indecent charges, while even the graves of the dead were ransacked in search of fresh material for prurient pasquinades. Mr. Cleveland was still a bachelor, and the *condottieri* of the enemy thought him a fair target for every missile. It was the most extraordinary struggle that American political history has ever seen, a wild de-

bauch of slander, and one of which every decent citizen, Republican or Democrat, was afterward ashamed; so that by a sort of tacit consent all subsequent campaigns have been fought out on purely public issues. Mr. Cleveland stood firm under the assaults upon his private character, though tempted into the writing of one very indiscreet and even foolish letter; and his general attitude was quite consistent with his reputation for frankness and sincerity. His terse telegram to a friend at the beginning of the onslaught furnished his partisans with a new slogan; so that "Tell the truth" became as popular a cry as "Burn this letter;" though, as some one rather cynically remarked at the time, "neither was the letter burned nor was the truth all told."

The hopeless break in the Republican Party caused by the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and the undoubted disloyalty to him of the Conkling faction in New York, gave the presidency to Mr. Cleveland by a plurality of only a few hundred votes in a single State. The record of the past twelve years must still be fresh in the minds of even the youngest of our readers. Into the details of this eventful period we cannot go; but they are surely among the most curious of any that our history affords. How this untrained, unlettered, provincial lawyer, this local politician, this heavy-handed, tactless, gruff Buffalonian drew to himself as his own personal following the most refined and highly trained and finical men of the party that had always hated the very name of Democrat; how even those like Mr. Lowell, who still remained his nominal opponents, spoke of his sincerity and single-mindedness with something like the fervour of enthusiasm; and how he made his own those views of government and economic policy that had long been viewed as suited only to the theorist and the doctrinaire; how he imposed them upon his own reluctant party, and for the first time in many decades saved it from a purely defensive attitude in the arena of national politics; how, though defeated for reelection, he was a third time nominated and then triumphantly elected over his formerly successful rival; how he came into power again with a united party and a great legislative majority behind him; how in a few short months he found himself without a loyal following;

how he was at last compelled to give at least a moral support to the very man who represented the idea most thoroughly antagonistic to that with which his own career is closely linked ; and how he now goes forth from office into private life after having been repudiated by his own party which he leaves disorganised and divided—these are but a few of the many strange anomalies which the record of his administration presents. Yet even in his less important acts, an equal amount of contradiction is apparent. That the man who in 1888 denounced the baleful influence of capital should end by standing forth as the chosen champion of capital ; that the President whose first official utterance denounced the unwisdom of a second term of office should himself become three times a candidate ; that the politician who uttered words of comfort to the Homestead rioters should have stretched the presidential prerogative almost to the point of breaking in order to quell by military force an outbreak quite identical in origin ; that the strenuous advocate of an improved civil service should ever have put the machinery of appointment at the disposal of Mr. Eugene Higgins and Mr. Logan Carlisle ; and that the statesman whose alleged subserviency to England was for years a gibe with all his enemies should have hurled against Great Britain the most warlike message penned by any American President since the time of Polk—all these things in their way are just as remarkable and just as paradoxical as any of the greater incidents of his career.

In forming an estimate of the place in history which Mr. Cleveland and his administration will ultimately occupy, a sharp distinction will have to be made between that side of him which is purely personal and that which belongs to the sphere of statesmanship. This distinction is one that has in general been overlooked in all the recently published analyses of his public services. It is, for example, impossible to deny that he has made a strong and ineffaceable impression upon the mind of the American people. It is equally impossible to deny that he has exemplified some of the most admirable traits that are demanded of the governing man ; that he has been fearless, independent, honest, and sincere ; that never for a moment

has he bent his neck to the collar of a "boss" ; that very seldom has he allowed any consideration of his own personal interest to move him ; that he has been master of his official household in a sense that has been rarely true of any American Executive ; that he and he alone, for good or for evil, has hewn out those results that must stand for all time as landmarks in the past twelve years of American history. He has shown himself to be, as a man, one of the most distinctly individual characters of the time ; and to him as to a President whose influence has been strongly felt, a place in the very foremost rank must be assigned.

It is only when one comes to view his work as a statesman that opinions will very seriously differ ; and until the present generation shall have passed away all such opinions will be utterly antipodal and quite irreconcilable. A public man may be all that Mr. Cleveland's warmest friends have claimed for him—vigorous, upright, forceful, and single-minded—and yet fall short of statesmanship. For a statesman, like a soldier and like an orator, must be finally and unsparingly judged solely by the measure of his success ; and this is especially true of one who fills the responsible office of the American Executive. The function of the President under our system is most intensely practical. Vested with immense, and in many things with a more than monarchical power, answerable within the limits of his prerogative to no one, and knowing that prerogative to be not very accurately defined, armed with the thunderbolt of the veto power, having unlimited patronage at his command, and secure in the tenure of his office for a period that cannot be abridged, the responsibility which rests upon him is correspondingly tremendous. He is at once the head of the State and the head of a party ; and both the welfare of the State and the welfare of the party are committed to his single keeping. Before his election he has subscribed to a definite programme of national policy representing the matured convictions of his own judgment. He has adopted a political creed that is accepted by him and by the party whose leadership he holds as embodying the immediate necessities of the nation. And therefore, when elected, he is bound by every obligation of



honour and of conscience to embody these same views and principles in the national legislation and administration.

Hence, the American President is not placed in office primarily to illustrate the higher ethical virtues, but to *do* things : so that his success or his failure depends almost entirely upon the manner in which these objects are accomplished. And in the discharge of the task, the true statesman will adapt his methods to the attainment of his ends, having a due regard to proportion, not exalting petty measures into the place of vital issues, nor enshrining whims and glorifying ephemeral fads, but keeping the greater purpose steadily in view, and subordinating questions of detail and of temporary moment to the solemn pledges that he has given to the people. And in doing this he must work with such instruments as he has at hand and use to the full the powers that have been committed to his care. In the face of a great national emergency, he will not ultimately suffer in the estimation of the people if he even decline to look too closely at abstract theories of duty, or if he be not overnice in his use of the means at his disposal. This, to be sure, to the political purists, is something worse than heresy ; but it is justified by the whole history of modern government : for had Elizabeth and Burleigh and Walsingham been political purists, England in the sixteenth century would have been overwhelmed by the Continental coalitions ; had Cavour been a political purist, United Italy would have still remained the unsubstantial dream of a few poor visionaries ; had Bismarck been a political purist, the German Empire would have slumbered for another century in the cave of Barbarossa. It is, no doubt, a hard saying that in the statesman, purity of motive, integrity of purpose, and the courage of conviction are not enough to confer enduring fame ; yet this is emphatically true : and history shows that merely negative results and excellent intentions can give no rank comparable with that which he attains who with wisdom, calmness, and that higher strength which does not bluster, conquers a complete success and leaves a mark upon the record of supreme achievement.

Judged, then, by such a test as this, it is very hard to see how Mr. Cleveland

can ever find a place in the foremost line of American statesmen. It was, indeed, unfortunate for him that practically his whole preparation for the task of governing came to him in two short years while holding the chief executive office of the State of New York. For with his naturally arbitrary and self-sufficient temperament, this formed the worst possible sort of preparation for the presidency. In the first place, the Governor of New York, in his relation to the Legislature of the State, is more influential and more irresponsible than is the President of the United States in his relation to the national Congress. And the cause of this is obvious. The New York Legislature, like all our State assemblies of the sort, is composed chiefly of men who make no claim to national distinction and whose ambitions are very limited and local. The public does not watch them as individuals. They make no figure in the popular mind. Consequently, their only thought is of the petty districts which they are supposed to represent, of the voters in their immediate vicinity, and of the interests of the section from which they come. Their activities are limited to getting through small bits of special legislation or to engineering a dicker with the representatives of opposing interests. To these men the Governor is politically omnipotent, for the loss of his favour means the hopeless blocking of their schemes. If, therefore, he is disposed to be arbitrary, self-sufficient, and impatient of advice, this is seldom resented, and there is really no appreciable check upon such tendencies, provided, as is usually the case, his own party control the Legislature : and even if he be not already given to playing the dictator, the practical supremacy which he here enjoys will very likely make him so. It was in this office that Mr. Cleveland acquired such knowledge of administration on a large scale as he gained prior to his assumption of the presidential rank ; and it was, we say, distinctly unfortunate that his experience should have been limited to this one sphere, in which all his natural proneness to arrogance was fostered and intensified.

The downright, aggressive, and unconciliatory methods that he had made his own while Governor, he carried with him to the national capital ; and it may be assumed that they were in no wise

modified by his consciousness of the extraordinary fortune that had made him the first Democratic President to be actually seated, after the failures and mistakes of a quarter of a century. He doubtless felt that if disregard of personal and party ties, absolute reliance upon his own judgment, intolerance of the most friendly counsel, and an ill-suppressed contempt for the experience of his associates and followers could make him a successful Governor and lead him directly to the presidential chair, those same qualities were a good enough equipment for governing the nation.

And it was here that he made a great and, in some respects, a fatal mistake. For the conditions of governing at Albany and at Washington are not the same; since Congress is a very different body in tone and in temper from the Legislature of a State. It is just now the fashion to decry the capacity and the character of the men who represent their States in the Senate and the House; to profess to see in them only a collection of demagogues and log-rollers and "cranks;" but to bring against them so sweeping an indictment as this is in reality to attack the whole system under which the American people live. If a free, intelligent, and keensighted people does not or cannot choose for itself legislators who truly represent it, then, after more than a century of trial, republican government is proved to be a failure and its fundamental theory a falsehood and a sham. But as a matter of fact, while there are doubtless in both Houses of Congress men whose characters are soiled, men whose aims are sordid, men whose capacity is limited, and men whose views of the public service are perverted and even base, it is preposterous to assert that the great majority of them are anything but patriotic, conscientious, and sincere. Unlike the members of a local legislature, they are men who know that what they do is done in the public eye. They cherish a laudable ambition of future advancement. They have opinions of their own, and they feel the influence of other motives than those which actuate the obscure political ephemeridæ who flit across the scene at Albany, or Madison, or Little Rock. In their own States they are men of standing and importance, and in the white light that

beats upon the Capitol they are not to be led by the nose with a hook or lashed into a supine submission even when it is a President of their own party who cracks the whip. Hence, when Mr. Cleveland resumed at Washington the rôle that he had played so easily at Albany, he aroused at once in the minds even of his own partisans a very natural resentment which deepened with time into a feeling of the intensest personal dislike. His capacity for making unnecessary enemies is, indeed, one of the very strangest facts of his career; and it has proved fatal to the success of the two great policies that through both his terms of office have been the nearest to his heart. During his first administration, to be sure, while the Senate was still in the hands of his opponents, while the country had not even yet given an emphatic "mandate" to the Democratic Party, and while a return to power was still a novel and agreeable sensation, such dislike as was excited in the party by Mr. Cleveland's tactlessness found no loud public utterance. But when his second term began with both Houses of Congress safely Democratic, and with an immense popular majority behind them, the discontent that had been slumbering so long broke forth in open opposition.

In a very able and almost convincing analysis of Mr. Cleveland's public life lately published in the *Evening Post*, and probably the work of Mr. E. L. Godkin, a practical admission of Mr. Cleveland's lack of tact is made; but it is asserted that, in the emergencies which confronted him, tact was not the quality most requisite; that stubborn courage was the one thing needful. In consequence, the case for Mr. Cleveland is made to rest upon the negative successes that he achieved in blocking measures which he held to be unwise. "Such work," says Mr. Godkin, "cannot be done by means of tact." Yet on the same page of the same issue of his paper, Mr. Godkin denounces the expiring Congress for the purely negative character of its work; and again and again has he dwelt upon the delight experienced by Senators and Representatives alike in defeating any measure that was known to have President Cleveland's personal approval. Why, then, were these things so, and of what, when taken together, are they significant?

In Mr. Cleveland's public career two great measures of national policy stand out as those which he has always strongly pressed and with which his name is most distinctively associated. The first of these was a radical reform of the tariff upon a non-protective basis; and the second was such a modification of our financial system as would make that system unmistakably a system of gold monometallism. The reform of the tariff seemed to him so vital an issue that for its sake he incurred defeat at the polls in 1888; and his party frankly accepted his views and brought him back to office by a vast majority in 1892, after a campaign fought out upon this issue. His financial policy which was thoroughly understood in this campaign was also tacitly approved by his followers, for they nominated him with a full knowledge of his views and of his future action. Now, if his statesmanship is to be judged by anything at all, it surely may be judged by the manner in which he led his party in relation to these two vitally important measures. And what does the record show? With regard to the tariff, it shows that on coming into power after a successful contest decided on this very issue, with all the prestige that attends a party leader who has triumphed over political traditions, with a party pledged in its official utterances to the policy of its chief, and with a great majority in Congress elected to carry out this pledge, the only result that was attained after months of labour and debate, was a legislative measure so ludicrously unlike what had been promised, so inconsistent in its provisions and so emasculated in principle, that Mr. Cleveland himself was ashamed to sign it, and allowed it to become a law without his signature. In the sphere of finance the story of his leadership is still more lamentable, for not only was no definite financial measure passed, but in the effort to accomplish something, the friction between the President and his party went beyond the stage of quiet opposition and blazed out into open revolt, so that the party itself was split into opposing factions until the majority, in absolute defiance of its chief, broke away from his leadership altogether, repudiated all his tenets, and in the Chicago Convention wrote a declaration of principles every line of which was like a slap full in the face of the

President whom those same men had once triumphantly elected. Then we have the strange spectacle of Mr. Cleveland, in order to save his financial doctrines from the general wreck, throwing over all his economic theories and aiding, at least by indirection, the fortunes of Mr. McKinley, his party's foe, a man whose name is linked with the most extreme of all the tariff legislation that Mr. Cleveland had for years denounced as robbery. If this be statesmanship, then statesmanship is but a synonym for anarchy.

The partisans of Mr. Cleveland have seen fit to throw the whole responsibility of this fiasco upon the Congress that thwarted and rejected his two policies. They say that in the face of such corruption, incompetence, ignorance, and personal malice as they think existed in both Houses, no President could have done what Mr. Cleveland tried to do. They say that this very opposition is only one more tribute to his political purity and uncompromising integrity of character. They "love him for the enemies that he has made," and describe his failure by the honorific name of "success in defeat." How, they ask, could he possibly prevail in the face of such a Congress? But this question is in reality an impeachment of his statesmanship. A great party leader must do his work with such instruments as he has at hand. A Congress gathered from all sections of the country will always represent conflicting interests, and it will always be filled with men discordant in their views and difficult of management. But every one knows this. This is the condition of the problem, the premise of party government, the accepted rule of the great political game. The mere politician will often shrink from the task, but the inspired statesman will master the difficulties, adapt his methods to his instruments, prevail by management, by tact, by judicious compromise, and will in the end attain a lasting and complete success. When a party leader, after assuming the guidance of a great majority, and with all the power of the executive office at his disposal, dismembers his party, wrecks his own most cherished measures, and then cries out that he is not responsible, owing to the machinations of evil and malicious men, this is to plead the baby-act in its most preposterous form. And this is just where

Mr. Cleveland's lack of tact (*pace* Mr. Godkin) assumes a critical importance. To go bellowing and snorting through the labyrinth of legislation like a political Minotaur, goring recklessly at every prejudice, butting into every possible obstacle, and trampling defiantly on every personal and political susceptibility, is perhaps courageous, picturesque, exhilarating, amusing, magnificent, anything else you please—but it is not statesmanship. When Mr. Cleveland's friends disclose the list of Senators and Representatives who severed even their personal relations with him, and who rejoiced to hamper and defeat even those measures to which they were themselves by no means hostile, merely because in so defeating them they were defeating him, is this not in reality the strongest possible indictment of his administrative capacity? Is not the possession of a temperament that rouses incessant opposition and dislike as fatal a defect in a statesman as would be the possession of a club-foot in a professional athlete? As a matter of fact the American President has infinite resources of conciliation if he but know how to use them—social influences, the prestige of his office, and, under our system, the enormous patronage whose use in winning congressional support is sanctioned by long custom. Mr. Cleveland himself is generally held to have employed this latter instrument in the contest which resulted in the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act; and in any case, the thought of its employment need not have excited any thrills of horror in a President who nominated Mr. James J. Van Alen to the Italian mission as a reward for pecuniary contributions to a campaign fund.

It is not likely that anyone to-day will claim that in political courage, personal honour, and high appreciation of public duty, President Lincoln was inferior to Mr. Cleveland; yet to recall the history of his administration is to recall that higher type of statesmanship which succeeds, as distinct from the spurious variety which fails. The problem of government as it confronted Mr. Lincoln was far more difficult than that which Mr. Cleveland had to meet. Elected by only a minority of the popular vote, unknown to many of his own party, with no executive experience whatever, mocked at by those who possessed the superficial polish which he

lacked, taking office with a bankrupt treasury, a country divided and darkened by approaching war, with incompetence and inexperience everywhere conspicuous, he stood alone, upon the threshold of an agonising crisis, with scarcely one adviser on whose wisdom and devoted loyalty he could perfectly rely. Congress was full of faction. There were those fierce fanatics, the Macbriars and Mucklewraths of Abolitionism, panting for all that was extreme and violent, and looking upon the President as a Gallio whenever he held back from following their frantic lead. There were the War Democrats, patriotic and sincere, but timid, superstitiously shrinking from anything that savoured of extra-constitutional procedure, and reluctant to assent to it even in the exigencies of a struggle for national existence. There was also a small but venomous minority made up of those whose sympathies were really with the South, and who watched every move of the administration with sleepless vigilance, ready at an instant's notice to pounce upon its errors and discredit all its counsels. In the Cabinet itself the situation was, if anything, still more disheartening. The wily, adroit, and immensely able Seward, past-master of political intrigue, could not be expected all at once to show unqualified devotion to a President who had defeated him for the nomination that had been the great ambition of his life. Chase, as the letters published after his death most plainly show, was thoroughly disloyal, at first despising his chief and always intriguing against him. A little later, and Stanton, a life-long Democrat, a man of violent and arbitrary will, prone to insubordination and arrogance, introduced into the President's official household another element of discord. Moreover, thousands of honest but unwisely impatient citizens were fretting at inevitable delay, heart-sick at the tidings of disaster that came thick and fast with every bulletin, and ready to be convinced that the Head of the State was incompetent or frivolous or shallow. Add to this the fact that the passions of all men were inflamed to the highest pitch, that reason was stifled, that greed and jobbery and corruption, starting up in a night at the first breath of war, thrived rankly in every department of the government, and set their swarms of shameless satellites upon

the President to beg and bluster and be-devil. From such a carnival of faction and folly the ablest and the purest might well have shrunk appalled ; the wisest might have taken up the task and failed without discredit. But Lincoln, with that clear vision and that serenity of temper that never failed him, did not for one moment falter or complain. He mastered his Cabinet from the first, and ensured at least its loyalty to the public service if not to him ; he compacted into an efficient legislative entity the in-harmonious factions of the Congress, yielding a little here and giving a little there, conciliating opposition, gently disarming prejudice, always patient and kindly, but never for a moment losing sight of the one great end in view, until at last the fight was won and he stood forth the absolute master of his party, supreme, unchallenged, and successful in that victory which was not his victory alone, but first of all his country's. And this was statesmanship.

Yet if a study of Mr. Cleveland's two administrations should fail to prove his claim to the highest title given to the ruler of a great people, it still yields much that an American may view with quiet satisfaction. That one with little preparation for the task, one who was no student of public affairs, but who was taken almost at random from the mass of ordinary citizens, could still in two great administrative offices display no weakness but maintain his personal independence ; that he could hold his own and make a lasting impression upon the imaginations of his countrymen by his tenacity, his integrity, and his unflinching courage, this fact is one that is distinctly reassuring. Whatever mistakes he may have made, however far he may have fallen short of the highest ideals of statesmanship, his career still shows that the Anglo-Saxon capacity for government everywhere exists in our transplanted race ; and so long as this is true, no thoughtful American need ever for one moment despair of the life or of the honour of the Great Republic.

The book before us is interesting as giving an outline of its subject from a purely English point of view. Its narrative covers the whole of Mr. Cleveland's life, from his childhood to the eve of last year's presidential election. Just what special qualification Mr. Lowry

Whittle has for writing such a work we do not know ; but from a perusal of its contents, we gather that his knowledge is derived mainly from his own careful reading and observation at a distance. His tone is entirely impartial, and the fairness of his purpose is beyond all question. The account that he gives of Mr. Cleveland's public services is colourless and in all important matters wholly accurate. The feeling that one gets, however, is that of a writer not entirely at his ease. There is a certain far-away intangible quality about what he says, a certain lack of precision and sureness such as one might naturally look for in the work of an author who has acquired his information at such long range. He knows the incidents of which he tells ; but he does not appear to know the scenes and the environment in which these incidents took place. Of this defect he seems, indeed, himself at times to be quite conscious, and now and then he seeks to put a little life or a little personal detail into some of his pages. Such an attempt, for instance, is his description of Mr. Cleveland's personal appearance, introduced with many apologies which, in fact, occupy more space than the description itself. Occasional little slips such as we have noticed here and there are not perhaps worth mentioning, except by way of illustration. Thus (on page 9) Mr. Whittle is in error in stating that Mr. Cleveland held a leading place at the Buffalo bar ; and (on page 87) he speaks of Mr. Cleveland's eldest daughter as "Ethel," making the additional mistake of asserting that "Baby Cleveland" was a popular cry at the election of 1892. The fact, however, that Mr. Whittle has not in general attempted to be more specific in his inclusion of personal detail is evidence of a wise discretion ; for surely nothing is more absurdly grotesque than the attempt of the average Englishman to inject into his literary work a touch of American local colour. Such attempts may be sufficiently illustrated (à propos of the subject of this paper) by a passage that we remember to have read in the account given by a leading English journal at the time of Mr. Cleveland's wedding. In this account the writer, after setting down the description of that event (received by cable), worked in the following delicious little

bit (evolved from his own inner consciousness) :

" After the ceremony had ended, no elaborate banquet was served ; but the guests, with true democratic simplicity, partook of a little

supper sent in from a neighboring tavern, and including the national delicacies of terrapin, canvas-back duck, clams, Indian mush-soup, ice cream, and cold buckwheat cakes" (!)

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

## THE REPORTER AND LITERATURE.

An observer of American conditions can hardly fail to notice that our news paper reporters are each year taking a more prominent part in the literary world. Editors used to become literary men, but reporters almost never. For the change there are several general causes. In the first place, beginners in journalism come from a better class than they did a decade ago. Horace Greeley was one of many in the last generation who distrusted college graduates, and believed that the good newspaper man, as he told Mr. Dana, was the one who had in his boyhood slept on papers and eaten ink ; and those who did not work up from the bottom drifted into the business because they had failed in other occupations. To-day the papers seek men fresh from college, because they write better English ; and their formal education helps them in many of the subjects covered by the press to-day. It is natural, therefore, that the reporter of the present time is more often heard of outside than was the broken-down lawyer or business man who gathered the news twenty years ago. His opportunities are excellent, as his regular duties give him the best material for stories, descriptive articles, and essays, and the habit of noticing detail, picturesque situations, events, and characters, obviously tends to literary production.

But there are dangers, the first of which is the fixed tone which in the paper of to-day runs through all of its columns, to make a consistency, a uniformity, to which its servant is obliged to bend, however much it may depart from his own nature. As observation and shrewdness increase, the ideal qualities of his individuality often vanish, and the style which is the man, the untranslatable and intimate part, is crushed, that he may write instead the *Sun* style, the *World*,

*Post*, or *Tribune* style, not in manner alone, but in substance and general intellectual attitude. Cynicism dominates one paper, sensationalism another, business common sense a third, society a fourth, and men and things must be judged by the reporter in the light of this point of view from which he is hired to write. News is padded or omitted, made plausible or doubtful, impressive or ridiculous, according to its bearing on certain opinions. Of course the reporter may keep up two selves, but usually the point of view which he uses every day has its influence on him. " Your worst fault," said a successful reporter to a beginner, " is that you are always criticising. A newspaper man ought to know his paper thoroughly, and learn to share its ideas." Within limits individuality is encouraged, but the limits are essential.

Cynicism is a natural result, and few professions show so much of it. It exists to a rather surprising extent in the best papers, but of course it is more marked among the men who work for the sensational sheets ; who pry into private matters, break confidences, intrude where people are mourning, get facts through keyholes, make revelations which cause shame and suffering. What is said of all this ? Certainly the public does not care very much. It mildly disapproves in extreme cases ; but none the less, its first interest is in getting the news, this kind of essentially unimportant news, gossip, which is usually the subject of such underhanded " scoops." A little over a year ago a Chicago paper obtained a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on a subject of national importance, by means, it was generally supposed, of bribery of printers or stenographers. Readers and reporters spoke of what a tremendous thing this paper

had accomplished, and few expressed regret that such things should be. The reporter as a rule regrets that the taste of the public is so low. "But," he adds, "we don't run newspapers for exercise or for the good of humanity. We run them to make money. Therefore we give the public what it will buy." The public does not feel responsible for the newspaper nor the newspaper for the public.

But there is a strong social penalty for the individual. The young man in society often meets a coolness because he is a reporter, and his friends do not use that word in introducing him. Often he appears as a "journalist" in the directory. Naturally, the youth who belongs to a class which gets by shrewd means the facts which the taste of the better part of society thinks should not be made public must be looked upon with a feeling of distrust. However sure his friends may feel that apart from his business, his standards are as high as theirs, the general contempt for the methods of the profession must fall to some extent on him; and usually, whatever his paper, he has, inevitably, breaches of taste to answer for. However strong his social position, he sees that his associates watch him with regret, as a good man walking in dark paths. They laugh at his stories, and are interested in his experiences more than in those of the lawyer or the doctor, but they seem to feel that some of his essential dignity is gone. And even where there is no condemnation there is often aloofness, as among business associates. He is regarded as a creature apart, one who may tell things, and whom events interest only from the point of view of fitness for his use. He cares for the outcome of nothing. "Go on and stir things up," said a reporter to a politician. "I do not care what you do, so you do something. It is all good for me." This is the attitude with which the world has identified him. Two reporters were discussing the Venezuela trouble. "The doctrine has cost a terrible pile," said one. "It has made lots of columns," the other replied. "Yes," said the first, "I suppose on the whole it has paid." The world does not like that standard of judgment, but it is only too typical of the characteristic irony of the newspaper man.

These considerations are no more

moral than artistic. The domination of our literary world by the newspapers increases the number of writers clever at giving the public what it desires, but does it work for or against the production of real literature? The gloomier view is the more readily stated, and among the many who hold it may be named Lord Rosebery, who said in a speech last June: "What you want to develop in your race is the art of thinking, and thinking is an art which stands a very good chance of perishing from among us altogether. The risks to which independent thinking is exposed, when you come to reckon them up, are manifold and dangerous. I think the Press, with all its great merits, is one of the greatest enemies of independent thinking. To begin with, we are furnished every day from at least half a dozen quarters with the best thoughts of trained and able minds on the subject of the day in the daily papers. It is all that one able-bodied man can do to get through these able-bodied papers in the course of a day. . . . Not merely have we that, but if the appetite is sufficiently omnivorous, he has the weekly Press in profusion, with the more leisurely thoughts of distinguished minds; and if he has a minute or two left, he can read all the monthly magazines and complete the cycle of his intellectual system."

The danger which exists for the mere reader of the paper is of course greater for the servant of the paper, and it certainly is probable that the average man loses more individuality in the service of a daily journal than he would in a law-office or a business house. His work absorbs his energies more, touches his private life more closely, and has less continuity, less development. He comes to the office at eleven in the morning, perhaps with a vacant mind, ready for anything; is assigned to a murder, a political story, an interview with a minister, an accident; he finishes it, dismisses it from his mind, and goes away, to return the next day equally ready for anything and equally detached from any single subject.

But although the dark side is easiest to see and easiest to state, the hopeful side exists for the man who is strong enough to take the opportunities and reject the temptations. Even on our

worst papers are a few men who use intelligently not only their opportunities for observation, but their opportunities for good action. The reporter sees men daily in critical situations, in the first despair of business disgrace or of personal bereavement, in the flush of sudden success and in accident, and if his interest in human nature be deep enough and clear enough, each interview may inform and strengthen him fundamentally. He sees also where the needs of the city are ; he has more facts, if he wishes them, than most men ; and if he have public sym-

thy, a large view of life, and personal power he could hardly have a more favourable aid to effective work. At least one reporter in this town has done an enormous amount for political and social improvement, and equal opportunities lie before all. He is one of the few men who are proud of the name of reporter, who are impressed by their duties to the public and the possibilities of their own lives, and who influence their papers more than they are influenced by them.

*Norman Hapgood.*

## THE SUBJECTS OF TWO FAMOUS FAREWELL SONGS.

Every one is familiar with the song *Maid of Athens, ere We Part*, with its Greek refrain, but comparatively few persons are acquainted with the portrait of the attractive young girl who inspired them. During a visit to Athens, Lord Byron's fancy was captivated by Theresa Macri, whose sole claim to celebrity lies in the words of the famous song addressed to her. Her mother, Theodora Macri, a native Greek, and the widow of an English vice-consul, derived her living from renting the apartments which Byron occupied ; and her three daughters, who charmed every one, contributed no little toward making her home the *pi   de terre* for English travellers. One of these, H. W. Williams, in his *Travels in Italy and Greece*, quoted in Thomas Moore's *Life of Byron* (1833), has left so excellent a description that it, with the accompanying portrait, will present an excellent idea of one of the human flowers that attracted the light butterfly heart of the great poet. We see the trio of sisters at home :

" Their apartment is immediately opposite to ours, and if you could see them as we do now through the gently waving aromatic plants before our window, you would leave your heart in Athens. Theresa, the Maid of Athens, Catinco, and Mariana are of middle stature. On the crown of the head of each is a red Albanian skull-cap with a blue tassel spread out and fastened down like a star. Near the edge or bottom of the skull-cap is a handkerchief of various colours bound round their temples. The youngest wears her hair loose, falling on her shoulders

—the hair behind descending down the back nearly to the waist, and, as usual, mixed with silk. The two eldest generally have their hair bound and fastened under the handkerchief. Their upper robe is a *p  lisse* edged with fur, hanging loose down to the ankles ; under that a gown of striped silk or muslin with a gore round the swell of the loins falling in front in graceful negligence ; white stockings and yellow slippers complete their attire. The two eldest have black or dark hair and eyes ; their visage oval and complexion somewhat pale, with teeth of dazzling whiteness. Their cheeks are rounded and noses straight, rather inclined to aquiline. The youngest, Mariana, is very fair, her face not so finely rounded, but has a gayer expression than her sisters, whose countenances, except when the conversation has something of mirth in it, may be said to be rather pensive. Their persons are elegant, and their manners are pleasing and ladylike, such as would be fascinating in any country. They possess very considerable powers of conversation, and their minds seem to be more instructed than those of the Greek women in general. With such attractions, it would, indeed, be remarkable if they did not meet with great attentions from the travellers who occasionally are resident in Athens. They sit in the Eastern style, a little reclined, with their limbs gathered under them on the divan, and without shoes. Their employments are the needle, tambouring, and reading. . . . These ladies, since the death of the consul, their father, depend on strangers living in their spare room and closet which we now occupy. But though so poor, their virtue shines as conspicuously as their beauty."

It is sad to think that, twenty-four years after the song was written, an Englishman hunted for Theresa Macri and found her married, struggling to earn a living for a large family of chil-



dren, and, sadder than all, without a trace of her former beauty.

The "Maid of Athens" has frequently been set to music, the most popular versions being those of V. Pucitta (1815); S. Waller (1820); G. V. Duval (1830); S. Nelson (1846); G. Linley (1854); H. Kalliwoda (1863); M. W. Balfe (1869); C. F. Gounod (1873); W. L. Williams (1878); and J. Mount (1880).

Less popular, perhaps, but equally familiar is the famous French chanson written by Henri IV., quoted here:

" Charmante Gabrielle,  
Percé de mille dards,  
Quand la gloire m'appelle  
À la suite de Mars,  
Cruelle déparlie !  
Malheureux jour !  
Que ne suis-je sans vie,  
Ou sans amour !

" L'amour, sans nulle peine  
M'a par vos doux regards,  
Comme un grand capitaine  
Mis sous ses étandards.  
Cruelle déparlie !  
Malheureux jour !  
Que ne suis-je sans vie,  
Ou sans amour !

" Si votre nom célèbre  
Sur mes drapeaux brillait,  
Jusqu'à delà de l'Èbre  
L'Espagne ne craindrait.  
Cruelle déparlie !  
Malheureux jour !  
Que ne suis-je sans vie,  
Ou sans amour !

" Je n'ai pu dans la guerre,  
Qu'un royaume gagner,  
Mais sur toute la terre  
Vos yeux doivent regner.  
Cruelle déparlie !  
Malheureux jour !  
Que ne suis-je sans vie,  
Ou sans amour !

" Partagez ma couronne,  
Le prix de ma valeur  
Je la tiens de Bellone  
Tenez la de mon cœur.  
Cruelle déparlie !  
Malheureux jour !  
Que ne suis-je sans vie,  
Ou sans amour !

" Bel astre que je quitte,  
Ah ! cruel souvenir !  
Ma douleur s'en irrite :  
Vous revoir ou mourir !  
Cruelle déparlie !  
Malheureux jour !  
Que ne suis-je sans vie,  
Ou sans amour !"

The beautiful woman who inspired these lines became the favourite of the King of France by accident. He had spent three weeks in the saddle without once removing his armour, being pursued by the Duke of Parma's retreating forces, and came suddenly upon the Château de Cœuvres, near Soissons, the home of the charming Gabrielle d'Estrées. So captivated was he by the graceful hospitality of the fair *châtelaine* and her marvellous beauty that he loved her at first sight and ever afterward. Dreux de Radier describes her—and from the accompanying portrait his description will be credited—as

" the loveliest woman in France, with hair of a beautiful blonde cendrée, eyes blue and full of fire, and a complexion as fair as alabaster; her nose was well shaped and aquiline, a mouth showing a set of pearly teeth, with lips whereon the god of love had set his seal; a swan-like throat and perfectly formed bust, a taper hand; in short, she had the demeanour of a goddess."

Gabrielle, the daughter of Antoine, Marquis d'Estrées, grand master of artillery, a brave soldier, and much attached to the cause of the hero of Navarre, was educated by him in every way befitting a soldier's daughter. He taught her to hunt, to ride boldly and fearlessly, and to shoot with the arquebuse.

After Henri had obtained her love he showered everything upon her, and her extravagances knew no bounds. She constantly appeared in new costumes thickly sewn with jewels which even attracted attention in that period of brilliant attire. She went to Paris in 1594 when Henri made his *entrée*, "borne a little after him," says *L'Étoile*,

"in a splendid open litter so studded with pearls and glittering with gems that their lustre eclipsed the glare of the flambeaux. She was attired in a black satin robe all slashed and puffed with white."

She accompanied the King everywhere, not only at his diversions at Fontainebleau, but was present at the opening of Parliament and on other important public occasions. From letters still existing we learn that Henri informed her of every movement, incident, and action which occurred during the campaign in Rouerque and Languedoc. "If I should be defeated," says one letter,



THERESA MACRI, THE MAID OF ATHENS.

After a sketch taken from life in 1812.

"you know me too well to believe that I shall run away. No! my last thought shall be given to heaven, and the last but one to you!"

It was when he joined his army and set out for Amiens that he composed the song of *Charmante Gabrielle*, a farewell to her, the charmer of his life.

Sad it is that she died in 1599 with the suspicion of having been poisoned.

"She was delicately fair," says Sainte Beuve,

"with light golden hair, thrown off

her face in waving masses, slightly curled, an open brow, the space between the eyes—*l'entre œil*, as it was then called—large and noble; the mouth smiling and roseate, while a tender and engaging expression threw a charm over the whole countenance. Her eyes were blue, with a clear, soft, and lively glance. She was a thorough woman in all her tastes, ambitions, and even in her faults. She was, moreover, perfectly natural in her manners, and intelligent without any pretension to learning, the only book found in her library being her *livre d'heures*."

This, with the previous description, gives one an excellent idea of the famous beauty's appearance in her youth and maturity.

*Esther Singleton.*

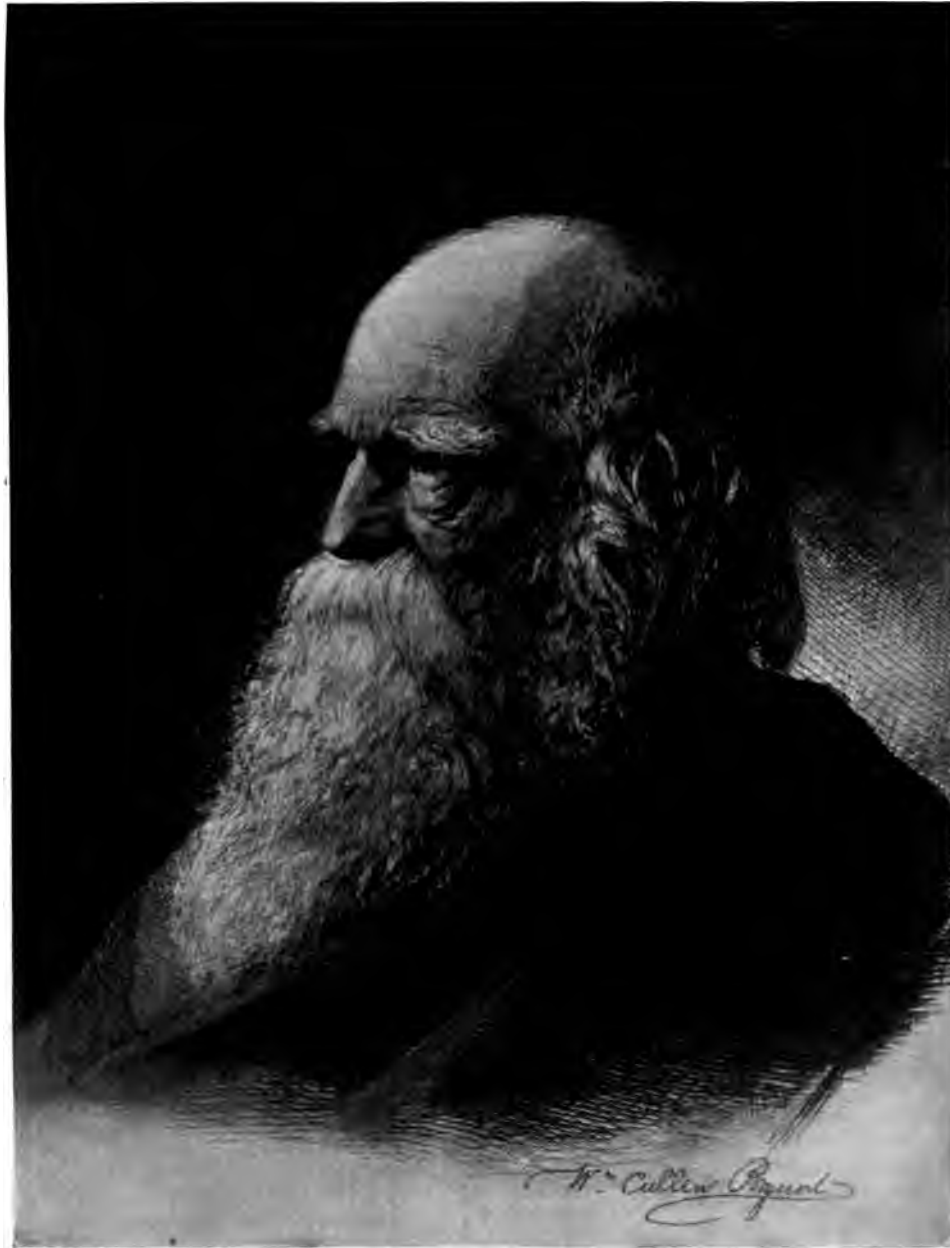


GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES.

## TO MEMORY.

Regret—with purple passion flowers in her hair—  
Holding the Deadly Night Shade to her lips,  
Smiling the cast-off smile that weary dreamers wear—  
To Memory!—a deathless love-pledge sips.

*Martha Gilbert Dickinson.*



BRYANT AT THE END OF HIS LIFE.

## AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

### III.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The *Mayflower* folk could no more have thought of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins as the central figures in a

NOTE.—The above fine portrait of Bryant is published for the first time, from an etching done by Aug. Will, through the kindness of Henry C. Sturges, Esq., New York.

world-read poem than as the direct ancestors of two favourite American poets. Both Bryant and Longfellow had their descent from the union which Miles Standish's courtship brought about. Not only through this strain of *Mayflower* blood, but from many other

ancestral sources William Cullen Bryant was born—at Cummington in Western Massachusetts, November 3d, 1794—into a rightful inheritance of the New England spirit in its purest essence. To say that his father, Dr. Stephen Bryant, was known about the countryside as "the beloved physician," and that at the age of sixty he won a foot-race from a famous runner of the region, will at least suggest the sort of man he was. Of Bryant's mother it is told that she kept a diary for fifty-three years without missing a day. On November 3d, 1794, the entry read: "Stormy. Wind N.E. Churned. Seven in the evening a son born." Add to this the report that when she rode horseback, she used to spring from the ground into the saddle, and we are prepared for the records of her son's vigorous longevity.

But the physical prowess of his race was not its greatest distinction. His father, a man of education and personal charm, had good books in his library. He was given to verse-making himself, and the best English poets were the daily food of his children, of whom, by the way, William Cullen was the second of seven. Are there any such children in this day as there were a hundred years ago? We are credibly informed, by Bryant himself, that at sixteen months he knew all the letters of the alphabet, and that his older brother, before the completion of his fourth year, "had read the Scriptures through from beginning to end." Much good



BRYANT IN 1828.

Engraved originally for *The New York Mirror* in 1828 from a painting by Inman, and published later in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1841, with "A Notice of William Cullen Bryant" by Edgar Allan Poe.

they must have done him, one is tempted to interpose. Whether as a cause or an effect of precocity, the head of young Cullen, as he was called, was of such an alarming size that by his father's order he was dipped every summer morning, head and all, into a spring near the house, the treatment being continued so late into the autumn that it was sometimes necessary to break a film of ice for the child's bath. Before he attained manhood his delicate health was left entirely behind him.

It was a stern school in which Bryant had his earliest training; but the rigours of old New England boyhood, under teachers, parents, and on the farm, have been so often described that it need only be said here that no exceptions were



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT IN 1858.

From an engraving after the painting by Durand, published by the Century Association in 1858.

made in the young poet's favour. As a young poet he very soon came to be known. When he was about ten years old his grandfather gave him a Spanish ninepenny piece for turning the first chapter of Job into verse, and very soon afterward the *Hampshire Gazette* of Northampton began printing his poetical effusions, which were no worse and little better than the work of other youthful bards. It is worth remembering that the most serious early production of the boy whose chief activity in life took the form of political writing was a piece of political satire. Dr. Bryant was an ardent Federalist, and represented his party in the General Court at Boston. Jefferson and the Embargo of



BRYANT, WEBSTER, AND IRVING AS THEY APPEARED AT THE PUBLIC MEETING HELD IN MEMORY OF J. FENIMORE COOPER IN 1852.  
Reproduced from a sketch by Dan Huntington through the kindness of Mr. F. H. Day (of Messrs. Copeland & Day), Boston.



college history is that, overcome by his own laughter, he broke down in an attempt to declaim a passage from Irving's *Knickerbocker*. The incident gives early proof of the gayer spirit which the dignity of his nature often hid, and, moreover, helps us to fix the sixteen-year-old boy in his historical place. *Knickerbocker's History* had appeared in 1809.

Two ambitions of Bryant's at this time were to leave Williams and enter Yale; but only the first of them was fulfilled, and that after but two terms of college work. When the time came for going to the more distant college, the family finances would not permit it. While reaching a decision to study law as the surest means of earning a support, he gave himself that best of instruction, which came from a thorough reading of his father's books. Then came a few years of legal study in neighbouring villages, and in August of 1815 he found himself a full-fledged attorney of the Common Pleas. After a short experiment elsewhere he established himself, in October of 1816, as a practitioner of law in Great Barrington, Mass., where he toiled faithfully for nine years.

It is not the young lawyer, but the young poet that we wish to remember; not the person who described himself as

"forced to drudge for the dregs of men,  
And scrawl strange words with a barbarous pen."

but the student, who inevitably clung to poetry as the expression of his real life. "Alas! sir," he wrote to an older friend, "the muse was my first love, and the remains of that passion which is not cooled out nor chilled into extinction, will always, I fear, cause me to look coldly on the severe beauties of Themis." It has been seen how early he fell a victim to that "first love," and through all the days of college and law study the Muse was his true mistress. As Bryant stands almost alone among poets as one whose fame came to him



BRYANT IN HIS EIGHTY-FOURTH YEAR.

From the *Century Magazine* by permission, reproduced from an engraving by T. Cole of Wyatt Eaton's drawing, now in the possession of Parke Godwin, Esq., New York.

while he was hardly more than a boy, and was only confirmed, not created, by the work of his later years, we may permit ourselves to look somewhat closely at his beginnings.

*Thanatopsis* may be said to have given him his place in American letters, and the story of its origin cannot be told too often. The unfailing wonder of it is that a boy of seventeen could have written it; not merely that he could have made verse of such structural beauty and dignity, but that the thoughts of which it is compacted could have been a boy's thoughts. The poem seems to have been written while he was at his father's house in Cummington, in the summer of 1811, before he had definitely begun the study of law. Fond as he had been of showing his earlier effusions to his father and others, the consciousness of having done something





BRYANT AND HIS FRIEND COLE IN THE CATSKILLS.

Now reproduced for the first time from a painting by Durand, by the kind permission of Parke Godwin, Esq., New York.

different and greater must have come upon him at this time, for it was only by accident, six years after the writing of *Thanatopsis*, that his father chanced to find it and the poem now called "An Inscription upon the Entrance to a Wood" among some papers in a desk the boy had used while at home. Dr. Bryant read them with amazement and delight, hurried at once to the house of a neighbour, a lady of whose sympathy he felt

sure, thrust them into her hands, and, with the tears running down his cheeks, said, "Read them; they are Cullen's."

Now it had happened only a short time before, that Dr. Bryant had been asked in Boston to urge his son to contribute to the newly established *North American Review*, and had written him a letter on the editors' behalf. Here was the opportunity of a proud father. Without telling his son of his discovery

or his purpose, he left the poems one day, together with some translations from Horace by the same hand, at the office of the *North American*. The little package was addressed to his editorial friend, Mr. Willard Phillips, of whom tradition tells us that as soon as he had read the poems he betook himself in hot haste to Cambridge to display his treasures to his associates, Richard H. Dana and Edward T. Channing. "Ah, Phillips," said Dana, when he had heard the poems read, "you have been imposed upon! No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse." But Phillips, believing Dr. Bryant to be responsible for it, declared that he knew the writer, and that Dana could see him at once if he would go to the State House, in Boston. Accordingly the young men posted in to town, and Dana, unconvinced after looking long and carefully at Dr. Bryant in his seat in the Senate, said, "It is a good head, but I do not see *Thanatopsis* in it."

If any one to-day will take the trouble to look at the *North American Review* for September, 1817, he will see *Thanatopsis* in it; not as we see it now, for the opening lines, as far as the passage beginning,

"Yet a few days and thee,"

are absent, and the poem ends with the line,

"And made their bed with thee."

The noble conclusion is lacking, but in place of the introductory lines that are now familiar there are four rhymed stanzas on death that were not written as a part of *Thanatopsis* and yet have merits which would have ranked them high amongst another man's juvenilia.

To appreciate fully what the publication of such verse as *Thanatopsis* and the other Bryant poems meant, it is worth while to look at the volume of the *North American Review* which contained them. We find ourselves carried back into the very time of 1817 by a long review of Scott's *Tales of My Landlord*, with copious extracts. In the last paragraph of the notice we read:

"If Mr. Scott be the author of these works—and we scarcely doubt it—he possesses a genius as prolific and versatile as any on record. . . . If we do not err widely, he holds the tenure of his immortality [*sic*] most firmly by his novels."

Evidently we have not gone back far

New York March 31, 1876

Dear Sir,

I have made a paragraph of the information the printed extracts sent me in your letter concerning your Dictionary of English & Biographical Names.

The poem in question is an old affair, it appeared some fifteen or twenty years since, under my name and after a while I was obliged, in self defence, to disclaim its authorship, as it was not written by me.

Sincerely,  
W. C. Bryant.

FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH LETTER BY BRYANT

enough to escape the proof-reader. But more significant, for our present consideration, is the sort of verse the *Review* published. It cannot be that editors who recognised so promptly the beauty of *Thanatopsis* knew no better; it must have been that, like some later editors, they had to take what they could get. What manner of thing it often was may be inferred from a single quotation. These are the opening lines of a poem "On a Painting of Colonel John Trumbull, representing a scene from Scott's 'Lady of the Lake'":

"Amid the brilliant group, which lib'ral taste  
Selects to gild its mansion, and to charm  
The virtuoso's eye, the landscape fair,  
The form pourtray'd that from the canvas  
starts,  
With breathing lip and feature, one there is  
That mingles all this magick."

Any comment upon the difference between *Thanatopsis* and this sort of thing would of course be superfluous.

In the six years that fell between the writing and the publication of *Thanatopsis* Bryant had been constantly writing verses. It was always his habit to destroy far more than he published, but this early period must not be passed without a mention of another one of the poems which could be least easily spared. It is told that in December of 1815 he was walking one day from Cum-

mington to Plainfield—where a few years later Mr. Charles Dudley Warner was trying to milk his father's cows to the rhythm of *Thanatopsis*—when a solitary bird flew steadily across the light that had been left by the setting sun. Bryant stood and watched it till it disappeared, and at the end of his walk sat down immediately and wrote the lines "To a Waterfowl," which, appearing in 1818 in the *North American*, went far to show that the earlier poems were not merely chance shots, never to be repeated.

As a lawyer in Great Barrington we find him serious, hard working, more fond, perhaps, of nature than of men, but highly enough esteemed of them to be appointed a tithing man and town clerk. In this second capacity it was his duty to publish all banns of marriage, which was ordinarily done by his reading them aloud in church. Instead of doing this with one notice, he pinned it on the door of the church vestibule, where it could not be seen; yet it was the announcement, all-important to him, of his own marriage, on June 11th, 1821, to Miss Frances Fairchild. How holy a day it was to him whose simple, religious faith was a very real part of all his long life, is shown in a prayer for Divine blessing upon the marriage, found among his papers after death. How close the union was with her whom we are permitted to recognise as "fairest of the rural maids," and the inspiration of poems like "The Future Life" and "The Life that Is," Mr. G. W. Curtis has told us in saying that "his wife was his only really intimate friend, and when she died he had no other."

With all the seriousness with which Bryant took his marriage—and his father's death, celebrated in the "Hymn to Death," had just made him doubly serious—he was quite capable of writing to his mother at this time one of the letters that best reveal the vein of humour that was in him:

"DEAR MOTHER: I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me.

"Early on the evening of the eleventh day of the present month I was at a neighbouring house in this village. Several people of both sexes were assembled in one of the apartments, and three or four others, with myself, were in another. At last came in a little elderly gentleman, pale, thin, with a solemn countenance, pleuritic voice, hooked nose, and hollow eyes.

It was not long before we were summoned to attend in the apartment where he and the rest of the company were gathered. We went in and took our seats; the little elderly gentleman with the hooked nose prayed, and we all stood up. When he had finished most of us sat down. The gentleman with the hooked nose then muttered certain cabalistical expressions, which I was too much frightened to remember, but I recollect that at the conclusion I was given to understand that I was married to a young lady of the name of Frances Fairchild, whom I perceived standing by my side, and I hope in the course of a few months to have the pleasure of introducing to you as your daughter-in-law, which is a matter of some interest to the poor girl, who has neither father nor mother in the world."

It was in this same year, 1821, that, through the influence of R. H. Dana, who was destined to be the poet's lifelong friend and correspondent, Bryant was asked to read the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard. To this invitation he responded with "The Ages," and the result of his visit to Boston and Cambridge was the publication of his first acknowledged volume, a small affair in bulk, but memorable as containing in its eight poems some of the best work that Bryant ever did. This year of 1821, by the way, was a year of eminent beginnings, a date of importance in the literary history of Cooper, Halleck, Dana, Miss Sedgwick, and a half dozen others whose names mean something to the student of American letters; and only the year before had Irving's second success, the *Sketch-Book*, appeared.

Bryant's glimpse of Cambridge and Boston did not go to increase his content in the practice of a profession for which he had never cared, in a community which now seemed to him smaller than ever. It is interesting to speculate, as some have done, on what would have been Bryant's development if on leaving Great Barrington he had gone to Boston instead of to New York. As we look back upon the two cities as they were seventy years ago, we can hardly wonder that he chose New York. Surely the more interesting men of the time were there, and the recovery from Puritanism had not then advanced far enough to give Boston the place it was soon to take as a seat of the arts. But aside from speculations as to what might have been, the fact was that his disgust with the injustice of a decision in one of his legal cases, and the confidence of his

friend, Mr. Henry Sedgwick, that his pen would earn him success in New York, fell opportunely together, and in 1825 we find him ardently entering upon the new, broader life.

The rewards of literature were not great in those days. Before leaving Great Barrington Bryant had been receiving two dollars each for poems contributed to the *United States Literary Gazette* in Boston. The "Forest Hymn" was one of these. Late in life Mr. Bryant was told by a friend that he had just given twenty dollars for a copy of the little Cambridge volume of 1821. "More by a long shot," said Mr. Bryant, "than I received for writing the whole work." Nor were his first enterprises in New York of a lucrative nature. As an associate editor of one magazine, long ago dead, and as a contributor to others that have departed with it, his chief reward must have been in the pleasure of the work. Doubtless this was also true of the lectures on Poetry and Mythology which he found opportunity to deliver. Certainly it must have been the case with his work in conjunction with his good friends, Sands and Verplanck, on the *Talisman*, one of those strange gift-book products of the younger century—an "affection's tribute" or "friendship's offering," in which it was difficult to tell whether the text was made to illustrate the pictures, or *vice versa*. Some day an entertaining chapter of our literary annals will be written on these monuments of a superseded taste. In all these early New York days Bryant's friendships—with Cooper, for example, and the other members of the "Bread and Cheese Club"—give the brighter colours to his story. The darker side was in the struggle for a livelihood, and when a temporary assistant editorship of the *Evening Post* became, in 1829, a permanent employment, he gleefully wrote to his friend Dana, "You know politics and a bellyfull are better than poetry and starvation." In a few months the chief editor died, and Bryant, with a share in the ownership of the paper, was promoted to the vacant position, and here he remained until the end of his life, nearly fifty years later.

It is because the life of an editor is outwardly uneventful that we have been able to dwell, at a length that may seem at first thought disproportionate, on the

earlier part of Bryant's career. Now that we may leave him established in one chair, so to speak, for half a century, there is ample time to see what manner of man he was. Such geniality as that of Irving and a few other men in whom strength and sweetness are combined does not seem to have been Bryant's possession. It was necessary to know him well to love him. Of righteous indignation he was apparently quite capable—perhaps of something more—for in one of the poems which speaks most truly from his deeper nature he writes :

"And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul."

This might be taken as one of the bits of self-accusation in which the most blameless of poets sometimes indulge, were it not for an incident of which his biographers make no mention. The diary of a New York gentleman tells us that he was shaving one morning, in 1831, when he saw Bryant, across the street, striking a fellow-editor, William L. Stone, with a cowhide, which Stone bore off when the bystanders had separated the combatants. It is the more to Bryant's credit that with a natural temper, to which, under the old amenities of journalism, he could give such an utterance, he attained so true a poise and dignity as time went on.

The vigour of his character is shown nowhere more clearly than in his record as an editor. As a Democrat first, as a Free Soil man and a founder of the new Republican Party in later years, he spoke through his paper's columns whatever he considered the truth, in spite of consequences that for the time were clearly disadvantageous. Once a mob threatened his office, and at other times, through his opposition to the Whigs, the party of respectability, and to slavery, he forfeited nearly all claim to personal popularity; and the *Post* suffered with him. His remarks upon Nicholas Biddle's death caused Philip Hone to enter in his diary :

"How such a black-hearted misanthrope as Bryant should possess an imagination teeming with beautiful poetical images astonishes me; one would as soon expect to extract drops of honey from the fangs of the rattlesnake."

But such opinions as these were merely the price of independence. As more of his fellow-citizens came to think as Bry-

ant did about the tariff—that is, as the New York *Evening Post* still thinks—as they learned the sturdy honesty of his convictions, and felt the wise patriotism of his utterances, especially in all that related to the war, the results of independence were shown in the editor's prosperity and honour.

Of all the many forms in which this honour came to him, this is no place to give a catalogue. Public office of all sorts Bryant avoided, though the highest distinctions were put within his reach. It was to him that all men looked for the expression of the public loss when such men as Cooper and Irving died. The volumes of his Memorial Addresses and of the Traveller's Letters, written to the *Post* at various times while he was abroad, tell us how little the haste of journalism was allowed to hurt his prose. "I would sooner the paper would go to press without an editorial article," he once said to an associate, "than send to the printer one I was not satisfied with." What the newspaper doubtless helped him to achieve was a quickness of mental working, which stood him in good stead when in later life he was often called upon to acknowledge public compliments. We can hardly think he took joy of all the tributes to his fame. To be exhibited as he was by the Governor of New York to both houses of the Legislature at Albany in 1875 must have been a rather melancholy pleasure, however fully he deserved his introduction as "the most distinguished citizen of our State." Yet the happy word of acknowledgment always came to his lips. There was never a better instance of this than in the anecdote with which he began his thanks for a silver vase given him by national subscription in honour of his eightieth birthday. He told of the presentation of a silver pitcher to an English militia officer; the spokesman for the company, losing his self-possession, could say nothing but, "Captain, here's the jug;" to which the captain, in a similar plight, replied, "Aye, is that the jug?" Of course the likeness between Bryant and the captain stopped there, for a most graceful speech followed.

Yet our heartiest liking for the man comes from other sources than his public fame. His letters to friends and such knowledge of his private life as Mr. Parke Godwin, his son-in-law and most complete biographer, has given to

all who care to read, reveal the health, simplicity, and devotion of a nature which has not been ill described in the term "a Puritan Greek." A strong part of the health of this nature was in its love of health. The child who was dipped in the Cummington spring cared for himself in later years by rising early enough in the morning to exercise with dumb-bells, pole, and horizontal bar for an hour or more before breakfast, by adhering to a diet of Spartan simplicity, by walking, rain or shine, to and from his office, three miles from his house in town, and by getting as near to nature in his life as he ever tried to come in his poems. Only a few weeks before his death, his second biographer, the Hon. John Bigelow, asked him if he never varied even then from his earlier rules of exercise. "Not the width of your thumb-nail," was the reply. Evidently the unbroken city life was not for such a man, and as early as 1843 he became the owner of "Cedarmere," a place in the Long Island town of Roslyn, so named by the poet himself from the fact that the British evacuating the island in 1781, had marched away from this particular region to the tune of "Roslyn Castle." Minute directions for the planting of blackberries, written from Europe in 1857, are but one of the evidences of the thought he gave to his country home. A visitor has recorded another item that should not be forgotten. The gardener had nearly sawn off the limb of a tree, on which Mr. Bryant happened to notice a bird's nest. He stopped the man's work at once, and by an interlacing of ropes had the limb fastened into its place until the young birds the nest had sheltered could shift for themselves. Neither to Roslyn nor to Cummington, where Bryant, in 1865, purchased his father's house, would he bring or do a line of his newspaper work. But each of these towns possesses to-day—one in a public hall, the other in a library, the gifts of the poet—substantial proof that he did not regard the country as a place for letting the mind lie fallow.

Bryant's quiet Christian belief was intimately an element of his nature. Throughout his life it found expression in public and private word and deed. Yet it was not until 1858, when Mrs. Bryant was dangerously ill at Naples, that he united himself definitely with any body of Christians. The account

which the Rev. R. C. Waterston, of the Unitarian Church, has left of the poet's baptism in a "large upper room," overlooking the bay, brings up a picture of apostolic simplicity and beauty.

A few months later Hawthorne met Bryant at the house of the Brownings in Florence. Mrs. Bryant's illness was felt to be inevitably fatal in time, and Hawthorne, knowing this, wrote a few words, which for shrewdness of insight have a value all their own—and his :

"I take him to be one who cannot get closely home to his sorrow, nor feel it so sensibly as he gladly would ; and in consequence of that deficiency, the world lacks substance to him. It is partly the result, perhaps, of his not having sufficiently cultivated his emotional nature. His poetry shows it and his personal intercourse, though kindly, does not stir one's blood in the least."

Making some necessary allowance for Hawthorne's never having known Bryant well, the analyst of character and poetry might carry this speculation deep into a study of Bryant ; but let him remember that Hawthorne pointed out the way.

It was like a man of Bryant's well-disciplined spirit to fill with a great task the hours of desolation that followed his wife's death in 1866. This task was the translation of Homer, and between 1866 and 1871 he had rendered both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into the English verse through which they are probably best known to-day to American readers. Forty lines a day was his rule, almost of the *nulla dies sine libro* order.

There has been no attempt here to keep up a chronological account of Bryant's poetical work after its first specimens showed what it was constantly to be. There were other literary undertakings, largely editorial, which we need not even stop to name. But we should give at least a moment to the thought that Bryant's work in one important respect separates itself from the work of many other men. It can almost always be shown how their books reflect the circumstances of their lives ; what we see in Bryant's legacy to us is that he was a poet in spite of circumstance. It may be objected that the best writing of any sort is the most autobiographic, but surely it is one thing to draw upon our daily lives for the scenes and incidents of prose, and it is quite another to live each day a busy life of affairs, and yet leave the world the richer for pages of print which give

to the life of the spirit its true pre-eminence.

Perhaps Bryant's strongest appeal to the human mind is in his view of death, his thanatopsis, if his special word may be made a general term. It was fitting, therefore, that death should have come to him when, of all men, he must have been most ready to meet it. Honours and years were his in abundance, and with them his mind and body held undiminished vigour. On May 29th, 1878, he delivered an address at the unveiling of the Mazzini statue in Central Park. The heat was great, and Mr. Bryant showed fatigue after his speech was done. Yet he insisted on walking across the Park, in acceptance of an invitation to the house of a friend, who, stepping before him to unlock the front door, heard a fall, and turned to see Mr. Bryant lying on the upper step, on which his head had struck with violence. Unconsciousness followed, and, taken to his own house, No. 24 West Sixteenth Street, he died on June 12th, having entered the second half of his eighty-fourth year. When he was buried at Roslyn, a few days later, the reading of his poem "June" was a part of the service. Indeed, it could hardly have been omitted.

By reason of his long-continued life, Bryant seems nearer to our own day than, as a poet, he really is. Historically he must be remembered as the first American poet of distinction—first in poetry as Irving was first in one form of prose and Cooper in another. The body of his poetic work is small, and the greater portion of it is manifestly destined to be forgotten. But with *Thanatopsis* and the handful of other lines which seem framed for a longer existence, shall we not preserve our memories of the man himself? For the celebration of his seventieth birthday Whittier wrote a poem in which there is one stanza that bears a closer application to Bryant than to almost any other poet of whom one can think. With the good Friend's words, then, let us leave him :

"We praise not now the poet's art,  
The rounded beauty of his song ;  
Who weighs him from his life apart  
Must do his nobler nature wrong."

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

The subject of the fourth paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "Edgar Allan Poe." It will appear in the May number.

## IN ÆTERNUM.

When I was still a living man,  
 And ere the years of life were spent,  
 My fearful fancy often ran  
 On what would be my punishment.

For I had sinned as only few  
 In human form have sinned as yet ;  
 And, though suspicion slept, I knew  
 That God would wait and not forget.

This hideous form it seemed to take,  
 That I was doomed where none could save  
 To die yet not to die, but wake  
 Amid the damps that fill the grave.

And oftentimes in fearful dreams,  
 When all was dark and I was hid,  
 I heard my own half-stifled screams  
 From underneath the coffin-lid.

Five days ago life left its cell . . .  
 Long, shuddering silence . . . then I knew  
 That I had died, and oh, too well  
 That all the dreadful dream was true.

Black darkness weighs my eyeballs down,  
 The leaden coffin's close embrace  
 Keeps pressing, like a devil's crown,  
 The cere-cloth on a ghastly face.

I struggle hard to stir, to speak,  
 To beg of Christ another fate,—  
 To cry aloud, to curse, to shriek,  
 To thrust away the leaden weight.

O depth of agony profound !  
 No heart to break, no tear to shed,  
 No tongue to voice the awful sound  
 Of him who dies and is not dead :

But o'er and o'er and o'er and o'er  
 I think of all the ill I did,  
 That holds me down forevermore .  
 Beneath the leaden coffin-lid.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

## CHAPTER IV.

## LE PREMIER PAS.

"Be as one that knoweth and yet holdeth his tongue."

The little town of Algeciras lies, as many know, within sight of Gibraltar, and separated from that stronghold by a broad bay. It is on the mainland of Spain, and in direct communication by road with the great port of Cadiz. Another road, little better than a bridle-path, runs northward toward Ximena, and through the corkwood forests of that plain toward the mountain ranges that rise between Ronda and the sea.

By this bridle-path, it is whispered, a vast smuggled commerce has ever found passage to the mainland, and scarce a boatman or passenger lands at Algeciras from Gibraltar but carries somewhere on his person as much tobacco as he may hope to conceal with safety. Algeciras, with its fair, white houses, its prim church and sleepy quay, where the blue waters lap and sparkle in innocent sunlight, is, it is to be feared, a town of small virtue, and the habitation of scoundrels; for this is the stronghold of those *contrabandista* whom song and legend have praised as the boldest, the merriest, the most romantic of law-breakers. Indeed, in this country the man who can boast of a smuggling ancestry holds high his head and looks down on honest folk.

The *Granville*, having dropped anchor to the north of the rough stone pier, was soon disburdened of her passengers, the ladies going ashore with undisguised delight, and leaving behind them many gracious messages of thanks to the gentleman whose gallantry had resulted so disastrously, for Conyngham was still in bed, though now nearly recovered. Truth to tell, he did not hurry to make his appearance in the general cabin, and came on deck a few hours after the departure of the ladies, whose gratitude he desired to avoid.

Two days of the peerless sunshine of

these southern waters completely restored him to health, and he prepared to go ashore. It was afternoon when his boat touched the beach, and the idlers, without whom no Mediterranean seaboard is complete, having passed the heat of the day in a philosophic apathy, amounting in many cases to a siesta, now roused themselves sufficiently to take a dignified and indifferent interest in the new arrival. A number of boys, an old soldier, several artillery men from the pretty and absolutely useless fort, a priest, and a female vendor of oranges put themselves about so much as to congregate in a little knot at the spot where Conyngham landed.

"Body of Bacchus!" said the priest, with a pinch of snuff poised before his long nose; "an Englishman. See his gold watch-chain."

This remark called forth several monosyllabic sounds, and the onlookers watched the safe discharge of Conyngham's personal effects with a characteristic placidity of demeanour, which was at once tolerant and gently surprised. That any one should have the energy to come ashore when he was comfortable on board, or leave the shore when amply provided there with sunshine, elbow-room, and other necessities of life, presented itself to them as a fact worthy of note, but not of emulation. The happiest man is he who has reduced the necessities of life to a minimum.

No one offered to assist Conyngham. In Spain the onlooker keeps his hands in his pockets.

"The English, see you, travel for pleasure," said the old soldier, nodding his head in the direction of Gibraltar, pink and shimmering across the bay.

The priest brushed some stray grains of snuff from the front of his faded cassock, once black, but now of a greeny-brown. He was a singularly tall man, gaunt and gray, with deep lines drawn downward from eye to chin. His mouth was large and tender, with a humorous corner ever awaiting a jest. His eyes

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were sombre and deeply shaded by gray brows, but one of them had a twinkle lurking and waiting, as in the corner of his mouth.

"Every one stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet," he said, and, turning, he courteously raised his hat to Conyngham, who passed at that moment on his way to the hotel. The little knot of onlookers broke up, and the boys wandered toward the fort, before the gate of which a game at bowls was in progress.

"The padre has a hungry look," reflected Conyngham. "Think I'll invite him to dinner."

For Geoffrey Horner had succeeded in conveying more money to the man who had taken his sins upon himself, and while Conyngham possessed money he usually had the desire to spend it.

Conyngham went to the Fonda della Marina, which stands to-day, a house of small comfort and no great outward cleanliness; but, as in most Spanish inns, the performance was better than the promise, and the bedroom offered to the traveller was nothing worse than bare and ill-furnished. With what Spanish he at this time possessed the Englishman made known his wants, and inquired of the means of prosecuting his journey to Ronda.

"You know the Captain-General Vincente of Ronda?" he asked.

"But yes; by reputation. Who does not in Andalusia?" replied the host, a stout man who had once cooked for a military mess at Gibraltar, and professed himself acquainted with the requirements of English gentlemen.

"I have a letter to General Vincente, and must go to Ronda as soon as possible. These are stirring times in Spain."

The man's bland face suddenly assumed an air of cunning, and he glanced over his shoulder to see that none overheard.

"Your excellency is right," he answered. "But for such as myself one side is as good as another. Is it not so? Carlist or Christino—the money is the same."

"But here in the South there are no Carlists."

"Who knows?" said the innkeeper with outspread hands. "Anything that his excellency requires shall be forthcoming," he added grandiosely. "This is the dining room, and here at the side

a little saloon where the ladies sit. But at present we have only gentlemen in the hotel, it being the winter time."

"Then you have other guests?" inquired Conyngham.

"But yes; always. In Algeciras there are always travellers—noblemen, like his excellency, for pleasure; others for commerce, the government, the politics."

"No flies enter a shut mouth, my friend," said a voice at the door, and both turned to see the priest who had witnessed Conyngham's arrival standing in the doorway.

"Pardon, señor," said the old man, coming forward with his shabby hat in his hand—"pardon my interruption. I came at an opportune moment, for I heard the word politics."

He turned and shook a lean finger at the innkeeper, who was backing toward the door with many bows.

"Ah, bad Miguel!" he said. "Will you make it impossible for gentlemen to put up at your execrable inn? The man's cooking is superior to his discretion, señor. I, too, am a traveller, and for the moment a guest here. I have the honour. My name is Concha, the Padra Concha, a priest, as you see."

Conyngham nodded and laughed frankly.

"Glad to meet you," he said. "I saw you as I came along. My name is Conyngham, and I am an Englishman, as you hear. I know very little Spanish."

"That will come, that will come," said the priest, moving toward the window. "Perhaps too soon, if you are going to stay any length of time in this country. Let me advise you; do not learn our language too quickly."

He shook his head and moved toward the open window.

"See to your girths before you mount. Eh? Here is the veranda, where it is pleasant in the afternoon. Shall we be seated? That chair has but three legs. Allow me; this one is better."

He spoke with the grave courtesy of his countrymen, for every Spaniard, even the lowest muleteer, esteems himself a gentleman, and knows how to act as such. The Padre Concha had a pleasant voice, and a habit of gesticulating slowly with one large and not too clean hand that suggested the pulpit.

He had led the way to a spacious veranda, where there were small tables and chairs, and at the outer corners orange-trees in square green boxes.

"We will have a bottle of wine. Is it not so? Yes," he said, and gravely clapped his hands together to summon the waiter, an Oriental custom still in use in the Peninsular.

The wine was brought and duly uncorked, during which ceremony the priest waited and watched with the pre-occupied air of a host careful for the entertainment of his guest. He tasted the wine critically.

"It might be worse," he said. "I beg you to excuse it not being better."

There was something simple in the old man's manner that won Conyngham's regard.

"The wine is excellent," he said. "It is my welcome to Spain."

"Ah! Then this is your first visit to this country," the priest said indifferently, his eyes wandering to the open sea, where a few feluccas lay becalmed.

"Yes."

Conyngham turned and looked toward the sea also. It was late in the afternoon, and a certain drowsiness of the atmosphere made conversation even between comparative strangers a slower, easier matter than with us in the brisk North. After a moment the Englishman turned with, perhaps, the intention of studying his companion's face, only to find the deep gray eyes fixed on his own.

"Spain," said the padre, "is a wonderful country—rich, beautiful, with a climate like none in Europe; . . . but God and the devil come to closer quarters here than elsewhere. Still, for a traveller—for pleasure—I think this country is second to none."

"I am not exactly a traveller for pleasure, my father."

"Ah!" and Concha drummed idly on the table with his fingers.

"I left England in haste," added Conyngham lightly.

"Ah!"

"And it will be inexpedient for me to return for some months to come. I thought of taking service in the army, and have a letter to General Vincente, who lives at Ronda, as I understand, sixty miles from here, across the mountains."

"Yes," said the priest thoughtfully;

"Ronda is sixty miles from here, across the mountains."

He was watching a boat, which approached the shore from the direction of Gibraltar. The wind having dropped, the boatmen had lowered the sail and were now rowing, giving voice to a song, which floated across the smooth sea sleepily. It was an ordinary Algeciras wherry, built to carry a little cargo and perhaps a dozen passengers, a fishing-boat that smelt strangely of tobacco. The shore was soon reached, and the passengers, numbering half a dozen, stepped over the gunwale on to a small landing-stage. One of them was better dressed than his companions, a smart man with a bright flower in the buttonhole of his jacket, carrying the flowing cloak, brightly lined with coloured velvet, without which no Spaniard goes abroad at sunset. He looked toward the hotel, and was evidently speaking of it with a boatman, whose attitude was full of promise and assurance.

The priest rose and emptied his glass.

"I must ask you to excuse me. Vespers wait for no man, and I hear the bell," he said with a grave bow, and went indoors.

Left to himself, Conyngham lapsed into the easy reflections of a man whose habit it is to live for the present, leaving the future and the past to take care of themselves. Perhaps he thought, as some do, that the past dies—which is a mistake. The past only sleeps, and we carry it with us through life, slumbering. Those are wise who bear it gently, so that it may never be aroused.

The sun had set, and Gibraltar, a huge couchant lion across the bay, was fading into the twilight of the east, when a footstep in the dining-room made Conyngham turn his head, half expecting the return of Father Concha. But in the doorway, and with the evident intention of coming toward himself, Conyngham perceived a handsome, dark-faced man, of medium height, with a smart moustache brushed upward, clever eyes, and the carriage of a soldier. This stranger unfolded his cloak, for in Spain it is considered ill-mannered to address a stranger and remain cloaked.

"Señor," he said, with a gesture of the hat courteous, and yet manly enough to savour more of the camp than the

court—"señor, I understand that you are journeying to Ronda."

"Yes."

"I, too, intended to go across the mountains, and hoped to arrive here in time to accompany friends, who, I hear, have already started on their journey. I have also received letters which necessitate my return to Malaga. You have already divined that I come to ask a favour."

He brought forward a chair and sat down, drawing from his pocket a silver cigarette-case, which he offered to the Englishman. There was a certain picturesqueness in the man's attitude and manner. His face and movements possessed a suggestion of energy which seemed out of place here in the sleepy South, and stamped him as a native, not of dreamy Andalusia, but of La Mancha, perhaps, where the wit of Spain is concentrated; or of fiery Catalonia, where discontent and unrest are in the very atmosphere of the brown hills. This was a Spanish gentleman in the best sense of the word, as scrupulous in personal cleanliness as any Englishman, polished, accomplished, bright, and fascinating, and yet carrying with him a subtle air of melancholy and romance which lingers still among the men and women of aristocratic Spain.

"'Tis but to carry a letter," he explained, "and to deliver it into the hand of the person to whom it is addressed. Ah, I would give five years of life to touch that hand with my lips!"

He sighed, gave a little laugh which was full of meaning and yet quite free from self-consciousness, and lighted a fresh cigarette. Then, after a little pause, he produced the letter from an inner pocket, and laid it on the table in front of Conyngham. It was addressed, "To the Señorita G. B.," and had a subtle scent of mignonette. The envelope was of a delicate pink.

"A love-letter," said Conyngham bluntly.

The Spaniard looked at him and shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah! you do not understand," he said, "in that cold country of the North. If you stay in Spain perhaps some dark-eyed one will teach you. But," and his manner changed with theatrical rapidity as he laid his slim hand on the letter, "if, when you see her, you love her, I will kill you."

Conyngham laughed and held out his hand for the letter.

"It is insufficiently addressed," he said practically. "How shall I find this lady?"

"Her name is Barenna—the Señorita Barenna. That is sufficient in Ronda."

Conyngham took up the letter and examined it.

"It is of importance," he said.

"Of the utmost."

"And of value?"

"Of the greatest value in the world to me."

The Spaniard rose and took up his cloak, which he had thrown over the back of the nearest chair, not forgetting to display a picturesque corner of its bright lining.

"You swear you will deliver it, only with your own hand, only to the hand of the Señorita Barenna! And you will observe the strictest secrecy."

"Oh, yes," answered Conyngham carelessly; "if you like."

The Spaniard turned, and leaning one hand on the table, looked almost fiercely into his companion's face.

"You are an Englishman," he said, "and an Englishman's word—is it not known all the world over?"

"In the North, in my country, where Wellington fought, the peasants still say, 'Word of an Englishman,' instead of an oath."

He threw his cloak over his shoulder and stood looking down at his companion with a little smile, as if he were proud of him.

"There!" he said. "*Adios*. My name is Larralde; but that is of no consequence. *Adios*."

With a courteous bow he took his leave, and Conyngham presently saw him walking down to the landing-stage. It seemed that this strange visitor was about to depart as abruptly as he had come. Conyngham rose and walked to the edge of the veranda, where he stood watching the departure of the boat in which his new friend had taken passage.

While he was standing there the old priest came quietly out of the open window of the dining-room. He saw the letter lying on the table where Conyngham had left it. He approached, his shabby old shoes making no sound on the wooden flooring, and read the address written on the pink and scented

envelope. When the Englishman at length turned he was alone on the veranda with the wine-bottle, the empty glasses, and the letter.

## CHAPTER V.

### CONTRABAND.

"What rights are his that dares not strike for them?"

An hour before sunrise two horses stood shuffling their feet and chewing their bits before the hotel of the Marina at Algeciras, while their owner, a short and thick-set man of an exaggeratedly villainous appearance, attended to such straps and buckles as he suspected of latent flaws. The horses were lean and loose of ear, with a melancholy thoughtfulness of demeanour that seemed to suggest the deepest misgivings as to the future. Their saddles and other accoutrements were frankly theatrical, and would have been at once the delight of an artist and the despair of a saddler. Fringes and tassels of bright-coloured worsted depended from points where fringes and tassels were distinctly out of place. Where the various straps should have been strong they looked weak, and scarce a buckle could boast an innocence of knotted string. The saddles were of wood, and calculated to inflict serious internal injuries to the rider in case of a fall. They stood at least a foot above the horse's backbone, raised on a thick cushion upon the ribs of the animal, and leaving a space in the middle for the secretion of tobacco and other contraband merchandise.

"I'll take the smallest cutthroat of the crew," Conyngham had said on the occasion of an informal parade of guides the previous evening. And the host of the Fonda, in whose kitchen the function had taken place, explained to Concepcion Vara that the English excellency had selected him on his, the host's, assurance that Algeciras contained no other so honest.

"Tell him," answered Concepcion, with a cigarette between his lips and a pardonable pride in his eyes, "that my grandfather was a smuggler, and my father was shot by the *guardia civil* near Algatocin."

Concepcion, having repaired one girth and shaken his head dubiously over another, lighted a fresh cigarette and gave

a little shiver, for the morning air was keen. He discreetly coughed. He had seen Conyngham breakfasting by the light of a dim oil lamp of a shape and make unaltered since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, and without appearing impatient wished to convey to one gentleman the fact that another awaited him.

Before long Conyngham appeared, having paid an iniquitous bill with the recklessness that is only thoroughly understood by the poor. He appeared as usual to be at peace with all men, and returned his guide's grave salutation with an easy nod.

"These the horses?" he inquired.

Concepcion Vara spread out his hands.

"They have no equal in Andalusia," he said.

"Then I am sorry for Andalusia," answered Conyngham, with a pleasant laugh.

They mounted and rode away in the dim, cool light of the morning. The sea was of a deep blue, and rippled all over as in a picture. Gibraltar, five miles away, loomed up like a gray cloud against the pink of sunrise. The whole world wore a cleanly look, as if the night had been passed over its face like a sponge wiping away all that was unsightly or evil. The air was light and exhilarating, and scented by the breath of aromatic weeds growing at the roadside.

Concepcion sang a song as he rode—a song almost as old as his trade—declaring that he was a smuggler bold. And he looked it, every inch. The road to Ronda lies through the corkwoods of Ximena, leaving St. Roque on the right hand; such at least was the path selected by Conyngham's guide; for there are many ways over the mountains, and none of them to be recommended. Beguiling the journey with cigarette and song, calling at every *venta* on the road, exchanging chaff with every woman and a quick word with all men, Concepcion faithfully fulfilled his contract, and as the moon rose over the distant snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada, pointed forward to the lights of Gaucin, a mountain village with an evil reputation.

The dawn of the next day saw the travellers in the saddle again, and the road was worse than ever. A sharp ascent led them up from Gaucin to regions where foliage grew scarcer at every step

and cultivation was unknown. At one spot they turned to look back, and saw Gibraltar like a tooth protruding from the sea. The straits had the appearance of a river, and the high land behind Ceuta formed the farther bank of it.

"There is Africa," said Concepcion gravely, and after a moment turned his horse's head up-hill again. The people of these mountain regions were as wild in appearance as their country. Once or twice the travellers passed a shepherd herding sheep or goats on the mountain-side, himself clad in goatskin with a great brown cloak floating from his shoulders, a living picture of Ishmael or those wild sons of his who dwelt in the tents of Kedar. A few muleteers drew aside to let the horses pass, and exchanged some words in an undertone with Conyngham's guide. Fine-looking brigands were these, with an armoury of knives peeping from their bright-coloured waistbands. The Andalusian peasant is, for six days in the week, calculated to inspire awe by his clothing and general appearance. Of a dark skin and hair, he usually submits his chin to the barber's office but once a week, and the timid traveller would do well to take the road on Sundays only. Toward the end of the week, and notably on a Saturday, every passer-by is an unshorn brigand, capable of the darkest deeds of villainy, while twenty-four hours later the land will be found to be peopled by as clean and honest and smart, and withal as handsome, a race of men as any on earth.

Before long all habitations were left behind, and the horses climbed from rock to rock like cats. There was no suggestion of pathway or landmark, and Concepcion paused once or twice to take his bearings. It was about two in the afternoon when, after descending the bed of a stream long since dried up, Concepcion called a halt, and proposed to rest the horses while he dined. As on the previous day, the guide's manner was that of a gentleman, conferring a high honour with becoming modesty, when he sat down beside Conyngham and untied his small sack of provisions. These consisted of dried figs and bread, which he offered to his companion before beginning to eat. Conyngham shared his own stock of food with his guide, and subsequently smoked a cigarette which that gentleman offered him.

They were thus pleasantly engaged when a man appeared on the rocks above them, in a manner and with a haste that spoke but ill of his honesty. The guide looked up, knife in hand, and made answer to a gesture of the arm with his own hand upraised.

"Who is this?" said Conyngham. "Some friend of yours? Tell him to keep his distance, for I don't care for his appearance."

"He is no friend of mine, excellency. But the man is, I dare say, honest enough. In these mountains it is only of the *guardia civil* that one must beware. They have ever the finger on the trigger, and shoot without warning."

"Nevertheless," said the Englishman, now thoroughly on the alert, "let him state his business at a respectable distance. Ah! he has a comrade and two mules."

And, indeed, a second man of equally unprepossessing exterior now appeared from behind a great rock leading a couple of heavily laden mules.

Concepcion and the first traveller, who was now within a dozen yards, were already exchanging words in a patois not unlike the Limousin dialect, of which Conyngham understood nothing.

"Stop where you are," shouted the Englishman in Spanish, "or else I shoot you! If there is anything wrong, Señor Vara," he added to the guide, "I shoot you first; understand that."

"He says," answered Concepcion with dignity, "that they are honest traders on the road to Ronda, and would be glad of our company. His excellency is at liberty to shoot if he is so disposed."

Conyngham laughed.

"No," he answered; "I am not anxious to kill any man, but each must take care of himself in these times."

"Not against an honest smuggler."

"Are these smugglers?"

"They speak as such. I know them no more than does his excellency."

The second newcomer was now within hail, and began at once to speak in Spanish. The tale he told was similar in every way to that translated by Concepcion from the Limousin dialect.

"Why should we not travel together to Ronda?" he said, coming forward with an easy air of confidence, which was of better effect than any protesta-

tion of honesty. He had a quiet eye and the demeanour of one educated to loftier things than smuggling tobacco across the Sierra, though, indeed, he was no better clad than his companion. The two guides instinctively took the road together, Concepcion leading his horse, for the way was such that none could ride over it. Conyngham did the same, and his companion led the mule by a rope, as is the custom in Andalusia.

The full glare of the day shone down on them, the bare rock giving back a puff of heat that dried the throat. Conyngham was tired, and not too trustful of his companion, who, indeed, seemed to be fully occupied with his own thoughts. They had thus progressed a full half hour, when a shout from the rocks above caused them to halt suddenly. The white linen head-coverings of two *guardia civil* and the glint of the sun on their accoutrements showed at a glance that this was not a summons to be disregarded.

In an instant Concepcion's companion was leaping from rock to rock, with an agility only to be acquired in the hot fear of death. A report rang out and echoed among the hills. A bullet went "splat" against a rock near at hand, making a frayed blue mark upon the gray stone. The man dodged from side to side, in the panic-stricken irresponsibility of a rabbit seeking covert where none exists. There was not so much as to hide his head. Conyngham looked up toward the foe in time to see a puff of white smoke thrown up against the steely sky. A second report, and the fugitive seemed to trip over a stone; he recovered himself, stood upright for a moment, gave a queer, spluttering cough, and sat slowly down against a boulder.

"He is killed!" said Concepcion, throwing down his cigarette. "Mother of God, these *guardia civil*!"

The two guards came clambering down the face of the rock. Concepcion glanced at his late companion writhing in the sharpness of death.

"Here or at Ronda; to-day or to-morrow; what matters it?" muttered the quiet-eyed man at Conyngham's side. The Englishman turned and looked at him.

"They will shoot me, too; but not now."

Concepcion sullenly awaited the ar-

rival of the guards. These men ever hunt in couples of a widely different age, for the law has found that an old head and a young arm form the strongest combination. The elder of the two had the face of an old, gray wolf. He muttered some order to his companion and went toward the mule. He cut away the outer covering of the burden suspended from the saddle and nodded his head wisely. These were boxes of cartridges to carry one thousand each. The gray old man turned and looked at him who lay on the ground.

"*A la larga*," he said, with a grim smile. "In the long run, Antonio."

The man gave a sickly grin, and opened his mouth to speak, but his jaw dropped instead, and he passed across that frontier which is watched by no earthly sentinel.

"This gentleman," said the quiet-eyed man, whose guide had thus paid for his little mistake in refusing to halt at the word of command, "is a stranger to me—an Englishman, I think."

"Yes," answered Conyngham.

The old soldier looked from one to the other.

"That may be," he said; "but he sleeps in Ronda prison to-night. To-morrow the Captain-General will see to it."

"I have a letter to the Captain-General," said Conyngham, who drew from his pocket a packet of papers. Among these was the pink, scented envelope given to him by the man called Larralde at Algeciras. He had forgotten its existence, and put it back in his pocket with a smile. Having found that for which he sought, he gave it to the guard, who read the address in silence, and returned the letter.

"You I know," he said, turning to the man at Conyngham's side, who merely shrugged his shoulders; "and Concepcion Vara, we all know him."

Concepcion had lighted a cigarette, and was murmuring a popular air with the indifferent patience and the wandering eye of perfect innocence. The old soldier turned and spoke in an undertone to his comrade, who went toward the dead man and quietly covered his face with the folds of his own *faja* or waistcloth. This he weighted at the corners with stones, carrying out this simple office to the dead with a suggestive indifference. To this day the

*guardia civile* have plenary power to shoot whomsoever they think fit, flight and resistance being equally fatal.

No more heeding the dead body of the man whom he had shot than he would have heeded the carcase of a rat, the elder of the two soldiers now gave the order to march, commanding Concepcion to lead the way.

"It will not be worth your while to risk a bullet by running away," he said. "This time it is probably a matter of a few pounds of tobacco only."

The evening had fallen ere the silent party caught sight of the town of Ronda, perched, as the Moorish strongholds usually are, on a height. Ronda, as history tells, was the last possession of the brave and gifted Moslems in Spain. The people are half-Moorish still, and from the barred windows look out deep almond eyes and patient faces that have no European feature. The narrow streets were empty as the travellers entered the town, and the clatter of the mules, slipping and stumbling on the cobble-stones, brought but few to the doors of the low-built houses. To enter Ronda from the south, the traveller must traverse the Moorish town, which is divided from the Spanish quarter by a cleft in the great rock that renders the town impregnable to all attack. Having crossed the bridge spanning the great gorge, into which the sun never penetrates, even at midday, the party emerged into the broader streets of the more modern town, and, turning to the right through a high gateway, found themselves in a barrack-yard of the *guardia civile*.

## CHAPTER VI.

### AT RONDA.

"Le plus grand art d'un habile homme est celui de savoir cacher son habileté."

When Conyngham awoke, after a night conscientiously spent in that profound slumber which waits on an excellent digestion and a careless heart, he found the prison attendant at his bedside. A less easy-going mind would, perhaps, have leapt to some nervous conclusion at the sight of this fierce-visaged janitor, who, however, carried nothing more deadly in his hand than a card.

"It is the Captain-General," said he,

"who calls at this early hour. His excellency's letter has been delivered, and the Captain-General scarce waited to swallow his morning chocolate."

"Very much to the Captain-General's credit," returned Conyngham, rising. "Cold water," he went on, "soap, a towel, and my luggage; and then the Captain-General."

The attendant, with an odd smile, procured the necessary articles, and when the Englishman was ready led the way downstairs. He was a solemn man from Galicia, where they do not smile.

In the *patio* of the great house, once a monastery, now converted into a barrack for the *guardia civile*, a small man of fifty years or more stood smoking a cigarette. On perceiving Conyngham he came forward, with outstretched hand and a smile which can only be described as angelic. It was a smile at once sympathetic and humorous, veiling his dark eyes between lashes almost closed, parting moustachioed lips to disclose a row of pearly teeth.

"My dear sir," said General Vincente, in very tolerable English, "I am at your feet. That such a mistake should have been made in respect to the bearer of a letter of introduction from my old friend, General Watterson—we fought together in Wellington's day—that such a mistake should have occurred overwhelms me with shame."

He pressed Conyngham's hand in both of his, which were small and white, looked up into his face, stepped back and broke into a soft laugh. Indeed, his voice was admirably suited to a lady's drawing-room, and suggested nought of the camp or battlefield. From the handkerchief, which he drew from his sleeve and passed across his white moustache, a faint scent floated on the morning air.

"Are you General Vincente?" asked Conyngham.

"Yes; why not?" And in truth the tone of the Englishman's voice had betrayed a scepticism which warranted the question.

"It is very kind of you to come so early. I have been quite comfortable, and they gave me a good supper last night," said Conyngham. "Moreover, the *guardia civile* are in no way to blame for my arrest. I was in bad company, it seems."

"Yes; your companions were engaged in carrying ammunition for the Carlists. We have wanted to lay our hands upon them for some weeks. They have carried former journeys to a successful termination."

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"The guide Antonio something or other died, as I understand."

"Well, yes, if you choose to put it that way," admitted Conyngham.

The general raised his eyebrows in a gentle grimace, expressive of deprecation, with, as it were, a small solution of sympathy, indicated by a moisture of the eye for the family of Antonio something or other in their bereavement.

"And the other man? Seemed a nice enough fellow," inquired Conyngham.

The general raised one gloved hand, as if to fend off some approaching calamity.

"He died this morning at six o'clock."

Conyngham looked down at this gentle soldier with a dawning light of comprehension. This might, after all, be the General Vincente, whom he had been led to look upon as the fiercest of the Spanish Queen's adherents.

"Of the same complaint?"

"Of the same complaint," answered the general softly. He slipped his hand within Conyngham's arm, and thus affectionately led him across the *patio* toward the doorway, where sentinels stood at attention. He acknowledged the attitude of his subordinates by a friendly nod; indeed, this rosy-faced warrior seemed to brim over with the milk of human kindness.

"The English," he said, pressing his companion's arm, "have been too useful to us for me to allow one of them to remain a moment longer in confinement. You say you were comfortable. I hope they gave you a clean towel and all that."

"Yes, thanks," answered Conyngham, suppressing a desire to laugh.

"That is well. Ronda is a pleasant place, as you will find—most interesting; Moorish remains, you understand. I will send my servant for your baggage, and, of course, my poor house is at your disposition. You will stay with me until we can find some work for you to do. You wish to take service with us, of course?"

"Yes," answered Conyngham; "rather thought of it, if you will have me."

The general glanced up at his stalwart companion with a measuring eye.

"My house," he said, in a conversational way, as if only desirous of making matters as pleasant as possible in a life which nature had intended to be peaceful and sunny, and perhaps trifling, but which the wickedness of men had rendered otherwise—"my house is, as you would divine, only an official residence, but pleasant enough—pleasant enough. The garden is distinctly tolerable. There are orange-trees now in bloom, so sweet of scent."

The street into which they had now emerged was no less martial in appearance than the barrack-yard, and while he spoke the general never ceased to disperse his kindly little nod, on one side or the other, in response to military salutations.

"We have quite a number of soldiers in Ronda at present," he said, with an affectionate little pressure of Conyngham's arm, as if to indicate his appreciation of such protection amid these rough men. "There is a great talk of some rising in the South—in Andalusia—to support Señor Cabrera, who continually threatens Madrid. A great soldier, they tell me, this Cabrera; but not . . . well, not perhaps quite . . . eh? . . . a *caballero*, a gentleman. A pity, is it not?"

"A great pity," answered Conyngham, taking the opportunity at last afforded him of getting a word in.

"One must be prepared," went on the general, with a good-natured little sigh, "for such measures. There are so many mistaken enthusiasts. Is it not so? Such men as your countryman, Señor Flinter. There are so many who are stronger Carlists than Don Carlos himself—eh?"

The secret of conversational success is to defer to one's listener. A clever man imparts information by asking questions, and obtains it without doing so.

"This is my poor house," continued the soldier, and as he spoke he beamed on the sentries at the door. "I am a widower, but God has given me a daughter, who is now of an age to rule my household. Estella will endeavour to make you comfortable; and an English-



man, a soldier, will surely overlook some small defects."

He finished with a good-natured laugh. There was no resisting the sunny good-humour of this rotund little officer or the gladness of his face. His attitude toward the world was one of constant endeavour to make things pleasant and acquit himself to his best in circumstances far beyond his merits or capabilities. He was one who had had good fortune all his days. Those who have greatness thrust upon them are never much impressed by their burden. And General Vincente had the air of constantly assuring his subordinates that they need not mind him.

The house to which he conducted Conyngham stood on the broad main street, immediately opposite a cluster of shops where leather bottles were manufactured and sold. It was a large, gloomy house, with a *patio* devoid of fountain and even of the usual orange-trees in green boxes.

"Through there is the garden, most pleasant and shady," said the general, indicating a doorway with the riding-whip he carried.

A troop of servants awaited them at the foot of the broad Moorish staircase, open on one side to the *patio*, and heavily carved in balustrade and cornice. These gentlemen bowed gravely; indeed, they were so numerous, that the majority of them must have had nothing to do but cultivate this dignified salutation.

"The señorita?" inquired the general.

"The señorita is in the garden, excellency," answered one with the air of a courtier.

"Then let us go there at once," said General Vincente, turning to Conyngham and gripping his arm affectionately.

They passed through a doorway, whither two men had hurried to open the heavy doors, and the scent of violets and mignonette, of orange in bloom, and of a hundred opening buds swept across their faces. The brilliant sunlight almost dazzled eyes that had grown accustomed to the cool shade of the *patio*, for Ronda is one of the sunniest spots on earth, and here the warmth is rarely oppressive. The garden was Moorish, and running water in aqueeducts of marble, yellow with stupendous age, murmured in the shade of tropical

plants. A fountain plashed and chattered softly, like the whispering of children. The pathways were paved with a fine white gravel of broken marble. There was no weed amid the flowers. It seemed a paradise to Conyngham, fresh from the gray and mournful Northern winter, and no part of this weary, busy world, for here was rest and silence, and that sense of eternity which is only conveyed by the continuous voice of running or falling water. It was hard to believe that this was real and earthly. Conyngham rubbed his eyes, and instinctively turned to look at his companion, who was as unreal as his surroundings. A round-faced, chubby little man, with a tender mouth and moist, dark eyes, looking kindly out upon the world, who called himself General Vincente, and the name was synonymous in all Spain with blood-thirstiness and cruelty, with daring and an unsparing generalship.

"Come," said he, "let us look for Estella."

He led the way along a path winding among almond and peach-trees in full bloom, in the shadow of the weird eucalyptus and the feathery pepper-tree. Then with a little word of pleasure he hurried forward.

Conyngham caught sight of a black dress and a black mantilla, of fair golden hair, and a fan upraised against the rays of the sun.

"Estella, here is a guest, Mr. Conyngham, one of the brave Englishmen who remember Spain in her time of trouble."

Conyngham bowed with a greater ceremony than we observe to-day, and stood upright to look upon that which was for him, from that moment, the fairest face in the world. As to some men success or failure seems to come early and in one bound, so for some Love lies long in ambush, to shoot at length a single and certain shaft. Conyngham looked at Estella Vincente, his gay blue eyes meeting her dark glance with a frankness which was characteristic, and knew from that instant that his world held no other woman. It came to him as a flash of lightning that left his former life gray and neutral, and yet he was conscious of no surprise, but rather of a feeling of having found something which he had long sought.

The girl acknowledged his salutation

with a little inclination of the head, and a smile which was only of the lips, for her eyes remained grave and deep. She had all the dignity of carriage famous in Castilian women, though her figure was youthful still and slight. Her face was a clean-cut oval, with lips that were still and proud, and a delicately aquiline nose.

"My daughter speaks English better than I do," went on the general, in the garrulous voice of an exceedingly domesticated man. "She has been at school in England, at the suggestion of my dear friend Watterson—with his daughters, in fact."

"And must have found it dull and gray enough compared to Spain," said Conyngham.

"Ah! then you like Spain," said the general eagerly. "It is so with all the English. We have something in common despite the Armada, eh?—something in manner and in appearance, too; is it not so?"

He left Conyngham and walked slowly on with one hand at his daughter's waist.

"I was very happy in England," said Estella to Conyngham, who walked at her other side; "but happier still to get home to Spain."

Her voice was rather low, and Conyngham had an odd sensation of having heard it before.

"Why did you leave your home?" she continued, in a leisurely, conversational way, which seemed natural to the environments.

The question rather startled the Englishman, for the only answer seemed to be that he had quitted England in order to come to Ronda and to her, following the path in life that Fate had assigned to him.

"We have troubles in England also—political troubles," he said, after a pause.

"The Chartists," said the general cheerfully. "We know all about them, for we have the English newspapers. I procure them in order to have reliable news of Spain."

He broke off with a little laugh, and looked toward his daughter.

"In the evening Estella reads them to me. And it was on account of the Chartists that you left England?"

"Yes."

"Ah! you are a Chartist, Mr. Conyngham."

"Yes," admitted the Englishman after a pause, and he glanced at Estella.

(To be continued.)

## PLAISIR D'AMOUR.

*Plaisir d'amour*, a low voice trilled,  
*Dure qu'un instant.* The fountain stilled  
 Its noisy spray that she might sing.  
 The night-moth hovered on singèd wing  
 Over the lamps, and the music filled

A twisting maze Love had helped to build.  
 A surge of rapture my pulses thrilled.  
 The lute-strings leaped with a sharper ring—  
*Plaisir d'amour.*

*Chagrin d'amour*, a sad voice shrilled,  
*Dure toute la vie*—when love is killed.  
 Though deep to my soul may its sorrows sting,  
 I live for a moment if Fate but bring  
 To be mine for the moment what Love has willed—  
*Plaisir d'amour.*

Ethel Morse.

## PARIS LETTER.

The book which has been most carefully read and most excitedly commented upon here during the last fortnight is unquestionably the Yellow Book; not Henry Harland's *Yellow Book*, though, but M. Hanotaux's, the book in which our Minister of Foreign Affairs has collected all the diplomatic correspondence he has seen fit to publish about the present phase of the eternal Eastern question. I doubt, however, whether that *Yellow Book* exactly falls within the province of THE BOOKMAN, although it is said to be on the slate that M. Hanotaux is to be elected to a seat in the French Academy when that illustrious body chooses a successor to the late Challeml-Lacour, who was at one time also a Minister of Foreign Affairs, and under whose auspices, if we are not mistaken, M. Hanotaux first entered the diplomatic career.

In spite, however, of the great attention paid to M. Hanotaux's official publication, the month has not been an uninteresting one from a literary standpoint. For instance, it witnessed the *début* of the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé as a novelist. *Jean d'Agrève*, his first effort in this new line of activity, had, of course, been first presented by instalments to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The academician who edits the celebrated *Revue* could not but be hospitable to the first work of fiction of his aristocratic colleague, who is, moreover, one of the regular contributors to that publication. But is *Jean d'Agrève* really a work of fiction? Gossip has it that the main facts of the novel have actually taken place, and that we have here, as is so often the case when a writer formerly otherwise occupied presents a novel to the public, an autobiographical chapter. We need not go far, therefore, in order to discover who Jean d'Agrève is. Who is Hélène, the woman who so boldly offers her love to him? Aristocratic circles have gravely discussed the matter, which hardly concerns THE BOOKMAN. From all these conversations I shall send you only the judgment of a witty octogenarian lady at the close of an animated conversation. 'So his novel is a history? Well! I am not surprised; for his *Heures et Histoire* seemed to me pure fiction!'

*Là-Haut*, of Édouard Rod, has, like *Jean d'Agrève*, been first published in the *Revue*. It is kindly received. Mentioning Édouard Rod, I remember that he is pointed out by Georg Brandes as one of the very few French writers who have, and even he in a very slight degree only, been influenced by Scandinavian literature. Brandes's reason, by the way, for thus minimising the influence over France of Scandinavian literature is an excellent one. It is that Scandinavian literature is all but unknown in France. No one who has frequented Frenchmen of letters can fail to agree with Brandes. Nine tenths of the French Ibsenites, even more, are unable to come in contact with Ibsen otherwise than through translations, and the French translations of Ibsen are untrue both to Ibsen himself and to the spirit of the French language.

Another novel of the month has been decidedly more successful; it is *Le Maître de l'Heure*, by Hugues le Roux. The charming young lecturer and journalist seems to have opened up a new field to French writers of fiction. His characters are Arabs and French colonists of Algeria. But in order to succeed as he has done, it might, perhaps, be necessary to do what he did, to settle in Algeria, to share the labours, hopes, and fears of the colonists, and not simply to read up the subject and look at some canvases by Fromentin.

Far above all the novels, however, Paul Mariéton's *Une Histoire d'Amour* has caught the fancy of the public. It has run now through more than thirty editions, and continues to find as many readers as at the beginning. You know that the characters, the *Amants de Venise*, as M. Mariéton calls them, are George Sand and Alfred de Musset. It is a new *Elle et Lui*, or rather a new *Lui et Elle*. The publishers of George Sand's works, Calmann, Lévy and Co., are suing the author for the unauthorised use of George Sand's letters. They also assail him as not sufficiently respectful toward the great novelist's memory. The accusation strikes one as rather interesting, coming from the firm which has published in the *Revue de Paris* so many letters which any care for George Sand's memory would have advised

them to keep secret, or even to destroy. It is generally expected that they will lose their case. The district attorney sides with their opponent.

Plaintiff has lost in another case which also interests literature. Publisher Fasquelle sued a M. Antoine Laporte for dishonest competition in trade. The cause of the complaint was the publication by M. Laporte of a short work, *Zola contre Zola*, in which, in order to support his attacks against the novelist, he had gathered from Zola's works all the passages that are most redolent of—well, of what some people call Zolaism. The court has just decided that though *perfidious* criticism, the work was criticism, and that the object and effect of its publication had not been to deprive Messrs. Zola and Fasquelle of any part of their legitimate profits. M. Laporte, by the way, is the author of a larger work on Zola, *Émile Zola, l'Homme et l'Œuvre*, which does not amount to much as criticism, but which contains an excellent bibliography of Zola's works down to the year 1893.

As for Zola, while putting the finishing touches upon his *Paris*, the publication of which is soon to begin in *Le Journal*, he presents us with a work of a new kind, which does not seem, I am bound to say, to have won very great applause. He has written the words (I purposely avoid the word poem) for *Messidor*, a new musical work by Alfred Bruneau, which has just been performed at our Opera House. It seems that Zola was afraid to try his hands at verse writing, and, as he wanted no associate in the literary part of the work, the libretto of *Messidor* is in prose. The subject is an odd one. Zola himself expresses it thus :

"What have I intended? To give the poem of labour, the necessity and beauty of effort, faith in life, in the fruitfulness of the earth, hope in the deserved harvests of to-morrow. To imagine, on our land of France, a village, mountains where the brooks carry gold, and the inhabitants of which till now have lived on the gathering of that gold; and then to imagine that one of the inhabitants managed to secure all the gold by turning the brooks away, and thus ruined the whole village; then, in a catastrophe, sink all the gold, give the water back to the stony and untilled soil, whence there springs up the August harvest of wheat, after the inhabitants from gold washers have become land tillers."

The drama this month has been very "literary." Of course I do not allude

here to Sardou's *Spiritisme*, which, in spite of Sarah Bernhardt's vivacious acting, has been the most complete and most deserved failure of all Sardou's career. But we have had, at the Théâtre Français, Pailleron's two *proverbes*, *Mieux vaut douceur . . . Et violence*, and Paul Hervieu's important comedy, *La Loi de l'Homme*; at the Vaudeville, Maurice Donnay's *La Douleur*, and at the Odéon Richepin's rustic comedy in verse, *Le Chemineau*. This last work is a real poem; it seems to be Richepin's best work thus far, and the success was very great. The book was published almost immediately after the first performance, and seems to take with the reading public as well as with the playgoers. The *chemineau*, the peasant, the tramp, who cannot, even with the best inducements, be brought to settle in any permanent place, is sure to occupy for quite a while a place in French conversation and literature, and I shall be much surprised if the word itself, hardly ever heard before, does not become one of the familiar words of the language. Everybody seems to be pleased with Richepin's success. He has sobered down a great deal since the days of *Les Blasphèmes* and *Nana Sahib*, and has ceased to try all the time to shock people. Cured of that fault, he is an excellent fellow, and an unequalled versifier, at times, though seldom, I own, a true poet.

Donnay's *La Douleur* is the young author's second important dramatic work. He had had quite a success with *Amants*; *La Douleur* is better still. I am sorry, though, that to a serious play he should have given a slang word for title. *La Douleur* is the slang for "the bill" in a restaurant; the idea, simple enough, to be sure, being that in life there is a bill to pay for all we have chosen. The plot is rather complicated, but the surroundings are very cleverly reproduced, and there are two or three very pathetic scenes. We shall hear again of Maurice Donnay.

We shall also, no doubt, of Paul Hervieu, whose play, *La Loi de l'Homme*, has exactly the same merits and the same faults as its predecessor, *Les Ténailles*. Women will like the play; it will be liked also by the lovers of heartrending situations; lovers of the traditional, simple, direct French language will simply hate it; but no one will feel indifferent toward it.

I ought to mention also the publication of Brioux's *L'Évasion*, performed with some success a few weeks ago.

Pailleron's two one-act plays have been only moderately successful, though full of witty sayings. Together with a few other bits and ends he has published them with this queer title, *Pièces et Morceaux*.

Napoleon again! M. Frédéric Masson has just published the first volume of an excellent and well-written work, *Napoléon et sa Famille*. It will be an excellent guide through the enormous Napoleonic literature of the last few years, which has been admirably sifted by M. Masson. There is in the book also a good deal that was unpublished before.

At the same time we have a good little book, to be taken, though, *cum grano salis*, on Hortense Beauharnais; the author is M. C. d'Arguzon.

A few weeks ago one of the future members of the Goncourt Academy became a Knight of the Legion of Honour. When it was announced that J. H. Rosny was to be *décoré*, people wondered what it meant, as J. H. Rosny is the *nom de guerre* of two brothers who always write together. The Minister of Public Instruction, M. Rambaud, got hold of the facts in time to avoid a ludicrous mistake, and when the decree came out the new knight appeared as J. H. Boex.

He is the older of the Rosny brothers.

But will there be a Goncourt Academy? We do not yet know. The executors have still to face a lawsuit from relatives. Then the money is not yet in. Two of the Goncourt sales have already taken place—that of the drawings and paintings, and of the other works of art and curiosities of the eighteenth century. Japan still remains untouched. Everybody agrees that excellent prices have been realised, and yet we are still very far from the clear million and a half francs which is needed to carry out fully Goncourt's intentions. The drawings and paintings brought in 696,000 francs; the second sale raised the money on hand to about 925,000 francs. If the million and a half is not reached, and the will is sustained, each *académicien* will have to be satisfied with a reduced stipend.

A charming old woman of letters is soon to have a banquet organised in her honour. It is Clémence Royer, the first French translator of Darwin's works. Well do I remember her fighting with us against the Bonapartists and the Clericals thirty years ago. She had then remarkably winning looks and manners, and Time, I understand, has dealt gently with her.

*Alfred Manière.*

PARIS, March 1, 1897.

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## THE WIND ON THE GRASS.

A grayness in the atmosphere,  
A little shiver in the air—  
A heart embalmed in silent care.

A sigh from out that heart let pass,  
A-driven o'er the wind-bowed grass  
A whispering, "Alas! Alas!"

*Eleanor B. Caldwell.*

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## SUSPENSE.

The Future wears its helmet down;  
I fight and pray with scanty breath,  
No smile betrays, no tear, nor frown,—  
But white at heart I feel 'tis Death!

*Martha Gilbert Dickinson.*

## NEW BOOKS.

## RECENT WORKS ON SOCIOLOGY AND ECONOMICS.\*

A little literary discrimination in the composition of scientific books would lighten the burdens of this knowledge-seeking generation wonderfully. For instance, in the social sciences, what a blessing it would be if the writers had a knack of putting things well, of dodging the hackneyed, of perforating the opaque with a few beams of light—in other words, the tiniest and most rudimentary literary talent. The men who have something to say on these subjects put you to sleep, and the men who keep you awake have nothing to say. In economic matters a too impartial providence seems to have denied the gift of expression to men with ideas and granted it freely to those without, so while the world honours the dear, good, patient, inarticulate specialist, it runs off and listens to the dispenser of well-put claptrap. The science of economics needs a Huxley very badly. There is no reason why the best economic thought should not find as clever exponents as the worst. Less special training is required for understanding the elements of political economy than in the case of biology or physics, yet we see a great political party struggling at the polls for a principle as preposterous from the economic point of view as the Rev. Mr. Jasper's ideas of the movements of the sun. A recent writer on sociology discovers that in the propagation of an idea there are just two things needed: first, affirmation; second, repetition. Say a thing well in the first place; put it in the compact, portable form of an aphorism; then hammer away on it, and by a process which he likens to hypnotism the crowd is with you. He is writing of Frenchmen whom a "couple of phrases intoxicate," but it is true in a measure of us and of the rest of the world. So if the specialists, the initi-

ated, the judicious, profound, and orthodox would now and then hit on a few little pithy expressions of the truth in their pages, there might be more economic souls saved in the land. Of course it is too much to ask that they should make the whole science attractive and intelligible. There must be some esoteric corner of it, or the subject might become too familiar. Let them keep a sacred domain in which language so appallingly obscure is used that the laity will never venture in. Outside that let them employ the most vigorous and popular vehicle of thought they can find.

From this point of view a criticism of the form as well as of the matter of some of our recent economic books does not seem out of place. In Mr. Davenport's *Outlines of Economic Theory* there is a distinct attempt to put the subject clearly and attractively, and in the first part of the book at least the author has succeeded. In this respect the work is novel and refreshing. Moreover, it embodies current views, particularly on the subjects of value and quasi-rents, which are treated in a more comprehensive and more satisfactory way than in most other American text-books. This is not saying very much, for other text-book writers have had little to say in regard to the theory of subjective value, confining themselves for the most part to an exposition of value as power in exchange. In unfolding the theory of subjective value he certainly escapes the metaphysical prolixity of the Austrian writers, but his doctrine that value is the measure of sacrifice, *i.e.*, the sacrifice of the thing the possessor has to give up in order to obtain the commodity he desires, is not broad enough to cover all cases.

A novel feature of the book is its departure from the practise of drawing sharp lines of demarcation between the "departments" of political economy. He evidently agrees with Professor Giddings that "the traditional partition of economic science into departments of production, exchange, distribution, and so forth, not only does not correspond to the objective fact; it misrepresents the objective fact." Another good thing

\* *Outlines of Economic Theory.* By Herbert Joseph Davenport. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

*History of Economics.* By Henry Dunning Macleod. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*An Introduction to Sociology.* By Arthur Fairbanks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

in the book is the interspersing of the chapters with series of notes containing well-chosen quotations from modern economic writings. He also sprinkles the work with lists of what he calls useful and suggestive questions. These have occasionally some value if the book is to be used as a text-book. Yet to the average reader it must seem strange to be told to ask himself some "unanswerable questions about electricity, a chair, or a dab of mud;" or to be asked by the author whether he likes peaches, why he likes them; how he happened to have two hands instead of three, and what can be done about these facts. Still many of these questions are really suggestive, and no doubt the author's experience in the class-room has proven them of value. His analysis of profits, interest, and rent is good; but on the subject of wages he follows on the heels of Walker in the search for the mysterious "residual claimant" on the product of industry. It is hard to see why, on the theoretical assumption of perfect competition, the existence of any "residual claimant" is necessary. If profits are governed by a law analogous to the law governing the rent of land, why should not wages be subject to the same principles?

In the second part—that relating to economics as an art—he gives good, concise discussions of the application of economic principles to practical matters such as bimetallism, the free coinage of silver, trades unions, and so forth. There are some things in the book that will arouse adverse criticism among economists, but on the whole he has produced a good text-book. He has managed to state things in such a way as to stimulate thought and arouse discussion; and experience shows that no subject is more dependent on class-room discussion for its successful exposition than the science of economics. A good, lively setting forth of an erroneous view often serves better for the purpose of stimulating inquiry than a series of correct platitudes.

Mr. Macleod's *History of Economics* is a very singular work. In the first place, why it should be called a history does not appear from its contents, for less than one third of the book is given up to historical discussion, and even in that the author merely selects certain great names and summarises their merits

and defects without much reference to the social conditions of the times. The remainder of the book consists of disconnected articles on economic terms treated in alphabetical order in the style of a miniature encyclopædia. This curious arrangement is the result of the author's theory that economics, being a physical science, can be reduced to a body of perfectly exact and unchangeable principles. It is his aim to state these principles once and for all in definite form; so his list of titles, which, by the way, covers only a single page, embraces all the concepts of economics which he considers fundamental. The criticism of this is that in the first place he by no means exhausts the fundamental concepts, and in the second place by no means succeeds in stating them. His theory of credit especially is open to objection, and his idea of wealth itself is too loose and vague for practical purposes. In the historical portion he enjoys the unique satisfaction of giving his own biography at length as that of the real founder of the science of economics. All the authors preceding him are treated merely as unsuccessful seekers after economic truth. He alone has found it. John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, and the other members of the classical school butchered the science. He revived the remains. He shows just how this came about. It seems that the directors of a certain bank got into difficulty with the Board of Trade, and the matter came to trial. The case was put in Mr. Macleod's hands, and he obtained a decision in favour of the bank. "It was this case which was the origin of the modern science of economics." His success came from practical experience in banking and in the law, not from reading and study. Having founded economics, he now began to study the works of the economists, and found that in some points his views had been anticipated, although in no case stated so well as he had stated them. His mind, according to his own statement, seems to have been an epitome of all the best economic thought through all the ages without his ever having read economic works. For example, he says Bastiat was "the brightest genius that ever adorned the science of economics." Yet the author had stated all the good things in Bastiat before reading a line of his works. John Stuart Mill *et al.* had ruined the science

because they had failed to see that it was the science of exchange, or the theory of value. "I saw," says he,

"that the greatest opportunity that had come to any man since the days of Galileo had come to me, and I then determined to devote myself to the construction of a real science of economics on the model of the already established physical sciences."

After his great fundamental discovery, he went on to several minor ones :

"My experience in banking had brought to my knowledge a fact which, so far as I am aware, has never been stated in any book. . . . It was this : that when the rate of discount in two markets differs by more than sufficient to defray the cost of sending bullion from one to the other, bullion flows from the market where discount is lower to where it is higher. The truth of this principle is now universally recognised. . . . One day, at the Political Economy Club, Sir John Lubbock observed to me that this was the greatest discovery of the age."

The author also claims to have been the first to give the term Gresham's Law its vogue. As another proof of his greatness, he says :

"I read through the whole of Bastiat's works and wrote the article for my *Dictionary* in eight days, and I was much gratified to be told by M. Paillotet, his lifelong friend and admirer and literary executor, that he had derived from my article a much clearer idea of Bastiat's doctrines than from the constant study of them by himself."

Probably no man ever had so tenacious a memory for every compliment that was paid to him through life as the present author. Another instance is :

"M. Jules Duval acknowledged that my *Dictionary* was superior to the French dictionary, which was the work of thirty eight French economists, and said that I ought to be recognised as one of the fathers of economics because I had introduced negative quantities into economics, perfectly analogous to negative quantities in mathematics and physical science."

These quotations are enough to show the author's spirit and style, but his *megalomania* should not blind one to his real merits. His critical estimates of other writers, while they are not always fair, are very suggestive and interesting. He sums up very clearly and forcibly the main points in a theory or a "school." He himself belongs to what he calls the "third school" of economists—that of Bastiat. He follows the modern historical method of inquiry, laying great stress on the observation of the actual phenomena of exchange and

a thorough grounding in mercantile law ; but his constructive work is defective. Aiming at scientific precision and finality in stating economic principles, he has merely cast his own opinions in the form of axioms, confounding his own cocksureness with the objective certainty of the "laws" he sets forth.

The new sociology promises much. When we read what the sociologists say it is the special purpose of their science to do we are in a glow of expectancy. But we find, as a rule, that after drawing a pleasant picture of the possibilities of the subject they go no further. They seem to be jointly preparing an attractive prospectus for a book which it will require a genius to write, and they are waiting for the genius. For years many of them stuck so closely to their view of society as an organism, like a plant or an animal, that their work became a mere labyrinth of biological metaphors. Society consisted of "simple connective tissue," that is, unity of speech, and so forth ; and of "differentiated tissue," that is, social institutions. And so it went until the whole science became one vast biological allegory which the author merely had to expound. Mr. Arthur Fairbanks, in his *Introduction to Sociology*, is one of the recent writers who shakes off the restraints of the strictly biological school. His work is valuable rather for its suggestiveness than for actual results. He makes it clear that we need a practical working theory of society as a whole. "We have had enough," he says, "of the social philosophy which consists in a system of short-sighted wishes." There is a vagueness and inconclusiveness in the work which reflects the condition of the science rather than any incompetence on the author's part. He offers no new theory, and bases his work on no brilliant but fallacious hypothesis like that of Kidd in his *Social Evolution*. His analysis and description of the "social mind" are inferior to Mr. Giddings's, and he does not anticipate the objections to this phrase which naturally arise in the mind of persons unfamiliar with the work of recent sociologists. As he expounds it, it seems like an imposing but useless expression for a very familiar and commonplace concept. Man is different as a member of the social group from what he would be if he were solitary. Society is not composed of hermits. Society wills, thinks, and is



conscious of itself ; therefore there is a "social mind." Mr. Giddings, in his chapter on this subject, makes us really see that there is an animating intelligence in society as a unit ; but in the hands of Mr. Fairbanks the expression seems merely a form of rhetorical personification. A man living with one other has different ideas from what he would have if he had never seen any other human being. Should we call the result of the intercourse of these two men "social mind" ? To say that the social mind acts through these two men merely means that they think alike on some points. Social mind, then, is nothing but points of agreement in the minds of people in society. These objections are commonplace, and a more skilful handling of the subject might have forestalled them. It is in just such points as these that the opponents of the new sociology find fault with its expounders. For that reason it is to be regretted that an introduction to sociology does not present the elements of the subject in a more convincing way.

Society must be studied as a whole if ill-judged, one-sided attempts at reform are to be prevented. This is evident, and the ignorant attacks on the attempts of recent writers to find some consistent theory reveal a singular hostility to scientific progress. The pioneers in the new science have already done much, and they have done it in the face of a continual clamour that they are fools for attempting it. It is rather hard to follow them in their explorations, and it must be admitted that they do not accomplish all that they attempt.

"The small man with the little thing to do sees it and does it ;

The large man with a great aim to pursue dies ere he knows it."

*Frank Moore Colby.*

#### WIVES IN EXILE.\*

A droll, lazy story this—light and perishable as the wood-pulp upon which it is printed. Its theme, the tyranny of love and how a man and woman can breathe happily apart for a season. The wives hail from the north of Ireland, and one of the husbands from "Chicago and Brooklyn." Piqued by the discov-

\* *Wives in Exile.* A Comedy in Romance. By William Sharp. Boston : Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.25.

ery that the men are planning a quiet little lark in London, they charter a yacht and go to sea for "an indefinite period," that they may make themselves as alluring and unattainable as possible. A marked copy of Montaigne their parting gift, they telegraph : "Ports of call, if any, uncertain." What the husbands did in London we are not informed. Be it ours to follow the women. With as little thought as may be of to-morrow's choppy sea and "snarling" sou'westers, they stock their boat with wines and cigarettes, an Irish cook, a Scotch steward, and a crew, all seafaring women like themselves, and jointly assuming the rôle of captain, expatiate thus on their emancipation : "What's the good of having a yacht to ourselves, and being wives in exile, if we can't have the privilege of doing and saying what our husbands would shiver at ?" They taboo the word "darling" as being synonymous with "little goose," and pretty soon even the stewardess resents being called "My good woman." That may be "the way o' the warl'," but the locus of this story, notwithstanding the mention of Lamash Sound and the Isle of Canna, is not "o' the warl'." Yet, if you can picture such an expedition with no men but the women, the tale is not so extraordinarily unnatural. They succumb to *mal de mer* of course. When the cat falls overboard they go into hysterics. When they swim into the all but fatal surge of a sea current they scream.

Which brings us to the incident—it can scarcely be termed a climax—of main importance, toward which we have been vaguely drifting over fully a hundred pages of the foamiest of prattle. The two Nereids are disporting themselves joyously in the waves when they notice that they are helpless to reach their becalmed yacht. At this juncture they talk nonchalantly in the strain of George Meredith's *Aminta* and *Matey*, and are just wondering if they ought not to pray, when two men bear down upon them and tow them home. New Women both, they have the false modesty to stay in the water, although their rescuers are quite noble enough "not to look" when they clamber on deck. Afterward, of course, they ask the New Men how they would like it if *their* wives went off in this droll fashion. They said they would be "charmed." The

captains "wonder." This, of course, is vastly important as showing that a certain little spark of celestial fire is still sleepily alive in their breasts, and as anticipating the self-reproach they will feel in one Sir Jasper's allusion to the anxiety of his absentee wife. Yachting *à deux* would become tiresome but for the discovery that they are pursued. Now "it's him" and now it's not "him," and every time the two run-aways put in, they coyly telegraph to the London hotel address of their husbands. Once they are all but entrapped, but, thanks to the wily Mrs. Moriarty and favouring fogs, are enabled to scud seaward again. They are finally wrecked in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway, and the two alight on the beach as from a cab, and welcome with outstretched arms their husbands, who, they know and we know, will come sprawling after. "If the gratitude of the women could be enhanced," we are told, "it is because each has saved him whom she loves better than any one else in the world." Whereupon one of the husbands exclaims (for which he deserves to die *par compote*): "I'd lose a dozen yachts if only to have the pleasure of this long chase of you, and to get you at last—by being saved by you!"

There is possibly enough good material here for one short story. To make a romance of it the author has resorted to every artifice at his command, and the result (unless it is to be viewed as a merry satire) is superficial, strained, verbose, far-fetched—in a word, full of things one would rather have left unsaid. Leonora conspires with these words: "I yield—I yield—I collaborate—I agree—I coincide!" Honor subsides before a heavy sea "without thought of captainly dignity, Leonora, the crew, the yacht's fate, her own life or death, Wilfred's happiness, the end of the world, the last trump, and the saving of her immortal soul." No actress alive could impart reality to such bosh—beg pardon, effervescence. Mr. Sharp's cynicism is as forced as his exuberance. "To the innocent and the narrow-minded," he says, "is given to eat of the pottage of the bitterness of the things that are."

Many excellent bits of description are barnacled with similes, in which the likeness is remote or impossible. Even good Mrs. Moriarty has to say: "She'll

look as sour's a blind cat whin it licks the blackin,' thinkin' it to be crame!" One of the minor penalties of this attack of "the likes" is revealed in an allusion to the "red-breasted Bridget," who had previously been described as "like a gigantic robin redbreast," so swollen was she with pride and tight-lacing. Mr. Sharp's language is vivid to a fault. A "commercial" who tried to flirt with the exiles "spilt noise" in lieu of laughter. The expression is a little crusty and raucous, but it is not vapid. What, however, shall be said of the following:

"Then, oh, happy Nora! she was kissed. The vision kissed her! Strange, pleasure but not rapture met that embrace. Men and women fundamentally the same! Swirling dust!"

After this, what boots it to mention a split infinitive, a "shall" used for a "will," the term "bad grammar" (exemplified, by the way, in "have come here last night," p. 243), "gratification and pleasure," "tiny girlet," the man who had "an Ibsenitish volume of out-brushed hair," and the young woman whose "voice was made up of notes payable in gold"? But a romancer, no more than a realist, can be held personally responsible for everything his characters say, and these puns are quite as good as some of Dr. Holmes's. There is a Norse freedom about this story, an outdoor sincerity and friskiness that in a measure relieves its vacuity and prolixity. The rain, the flowers, the flies, the sea, the conventional humours of women who are children morally, are given with refreshing zest. These descriptive touches, however, are the merest incidents. A peculiar gift is required to volatilise and bring up to date a tale of swashing buccaneers. The plot is that of Stevenson, but the handiwork is not that of Stockton. What the latter might have made of this trifle is easily imagined.

George Merriam Hyde.

#### HISTORICAL BRIEFS.\*

There is no invitation which an intelligent person feels to be more of a compliment than one to visit the workshop of a skilled artificer and view his processes. It is such a compliment Pro-

\* Historical Briefs. By James Schouler. With a biography. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

fessor James Schouler pays his readers in his *Historical Briefs*. The interest of the volume centres in the series of essays which discuss his theories of writing history. These discussions are practical and unpretentious, obviously intended to be suggestive to the members of the American Historical Society, to whom they are addressed. One may properly suppose them to be a popular exposition of what Professor Schouler has learned about writing history by doing it.

Almost the whole subject of historical production, from the inception to the finish, is treated in the half dozen essays here printed. There is no direct counsel on choosing a subject—a theme on which Professor Schouler would be gladly heard by young students of history—though indirectly in discussing the spirit of research he shows his own preference for the survey of complicated periods in which a variety of intricate influences contribute to the result; but the subject chosen, his advice is positive—confine your work to what you have undertaken, do not attempt to discuss all history in handling the span of a man's life, circumscribe, differentiate, focalise. When it comes to the subject of gathering material for a special subject, his practical suggestion is to limit the range of investigation to the plan laid out. Nobody knows better than Professor Schouler, probably, from long association with young and ambitious historical students, how many valuable monographs have been projected and never printed, how many useful investigations have been begun and never finished because the student could not bridle his curiosity sufficiently to limit his researches to the line he had chosen.

It is not to be supposed that in emphasising this necessity of limiting one's range that Professor Schouler does not provide for a background to the portrait one undertakes. In fact, he devotes an entire paper to the subject of "Historical Grouping," by which, he explains, he means "Historical Background." The gist of this discussion can never be too carefully heeded—the necessity of fidelity to truth in the accessories of a particular study. Every man around whom centres a great movement has his train of sycophants, those who come in when they see his success is sure,

and who thereafter stand among the men who made him. They take good care in his lifetime to figure in every scene where he is conspicuous, and at his death they write reminiscences explaining how their advice and support contributed to his greatness. Separate, says Professor Schouler, the testimony of the men who flock to a hero after success comes from that of those men who stood with him in the earlier day of personal sacrifice. Beware "of the age most dangerous, because most likely to prevent the truth, the plausible age which next succeeds an event."

The principle which Mr. Schouler reiterates oftenest in his *Briefs*, in one or another form, is that the work should be the writer's very own, partaking of his individuality. This is the theme of the essay on "Historical Industries," in which in a thoroughly kindly way he protests against writing history on the co-operative plan, against considering a mass of facts and documents brought together by various persons under the direction of a leader as an individual work. No doubt many successful students will protest that Professor Schouler carries this theory of individualism too far when he declares in favour of making all one's researches himself; why not relegate the searching of newspaper files, the collecting of statistics, the fingering of pamphlets to a skilled assistant? His answer is a personal experience: "Once when engaging my amanuensis (a very intelligent man), where historical controversy had arisen upon a minor point, to examine and collate the accounts of various old newspapers, I found, upon reviewing his work, that he had overlooked a single circumstance among these numerous descriptions, which was almost decisive of the issue." This will appeal to every one who has done special historical work. No second person can be made, to see one's point just in the way one sees it himself. The fact which completes a defective chain of evidence is sometimes indirect, almost intangible. It requires a mind permeated with the spirit as well as the details of the subject to distinguish the import, the essentialness of certain facts. This is true when special points are to be verified. It is no less true in general investigation. He who would write vital history must search the sources—the primary sources, not

the secondary—for himself. He will see there certain things which nobody else ever saw or perhaps ever would see, and those things are what will make his work original.

Insistence on this principle has brought considerable criticism on Mr. Schouler from the friends of the historical monograph. These critics really miss the whole point of his paper. The writer of a monograph does exactly what Mr. Schouler recommends, takes a thesis which by original investigation he develops himself. He stakes his historical reputation on the veracity of its statements and the justice of its deductions. Certainly this is widely different from organising a staff of clerks and writers who gather facts in all directions, and write them up, turning them over to an editor-in-chief, who welds them into form, and under the title of historian prints a book which he calls original—the kind of work which Professor Schouler good-humouredly calls an “historical industry.”

Professor Schouler's theory of historical style is formed on the same principle—let it be your own—“an author's style should be the image of himself, and if it exposes him instead as the copyist of other minds, it must fail of impressiveness.” To attain this genuineness the writer must cease to think of models or of critics as he writes, he must lose self-consciousness, immersing himself in his subject. When certain that he has found something new, then let him seek to present it as vividly, forcefully, and clearly as he can. If intent on presenting persuasively a case of whose merits he is convinced, his style will of necessity be individual. Such is the method which Mr. Schouler follows. His great work, *A History of the United States under the Constitution*, is a splendid proof of the merit of the method. He has done his own collecting of facts, has drawn his own inferences, has presented his materials in his own way. If at times work done in this independent manner shocks the fastidious by an awkwardness in style or fails to satisfy them by inadequacies of expression, it never cloy by over-nicety, it never is commonplace, it never lacks vigour and nerve.

To those who read *Historical Briefs* from the standpoint of this review, the other essays in the book will serve as

models in which to study Mr. Schouler's application of his principles, while the biographical sketch, which fills nearly half the volume, will enable them to complete their notion of Mr. Schouler's theories of history-writing, with the story of how he came to write his great work on the United States.

Ida M. Tarbell.

#### IBSEN'S LATEST PLAY.\*

John Gabriel Borkman for the glory of wealth and the love of power—for the kingdom, and the power, and the glory of men—has risked all and lost all. He has engaged in speculations where millions were at stake, and in the confidence of success as the chief director of a bank has used the bank's securities to carry out his plans. The inevitable crash comes and leaves him, as he afterward characterises himself, “a Napoleon who has been maimed in his first battle.” At the height of his power and apparent success, when he is the great “John Gabriel” to whom the people obsequiously bow, he wins the love of Ella Rentheim, who sincerely gives him her heart. Ella is also loved by one Hinkel, to whom she is bargained by Borkman for the coveted control of the bank. Afterward Borkman marries Gunhild, the twin sister of Ella, but her antithesis—hard, cold, and haughty. Ella, however, in spite of his treachery, still loves Borkman, and will have nothing to do with Hinkel, who in pique publishes Borkman's confidential letters and brings about his ruin. Borkman, then, is sentenced to prison for five years, and after his release goes to live in seclusion in the country in the Rentheim manor-house, which still belongs to Ella, whose securities had not been touched in the defalcation. Here for eight years he has lived in seclusion, not once even going out, on the second floor of the house directly over the head of his wife, with whom, in all this time, he has never spoken. For all these years she has heard, however, his ceaseless tramp, day out and day in, “like a sick wolf pacing his cage,” until it has become almost maddening. Ella has never married. After the downfall of Borkman

\* John Gabriel Borkman. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. New York: Stone & Kimball.

she went to live in a distant town, taking with her Borkman's only son, Erhart, whom she loves like a mother. Of late years Erhart has lived with his own mother at Rentheim; but Ella and Gunhild have never met.

This is the previous history of the Borkmans at the opening of the drama which plays at Rentheim one winter night. Its whole time of action is absolutely coincident with the events it describes, and the time of the production of its four acts on the stage will consequently be but little in excess of the time of its supposed happening from beginning to end.

The play begins with the unexpected arrival of Ella at Rentheim and her meeting with her sister. She has previously been to consult a specialist in the city, who has told her of an incurable disease. Her errand at Rentheim is to induce Borkman and his wife to assent to her formal adoption of Erhart as her son and heir, upon the condition that he shall bear her name. Gunhild, in her turn, even before Ella's plans are propounded, tells her how Erhart is to redeem by his life and actions the family fortunes and fame, and of how sure she is of his devotion to his great "mission," and finally declares that he shall choose between them. They are interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Wilton, a pretty woman with a past, who at present has Erhart tightly wound in her toils, closely followed by Erhart himself. The choice is put to Erhart. Upstairs in his father's room sounds from the piano the *Danse Macabre* (the Dance of Death). Mrs. Wilton summons him to the house of the Hinkels—where there are bright lights and young, happy faces, and music that is not the Dance of Death—and Erhart, thrusting aside his mother's "mission," leaves her writhing on the floor. Thus the first act.

Upstairs, Frida Foldal, a girl of fifteen, the daughter of John Gabriel Borkman's only friend, has been playing the *Danse Macabre*. Her exit is followed by the entrance of her father, Vilhelm Foldal, a subordinate clerk in a government office, who has written a rejected tragedy, and who, although in another direction, has made a failure of life. Their friendship ends this time in rupture, for Borkman tells him bluntly that he is no poet, and all but turns him out. Ella

enters from below, and the whole matter of their past relationship is gone over with bitterness. Every deception that has been used is torn aside. Borkman defends his acts on the plea of inexorable necessity, and Ella accuses him of the one unpardonable sin—the "murder of the love-life in a human soul"—the murder of his own soul and of hers! Ella demands Erhart of him in part reparation, and he consents; but Gunhild enters, and declares that it shall never be.

The third act brings Borkman and Ella down into the apartment of Gunhild, who has sent for Erhart to come to her. Borkman attempts to justify to his wife his past conduct. In his own mind he is a philanthropist who would have benefited mankind. He confesses to the love of power, but it was a "power to create human happiness in wide, wide circles" around him. Erhart returns, and Ella uses all her persuasion to win him to her side; but he tells her that, although he is grateful to her, he cannot sacrifice himself now. His mother thinks that she has won him, but her, too, he tells that he "cannot sacrifice his life to making atonement for another, whoever that other may be." He even refuses to help his father in a new life of work and redemption, which Ella, also, willing to sacrifice her wishes, implores him to do. "I am young," he avers. "I want to live, as well as other people! I want to live my own life!" To his mother's question for what he will live, he cries for happiness that he has already found, and throws open the door to Mrs. Wilton, who is waiting outside. Gunhild bitterly denounces Mrs. Wilton for the seduction of her son; but the latter calmly replies that her happiness also is involved, and tells them that she is going abroad with little Frida Foldal, who is even now sitting outside in the sleigh waiting for them, and that Erhart is going with them. Borkman, as though awakening to a sudden resolution, takes his hat and cloak; and to Ella, who, fearful of his purpose, tries to stop him, and begs him to tell her where he will go, he replies, "Out into the storm alone!" Gunhild shrieks to Erhart not to leave her, and with outstretched arms rushes toward the door, but is held back by Ella.

Borkman has gone out into the night, and Gunhild and Ella have followed him to the steps of the house, where he

wearily leans against the wall. The snowstorm is over, but drifting clouds obscure the moon, whose light is dimly reflected by the snow; from the foot of the hill below comes the sound of the bells of Mrs. Wilton's sleigh. Vilhelm Foldal appears, limping and covered with snow, having been run over by the very sleigh that is carrying away his daughter, over whose good fortune (!) he is fatuously happy. Borkman, thinking of the prison-house upstairs that he has not left for years, declares that he will never set foot under a roof again. He goes hastily down the steps and out into the open, followed by Ella, who in vain tries to hold him back. Wading through the snow, they climb up the mountain until they emerge upon an open terrace in the woods, from which can be seen far in the distance the fiords with the mountains towering beyond. He stretches out his hands to what he calls his kingdom—his infinite and inexhaustible kingdom, that he was "on the point of conquering when he died!" Only an icy breath, however, blows back to him from that kingdom, and an icy hand clutches his heart, and he sinks dead upon the bench in the snow. Gunhild and a maid, who are searching for them, find them thus together. The wife asks falteringly if he had done it himself; but Ella explains that it is the cold that has killed him.

*Mrs. Borkman.*—"The cold, you say? The cold—that had killed him long ago."

*Ella.*—"Yes—and changed us two to shadows."

*Mrs. Borkman.*—"You are right there."

*Ella.*—"A dead man and two shadows—that is what the cold has made of us."

*Mrs. Borkman.*—"Yes, the coldness of heart. —And now I think we two may hold out our hands to each other, Ella."

*Ella.*—"I think we may, now."

*Mrs. Borkman.*—"We twin sisters—over him we have both loved."

*Ella.*—"We two shadows—over the dead man."

So the drama ends, and leaves us as cold at heart almost as Borkman lying dead in the snow, as its writer has intended. Is it symbolical that out beyond this clearing in the forest under the dead fir tree, with the dead man and the two ruined lives, there are the vast mountains and the fiords in the distance, with the light shining upon them, and are we to read that they alone are steadfast and eternal, while we are but the

futile gropers after the intangible shadows of life? Many no doubt will see in it the tragedy of the writer himself, for only a man could have written such a drama who has chased the shadows of honors, and glory, and the power of man, and has found them naught, and they will point him out not as—as he has been called—"the poet of doubt," but as the poet of despair, for it is the outcry of a man for whom there are no illusions.

However this may be, the drama carries its own lesson, even to those who are ever crying "Wherefore?" to Ibsen's plays. Although, here as elsewhere, Ibsen, it may be, is only the keen diagnostician who unshrinkingly analyses a social disease in all its grimness, there is nevertheless more than in many of the plays, the unmistakable suggestion of remedy. Again the central problem, as in all the social dramas, is "the relation of the individual to his social and personal surroundings." And, as has been the case before, his sermon again is the reality alone of truth; that unless the social relations be true, they cannot stand! Here, where all is built upon unreality and deception at the outset, the whole is absolutely wrecked in the end. It is a gloomy story to tell, in which there is but one bright spot—a woman's love—and even that is stifled and cast aside, although it had in it the possibility of happiness.

In his characters Ibsen has given us nothing essentially new. John Gabriel has been prefigured even as far back as Peer Gynt, and Ella is a later Solveig who loves unto the end. Both are, nevertheless, individualities that stand out clearly from the others in Ibsen's long line of men and women who are to be named by name as people who have played their part on the stage of actual life. Ella Rentheim is a new disproof of the sweeping charges of unbounded cynicism that have been made against Ibsen. There are Juliane Tesmans and Martha Bernicks and Lona Tessels in his pages beside the Noras and the Hedda Gablers, and here is again a woman of unquestioned nobility of character, who has gone down through no fault of hers in the universal shipwreck.

*John Gabriel Borkman* is a play that reads as well as the Norwegian papers say it acts. Ibsen, in all the social dramas a master of construction, has

excelled himself in this play, whose verisimilitude has been carried to an astonishing perfection by the seeming use, only, of the simplest means that a writer can employ. The crispness of the dialogue, apparently at its best in *Little Eyolf*, is even better here. There is not a word that does not mean something, and the whole is as inevitable and necessary as if it really were life. In its technical construction *John Gabriel Borkman* is the greatest play of the greatest dramatist of the century.

William H. Carpenter.

#### TALL WATER VOYAGES.\*

In his letters from Vailima, Stevenson complained that at one period he was unable to write in his usual style; the trick seemed to have deserted him. His lament may have been due to nervousness or to mere self-mistrust; still it shows that he regarded his style as a quality apart from himself. As a matter of fact, in contemporary fiction there is no writer of distinction who more explicitly than Stevenson denies the French saying that "the style is the man."

I was reminded of this in reading *On Many Seas*, which, curiously enough, is a striking exemplification of the proverb. The sub-title characterises it as "The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor," and it is a long narrative; but in the course of writing it I doubt very much if the writer ever thought of such a thing as style. In other words, he had no trick to forget and pick up again; he did have something to say, however, and he has said it simply and directly, unconsciously stamping himself on every sentence.

The newspapers have printed so much about this author that the public has been given a somewhat misleading impression of him. It is true that he was for many years a common sailor; but his book proves that he is by no means a man of common qualities. No man could be common and write about himself with such frank unconsciousness. That Herbert E. Hamblen should place the pseudonym of Frederick Benton Williams on the title-page indicates merely that just before making his bow

to the public he had an attack of stage fright. The opening chapter, in which he describes how he made himself *persona non grata* to his family before taking to the sea, suggests at once that he has used his wits for reading as well as for observation. With faithful minuteness he records the incidents of his voyages, together with the impressions they made on his mind; he is as frank about his own brutality as about the brutality of his mates, so that his record of the most stirring adventures in which he took part carry conviction at once. Nothing could be more ingenuous than his account of his merciless subjugation of "Dago Charley," a Maltese sailor who refused to treat him with the respect due to a superior. Yet the book gives the impression of being the work of a man whose character has been strongly developed through the storm and stress of a life of extraordinary severity, and who throughout his narrative has been true to what he has known.

This fidelity to the fact lends a particular force to the descriptive passages. The account of the "crash of icebergs" in the ninth chapter is really superb. You forget that the man is telling the story; you think only of the vessel, slowly moving between the two vast masses of ice as they approach each other:

"'Port!' came the word from forward, and before she could answer to her helm the main-yard scraped against the side of the berg, and for an instant it seemed as if all the top hamper would be down about our ears. But as she felt her helm she sheered off and cleared herself, only to give another but lighter rub on the other side before the helmsman could meet her, so narrow had the channel become. The foresail gave an ominous flap, showing that we had got under the lee of the ice and were becoming becalmed and not yet through the rapidly narrowing channel which was shutting in on us like a mammoth vise. Once more came the word from forward.

"'Starboard! Steady!' and with the little way remaining on her the old ship glided into open waters, and, looking back, we saw, not five minutes after clearing the berg, the most grand and awful sight it has been my fortune to witness. Drawn irresistibly together by the same force of attraction that causes ships to approach each other in a calm, these two great ice islands collided, not with a rapid onrush, to be sure, but with a slow, dignified, hardly perceptible motion that was the very ideal of majestic power."

The book abounds in descriptions as strong as this. Only now and then does Mr. Hamblen drop into a hack-

\* On Many Seas. By Herbert E. Hamblen. Edited by W. S. Booth. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

neyed form of expression, but his vigorous sincerity nearly always carries the story forward in his own picturesque phraseology. Now and then, too, he introduces details that might better have been omitted; but, on the whole, the interest is well sustained, and the book gives the impression of having been written from a full mind. It is likely to take a permanent place in the literature of the sea, and it gives a fine introduction to readers of a writer who has gone direct to life for his material.

John D. Barry.

#### A GENTLEMAN OF NEW FRANCE.\*

The conflict in Acadie after its conquest by the British forces under General Nicholson in 1710 is one of melancholy interest. During the years that followed the transference of this part of New France to the British crown until the bitter end—that catastrophe which has been commemorated both in prose and verse—the Acadians were torn betwixt the required allegiance to King George on the one hand, and their adherence to the recognised religion of the Romish Church, which implied subjugation to King Louis, on the other hand. Controlled by fear of the Indians, which led them to breathe French sentiments even when their inclinations were English, they were ground between the upper and nether millstones. Until the opening of the war in 1745 comparative quiet prevailed, but the covert war and secret negotiations of the French missionaries, abetted by the French Government and aided by the ignorance and superstition of the priest-ridden inhabitants, reduced this peace-loving and pastoral people to a state of apathy and wretchedness most pitiful. Chief among those who instigated the Acadians to insurrection and emigration, and who continued to harass them for years with impetuous zeal and ferocity, was the Abbé le Loutre. He more than any other man was answerable for the miseries that overwhelmed Acadie. "Le Loutre," Parkman tells us, "was a man of boundless egotism and violent

spirit of domination, an intense hatred of the English, and a fanaticism that stopped at nothing. Toward the Acadians he was a despot; and this simple and superstitious people, extremely susceptible to the influence of their priests, trembled before him." Into this period of history and upon this scene of action Professor Roberts has entered with the torchlight of his imagination, and has thrown upon the screen of fiction a dramatic picture that lives and shines on the page with the indefinable charm of poetic romance. Nor has he exhausted his resources in this one book, which, we understand, is to be the first of three novels dealing with the history of the period, and with the turbulent figure of the Abbé le Loutre moving like an evil spirit through the successive scenes. *The Forge in the Forest* is complete in itself; but the Black Abbé escapes the vengeance which he will doubtless meet before the end of the trilogy.

A retrospective bird's-eye view given in a "foreword" to the novel leads the spectator, standing at the end of the nineteenth century, to the proper point from which to gain a true perspective of this eighteenth mid-century picture.

"Where the Five Rivers flow down to meet the swinging of the Minas tides, and the Great Cape of Blomidon bars out the storm and the fog, lies half a county of rich meadow-lands and long-arcaded orchards. It is a deep-bosomed land, a land of fat cattle, of well-filled barns, of ample cheeses and strong cider; and a well-conditioned folk inhabit it. But behind this countenance of gladness and peace broods the memory of a vanished people. These massive dykes, whereon twice daily the huge tide beats in vain, were built by hands not suffered to possess the fruits of their labour. These comfortable fields have been scorched with the ruin of burning homes, drenched with the tears of women hurried into exile. These orchard lanes, appropriate to the laughter of children or the silences of lovers, have rung with battle and run deep with blood. Though the race whose bane he was has gone, still stalks the sinister shadow of the Black Abbé."

The Black Abbé, whose sinister shadow stalks through *The Forge in the Forest* as it did over the fair land of Acadie, is easily recognisable as the Abbé le Loutre; the incidents related in the book occupy the summer and winter of 1746-47, culminating with the Fight at Grand Pré on January 23d of the latter year. Tradition tells of a blacksmith's forge, and points to a heap of mould where once it stood, in the primeval forest at the juncture of the much-travelled road

\* *The Forge in the Forest*. Being the Narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart; and How he Crossed the Black Abbé and of his Adventures in a Strange Fellowship. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.



from the Canard to Grand Pré and the trail from Pereau.

"It was a place for the gathering of restless spirits, the men of Acadie who hated to accept the flag of the English king. It was the Acadian headquarters of the noted ranger, Jean de Mer, who was still called by courtesy, and by the grace of such of his people as adhered to his altered fortunes, the Seigneur de Briart. His father had been lord of the whole region between Blomidon and Grand Pré; but the English occupation had deprived him of all open and formal lordship, for the De Briart sword was notably conspicuous on the side of New France. Nevertheless, many of Jean de Mer's habitants maintained to him a chivalrous allegiance, and paid him rents for lands which in the English eye were freehold properties. He cherished his hold upon these faithful folk, willing by all honest means to keep their hearts to France."

Nowadays, when there is so much "tootling on the sentimental flute in literature," it is inspiriting to come across a book that "goes to the head of the march to sound the heady drums." The spirit of adventure is abroad in its pages, but it is not allowed to run riot. Here in the title over this review fails to correlate the Sieur de Marsac and the Seigneur de Briart. One is a gentleman of Old France, a soldier after the order of D'Artagnan; the other is a gentleman of New France, his sword as ready for service when occasion calls it from its scabbard, but preferring the life of the soil, and with home-loving instincts and traits of tenderness unknown to the other. Not Weyman has been sponsor to Professor Roberts in romance, but Robert Louis Stevenson; it is the lyrical elation rather than the clashing of swords and the intrigue of courts that allies *The Forge in the Forest* with *Kidnapped* and *David Balfour*. Hitherto we have known Professor Roberts at his best in poetry; and this poetic quality pervading his Acadian romance lifts it on a higher level, from a literary point of view, than *A Gentleman of France*. To be sure he published a volume of sketches and stories called *Earth's Enigmas* about a year ago, but this experiment in prose gave little promise of the book before us, for whereas the story-teller predominates in *The Forge in the Forest*, the poet was more evident in the book of short stories. Yet these two prose works have certain qualities in common—the exultant note that sounds the joy of living; the sweet, exhilarating fragrance of the resinous woods, and the clean, bracing

air of the moral heights which breathe in their pages: at once we are brought close to the mystery of life in the forest and lonely places where "God keeps an open house," and to the secret recesses of the human spirit where "God and the soul stand sure." But beyond this, we have in *The Forge in the Forest* the strong human interest and dramatic movement which compel the reader's attention and hold him a prisoner until the last page is reached. Professor Roberts has read history and heeded tradition and legendary lore to excellent purpose, but you are only minded of these on reflection, and in this wise Stevenson has had an apt pupil in him. It is a narrative of brisk living—"It was good to be alive that afternoon"—so begins the story; and this primeval instinct of elemental joy animates the whole book.

"To love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden," Stevenson has said somewhere, and if *The Forge in the Forest* is to win the hearts of many readers and linger long in their affection, it will be because of the beauty of love that dwells in it. The youthful love of Marc and Prudence is but a prelude to the deep, solemn passion of Marc's father, Jean de Mer, and Mizpah—the love of a strong man and a noble woman—and which during that "strange fellowship" had to ride the troubled waters of a dark and doubtful fate. The portrait of the Black Abbé is cut with a silhouette-like clearness that stamps itself on the mind, and the fantastic Grûl flashes and vanishes on the shuttle that weaves the fates and fortunes of the little drama with weird portentous impressiveness; but it is the figure of Jean de Mer that will cling to the memory long after the story is finished. Through his lips we listen to the narration of the adventures by land and sea that befell him, between that fateful morning when he crossed the Black Abbé and the final homecoming to find Love awaiting him; and again we learn that "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek:" through his eyes we look upon the woman he loves and upon the world about him, and see everything made beautiful in the light of their shining:

"There was a faint glory of the last of sunset on Mizpah's face and hair as she stood facing me, her lips parted to speak. Behind her lay the little garden, with its sunflowers and lupines, and its thicket of pole beans in one corner.

Then, beyond the gray fence, the smooth tide of the expanding river, violet-hued, the copper and olive wood, the marshes all greenish amber, and the dusky purple of the hills. It was all stamped upon my memory in delectable and imperishable colours, though I know that at the moment I saw only Mizpah's tall grace, her red gold hair, the eyes that seemed to bring my spirit to her feet."

And when we come to close the book it is as if "Love had opened the door, given one smiling look into the house, and left us to go the lighter about our business and feel peace and pleasure in our hearts."

*James MacArthur.*

#### MADemoiselle BLANCHE.\*

It has long since become a burning question why the men and women who minister publicly to the world's entertainment should be more unhappy than other men and women in their marital relations. There may, to be sure, be some mistake as to the facts in the premises. It is, perhaps, even possible that the only difference between the matrimonial success of the actors and of the audience lies within the fiercer light that beats upon the stage. But however that may be, a widespread conviction to the contrary exists, and the convicted are never tired of discussions as to the probable cause and the possible remedy for this assumed deplorable state of affairs.

To these philanthropists Mr. Barry's new novel must make strong appeal aside from its fine style and fresh thought. The motive of the work is the old problem of the "artist's" personal place in the social scheme, but his treatment of it and his point of view are interestingly new. Ignoring the most generally accepted theory, that the root of trouble in such cases of domestic discontent may usually be found in the vagaries of the artistic temperament, he manages to show with convincing clearness that this very attitude, this placing of the "artist" outside the normal pale, is often a fatal bar to happiness.

As if to emphasise the novelty of his ideas upon this point, the type of woman selected to embody them is the farthest possible from any association with

domesticity—an acrobat in a circus, the daughter of a trapeze performer, bred from babyhood to spangles and sawdust. It is not strange if the little white figure flying like a winged creature high above the heads of the spectators can scarcely have seemed to them a being of flesh and blood, much less a shy, timid, even terrified girl, held helpless in the vise of circumstances. Nor perhaps is it strange that Jules le Baron also set her apart, even after he had made her acquaintance, had taught her to love him, and made her his wife. It was the "artist," the famous acrobat, whom he loved, not the woman, so that life began to go wrong for Mademoiselle Blanche.

The story, notwithstanding its environment, is very quiet and simple, and touches of gentle humour sweeten it here and there. The work is chiefly psychological, having singularly little action for a story of its kind; and nothing better, hardly anything so good, in character-drawing has been done in recent fiction. The figures stand out with curious distinctness, although most of them play comparatively small parts. Mademoiselle Blanche herself is exquisitely realised, but the character of her husband very soon becomes the dominant force of the story, beating everything else down, as his will and his wishes override every other influence of her life. Without a doubt of his own wisdom or strength he takes the guidance of her destiny into his ignorant hands as unhesitatingly as the husbands of wives who are not "artists" sometimes assume a like responsibility. The development of the ultimate tragedy is wrought out with the simplicity of nature. As ties bind Blanche closer to home life her distaste for her profession grows stronger, until, when she becomes a mother, she can endure it no longer. Then she realises that it had never been herself, but the "artist" who had now her husband's love, and she shrinks from the sullen anger that she sees in his eyes before he can control his bitter disappointment.

"There would be no more travelling, no more triumphs' Blanche would sink into obscurity, would become a mere nonentity—devoted to her child and to housekeeping—like scores of other wives and mothers that he despised in Paris. Out of the circus she was utterly commonplace, Jules said to himself, and the fact came to him with the force of a revelation. But for that he would never have mar-

\* *Mademoiselle Blanche*. By John D. Barry. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.50.

ried her; the brilliancy of her talent had dazzled him. And now if she left the circus, how beautifully he would have been tricked! He would be tied down to her and her child. What a fine trap he had got himself into! There was absolutely no escape unless Blanche recovered from her ridiculous cowardice. And all on account of that infant who had come into the world without being wanted, and had spoiled his life. . . . Instead of looking upon her almost with reverence as he had done, he felt sorry for her, as if she were his inferior, and though he continued to treat her with kindness, there was a suggestion of pity, almost of contempt in his manner toward her."

Sometimes a weak and foolish woman's fear of losing her husband's love, even though it be such a love as this, is greater than her fear of death; and Mademoiselle Blanche makes a last fatal attempt to retrieve herself in his regard. It is a piteous little story, so simple, so human, so close to home, notwithstanding the alien surroundings of spangles and sawdust. Slight as it is, it thrills with the feeling of universality, and throws light into dark places. It shows what few of us have, perhaps, realised before—that the art may be a successful rival of the artist; that there must always be more or less rivalry; that many a man and many a woman having far larger and higher endowment than this humble atom of humanity would gladly give it all to be loved for themselves; that after all the "marital unhappiness of the stage" may be less the fault of those who are before the footlights than those who stand behind the scenes.

George Preston.

#### A NEW ALTAR BOOK.\*

In 1893 Daniel Berkeley Updike and Harold Brown, laymen of the Diocese of Rhode Island, "stung with the splendour of a sudden thought," determined to create an *Altar Book* which, for dignity and nobleness of design and construction, might stand as a memorial of American bookmaking consecrated to the service of religion. In 1896 the result of their undertaking appeared, and may be supposed to have satisfied the best hopes of its authors. Upon Arnold hand-made paper of sumptuous quality, in type specially designed, with seven original plates by Robert Anning Bell, with borders and initials by Bertram

\* The *Altar Book*. D. B. Updike. Boston, Mass. Price, \$75.

Grosvenor Goodhue, with impressive colophons engraved by Charles Sherborn, an edition of 350 copies, set at the Merrymount Press and printed at the De Vinne Press, has at length appeared. *The Altar Book* contains the Order for the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist, according to the use of the American Church; with the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels of the Book of Common Prayer for all the Sundays and Holy Days of the Year, together with those from the Occasional Offices and from the Ordinal. The book is richly rubricated. Sir John Stainer has edited the Ancient Plain Song, which, by its archaic notation, invests these splendid pages with a most venerable grace.

Those who have not seen the book may be inclined to suspect that we have overstated its merits. We are quite confident that our judgment of it will be confirmed upon an examination of the workmanship. The limited edition of the Standard Prayer-Book, with the plan of symbolism and method of decoration arranged by Mr. Updike, together with Mr. Goodhue's designs for borders and cover, is the worthy forerunner of the *Altar Book*, and from our own point of view is its superior in binding and in cover designs; but we think the plates by Mr. Anning Bell disclose an elevation of thought and a poetic refinement of expression not equalled in this country, perhaps not equalled among modern religious art workers in Europe. We would like to see every one of these plates reproduced in glass for cathedral windows. As an example of fine spirit in the choice and the correlation of subjects, one may speak of the plates for the First Sunday in Advent and for the Prayer of Consecration in the Office of the Holy Eucharist. The former plate is austere with the spirit of prophecy. Moses stands forth before the serpent in the wilderness, and beneath is the inscription:

"Et sicut Moyses exaltavit serpentem in deserto, ita exaltari oportet Filium Hominis."

The latter plate, exhibiting the Crucifixion of Our Lord, is accompanied with His own majestic words:

"Et Ego, si exaltatus fuero a terra, omnia traham Meipsum."

It is impossible to repress the belief that this great *Altar Book* may perform an important office of education.

Wherever these 350 copies shall distribute themselves, there must they testify on behalf of the consecration of art in the worship of Him from Whom proceed those mental and manual gifts that make possible the works of beauty. The offering of our most perfect work at the shrine of faith is no vain show. To invest the supreme functions of religion with stateliness and dignity may involve the peril of externalism in worship; but this peril is less grave than that of demeaning the holy house with careless methods and cheap materials. A church which perpetuates the Old Testament ideas of glory and splendour in God's worship may also inherit the New Testament gift of spiritual life. But unless one stands for the best, even in the material attributes and instruments of devotion, one may be betrayed into the surrender of the spiritual earnestness that consecrates alike the seen and the unseen elements of life.

Charles Cuthbert Hall.

#### THE YEAR OF SHAME.\*

The advantage to the poet of the expression of unofficial patriotism is seen in the resonant verse that William Watson has written of late, inspired by England's relation to European affairs, especially to the Armenian question. His "Purple East" sonnet sequence, of which the present volume is an enlargement, was recognised as a fine example of imaginative song upon an immediate topic of vital interest. It did not represent the perfunctory utterance of a laureate forced *ex officio* to hymn his country; but, springing white-hot from the heart, the poetry had a tone of rebuke and a high quality, neither of which would have been present had the work been conventional. The opinion that Mr. Watson was led by his fervour into a prejudiced view did not in the least affect the impression of sincerity or the enjoyment of the poet's art and ideality. One pardons much to earnestness, and of didactic literature it may be said that the result justifies the

means. If the poet turn preacher to the bettering of his verse, well and good.

The poems reprinted from the earlier collection of sonnets bear witness to Mr. Watson's careful workmanship. There are a number of verbal and rhythmical changes, invariably with a gain in music or expression; the order, too, is somewhat altered with the chronology of events in mind, and two of the sonnets are omitted, while eight new pieces are added. Three of these are in the sonnet form—one, introducing the book "To a Lady," a graceful and happy thing, and those "To Russia" and "To the Sultan," familiar in the English newspapers, and certainly, in quality and spirit, well up to the high average of the "Purple East" series, while cognate in their theme.

Mr. Watson's indifference to accuracy for accuracy's sake is illustrated in his retention of the sonorous alliteration "Abdul the Damned" in the sonnet last mentioned. It was pointed out to him when the poem first appeared that, Abdul not being a name properly belonging to the Sultan, the epithet was wrong. "I retain in the sonnet to the Sultan," he says, in the author's note, "the inaccurate use of Abdul, upon which some critics have very naturally commented." There is a flavour of Wordsworth in the calm words. Watson is well aware that Keats's introduction of Cortez in the immortal sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," wrong as to fact though it might be, did not injure the lyric as literature. "Abdul the Damned," in the very sound of it, asserts its right to poetic existence. "On a Certain European Alliance" (No. XXII.), although it opens with some fine lines, is below the standard set by the volume as a whole, nor is the subject pleasing; there is some lack of clearness, too, almost suggesting the need of a foot note. And there is here, perhaps, and in one or two other of the additional lyrics, a suspicion of rhetoric. "To Our Sovereign Lady" has the true ring, and doubtless voices a widespread English instinct of devoted loyalty; and the sonnet on France, "On the Reported Expulsion of Ahmed Riza by the French Government," has no uncertain sound of music. It is nobly phrased and in the typical Watsonian mood of moral earnestness, with the generous

\* The Year of Shame. By William Watson. With an Introduction by the Bishop of Hereford. New York and London: John Lane. \$1.00.

exaggeration which is condoned by its enthusiasm.

Three lyrics remain. "The Awakening," in blank verse of great flexibility, strength, and felicity, imagines England as "risen anew," ready to defend the helpless alien. The note is, on the side of patriotism, what one hears in Shakespeare's invocation,

"This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,"

or, for righteous wrath, in Milton's trumpet-blast on the Piedmontese. It is large, inspirational song. "How Weary is Our Heart," with its impressive refrain, of a less optimistic temper, is a severe arraignment of kings and governmental cabals,

"Of all the evil whereof this is part,  
How weary is our heart,  
How weary is our heart these many days!"

And, again, in the final "Europe at the Play," the reproof is wider, the warning a Jeremiad scoring all who "listlessly" look on at crimes and cruelties afar, and wash their hands of blame:

"Yet haply she shall learn too late,  
In some blind hurricane of fate,  
How fiercely alive the things  
She held as fool's imaginings,  
And, though circuitous and obscure,  
The feet of Nemesis how sure."

Obvious preaching this, but so plainly literature, that to one who is thinking primarily of form, diction, art, the work satisfies and delights. How exceeding

rare it is to find purpose poetry—for such it may fairly enough be called—rising to such a level!

The Bishop of Hereford, in a warmly appreciative foreword, emphasises the volume as something more than a poet's song—he praises it as a "patriotic appeal, intended to provoke men to serious thought about national honour and duty, and to move the fountains of charity." That the poems do this is, however, no proof that they were written with such an intellectual purpose. Indeed, had they not been the spontaneous product of a poetic nature deeply moved by certain events, and crying out against what seemed to it ethically monstrous, literature would not have been the result. Long after the particular issue which gave it birth is forgotten or has fallen into the pale perspective of history, this slender fascicule of verse will be read for the pleasure and stimulation it affords; and this is only another way of saying that its final appeal will be literary, that it will stand the test—the eternal test—of beauty. That Mr. Watson can accomplish this in the field of didactic and polemical poetry—a division of literature strewn thick with failures or with the respectabilities of mediocrity—signifies that he is a singer of a very unusual order. For a bard so young, who already has such performance behind him, the future is big with augury.

*Richard Burton.*

## WILLIAM WATSON.

O strong, sweet Voice beyond the sunrise seas!  
In something of the old prophetic tongue  
Thou spakest, when thy scornful numbers rung  
Rebuke to treacherous England's sordid ease.  
And slumbers yet St. George? And lies the spear  
Still idle? Strange! In old days, not so long  
Departed, he awaked to combat wrong  
For less than thy deep summons on his ear.  
Ah, woe for Merry England, if he sleep  
Too soundly for thy calling to arouse!  
Not soon shall sound another Voice, so deep  
With purposed ends of virtue, lit with flame  
Diviner, O thou with unlaurelled brows  
Wreathed with the widening sunrise of thy fame!

*William Field.*

## NOVEL NOTES.

WITH FORTUNE MADE. By Victor Cherbuliez.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

There are so few tales of Provence that the environment has the charm of novelty, and invests this quiet story with a freshness that it would otherwise hardly possess. It lies along well-worn lines; indeed, the waiting for a dead man's shoes has done longer and harder service (with, of course, the exception of love) than almost any other theme. Yet it is a motive that usually interests, and in this instance the author has made such admirable use of it that the story would have been interesting had the setting been as familiar as the subject. But, having this new *milieu*, with its romantic atmosphere, its picturesque scenes, and its unique types, the work stands apart from the innumerable tales of a like kind. In character drawing it is notably superior; the hard old Provençal who, "with fortune made," returns to his native country and pulls down an ancient château in order to make room for a house on the American plan, is distinctly real. The mingled motives of cold malice and natural yearning for the ties of blood which cause him to gather his kindred under the new roof is true to the life and intensely human and pathetic, with all its grim humour. The nieces and nephews thus assembled furnish in turn several subtle psychological studies, and a slender thread of a love story sounds the needed note of sentiment. The work is mainly introspective; there is little, if any, action in the whole tale; but if one has plenty of time, not many novels are so well worth reading slowly and attentively.

MCLEOD OF THE CAMERONS. By M. Hamilton.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

If there be any one thing that a reader has a right to expect of a writer, it is that he shall know what he is after when he sets out to write a novel. And of this the author of *McLeod of the Camerons* seems not to have had the vaguest notion. The first impression seems the intention to make a hasty, ill-mated marriage the *raison d'être*; but if such were the case it is abandoned within the opening pages, and McLeod becomes the central figure, through his love for the unhappy wife, only to be almost immediately subordinated to innumerable characters who come and go without rhyme or reason. The scene shifts from the sea to Malta and back to England, while the conversation rambles with rapid change from rocks to roses, from politics to puns, from Mahomet to Moses. Yet the feeling of the work, so far as it may be formulated, seems to be intensely serious. The approaching madness and the violent death of McLeod are certainly tragic enough. But these two features of the work merely accentuate the irrelevant triviality of the rest, being too heavy ballast for the cockle-shell of a story freighted with rubbish and aimlessly adrift on an ocean of foam.

THE FLOWER THAT GREW IN THE SAND. By Ella Higginson. Seattle: The Calvert Company.

It would seem from these stories as if a new Mary E. Wilkins may have arisen to bring

Puget Sound within the literary horizon. There is no trace of imitation. On the contrary, the sketches are notably new work, notwithstanding a marked general resemblance to the earlier stories of Miss Wilkins. Like hers, these sketches are studies of quiet, isolated types lived close to the soil. Like hers, these throb with repressed intensity, which is psychological rather than physical. Like hers, the male types are relatively few and vague. Like hers, nearly all of the stories—the one that gives the book its name, "The Isle of Lepers," "The Takin' in of old Mis' Lane," "A Point of Knuckling Down," "In the Bitter Root Mountains," "Patience Appleby's Confessing Up"—have to do with some questions of conscience. And it is in the treatment of this common motive, as well as in the less perfect art of the newer writer, that the unlikeness of the work appears. The new stories are as completely free from morbidity as is the environment which they portray. The questions of conscience are obvious and large. Patience Appleby does not faint from hunger while settling the ownership of scraps of calico in a quilt. She innocently suffers social ostracism and even expulsion from the church to shield a girl friend from disgrace. The point of view of the whole work is broad, the feeling is strenuous, and the presentation is forceful. One story, "The Cuttin' Out of Bart Winn," is a stirring revelation of the author's descriptive power which finds no scope in the other stories. The description of the Indian boat race is brilliantly written, and altogether the book is more than good, making one wish to hear from the writer again.

FRANCES WALDEAUX. By Rebecca Harding Davis.  
New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

It does not often happen that a writer who, having done strong work, declines upon something weaker, then retrieves himself—or herself—through a fresh, strong story. And yet that is just what the author of *Dr. Warrick's Daughters* has done by means of this more recent novel; for, whatever the faults of the tale, there can be no question of its vitality. Frances Waldeaux herself seems particularly alive, notwithstanding that she is, according to the most widely accepted views of the feminine nature, an utterly preposterous creation. It was long ago decided by the most infallible of masculine critics that there never had been, was not, and never could be a woman possessed of a sense of humour like unto a man's sense of humour. So that this little woman, who makes a living for herself and her son by writing a daily column of Rabelaisian fun, cannot, of course, find any correspondence in reality; yet Mrs. Davis has nevertheless made it the pivotal motive of her story. Aside from this the story is commonplace. There is nothing out of the common in an inexperienced young man's falling a victim to an unscrupulous woman's wiles, and making her his wife without the consent or even the knowledge of his mother. But supposing there ever lived a woman with humour sufficient

to coin, she would hardly be likely to go on, as Frances Waldeaux goes on, coining it for the benefit of a daughter-in-law whom she has repudiated, and whom in a fit of madness, from the shock of the marriage, she attempts to murder. By the light of unsettled reason she thinks quite calmly of ridding the world of the monster who is killing her son, destroying him soul and body.

"She was conscious of a strange exaltation, as from wine, as if she would never need to sleep nor eat again. Her thoughts came and went like flashes of fire. She watched Lisa as she would a vampire, a deadly, creeping beast. . . . Her mind, too, as never before, was full of a haughty complacency in herself. She felt like the member of some petty sect, who is sure that God communes with him inside of His altar rails, while the man is outside whom he believes that God made only to be damned. . . . She prayed to him frantically that Lisa might soon be put off the earth. Just as the Catholic used to pray before he massacred the Huguenot, or the Protestant when he tied his Catholic brother to the stake. If this woman was mad for blood, it was, a madness which many sincere people have shared."

The melodramatic character of the tale must be apparent from this brief quotation. It is loosely tied together, and interrupted by much irrelevant and inharmonious matter, and yet with these serious faults its intense vitality lifts it above the ordinary and leaves a vivid impression of freshness and strength.

MISS AYR OF VIRGINIA, AND OTHER STORIES.  
By Miss Julia Magruder. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Company. \$1.25.

These eight stories by Miss Magruder are of varying merit. On the whole they are pleasantly and unpretendingly written, and in them the author attempts no more than she can achieve. "The Story of an Old Soul" is most immediately effective, and "His Heart's Desire" shows most observation and imagination. But these stories are more noticeable for the persistence of certain literary types than for any fresh observation of character and life. In them all the women are supremely beautiful, nearly all the men are wonderfully handsome, and the love is of the intense, unreflecting, time-honoured kind. Of the complexity of modern life and character, of their well-nigh infinite combinations and shadings, there is little if any trace. And at times accuracy, not to say subtlety of observation, is wanting. It seems not to occur to the author that feminine talk is not like masculine talk; that individuals as well as sections of country are differentiated by speech; that there are words and phrases which are peculiar to persons and localities as well. East or West, North or South, however, Miss Magruder's men and women talk very much alike. Yet it is hardly probable that a New York man would say, "Yes—born and raised here;" or that a Virginia girl, who had never before been out of her State, would use the word "clever" in its ordinary English sense.

Then there is emphasis given to the feminine quality of these stories by an undue dwelling upon clothes; and this, too, at critical moments, when we are more interested in what is to happen to the heroine than in her dress. It matters not at all, for instance, how Mrs. Leith was clad on that eventful evening when, for the last time, she met her recalcitrant husband. It was argued that the unknown author of *Jane*

*Eyre* must be a man, because that author had sent to the breakfast-table a lady dressed in a blue silk gown. To be accurate in these minor details is well; but, like the planets, we must "observe degree, priority, and place." The feminine mind should not, like poor Ophelia, mix up the fashion of Hamlet's doublet with his apparent lunacy, and ascribe equal importance to both. Of character drawing in these stories, whether of man or woman, there is not much. Yet in "The Story of an Old Soul" the child who virtually changes places with her father arrests attention; and in the analytical description of Easton, the musician, crushed by inimical surroundings, there are strong and convincing touches.

With less care for clothes and conventionality, and with a keener perception of the essentials of human life, love, fear, hope, joy, pain, which are perpetually combining and recombining—the old elements into ever new forms—Miss Magruder can do better things. "An eye to see nature; a heart to feel nature; a hand that dares follow nature," this old rule of the Welsh bards is good for all. Observation is the basis of the arts, characterisation is their ultimate achievement or crown. Closer observation and a wider outlook upon life are what this author needs.

Certain literary types have done duty so long that they are entitled to honourable retirement. Yet though most of Miss Magruder's men and women ought to be relegated to that literary elysium where dwell the Amanda Melvina Fitzallens and Lord Mortimers of a bygone day—an hour may be spent far less agreeably than in the company of *Miss Ayr of Virginia* and the companion stories.

ON THE RED STAIRCASE. By M. Imlay Taylor.  
Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

The "red staircase" is in the Kremlin, and the story woven about it is an historical romance of Russian court life. It depicts a series of stormy and dramatic events growing out of the disputed succession to Czar Fedor. His brother Iván was blind and almost imbecile, and his half-brother Peter, destined to become Peter the Great, was at this time a young child. The terrific struggle between the two factions is headed by the sister of Iván and the mother of Peter, and the story opens with the call of the Patriarch to the populace to decide which of the contestants shall be the Czar. The narrator is a young French gentleman whose love for a beautiful Russian girl furnishes the sentiment of the romance. There is nothing especially novel in the conception of the story itself, and the author has used more of the machinery of the old-fashioned melodrama than is generally found in modern fiction. The hidden door, the dark passage, the abduction of the hero and heroine in turn, and the rescue of one by the other as occasion requires, are all laid along antique lines. Yet it is so admirably done, and the effect is so completely charming, that one wishes the lost art were more generally revived. After the many problem-novels and the myriad psychological disquisitions disguised as fiction, a wholesome, breezy tale like this, honestly and brilliantly told for its own sake, is a real treat, to be enjoyed without thought of criticism.

**SIMPLICITY.** By A. T. G. Price. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

In the attempt to do something courageous, the author has succeeded in doing something shocking; for while it is, perhaps, true that these are times of unprecedented liberty of religious opinion, the era has happily not yet arrived in which the Bible may be held up to ridicule without offence to good taste. And however widely men may differ on theological points, it still seems to be customary among the civilised to treat those things on which others are resting their souls' salvation with at least a measure of respect. It should, however, be said in extenuation that the author appears to be young and inexperienced. At all events, the work is crude, and aside from the offences mentioned utterly commonplace. It mentions "brilliant ideas that flash over" the heroine, but it does not communicate them to the reader. "Simplicity," who might have been more aptly called "self-conceit," runs the usual tilt against almost everything that the wisest and best men and women have always accepted as the anchors and safeguards of the race. The revolt is more incoherent even than usual, but leads, as it must lead sooner or later, to wretchedness and ruin, and ends in this case, as it too often ends, in suicide. The quality of the work, as well as the irreverence with which it handles mysteries approached by great thinkers with awe, is summed up in the concluding paragraph:

"Dear Simplicity! I have never thought much about such things, but if there is any future happiness beyond this life, I am sure she will have a share of it. But it is getting late; we must go home. Good-bye, Simplicity."

**ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS.** By F. A. Steel. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

We do not meet with a novel of this order once in ten years. It is a monument of patient labour, a storehouse of precise facts. On its imaginative side it is strongly and deeply impressive. Architecturally it is a wonder, but we did not recognise this at once. Mrs. Steel's aim was to write a history of the Indian Mutiny, which should at the same time be a work of fiction, the fiction to serve the history by lighting it up with living human interest. As to her facts, she says, "The reader may rest assured that every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Indian Mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even in the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather." A critic of fiction has most concern with the other part, and there we hold that Mrs. Steel has used her vast array of knowledge with great skill, that she has made us realise, as we never did before, the signs of the oncoming storm, the mystery and tragedy of it, the sensations of the natives, loyal and disaffected, and of the Anglo-Indians. No one save the historian has taken such trouble before, and these have left the imagination out. Of the fineness of the detail it is impossible to speak too highly, or of the great mental effort exercised to hold together the mass of facts, personalities, sensations. But it has the defects of its qualities. A reader is sometimes overwhelmed, dazed, and baffled by the demands on his attention. Such a book deserves its very best chance, which is the careful consideration of ample lei-

sure. It is not a play-hour novel, but a bit of hard reading, with matter in it to reward the labour and to rouse the keenest admiration for the writer's force and sympathetic imagination.

**A REBELLIOUS HEROINE.** By John Kendrick Bangs. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

The professional funny man has a peculiar advantage that in a measure compensates him for his task of living up to public expectations—namely, that he can say extraordinary things which, if they make sense and are admired for their wisdom, may be fathered in *proprüd personâ*, and if not are set down for jesting in his rôle of clown. Of this privilege it is evident that Mr. Bangs is well aware. He fires, as it were, to hit if it is deer and miss if it is cow. *A Rebellious Heroine*, for instance, may be a broad satire of the realists of the day, a species of allegory based upon the well-known propensity of characters in fiction to run away from their authors, or it may be simply a fantastical tale contrived for an hour's diversion. It possesses humorous situations, but there is something rather bewildering about the story of a young author, Stuart Harley, who begins to write a novel only to find that the heroine he has selected balks him at every turn. He has planned that she is to go abroad, but she, resenting being thus ordered about, elects to remain at home and to show him by her conduct toward the lovers he offers her that although he can lead her to the altar he cannot make her wed, until through the intervention of a friend, who takes up the story at this point, he woos her himself.

Frankly whimsical as the idea is, it might be suggested that a certain amount of verisimilitude is owing to the reader, which is totally destroyed by the heroine's being permitted an independent existence in which she comments upon her author's arbitrary intentions. If Mr. Bangs had stuck to his plan of making her appear only in Harley's narrative, the story would have been less *tiré par les cheveux*. As it is, the accommodating reader is called upon to bear a good deal, for he finds, after having docilely adapted himself to Mr. Bangs's concatenation of fantasies, that he has been duped, and that Stuart Harley himself is a myth like Marguerite Andrews, and likewise the professor and the doctor, and that among this shadowy chaos there stands out palpable only Mr. Bangs. But it is a way this vivacious gentleman has, this of rising superior to mere mundane restrictions; and no one should essay to go after him who cannot upon occasion believe that the sum of two and two is five.

**JAMES; OR, VIRTUE REWARDED.** New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

The author of this book, a man apparently, says he chooses to remain anonymous lest his neighbours should discover among themselves the originals of his characters. It is not an excuse for reserve with which to engage much sympathy, so that it may be fairly put down for, what is more on the surface of it, a ruse to stimulate interest, particularly since it is obvious that the degree of danger of discovery depends altogether on the realism of the sketch. The virtue that is rewarded is the virtue of regard for appearances. The satire is rather



neatly worked out, albeit the matter of fact who believe steadfastly that the wicked shall perish may not stumble over it, and in that case will assuredly see in the story an entrance to the broad way that leadeth to destruction. There is a quality of freshness in the history of a scoundrel who, instead of being overtaken by the retribution which from time immemorial it has been the privilege of novelists to inflict, prospers right merrily, barring a slight check from his female confederate, to which he rises superior with a thoroughgoing grit which we cannot but admire. James is only the son of a village carpenter, but by dint of application and regular attendance at church, as well as by virtue of a handsome face, he rises to wealth and an important position. Up to this point it is obvious that he is a prig; moreover, he is selfish to his parents. His faults, however, as George Eliot wrote of Amos Barton's, have been middling. But our author is determined that his chief character shall arouse more than lukewarm interest. James presently emerges from the sleek coat that covered him, a bold schemer, untrue to the trusts reposed in him, and faithless to his harmless, tedious little wife. Bad as is the moral of his escape from the just consequences of his perfidy, we must admit that in real life such canting hypocrites are sometimes seen prospering in mocking defiance of all poetic justice.

The picture of Doddersfield, the scene of James's exploits, is particularly well drawn, with its prosy, fussy, conscientious inhabitants, too entirely good to have any part in the wicked follies of a world given over to pleasure, but not above extracting from church meetings, church bazaars, church squabbles, and church

gossip a spice of excitement. The book is written in a quaintly old-fashioned style, suggesting in its pungency, not to its own disadvantage, the vigour of Mr. Hardy, and set off here and there with rhythmical and sonorous periods half humorously used.

THE STAR SAPPHIRE. By Mabel Collins. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.

There are fashions in reforms as in everything else, and it is so long since the passing of the temperance crusade that it seems strange to find it the motive of a new novel. Yet Philip Tempest, a man of high social position, wealth, and leisure, resolves to make temperance his life-work. It appears in the beginning of the story as though his wife opposes this attitude upon his part, because she feels it to be out of touch with the time and actually absurd in their social environment.

"There was never any understanding Philip," she said, "or guessing what he might think it his duty to do. After that dreadful night of the dinner-party I was always afraid of him. It seemed to me such a cruel, unreasonable, senseless thing to do to ask a lot of society people to dinner and give them nothing to drink. I was frightened to face them, and sat in my room shuddering. . . . It seemed to me such an insult."

After this, failing to turn him from his purpose, and fiercely resentful of his fear that she herself touches drink too often and too freely, she drinks with rapidly increasing recklessness, until the husband finds his sad mission in his own home. It is a common story from this point, and it is not well written at any point, but there nevertheless is something terribly real in it that holds the attention to the hopeless end.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE. By William B. Cairns, A.M. New York: Ginn & Co. \$1.25.

A good test of one's rhetorical insight and breadth is the definition of style which one may drop by the way. The instructor who grasps the simple truth that style is investing an idea with fitting dignity and distinction will usually be found to range with sure step and at a high level through the labyrinthine commonplace of a school or college rhetoric. The instructor who implies, as Mr. Cairns does, that style has mainly to do with "choice of words and their arrangement in phrases, clauses, sentences, and paragraphs," is foredoomed to dwell in the dark Cimmerian desert of shreds and patches. One might as well state that "to be plitudinous is to be happy" as that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts in a matter of art. The letterpress and terminology of Mr. Cairns's book invite a comparison with Professor Genung's pioneer work in the domain of "practical" rhetoric, to which, with a courtesy almost unprecedented in the annals of American school books, he acknowledges his indebtedness be it ever so briefly. To condense into one volume Professor Genung's three volumes, which are the embodiment of much fresh and close thinking,

is of course to lose in colour and suggestiveness what is gained in precision and movement. In his illustrative selections Mr. Cairns has not strayed far from the conventional literary paths. Aside from the psychology of persuasion and a few simple and convincing definitions like that of "the burden of proof," and a certain contemporaneity, we fail to discover in what points this handbook differs, in scope and general plan, from others now before the public.

Mr. Cairns is of the opinion that in the study of style "examples" should be chosen from the pupil's own work rather than from the English classics; but in discussing "invention" he nestles circumspectly under the coat-tails of Macaulay, Eliot, and Stevenson *ad libitum*. Now he helps and anon he seems to retard the youthful penman scratching along the path of knowledge. To our mind it is adding an unnecessary thorn to inform such a struggler that "the writer will do well to assure himself there is some special reason why the subject chosen will be interesting to his readers." What has he to do with "the writer" or, in literary parlance, with "readers"? The high-school boy or girl needs, rather, to be encouraged to write about anything he or she is sufficiently interested in. As

"themes," certain sentences in the instructor's own book might be utilised in arousing that closeness which in youth is the mainspring and fine impulse of expression. For instance:

'To be plain, simple, and straightforward, is not necessarily to be bald.'

Would Mr Cairns wait till he is sure of the boy's audience, even to the bald-headed row, before permitting him to essay so merry and absorbing a theme in "exposition"? Again, that boy, even of a pretty large growth, is going to be convinced that the so-called newspaper expression "to muf a fly" would be improper in a serious work intended for general readers? One is inclined to question the propriety of so "serious" a "work." What, pray, would Mr. Cairns say? "Failed to catch a ball knocked in the air?"

In the chapter on Narration (*pace* Professor Matthews!) no distinction is made between the Story Which is Short and the Short Story. Under the latter are included the "Condensed Long Story" and "Stories that Portray Character." Now, why, oh, why, are these fences broken down? Does not every printer's devil know that little stories portraying character are sketches, and belong under Description? And then the labels and ticketings, when not suggested by the pioneer treatise above referred to, are so novel as to be disconcerting. Did not Webster say that Clearness, Force, and *Elegance* are the qualities which produce conviction? And if he did not, will "Ease" ever express one half of the word Elegance? Who every heard of Ease? Is style like an "Easy Latin Method"? Professor Genung said Beauty, which suggests something to be striven for, sand-papered, polished, and rouged if need be. These are words that have had a snug berth from Quintilian to Quackenbos. They are "all ye need to know," O scholars! Now avoid profitless logomachies and go to work.

AT RANDOM. By L. F. Austin. New York and London: Ward, Locke & Co. \$1.25.

The essays and sketches that make up this attractive volume have already appeared in English periodicals, and are here given in larger type with marginal headings—"finger-posts" which the reviewer may find sufficiently luminous without exploring the adjacent country." A rubricated book-plate, circumscribed "We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see," and the frontispiece portrait of the author frankly invite one to be *en rapport* with the personality, or impersonality, of a certain delightful page in the *Sketch*, which Mr. Clement Shorter, it is quaintly hinted, has watched with feelings "not unmixed with wonder and alarm."

Mr. Austin is a ripe product of the higher journalism, a man of "original virtues," as Mr. Kipling would perhaps say, who has held on to them well amid the vicissitudes of his craft. The wonder is not that he is familiar with so many subjects, in the world of men and books and imagination, but that on his tour through them he has stopped at so many points of general interest. He knows the psychological moment of approach to an old-time theme, and has a quick eye for the picturesque and

characteristic in the life about him. His humour is alternately sedate, fantastic, or ironical. It does not rollick and bray like Mr. Bernard Shaw's, nor quietly cheer like Mr. Quiller Couch's, nor has it the touch-and-go of Mr. Zangwill's wit. It has a gentlemanly quality of its own, and is as urbane, concise, and unobtrusive as the style which is its vehicle. Strongly influenced by Thackeray (we are told), Mr. Austin's heart is less visualised than was Thackeray's. He has, rather, the sympathy and candour, though none of the lush, mellow manner of Mr. Laurence Hutton. Compared with the collection of "fragments" recently published by Mr. J. E. Chamberlin, *At Random* is cosmopolitan in tone and more sanely panoramic. Mr. Austin extradites his consciousness to the objects of his observation without a twinge of pain or a sign of self confusion. On this account, perhaps, his book has been termed "an impersonal diary of an intellectual Londoner." It is more.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF FLORENCE. By Laurence Hutton. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.00.

Mr. Laurence Hutton writes in a plaintive and childlike way that is rather taking, and he intersperses his narrative with various interesting bits; so that we should have nothing but commendation for his little book did we not find indications in the Introduction of a tendency to take himself far too seriously in that he sees fit to state that he has given here "much information which does not elsewhere exist in any connected form, and much more which is the result of personal research and observation never before printed in any shape." He also adds that in the cases of Dante and Boccaccio he thinks that he has cleared up a number of doubtful points and established more than one new and important fact not elsewhere upon record. We must confess that after reading the book through very carefully we have not been able to discover any addition to the world's general stock of knowledge, and we suspect that Mr. Hutton has rather underrated the value of those works on the subject of Florence, that already existed. He has, to be sure, succeeded in pointing out several errors in the current guide books; but to correct the statements of the sapient Mr. Hare or even of the indispensable Baedeker, can scarcely be considered a feat worthy to be described as one of original research. The relative positions of a pump and a particular street are not things to write prefaces about, and we advise Mr. Hutton to stick to sentiment and to let the pumps alone. As a specimen of his methods of "research" and of his powers of argument we may quote the following from his remarks on the question as to whether Dante was married in the Church of S. Martino:

"As Dante was undoubtedly born somewhere, so was he unquestionably married somewhere and to somebody; and if he was not married in this particular church, we have no authority for believing that he was married anywhere else."

Somehow or other, this reminds us of certain of Mark Twain's cogitations on various relics, shrines, and literary landmarks; but Mark meant his observations to be taken as a joke, while Mr. Hutton apparently does not.

CUSTER, AND OTHER POEMS. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Chicago: The W. B. Conkey Co. 75 cts.

The poem which gives the title to this volume is written in the Spenserian stanza and is divided up into cantos after the fashion of an epic, with a formal invocation of the Muse at the beginning. Mrs. Wilcox writes smoothly and well, and has a good deal more literary skill than some persons are willing to concede to her; but somehow or other we liked her best before she reformed and gave up writing those poems of palpitating passion over which Mr. Dana used to be so shocked in his editorial columns. What strikes us most in the present book are the pictures, over which we have lingered with a good deal of satisfaction. Take, for instance, the picture which faces page 16, and which represents a young woman with a very limited supply of clothing, lying fast asleep on a divan with a basket of fruit and a decanter beside her. On the other side of the room, near the bureau, is a cloud, out of which arises a vision of the young woman's dressmaker. We do not quite know why she should be haunted in sleep by the apparition of her dressmaker unless, perhaps, she owes her a bill; and in fact we do not absolutely know that it *is* her dressmaker, for the pictures in the book are scattered about without any reference to the poems which they are supposed to illustrate; and as we have not taken the time to search for the poem to which this picture belongs, we have had to size up the vision on the basis of its general appearance; so that it may be the upstairs girl, after all. By the time that the book reaches a second edition we trust that the young lady on the divan will have waked up for a minute or two and pulled at least a sheet over herself, as she will certainly catch a severe and perhaps fatal cold if she doesn't.

FRIENDLY LETTERS TO GIRL FRIENDS. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

As the author modestly says in the preface, these letters are not full disquisitions, but rather mere suggestions. They are, however, considerably enlarged from the serial form in which they first appeared, and they are perhaps as definite as any abstract advice can be made. Of the graceful manner of the work it seems scarcely necessary to speak, since it is equal to the writer's best. Nor need the wholesome sweetness of its spirit be dwelt upon, since that is the soul of the body of Mrs. Whitney's books. About half of the new volume is taken up with the discussion of literature, and in nothing does the author do better service to the young than in discouraging those cut-and-dried "courses of reading" which have wasted so much time and led so many into error. In books other than fiction one's tastes and the desire for some special branch of knowledge are the only really reliable guides. In fiction the only safe way—the way of the right, pure instinct—

"is to enter no scenes, linger in no companionship which you would not seek in real life."

The latter half of the work treats of social topics from a point of view so very old-fashioned that it is delightfully new.

"The individual comes first; we cannot make society out of anything else than individuals. Be individual,

therefore; honestly and contentedly the best individual you can. Don't trouble about getting into society as an obvious achievement. It is no matter whether you make it obvious or not. If you are a genuine anybody, you are in society already, and nothing can keep you out, even though you may be outside some cobweb line of a 'four hundred.' . . . Society as a pursuit, an end, is a thing without a soul. The home spirit, from the sharing of which between home and home it grew, has departed out of it. It is dead. It is a corruption. A professional society woman is a parasite upon the world's heart growth, helping as a microbe of disease to eat out its vitality."

THE MASTERY OF BOOKS. By Harry Lyman Koopman. New York: American Book Company. 90 cts.

In this little book of two hundred pages Mr. Koopman gives the reader some pleasantly written discussion of bookish matters. He tells what one ought to read and how much one should read (which, by the way, we think rather presumptuous on his part), with some observations on note-taking, and the place of the library in education. He has also something to say about language-study, and we gather incidentally that he is a "spelling reformer," and believes also that a universal form of speech will at some time prevail, though he modestly observes that "to fix either the character of the world-language or the date of its adoption would manifestly be unsafe." We should think it would. At the end of the volume Mr. Koopman comes down from the sphere of theory, and gives us a classified list of books, apparently with the object of providing a choice select library of moderate compass for a community in which the majority of persons wish their reference works to be entirely in English. Looking over his list, we are not very much impressed with his capacity for making such a selection. Thus, under Bibliography he sets down only six volumes, one of them being Thompson's *Palaeography*, which is not a bibliography, though it does contain a very special list of palaeographical works; but why thrust this into such a list when the class of readers whom he has in mind would never think of using it, while he fails to cite either Kelsey or Mayor, not to mention Hübner and Teuffel-Schwabe-Warr? Under Philosophy he does not mention Ueberweg, though that work is in itself a perfect treasury of bibliographical reference. Under Mythology he cites the elementary books of Guerber while he says nothing of Gailey's very admirable revision of Bulfinch, supplied as it is with continuous references to modern literature, even though it is published by a house which is a rival of that which prints Mr. Koopman's book. Under Language he mentions the thoroughly antiquated book of Peile, and says nothing of Strong, Logeman, and Wheeler—giving us, in fact, the titles of only three works altogether, no one of them later than 1877. Under Greek Literature he does not cite the recent work of Jevons, nor under Latin Literature the exquisitely written volume lately put forth by Mackail. It is hardly necessary to continue this criticism any further. Suffice it to say that Mr. Koopman seems to have an especial fondness for books that are obsolete and no longer in the first rank; and that in consequence his list as a whole is an excellent one for any small library to avoid as a basis for purchase and selection.

## BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

We have before us a book by Professor J. M. Hoppin, entitled *Greek Art on Greek Soil*, which we are not going to review. We shall, however, express our great regret that a firm of the high character and standing of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company should put their imprint upon a work of this sort and advertise it to the delusion of the public. We are quite certain that no competent reader for a publishing house, who had even an elementary knowledge of classical studies, could have recommended its publication; for it is a book whose contents are not only discreditable to the house that issues it, but to American classical scholarship as well, and especially to the university from which the volume emanates.—We have received from Messrs. Harper and Brothers two little paper-covered plays, the first being *A Previous Engagement*, by W. D. Howells, which is one of his usual studies in feminine psychology, and is as delicate and subtle as is all his work of this sort. (Price, 50 cents.) The second play is a pleasing little paraphrase by Miss Edith V. B. Matthews, from the German, entitled *Six Cups of Chocolate*. The substitution of American for German local colour has been very well done, and the characters, who represent girls from different sections of the country, make the fact clear by their little dialectic differences. We are sorry that one of them splits an infinitive (p. 15), but she probably did it herself, so that Miss Matthews is not to blame. The comedietta is an excellent one to be acted by young girls who are looking about for something not too ambitious to begin with. (Price, 25 cents.)

When a person sets out to write a book of fairy stories, we always like to know what sort of an audience he or she is looking for; or, to put it more concretely, we should like to know what sort of an audience Elcy Burnham was looking for in writing *Modern Fairyland*, published lately by the Arena Publishing Company, of Boston, on very shiny paper. The reason we ask is that it is so full of long words as to make it quite unintelligible to a young child, while the treatment is altogether too simple to interest a mature person. Take this paragraph for example:

"Invitations were hastily given out and preparations were made on the most elaborate scale. During the hubbub and excitement that attends such affairs the most important 'person' crept about in her unconcerned way oblivious of everything going on, and talking to herself in a language untranslatable."

Fancy firing off such sentences as these at a child in the nursery! Elcy Burnham is, in fact, herself talking in a language untranslatable to children. Indeed, the only book that we have seen in the last six months that a normal small child could really understand from beginning to end is one by Miss Maude Florence Bellar, entitled *Santa Claus's New Castle*, which we briefly noticed in the Christmas BOOKMAN. In truth, the art of writing for children seems likely to become a lost one.

The Messrs. Harper and Brothers publish *The Ship's Company*, by J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N. It is an excellent account of the life of those who spend their time on board the

great ocean steamers, including also yachts. It contains an interesting chapter on the superstitions of sailors, and is full of interesting incidents, illustrations, and anecdotes, beside being lavishly supplied with excellent illustrations, chiefly from photographs. The same firm send us *A History of the German Struggle for Liberty*, by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, in two volumes. (Price, \$7.00.) It is a very well-written account of the patriotic uprising in Germany, which finally succeeded in throwing off the yoke imposed upon the German States by the First Napoleon. Mr. Bigelow is thoroughly familiar with Germany and the Germans, and writes with much force and freedom, and in a style that carries one along unwearied. One of the most attractive features of the work is to be found in the illustrations, which are very numerous and extremely well executed. It is interesting to note that Mr. Bigelow's old friend, the German Kaiser, allowed him free access to the Prussian archives, and detailed a military officer and a civil functionary to assist him in his researches. Altogether it is a most readable and instructive book.

The Macmillan Company have issued two more volumes in their Illustrated Standard Novels series—namely, Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* and Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*. Each volume contains forty illustrations, by Charles E. Brock and Chris Hammond respectively. *Westward Ho!* is so popular a favourite as to need no introduction, and Miss Edgeworth's less popular story, though one of the best known of her tales, is introduced by Mrs. Ritchie in her charming manner. It was on the appearance of *Belinda* that Mr. Hare wrote: "The Edgeworths immediately became famous, and the books were at once translated into French and German." (Price, \$1.50 per volume.)—*Magnhild and Dust* composes another volume in the edition of Björnson's novels edited by Edmund Gosse and published by the same firm. Mr. Gosse tells us that when *Magnhild* was first issued in Copenhagen, in the year 1877, it produced a powerful impression in Scandinavia, and led to much polemical discussion. Though one of the least known of his productions, it has already been translated into Swedish and German previous to its rendering into English. (Price, \$1.25.)

Mr. Edward Arnold has published a new edition of a book entitled *The Plant-Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare*, which was originally issued for private circulation, and has been for a long time out of print. It is a work that no Shakespearian scholar who is desirous of having his library on the subject complete will be long without, once he learns of its interesting character and valuable contents. The volume, in a word, aims at being a complete and authoritative work of reference on the plants mentioned by Shakespeare. The author, one of those country-loving vicars not uncommon in the Church of England, takes each plant separately, and under certain classifications gives an amount of information regarding its nature, history, and place in legend and poetry. The illustrations are characteristic of the work, many of them having been sketched from scenes around Stratford-on-Avon. One notices, too, that the book has a good index, which enhances its value as a work of reference.

## AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

## EXACT REFERENCE TO PRINTED OR MANUSCRIPT PAGES.

A yachtsman making a voyage on an ocean liner would be interested less in the machinery by which they took on and discharged immense cargoes in a few hours than in less important details which would have practical value to him when cruising in his own little craft. So the bookman among librarians is concerned mostly with such items of library economy as have practical usefulness in his own private library and in his own daily literary work. Perhaps the first thing is to agree upon the best method for the almost infinite number of references to books, pamphlets, manuscripts, and serials.

The need of this is felt not alone by those who have occasion to print these references or to send them to others in manuscript, but by all who work much with any kind of printed or written matter. The book may belong to a library or to a friend, so that no marks can be put directly on the pages. A typewriter or assistant may have to consult or copy the passages from another copy of the book. Most commonly a record must be made of these references in connection with other work, so that a marked copy will not suffice. This throws one back on the laborious method of counting and recording lines, though most of the references are not to single words or lines, but to sentences and to paragraphs. Obviously something more compact and much easier to use is greatly needed in this age of stenographers, typewriters, and other devices to save the literary worker's time. The most accurate reference is, of course, to the page, the number of the line (counting from the top and omitting the folio line), and of the word in the line. A few text- and other books much quoted have every fifth or tenth line numbered in the margin to facilitate such reference, and the importance of exact reference is so much felt in important correspondence, that the practice is growing of having the lines of letter-heads numbered. But these, the exceptional cases, are only frequent enough to emphasise the convenience of a plan readily applicable to all printed and written matter. The following plan, used for twenty years, has been found to be a great labour-saver and also remarkably simple in application. In memoranda made a dozen years ago and filled with these references the eye falls almost invariably at the very first glance upon the exact sentence intended. The method was early adopted for indexing the official publication of the American and British Library Association, and is now used successfully in many other publications and by many literary workers.

The system can be made intelligible in the single sentence usually printed at the head of an index in which it is used :

"Superior figures tell the exact place on the page in ninths—e.g., 99<sup>4</sup> means in the fourth ninth of page 99."

While these dozen words describe the method, its practical value is so great to those who understand how to use it most economically that space is given to a full description.

The page is given with a superior figure, showing the position on the page in ninths. 43<sup>6</sup> refers to page 43 and to the lines in the eighth of nine equal divisions of the letter-press on that page. For paging having two or more columns two superior figures are used ; the first denoting the column number, the second position in the column—e.g., 43<sup>25</sup> is page 43, column 3, in the fifth ninth of the column counting from the top. Nine is the best number, because no reference will require more than a single figure to indicate the distance down the page, and column may be specified without confusion by using a second figure, and chiefly, as shown below, because this division better than any other enables one to make exact reference without using a graduated ruler or scale. To be of much practical value in quick work these numbers must be assigned at sight without computation or measurement.

Five minutes will master this system. In the superior figures used to indicate position on the page, <sup>5</sup> refers to the middle of the nine equal sections, and the <sup>3</sup> and <sup>7</sup> to the sections half way between the middle and the top or bottom. As any eye can bisect the page and half page readily, the <sup>3</sup>, <sup>5</sup>, and <sup>7</sup> are thus accurately fixed at a glance ; and as <sup>1</sup> and <sup>9</sup> are for the extreme top and bottom sections, all the odd digits are perfectly definite. It is from these entirely that references are made and found, for the even digits, <sup>2</sup>, <sup>4</sup>, <sup>6</sup>, and <sup>8</sup>, are used only as modifiers of these main positions. Obviously, <sup>3</sup> and <sup>5</sup> are the sections just below the top and just above the bottom, and <sup>4</sup> and <sup>6</sup> are equally obvious, as just above or below the middle position <sup>5</sup>. Without this hint some lose half the value of the system by trying to estimate positions. 43<sup>5</sup> does not strictly mean five ninths of the way down the page, but means in the fifth of nine equal divisions of page 43. Even with inaccurate use, the eye is almost sure to include the right sentence at the first glance, but it is easier and takes less time to have the references exact by using the plan here described than to compute <sup>3</sup> as one third the way down and <sup>6</sup> as six ninths or two thirds the way down.

The use of this plan not only saves time, but often saves the reference itself. One has no clue in the ordinary reference as to whether the matter referred to is much or little, important or trifling. It may be only a single sentence barely touching a topic, or it may be the beginning of 50 pages of vital discussion. If the reference is merely to page 79, one looks, and if at the top of that page there chances to be a sentence bearing on the topic followed by apparently unrelated matter, probably the book is closed after reading the first sentence without examination of the rest of the page, while perhaps lower down begins an important discussion which was what the indexer intended. By this exact system this lower matter might be marked 79<sup>8</sup>, and on opening the book the eye would rest instantly on the right place without the distraction and the loss of time that come from glancing up and down the page hunting for what was intended. The difference in the

two systems is the same as that between the old library method, which merely recorded the shelf on which the book was to be found, and the new, which gives its exact position. By the old method, not only the shelf-number but the author and title of the book had to be written in each case; and the entire shelf, averaging perhaps thirty volumes, had to be examined before one was sure that the book wanted was not there. By the method now universally used by modern librarians, a simple number for each book is given, without author or title, and a glance at its exact position shows whether the book is in or not. As the book was as likely to be in the last as in the first position on the 30-volume shelf, on an average 15 places on the shelf had to be looked at to find each book. In the exact reference system, with nine positions to each page, by the same law of averages one would find the right place only after five trials. In books of two or three columns the advantages are of course two or threefold greater still. It is equally useful, of course, in manuscript work, where one often wishes to indicate sentences to be taken out, inserted, or modified without actually cutting up or interlining the copy before him.

The ordinary eye judges nearly enough; so that when reference is made from the number assigned by estimate without measuring, the paragraph wanted is sure to be seen at the first glance. A reference to 48<sup>a</sup> might be called 48<sup>a</sup> or 48<sup>b</sup>, certainly not further than one ninth too high or too low, and the eye seeking either of three places would probably include the sentence wanted.

But for all references to be printed and used very frequently, it pays to have each absolutely accurate, for the measurement has to be made

but once, while the reference may be looked up thousands of times by the many owners of the copies in the edition. For this accurate work a stiff paper or cardboard is cut the exact length of the letter-press and divided into nine equal parts by eight heavy black lines. These equal sections are numbered from 1 to 9. By laying this scale beside the page when the references are being made, each can be given with absolute precision. Though most people find it quite needless, it is only a few minutes' work to make a duplicate of this scale for the use of a copyist or any one looking up a large number of passages. If references be made to lines, such a scale-number for each line should be used by both maker and user of the reference.

This plan is of great utility. A reference to the page alone often requires too much search, specially in larger books or finer types. There is also an attendant risk of getting the wrong paragraph, which, though bearing on the subject, may not be the one intended. To refer to the exact line requires too much labour in counting, both in making and using the reference; and guesswork in this case will not do, for the fact of giving the line implies perfect accuracy. The method described above is simple and compact.

In referring to books in more than one volume, never use Roman numbers. Give the volume number followed by a colon; then the page (preceded by "pref." for prefatory paging), then the superior figure or figures indicating the exact place—*e.g.*, 34 : 429<sup>a</sup> is "volume thirty-four, page four hundred and twenty-nine, and in the third ninth of the first column." The seven figures are just as definite as the statement which takes seventy-nine characters, or ten times as much.

*Melvil Dewey.*

## THE BOOK MART.

### WORKS BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN").

Most of Mark Twain's books were published by subscription and without any date on the title-page, so that it is nearly impossible to make an accurate list of first editions without having access to the books that contain the copyright entries. In the following list, where no date is on the title-page, the date is put in brackets. His first book is the most interesting one, and the transcript of title given is verbatim.

The Canadian and English editions of several of his books, under various titles, were simply pirated reprints.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County, and other Sketches. By Mark Twain. Edited by John Paul. New York: C. H. Webb, Publisher, 119 and 121 Nassau St. American News Co., Agents. 1867. 16mo.

The Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress. Hartford, [1869]. 8vo.

Autobiography and First Romance. New York, 1871. 16mo.

Roughing It. Hartford, [1872]. 8vo.

The Gilded Age: A Tale of To-day. By Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner. Hartford, 1873. 8vo.

Lotos Leaves. By Alfred Tennyson, John Hay, Mark Twain, and others. New York, 1874. 4to.

Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Hartford, [1875]. Sq. 8vo.

Sketches New and Old. Hartford, [1875]. Sq. 8vo.

A True Story, and The Recent Carnival of Crime. Boston, [1877]. 18mo.

Punch Brothers, Punch! and Other Sketches. New York, [1878]. 18mo.

A Tramp Abroad. Hartford, 1880. 8vo.

The Prince and the Pauper. Boston, 1882. Sq. 8vo.

The Stolen White Elephant, and Other Stories. Boston, 1882. 12mo.

Life on the Mississippi. Boston, 1883. 8vo.

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. New York, 1884. Sq. 8vo.

Mark Twain's Library of Humour. New York, 1888. Sq. 8vo.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. New York, 1889. 8vo.

Merry Tales. New York, 1892. 12mo.  
 The American Claimant. New York, 1892. 12mo.  
 The £1,000,000 Bank Note, and Other New Stories. New York, 1893. 12mo.  
 The Niagara Book. By W. D. Howells, S. L. Clemens, and others. Buffalo, 1893. 12mo.  
 Tom Sawyer Abroad. Hartford, 1894. Sq. 8vo.  
 The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson and the Comedy of those Extraordinary Twins. Hartford [1895]. 8vo.  
 Tom Sawyer Abroad, Tom Sawyer Detective, and Other Stories. New York, 1896. 12mo.  
 Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By The Sieur Louis de Conte. New York, 1896. 12mo.

## EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1897.

February publications were somewhat more numerous than those of the preceding month. A rather noticeable feature was an unusually large proportion on miscellaneous subjects nearly equal to the output of fiction.

*Phroso*, by Anthony Hope, although delivered to the trade in the latter part of January, was not published until February 1, and therefore must be included with that month's publications, among which it has been the leading seller. Other works of interest issued during the past month included a *History of China*, by S. Wells Williams; *Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, and *The Middle Period*, by J. W. Burgess, all of which are meeting with a good reception.

Fiction has to an unusual extent claimed the attention of the reading public during the month. *Quo Vadis*, by H. K. Sienkiewicz, has increased in popularity; also *On the Face of the Waters*, by Flora A. Steel. Closely following these are *On Many Seas*, by F. H. Williams; *The House Boat on the Styx*, by John Kendrick Bangs; *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker, and *March Hares*, by Harold Frederic.

The successful dramatisation of *Under the Red Robe* has given an impetus to the sales of Stanley J. Weyman's novels, so that these books again take a place among the leaders. The publication of *Phroso* has produced a similar effect upon Anthony Hope's works, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Princess Osra* being the most called for.

There was some demand for valentines in the early part of the month, but this seems to decrease with each succeeding year. Easter publications are beginning to attract attention, but nothing of especial interest has yet been shown.

Paper-bound stock has continued to increase somewhat. *Tatterley*, by T. Gallon; *An Exile from London*, by R. H. Savage, and *A Pinchbeck Goddess*, by Mrs. J. M. Fleming, have been the leading titles of the month, and, together with *That Affair Next Door*, by Anna Katherine Green, and *Don Balasco of Key West*, by A. C. Gunter, have proved the best sellers in this class of literature.

A number of new books of particular interest are announced for early publication, notably

*Farthest North*, by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen; *The Life of Horatio Viscount Nelson*, by Captain A. T. Mahan, and *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, by Olive Schreiner. These are already attracting attention, and will undoubtedly have a large sale.

The interest in outdoor subjects is increasing slowly. The ready sales of Baedeker's Guides and calls for the new editions of *Cassell's Complete Pocket Guide to Europe*, and *The Satchel Guide*, both of which will be ready shortly, and the publication of *The Story of Birds*, by J. A. Baskett, are the most prominent indications.

Recent business has only been fair; complaints of quiet times are still heard, and there is little inclination to stock new books to any extent. The relative popularity of the best selling books of the month is indicated by the following list, which, as usual, is composed largely of fiction:

*Phroso*. By Anthony Hope. \$1.75.  
 On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. \$1.50.  
 Quo Vadis. By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
 That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.  
 On Many Seas. By Frederick Benton Williams. \$1.50.  
 The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.  
 The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.  
 The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.  
 Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.  
 For the White Rose of Arno. By Owen Rhoscomyl. \$1.25.  
 The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$2.00.  
 Don Balasco of Key West. By Archibald Claverling Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.  
 Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.  
 The House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.  
 Lyrics of Lowly Life. By Paul Lawrence Dunbar. \$1.25.  
 Checkers. By H. M. Blossom. \$1.25.

## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, March 1, 1897.

Business continues very evenly, although it is perhaps quieter than what most of the trade would wish. City business averaged well last month and country orders were fair, both as regards number and size; and the West is apparently using a great many books. Some of the new books of this year attracted a good deal of attention last month, and their influence upon the month's sales was very noticeable. The consensus of opinion among the trade here appears to be that while business has not as yet improved quite as much as was anticipated, yet the situation is fairly satisfactory when compared with other trades, and that there is very little real ground for complaint.

February was a better month than its predecessor for new books, and they make a moderately good list. Anthony Hope's *Phroso* over-

shadowed everything else that appeared, and met with a large sale. The advance orders for it were not remarkable in any way, considering how the book had been talked about before publication, but the demand set in strongly after the work appeared, and it has kept up wonderfully well ever since.

*British India*, the latest addition to the popular Stories of the Nations Series, is a timely book, and the warm welcome accorded to Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* should help its sale materially. The last named book is the most remarkable work of fiction that has appeared this year.

Works on Cuba are in request, and inquiries are constantly being made at the bookstores for "something that will tell all about the island and the trouble there." Cuban literature is rather scanty, both in quantity and quality, being limited to a half dozen or so of books. The best from a general standpoint are, perhaps, Rowan and Ramsey's *Island of Cuba* and Murat Halstead's *Story of Cuba*.

The opening of the grand opera season in this city has given quite an impetus to the demand for books on this subject. *The Standard Operas*, by G. P. Upton, is most called for, while next in demand is Miss Guerber's *Stories of the Wagner Operas*.

The observance of St. Valentine's Day may be, as some assert, on the decline; but nevertheless it is still very popular among the young people, judging from the quantity of valentines sold in Chicago this year. The total sales fell little behind the average of the last few years.

Inquiries are coming in frequently for Dr. Nansen's book, *Farthest North*, which is to appear this month, and it is expected, from the advance interest which is being awakened, that the work will have a large sale.

Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie have been running a close race for popularity in the sales of their respective books since November. At present the first named is slightly in the lead with *Kate Carnegie*, but *Sentimental Tommy* and *Margaret Ogilvy* follow closely behind. *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker, is having a very large sale, the demand being stimulated by the dramatisation of the story. *King Noanett* is also still in fair demand.

*Phroso* and *On the Face of the Waters* led the demand last month, and large numbers were sold. *Quo Vadis* ran ahead of its record for any month except December since it was published, and *On the Red Staircase* also beat the previous month's record. *A Singular Life* is one of the steadiest sellers that we have at present, and the same may be said of *The Law of Psychic Phenomena* and *The Honourable Peter Stirling*. The following books led in point of sale last month:

*Phroso*. By Anthony Hope. \$1.75.  
*On the Face of the Waters*. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. \$1.50.  
*Quo Vadis*. By Henry Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*Kate Carnegie*. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.50.  
*On the Red Staircase*. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.  
*Sentimental Tommy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.  
*Seats of the Mighty*. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.  
*Menticulture*. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.  
*King Noanett*. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.

*The Seven Seas*. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.  
*A Singular Life*. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25.

*Artie*. By George Ade. \$1.25.  
*The Law of Psychic Phenomena*. By Thomson Jay Hudson. \$1.50.

*The Damnation of Theron Ware*. By Harold Frederic. \$1.50.

*Margaret Ogilvy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.  
*The Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Paul L. Ford. \$1.50.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, January 25 to February 20, 1897.

A fair amount of business has been transacted during the period indicated above, and, always taking the time of the year into consideration, it can be pronounced satisfactory. The usual lull following the completion of school orders has been experienced, though not so marked as is sometimes the case. Has the unfavourable weather, forbidding outdoor exercise, been in any measure the cause of this state of things?

Supplying the wants of the foreign and colonial trade has kept these departments well employed, though the business has been without any special feature.

The demand for Lenten publications does not appear to be so great as in former years. It should be mentioned that this may be owing to a late Easter, and will right itself in a week or two.

The principal books of the month have been Nansen's *Farthest North* and Marie Corelli's *Ziska*. The publisher of the latter states that 50,000 copies have been issued. With regard to Nansen, it may be stated that at the time of writing the trade had been unable to obtain sufficient copies for their orders, so great has been the demand for the work.

Books treating on South Africa, especially political South Africa, are much wanted. Noticeable among them are Selous's *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia* and the Cape Blue Book on the Jameson Raid. Olive Schreiner's new book, entitled *Peter Halket Trooper of Mashonaland*, appears to have begun a successful career, and the same may be said of *Briton or Boer?* by George Griffiths.

Poetry, especially new poetry, is not, as a rule, a very marketable article. Owen Seaman's little volume, entitled *The Battle of the Bays*, has, however, been selling by hundreds. The volumes of the "Library of Useful Stories" are great favourites. They seem exactly to suit the taste of the public in this busy age, that is, judging by the sales. Colonel Roberts's *Forty one Years in India* has sold freely. The issue of Dickens in one shilling volumes (including some copyright works) has been well received. He still has evidently a considerable public, notwithstanding that he is not now so widely read as formerly.

Translations of foreign novels are still in favour. Works by Jokai and Sienkiewicz may be noted in the list appended.

Among the leading magazines mention must be made of *Woman at Home*, *Chambers's Journal* (now issued with the edges cut),



*Quiver, Sunday at Home, Harper's Magazine, Strand Magazine, and Pearson's Magazine.* These are followed by a host of others, in numbers surprising to all outside the trade. There are altogether something like 1000 issued monthly, and how three fourths of them exist (commercially) is a wonder indeed.

New books and new editions show no falling off in number. About 160 were issued recently in a week. With regard to publication at net prices, about one book in seven is brought out in this form.

Below is a list of the best-selling books of the moment. It is simply an index to the literary appetite of the public. It is left to the critics to apologise for it

- Farthest North. By F. Nansen. 42s. net.  
 Forty-one Years in India. By Colonel Roberts. 36s.  
 Ziska. By Marie Corelli. 6s.  
 On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. 6s.  
 Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.  
 The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.  
 Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.  
 A Bit of a Fool. By Sir R. Peel. 6s.  
 Trooper Peter Halket. By O. Schreiner. 6s.  
 The Idol-Maker. By A. Sergeant. 6s.  
 Lying Prophets. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s.  
 The Babe, B.A. By E. F. Benson. 6s.  
 The Mistress of Brae Farm. By R. N. Carey. 6s.  
 The Green Book. By M. Jokai. 6s.  
 The Quest of the Golden Girl. By R. le Gallienne. 5s. net.  
 Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s 6d. net.  
 Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.  
 Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.  
 The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.  
 An Anxious Moment. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.  
 Briton or Boer? By G. Griffiths. 3s. 6d.  
 Pioneers of Evolution. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.  
 Dickens' Works. 1s. (Chapman and Hall.)  
 Library of Useful Stories. 1s. each vol.

#### SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between February 1, 1897, and March 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

#### NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)  
 ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 4. True George Washington. By Ford. \$2.00. (Lippincott.)  
 ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)  
 6. On Many Seas. By Williams. \$1.50. (Macmillan)

#### NEW YORK UPTOWN.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)  
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (Lane.)  
 ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

#### ATLANTA, GA.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)  
 2. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 3. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)  
 4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)  
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton)

#### BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)  
 ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 4. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)  
 ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner)

#### BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)  
 ✓ Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
 ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)  
 6. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

#### BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 ✓ The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
 ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)  
 ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)  
 6. Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. By Shorter. \$2.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

#### BUFFALO, N. Y.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)  
 ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 3. That Next-Door Affair. By Green. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00. (Putnam.)

- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

## CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 3. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

## CINCINNATI, O.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ The Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)
- 3. Mystic Masonry. By Buck. \$1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 6. The Optimist. By Goss. \$1.25. (The Robert Clarke Co.)

## CLEVELAND, O.

- ✓ The Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ On the face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 4. A Guest at the Ludlow. (New Ed.) By Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 6. Sprightly Romance. By Seawell. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 4. How to Listen to Music. By Krehbiel. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- 5. That First Affair. By Mitchell. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- 3. Two Health Seekers in Southern California. By Harraden. \$1.00. (Lippincott.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- 6. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

## LOUISVILLE, KY.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- 6. A Rebellious Heroine. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

## MONTREAL, CANADA.

- 1. Canada. By Bourinot. \$1.50. (Putnam, T. Fisher Unwin.)
- ✓ On the face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 6. Forty-one Years in India. By Roberts. \$12.00. (Longmans.)

## NEW HAVEN, CONN.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 5. Spoils of Poynton. By James. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
- 6. Greek Art on Greek Soil. By Hoppin. \$2.00. (Houghton.)

## OMAHA, NEB.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 2. Artie. By Aide. \$1.25. (Stone.)
- 3. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)
- 4. Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 3. The Gray Man. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- 5. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

## PITTSBURG, PA.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 4. On Many Seas. By Williams. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

## PORTLAND, ORE.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 4. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- 6. The Flower that Grew in Sand. By Higginson. \$1.25. (Calvert Co.)

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- 2. Colonial Tavern. By Field. \$2.00. (Preston & Rounds Co.)
- 3. Sonny. By Stuart. \$1.00. (Century.)
- 4. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- 6. Tatterly. By Gallon. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

## ROCHESTER, N. Y.

- ✓ Phroso. Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 3. Beginners of a Nation. By Eggleston. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 4. On Many Seas. By Williams. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 5. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. Putnam.
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

## SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

- 1. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
- 2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 4. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- ✓ The Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

- 5. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 6. Checkers. By Blossom. \$1.25. (Stone.)

## ST. PAUL, MINN.

- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 4. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- ✓ Seven Seas. By Kipling. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

## TOLEDO, O.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- 3. Kate Carnegie. By Maclaren. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)
- ✓ Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)

## TORONTO, CANADA.

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## "In the Multitude of Counsellors there is Safety."



*Truth* recently published a racy item about the cross-roads temperance orator, who, in the course of his remarks said: "Now what was it

the rich man in hades called for? Was it whiskey? No! Was it brandy? No! Was it rum? No! It was water, water! Now what does that show?"

The reply came: "Shows where all you teetotal fellows go to!"

The orator did not specify what kind of water his friend shouted for, but it is presumed to have been the same as that referred to in the following:

A Milwaukee paper not long since printed an amusing item about a servant who happened to be alone in the house when a fire broke out in the basement. He had the presence of mind to understand that a small fire could often be quenched with a little water. Better yet, his master had a fresh stock of Londonderry, charged to a turn with carbonic acid gas. Without stopping to measure the cost, James began hurling lithia grenades at the fire; as the bottles broke, large volumes of gas escaped, and, to his surprise, almost instantly extinguished the flames.

This was a singular experience for James, who had only seen this particular water used to "squelch" the fire in the ardent spirits, or to remove that heaviness in the stomach in the morning, for which it was a favorite with his master, and even now he is not able to tell what it is in the water that puts out a fire more quickly than plain, wet water.

This reminds us that there are others. The most renowned chemists have been

searching for a decade after the mysteries in that water. They have boiled it, submitted it to the microscope, the spectroscope, and the X-rays, in the vain attempt to learn just why the analyses they make do not prove satisfactorily when they come to the test.

By this we mean to say that while this famous spring easily supplies millions of bottles annually of a water which is regarded as remarkably potent for many of our ailments, no chemist has produced a bottle worth dispensing. A fortune awaits him who can reproduce this great gift of nature, but like the mythical bag



of gold in the rainbow, it seems just out of reach. Alchemy can reduce a diamond to vapor and tell its precise elements, but it cannot reconstruct it. This is equally true of a crystal drop of Londonderry water. To go a step farther, neither can the physician explain all the mysteries that lurk in this particular water.

Nothing in the history of mineral waters has so stirred up the medical faculty. There seems to be a subtle something in it which is beyond the reach of chemists that adapts it exactly to the use of man in the cure of rheumatism, and in this mystery dwells its fascination. It is the most common thing imaginable to meet in one's daily rounds men of business who can relate many instances where it has done very strange cures.

"Not long since the writer met a business man on the street, who related that

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he had decided to go to Hot Springs for a chronic rheumatism. He took Londonderry Lithia by the advice of a doctor, and in a fortnight was entirely cured.

"It is, and should be, a source of satisfaction to the doctors that they can suggest a simple and at the same time effective remedy for this most perplexing and almost universal malady. It is also a delight to the patient to be ordered to use such a palatable medicine. This fact explains in part the unparalleled success of the water. The patient will take it faithfully, and after once beginning, being sure to note a relief from pain in a short time, pursues the treatment with religious zeal."

The writer called upon one of the best-known physicians for some theory by which to explain some of these rapid cures. The doctor, while admitting that there was no remedy known to the profession which gave promise of any considerable success, would not venture an opinion upon the working curative force in this celebrated water. "Nature's ways are so subtle," said the informant, "that it were mockery to try to fathom them. I ask a chemist to analyze that water and bring me the same thing compounded in his laboratory. I try it—bosh! I get no such results as I get from the original. Why! Simply because the chemist is deceived. He gets a few ingredients, but there are some added in the great laboratory of nature which he knows not how to detect. Here, then, I look for the explanation of the peculiar power of this water. Without knowing what it is that dances and shoots through the body with the speed of lightning, it would still be possible to know the elements in this water and not be able to say what was the antidote. But as no one either knows the disease in its essence or the precise methods of Londonderry Lithia Water, it may be as well to simply admit the fact and spend one's time reasoning upon a more promising subject."

The doctor doubtless spoke by the card,

and we therefore take up a few points which may be of interest to the reader. We do so voluntarily because there are many people in all the walks of life who never stop to ask questions. They accept everything as a matter of fact, and never wonder why it is so. For instance, there are hundreds of thousands who know the flavor and the power of Londonderry Lithia to control disease, who never gave a thought to anything connected with it. They drink it because they like it or because it is good for them.

They never ask why it is good for them; "the doctor said so" and that ended it. There is another class who always wish to know more about matters that come to their attention. Many who use spring waters go to the springs because formerly that was the only way by which to obtain the different waters in their original strength and purity. This habit has developed so many hotels and sanitariums in the immediate vicinity of springs that an unexpected danger has arisen in the contamination of the soil, which is to a greater or less extent inevitable, and hence a suggestion of the danger that water, reaching the springs through this soil, may not be pure. The art of bottling water so that it may not lose any of its value medicinally, or take on any impurity in the process is the outgrowth of the same study and watchful care that have refused to listen to any propositions for the erection of any hotel, boarding house or private residence within a radius of nearly a mile of the Londonderry Lithia Springs. So this latter class may not go to the Londonderry Springs to drink the water, but the Spring may go to them, carrying in its original purity all its marvellous richness in the peculiar ele-



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ment found to exist alone in its native soil. They are too busy to watch the water as it bubbles from its niche in the



LONDONDERRY SPRING

solid rock, to wander through the maze of delicate machinery employed in rushing the water into bottles, into wrappers, into cases and into cars, at the rate of from two to five car-loads per day, but they can pause for a moment and reflect upon what has been written in the foregoing and follow the writer a step further into the realm of uric acid.

What about this uric acid, that is such a bane to humans, plaguing them so without provocation, and playing havoc with their happiness? It even threatens their lives on occasions, and will not be content to play its legitimate rôle unless it is subdued by Londonderry water—drowned into a condition of proper subserviency, as it were. We must go to some high authority to get information about this malevolent influence that invades our blood: so here is what Dr. Thomas E. Satterthwaite, late Professor of Clinical Medicine in the New York Post-Graduate Medical College and Hospital, the eminent specialist, has to say:

“In cases of rheumatism, whether articular or muscular, I recommend my patients to make free use of the Londonderry Lithia Water, and I regard it as the best water that is to be obtained for such cases.”

This is also the opinion of G. Frank Lydston, M.D., of Chicago, who is known to every American physician as the eminent Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of that city:

“I take great pleasure in indorsing the claims of the Londonderry Lithia Water. It is, in my opinion, the best of the natural waters as an anti-lithic—as a remedy in calculous affections and the uric-acid diathesis. I have used it largely in my practice, in which I meet with numerous cases requiring such waters. I have used it with excellent results in my own person. Personally I find the non-carbonated water to be preferred.”

That fixes the one fact you wanted settled—this water works where there is uric acid. We could quote enough scientific proof of this to fill this volume.

A century is a long time, yet for nearly two centuries the good people in the old town of Londonderry have depended upon this water to cure most of their ailments. Uncle Avery and his faithful wife have lived for seventy-five years within sight of the spring, and no one can pass a pleasanter hour than in listening to their legends and stories of the old “Birch Tree,” for this was the name of the old spring during the days when fighting General Stark was wont to drink from it to cure his rheumatism, and later when it became a favorite of Horace Greeley, who passed a part of his youth in the old town of Londonderry.

The story of this particular premier, this monarch of all the table waters that ministers to good health while it quenches thirst (and puts out fires), that adds a charm, while it removes the sting from the cup that cheers, that is smiled upon at the feast, and greeted in the chamber of ill health, that does good so pleasantly and so mysteriously, that has, in short, become a household favorite in many lands, and a hospital favorite throughout the world, because of its power to drive out uric acid, is not to be told in this short article.

There are scientific facts worthy of mention, with opinions from many of the ablest physicians, but these are all obtainable of the company whose good fortune it is to own this delightful water. Their address is Nashua, N. H.

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# THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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VOL. V.

MAY, 1897.

No. 3.

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

*The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just delivered to the editor of a well-known American magazine the manuscript of a new short story entitled "Number 007."

We understand that there is to be a memoir of Coventry Patmore, and that the work of writing it has been committed to one of his oldest friends.

Mr. Crockett, who has not been in very good health, has gone for a walking tour in Pomerania, where the scene of his next novel, *The Red Axe*, is to be laid.

Mr. Edwin Bacon's second paper on "Old Boston Booksellers" will appear in our next issue. There will be several portraits.

We hear that Messrs. Harper and Brothers have secured the American rights of the forthcoming life of the late Lord Tennyson.

Mr. Paul Dunbar, now in England, is writing a novel. An English edition of his *Lyrics of Lowly Life* will be issued shortly.

Mr. James Lane Allen has finished his new novel, *The Choir Invisible*, and it is now in press. It is the most rapid piece of writing that Mr. Allen has done, being more than twice as long as any of his other books, and written from beginning to end in some six months. The premature announcements of the dates of publication resulted from a misunderstanding as to the time when it would

be ready. We understand that the first edition, which will be published in a few days, will consist of ten thousand copies.

Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish immediately Francis Thompson's new volume entitled *Odes and Other Poems*. The book will be one of the largest volumes of poetry that have been issued by a young poet for a long time, and after reading over the advance sheets we should say that the work is equal if not of a superior quality to his preceding books, *Poems* and *Sister Songs*. We are permitted to use one of the poems, "A May Burden," which appears on page 235 of the present number.

The great success of Mr. Harold Frederic's novel, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, has led to the publication by the Messrs. Scribner of a new edition of his novels, uniform in style with *Theron Ware*. Mr. Frederic says in his preface that though the subjects of the novels are American, they were written in England. He also says that he prefers his short stories to his longer, and that of the writers whose books affected his earliest years he thinks that Erckmann-Chatrian exercised the deepest and most vital influence.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, of the *Evening Post*, sailed for Europe recently, and within a few days after his departure we find the *Post's* editorial pages speaking of the Boys as "boys" (lower case, quoted), and even as boys, *tout simple*. See our remarks on this point in *THE BOOKMAN* for February, 1896, p. 483.

A valued correspondent writes to express her wonder that nobody has yet noticed the curious applicability to the case of Mr. Cecil Rhodes of the following passages from Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* :

"*Borkman*.—When they see that they can't get on without me—when they come to me and crawl at my feet and beseech me to take the reins again. . . .

"*Borkman*.—Think of me, who could have created millions! All the mines I would have controlled! New veins without end. . . . I would have organised it all—I alone!

"*Foldal*.—There was nothing in the world you would have shrunk from.

"*Borkman*.—The great aims I had in life. . . . I wanted to have at my command all the sources of power in this country. . . . I wanted to gather it all into my hands, to make myself master of it all, and so to promote the well-being of many, many thousands."



The friends of the late Henry Cuyler Bunner have finally established a fund to provide an "H. C. Bunner gold medal" to be awarded each year to the writer of the best essay on a given literary subject, the competition to be open to all members of Columbia University who are candidates for any of its degrees. The subject assigned this year is "American Satiric Poetry," and the committee of award are Professor Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell, Professor C. F. Richardson of Dartmouth, and Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia.



The Justices of the Court of Special Sessions in this city have handed down a decision to the effect that D'Annunzio's *Triumph of Death* in its English version is not an immoral book within the meaning of the law. We mention this incident in order to make a correction that seems to us to be desirable. Pending the legal proceedings, it was several times asserted in the newspapers (by whose authority we do not know) that the English translation was made upon the recommendation of one or the other of the editors of *THE BOOKMAN* and because of the commendation given to the novel in this magazine. We feel called upon to remark that while full justice to D'Annunzio's literary power has been freely rendered in our pages, we have never, either editorially or personally, expressed any opinion, one way or the other, as to the propriety of publishing and circulating a popular edition

of the book. This is a question that stands entirely apart from any literary phase of the subject; and if our readers feel an interest in it, they will find it briefly dealt with by the present writer in the May number of the *Cosmopolitan*.



We learn that Mr. Allen Upward, whose romance of adventure, *A Crown of Straw*, was published recently, has espoused the cause of the Greeks, and with the enthusiasm and impetuosity which his novels show, has thrown down the pen for the sword and joined the Greek army. A young man of about thirty years of age, he has already gained an assured literary footing, not the least promising thing about him being his refusal to be forced into steady mechanical production. His real education was, as is the case with most writers, derived from omnivorous reading since his earliest years, of poetry most of all. Two or three years ago he began to write detective stories, and was surprised at the favourable reception given to his first volume. This led him to complete an older story which had lain in his desk for years, *The Prince of Balkistan*, published over a year ago by the Lippincott Company. After poetry, his bent is decidedly to drama. Mr. Kendall has taken a play of his, *A Flash in the Pan*, and he has several others almost ready for the boards. His exceptionally interesting and vigorous romance, *A Crown of Straw*, was originally conceived as the subject of a play in blank verse; indeed, in this form it is partly written, and will, he believes, be found better on the stage than in a novel. He first entered the Irish Bar in Dublin, and subsequently joined the South Wales Circuit, and settled at Cardiff, where he had a local practice until a year ago, when he went to London. He clings to his practice at the Bar and to politics as a means of preserving a wider mental horizon.



Mr. Upward's long-expected novel in verse is now ready for press. It is comparatively a long book, much of it being written in rhyme. This interesting experiment will be watched with interest. A rhymed scene in a criminal court is novel enough to invite notice quite regardless of the quality of the poetry. Mr. Edward Arnold published recent-

ly a book by Mr. Upward which is in a new vein. *One of God's Dilemmas* is a story of keen psychological interest.

We are in receipt of the following letter :

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

GENTLEMEN : We wish to say, in reply to Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's letter in the April BOOKMAN, that he is wrong in presuming that we changed the title of *Slaves of the Lamp* "with a view of deceiving the public," as he will find on examination of the book that the sub-title, "Slaves of the Lamp," is very prominent, both on the cover and title-page.

We changed the title because the book was a failure as *Slaves of the Lamp*, which meant nothing ; but *Christian Vallecott, the Journalist*, the public wanted to know about, and have endorsed our judgment by buying the book.

It was recopyrighted on account of the change in the name.

Yours very truly,  
AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CORPORATION,  
V. M. CORYELL, Manager.

The most vigorous, pointed, and delightfully definite criticism of Mr. Kipling's new story, *Captains Courageous*, that we have so far seen is contained in the letter of a correspondent who writes from Gloucester, Mass., the very spot where Mr. Kipling made his studies for the novel. We give some paragraphs from this letter, and call especial attention to the force and *plein air* quality of its sentences :

"I was much amused with Rudyard Kipling's *Captains Courageous* in *McClure's*. I have adored many of his stories, but when I heard that he was coming here on a flying visit to study up the fishing, I was sorry, for I knew he was going to attempt the impossible. I have read some parts aloud, and it's a miracle how hard it is to read. The men's talk is so loaded and choked up with didactic matter that it's almost impossible for them to speak. I used to sit on barrel-heads in my father's counting-room and listen to the men before Kipling was ever born ; and, moreover, every one knows that talk *flows* ! It doesn't stick and choke like that. Probably Kipling couldn't in any other way get in all the information he had studied up ; but to any one who is used to sniff salt water, that production smells of the lamp ; and he has ruined the talk, which should be elliptical in the extreme. He began on the steamer, and ticketed all the passengers coming from different sections ; and they all talked alike, and none of them like the places they came from.

"Then, too, I suppose Kipling thinks a black cook the most natural thing in the world ; but on a Gloucester fisherman it is, to use the idiom of our Milanese landlady, 'more rare nor a white fly.' I said to my brother, 'Look here and see what a crew they have ! There's a

first-class skipper and an Irishman, a Portuguese, a farmer, a Pennsylvania man, a black cook and an idiot.'

" 'Well,' said he, 'that's what we should call a *scratch* crew.'

" 'Oh ! and a man-of-war's man from the Ohio.'

" 'Those people,' remarked my brother, 'are liable to be in the cemetery.'

" 'Well,' said I, 'that's just where he got him. For there *is* one there ; I saw his name in the list of tombstone inscriptions which the town ordered made ; and then a black cook !'

" 'Yes, we had one once. He wasn't a success.'

" This from a man who had been fitting a fleet of eight to fourteen vessels the best part of his life. I hardly think there's an Irishman in the whole fleet, unless he's a skipper. They like to stay on shore here, and Kipling's man is Mulvaney watered down.

" Then as to the man-of-war's man, the government used to pay a bounty to the fisheries on the ground that the men were a 'nursery of the navy,' but they did not prove so. They won't bear the restraint or the diet ; for they live like fighting-cocks while at sea, and they insist on putting all kinds of stores aboard, such as they would never think of ordering for their own families.

" I said, 'He has put a killick in the hands of a boy out on the Banks.'

" 'Well ! I don't know what one could do with it out there,' said my brother. 'I suppose Kipling saw it here under the shore.' "

Messrs. R. H. Russell and Son have published a new book by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, entitled *Cuba in War Time*. The story of the death of Rodriguez which is chronicled in this book is said to be one of the best things that Mr. Davis has ever written. It contains twenty-four full-page illustrations by Mr. Frederic Remington.

The April number of *Harper's* has an extremely interesting article on Belgium by Clare de Graffenried. We have often wondered why, amid the flood of travellers' observations that clog the press, we scarcely ever see a page devoted to what is in many respects the most interesting country of Europe, and one that derives its interest not merely from its past and from the art that long made its home there, but from the life and manners of its modern inhabitants as well. We do not hesitate to say that Brussels is to-day a more fascinating city than Paris ; and that, too, in the very things that are supposed to be most typically Parisian. In fact, if some one else doesn't hurry up and do it, we shall go to work and write a book about Belgium ourselves.



*Looks ratherish unwell*  
*Ch. Lamb*

From the famous drawing (in *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1835) by Daniel Maclise. It is not generally known that the artist took the singular liberty of inserting the wine carafe and glass in this drawing; these do not appear in the original which hangs in the Kensington Museum.

From an interesting interview with Charles Lamb written in 1834 by J. Fuller Russell and published originally in the *Guardian* of May 6th, 1874, we cull the following extracts:

"On Tuesday August 5th, 1834, I walked over from Enfield to Edmonton, and on reaching Mr. Lamb's cottage—which stands back from the road (nearly opposite the church) between two houses which project beyond it, and is screened by shrubs and trees—I found that 'Elia' was out, taking his morning walk. I was admitted into a small and pleasantly shaded parlour. The modest room was hung round with fine engravings by Hogarth, in dark frames. Books and magazines were scattered on the table, and on the old-fashioned window-seat. I chatted awhile with Miss Lamb—a meek, intelligent, very pleasant, and rather deaf, elderly lady, who told me that her brother

had been gratified by parts of my poem, and had read them to her. 'Elia' came in soon after—a short, thin man. His dress was black—a capacious coat, knee-breeches, and gaiters, and he wore a white neck-handkerchief. His head was remarkably fine, and his dark and shaggy hair and eyebrows, heated face, and very piercing jet-black eyes gave to his appearance a singularly wild and striking expression. The sketch of him in *Fraser's Magazine* [see the accompanying portrait] gives a true idea of his figure, but no portrait, I am sure, could do justice to his splendid countenance. He grasped me cordially by the hand, sat down, and taking a bottle from a cupboard behind him, mixed some rum-and-water. On another occasion, his sister objected to this operation, and he refrained. Presently after, he said, 'May I have a little drop now, only a *leetle* drop?' 'No, be a good boy.' At last he prevailed, and took his usual draught. On each visit I found he required to be drawn into conversation. He would throw out a playful remark, and then pause awhile. He spoke by fits and starts, and had a slight impediment in his utterance, which made him grunt once or twice before he began a sentence; but his tones were loud and rich, and once, when he read to me a passage from a folio of Beaumont and Fletcher (which his sister had

brought down to show me Coleridge's ms. remarks at the end of each play), the deep pathos of his voice gave great weight to the impression made by the poetry. He would jump up and slap his sister playfully on the back, and a roomy snuff-box often passed between them on the old round table. These little traits may serve to illustrate the character of Charles Lamb.

⊙

"There was nothing of that point in his conversation which we find in William Hone's. I remember he agreed with me that Tom Moore's poetry was like very rich plum cake—very nice, but too much of it at a time makes one sick. He said that Byron had written only one good-natured thing, and that was the 'Vision of Judgment.' 'Mary,' he added to Miss Lamb, 'don't you *hate* Byron?' 'Yes, Charles,' she replied. 'That's right,' said he. Of [conversational] Sharpe's *Essays*, which had just been published

Dear Sir, I have read your poetry with pleasure. The tales are pretty & prettily told, the language ~~is~~ often finely poetical. It is only sometimes a little careless, I mean as to redundancies. I have marked certain passages (in pencil only, which will easily obliterate) for your consideration. Excuse this liberty. For the distinction you offer me of a dedication, I feel the honor of it, but I do not think it would advantage the publication. I am kindly on an income enough to warrant it. The Reviewers, who are no friends of mine—the two big ones especially, who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out, may take a ~~little~~ occasion by

ex-deerg as both. But I leave you to your own judgment. Perhaps, if you wish to give me a kind word, it would be more appropriate before your republication of Treasures

"The Specimens" would give a handle to it, which the poems might seem to want—

But I submit it to yourself with the old restriction that "Beggars should not be choosers," and remain

with great respect  
& wishing success to both your publications

Yours, Sir

Lamb

Tuesday

July 22.

As hurry it all for Treasures

## FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM CHARLES LAMB.

and magnified in the *Quarterly*, he asserted—'They are commonplace, and of the two attempts at criticism in them worthy of notice, one—that on Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade"—is completely incorrect.' He had a very high opinion of Wordsworth, saying, 'He is a very noble fellow.' I think he undervalued Coleridge's poetry. He esteemed the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Christabel' his best productions in verse—the former, in his opinion, was miserably clumsy in its arrangement, and the latter was injured by the 'mastiff bitch' at the beginning. Coleridge was staying with him when he wrote it, and, thinking of Sir William Curtis, he [Lamb] advised him to alter the rhyme thus:—

'Sir Leoline the Baron round,  
Had a toothless mastiff hound.'

He thought little of James Montgomery. He had only written one poem which pleased him, and that was among his minor pieces. *Philip Van Artevelde* had been sent to him as equal to Shakespeare. He thought it was nothing extraordinary. He had a good opinion of Tennyson's poems, which had lately been condemned in the *Quarterly*. When at Oxford, he saw Milton's mss. of *L'Allegro*, etc., and was grieved to find from the corrections and erasures how the poet had laboured upon them. He had fancied that they had come from his mind almost spontaneously. He said that to be a true

poet a man must serve a long and rigorous apprenticeship. He must, like the mathematician, sit with a wet towel about his head, if he wished to excel. It was far easier to scribble verses than to hammer out good poetry, worthy of immortality. Of *metres*, he observed there were plenty of old ones, now little known, which were better than any new ones which could be devised, and would be quite as novel.



"He [Lamb] lost £25 by his best effort, *John Woodville*. He had, he said, a curious library of old poetry, etc., which he had bought at stalls, cheap. 'I have nothing useful,' he added; 'as for science, I know and care nothing about it.' Coleridge used to write on the margin of his books when staying at his house. It was during one of these visits that he translated *Wallenstein*. Mr. Lamb thought the 'Lay' the best of Scott's poetical works. He told me that he [Lamb] knew his letters before he could speak, and called on his sister to vouch for the truth of this story. He hated the country, and loved to walk on the London road, because then he could fancy that he was wending thither. He was a great walker. He never read what any of the reviews said about him. He showed me a copy of Coleridge's will, and observed, with some indignation, that the conductors of the *Athenæum* journal had written to him for

reminiscences of his old friend. It was very indelicate, he said, to make any such request, and he refused. He had written a poem called the 'Devil's Marriage' to a tailor's daughter, but suppressed it on finding that Dr. —, the Vicar of —, had committed a like nuptial indiscretion. On rising to leave him, on my last visit, I could not open the parlour door! 'Ah,' he exclaimed, with a sweet smile, 'you can unlock the springs of Helicon, but you cannot open the door!'"



The letter of Charles Lamb reproduced on the previous page was written to William Harrison Ainsworth, in reply to one of his, asking permission to dedicate to Lamb a volume of tales. This must have been *December Tales*, Ainsworth's first book, published in 1823, the year following. Lamb advises him not to couple their two names together, because

"the reviewers, who are no friends of mine—the two big ones especially who make a point of taking no notice of anything I bring out—may take occasion by it to decry us both."

Ainsworth seems to have followed Lamb's advice for we find that the first edition of *December Tales* was dedicated to the Rev. George Croly.



At the end of Mylius's *Poetical Class Book*, published in the early part of the century, and of little or no interest in itself, there are some pages of advertisements of "New Books for Children, Published by M. J. Godwin, at the Juvenile Library, No. 41, Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and to be had of all booksellers;" among which is included Charles Lamb's "Beauty and the Beast, or, A Rough Outside with a Gentle Heart; a Poem: ornamented with 8 Superior Engravings; and Beauty's Song, set to Music by Mr. Whitaker," and described as "bound in a way to lay conveniently open on a Music Desk." Another copy of "Beauty and the Beast," one of the rarest of the rare first editions of Lamb, has just been discovered. This copy differs slightly from the only copy seen by the author of the best bibliography of Charles Lamb. The copy he saw contained no text on the front cover; only a woodcut with "Go, be a beast!—Homer," below it. In the present copy this woodcut is on the back cover, and the front cover is filled by a reprint of the title-page, with a few slight variations, the most important being that the date "1813" occurs. There is no date

on the title, and the book has been hitherto attributed to the year 1811, as one leaf bears a water mark, 1810. In this copy also the folding music forms two sheets; in the bibliography the second verse is described as being on the verso of the first, thus forming a single sheet. If printed on both sides of one sheet it could not be said that the book would "lay conveniently open on a Music Desk." The volume contains eight interesting engravings, believed to be by Maria Flaxman, sister of the famous sculptor. This little book, originally published at 3s. 6d., is now valued by a New York firm of booksellers at more than \$300.



Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish shortly *The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton*. It is the story of her life told in part by herself and in part by Mr. W. H. Wilkins. The work will be illustrated with many portraits and other pictures, and will be published in two volumes. Lady Burton began her autobiography a few months before she died, but in consequence of rapidly failing health she made little progress with it. The present work is therefore based on this unfinished manuscript and a large mass of letters and manuscripts; for although Lady Burton published comparatively little she was a voluminous writer. Lady Burton was as remarkable as a woman as her husband was as a man; her personality was as picturesque, her individuality as unique, and allowing for her sex, her life was as full and varied as was his. "It has been my aim," says the biographer,

"wherever possible throughout this book to let Lady Burton tell the story of her life in her own words and to keep my narrative in the background. To this end I have revised and incorporated the fragment of autobiography which was cut short by her death, and I have also pieced together all of her letters, manuscripts, and journals which have a bearing on her trials and adventures. I have striven to give a faithful portrait of her as revealed by herself. . . . No biographer could have wished for a more eloquent subject than this interesting and fascinating woman. Thus, however imperfectly I may have done my share of the work, it remains the record of a good and noble life—a life lifted up, a life unique in its self-sacrifice."



At the end of last year a volume was published calling itself *The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton*, written by his niece, Miss Georgiana M. Stisted,

stated to be issued "with the authority and approval of the Burton family." This statement is alleged to be incorrect, and has been discredited by a number of the relatives of the late Sir Richard Burton. Worse still, it is held that the book contained a number of cruel and unjust charges against Lady Burton, some of them so paltry and malevolent, so utterly foreign to Lady Burton's generous and truthful character, that they may be dismissed with contempt. Other specific charges call for particular refutation, as silence on them might be misunderstood—for instance, the statements that Lady Burton was the cause of her husband's recall from Damascus; that she acted in bad faith in the matter of his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church; and the impugning of the motives which led her to burn *The Scented Garden*. These charges have been met in the biography about to be published, and in vindicating Lady Burton's character it has been necessary to bring to light certain facts concerning her husband which would otherwise have been suppressed.



In noting last month the suit brought by Dr. Stephen H. Emmens against a well-known scientific gentleman of this city, which related to the validity of Newton's theory of gravitation, we think that we did something of an injustice to the plaintiff. We did not know at the time that he is the inventor of the well-known explosive, called after him "emmensite," and that in his own line of metallurgy and chemistry he is a recognised authority. We therefore publish with pleasure the following letter which he has written us, and in so far as our comment was unfair we express to Dr. Emmens our regret.

ARGENTAURUM LABORATORY,  
20 CENTRAL AVENUE, NEW BRIGHTON,  
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

April 7, 1897.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN :

GENTLEMEN : As you have thought proper to hold me up to public ridicule in your April issue, I hope you will also think proper to print the following reply :

1. The charge that I have "attempted to show that Sir Isaac Newton was a person of no real scientific standing" is as false as it is absurd. At page 129 of "The Argentaurum Papers, No. 1," I expressed myself thus : "And, as for the incomparable Newton himself, we cannot do better than bring this paper to a close by echoing, in all sincerity, the fol-

lowing words from Mr. Roger Cotes's preface to the second edition of the *Principia*, viz. : 'Fair and equal judges will therefore give sentence in favour of this most excellent method of philosophy, which is founded on experiments and observations. To this method it is hardly to be said or imagined what light, what splendour hath accrued from this admirable work of our illustrious author; whose happy and sublime genius, resolving the most difficult problems and reaching to discoveries of which the mind of man was thought incapable before, is deservedly admired by all those who are somewhat more than superficially versed in these matters. The gates are now set open; and by this means we may freely enter into the knowledge of the hidden secrets and wonders of natural things.'"

2. The charge that "he himself declares that he is a greater scientist than Newton" is as false as it is absurd. At page 19 of the "Argentaurum Papers, No. 1," I speak of "the peerless Newton." At page 129 I speak of "the incomparable Newton." And at page 20 I expressly speak of myself as being "a pigmy of these latter days" when compared with "the Ulysses of gravitation."

3. The public is misled by your garbled and mutilated quotation of my words. You say, "In some notes in this book he said: 'I am prepared to be told that I am ignorant and foolish; that I have ventured into the field without a decent equipment of knowledge,' etc. Apparently, however, he wasn't really prepared to have this told to him." Now what I really wrote was: "I am prepared to be told, *in the first place*, that I am ignorant and foolish. . . . And, finally, I shall be met with the criticism that although *my views are sound*, I am not entitled to the least credit for them, seeing that they have long ago been known and recognised by every man of science." And then I proceed to show how Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Newlands, Edison, Bessemer, and other great innovators had met similar treatment from the scientific bigots of their day. In other words, I said I expected to be *unfairly* attacked. This statement did not imply that I should remain submissive and quiescent when illegally assaulted by professorial and editorial bigots.

4. Your charge that I "wish to submit" my "theory of gravitation and nice questions regarding the homogeneous sphere to the decision of the average New York jury" is as false as it is absurd. My suit against the editors and publishers of *Science* has nothing whatever to do with the "theory of gravitation" or any "nice questions regarding the homogeneous sphere." The jury will not have to decide upon any such matters.

5. If you and your readers will refer to the current number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* you will find the position taken up in my "Argentaurum Papers, No. 1," very strongly supported by Professor G. Frederick Wright, of Oberlin College. And there are others.

STEPHEN H. EMMENS.



We understand that Ian Maclaren is to contribute an article on the late Professor Drummond to the *North American Review*, and that Dr. Robertson Nicoll



will have one in the *Contemporary Review*. Dr. Stalker, Professor Drummond's lifelong friend, has an article in the May *Expositor*, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of *The Wheels of Chance*, the clever bicycling romance recently published by the Macmillan Company, was dined by the New Vagabonds' Club, in London, the other day, and in his speech incidentally brought a fresh method of grouping to bear upon reviewers. After describing authors as "seedlings," Mr. Wells divided reviewers into various families: slug reviewers, who prey on the first tender leaves of authors; bird reviewers, who peck here and there, and possibly do damage; heavy reviewers, who crush with their feet whole beds of shoots. Mr. Wells went on to complain of their methods of irrigation. Some reviewers, he said, so copiously drench the plants with the water of flattery as to rot them at the roots; others withhold water until the plants are dried up. In addition, there is, of course, the wise, far-seeing horticulturist, but he is not very common.

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Mr. Wells is finishing a fantastic story dealing with the adventures of a man who discovers the secret of making himself invisible. It will appear in book form before the end of the year. Mr. Wells appears to have caught the fancy of the American public at last, and the publishers here are taking a keen interest in his arrangements for future work.

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The success of Professor Brander Matthews's *Introduction to American Literature* is as striking as it is well deserved. We understand that the American Book Company have already gone to press with the fiftieth thousand of this admirably written book.

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We mentioned recently in these columns that Professor Matthews's *Introduction to American Literature* had been printed in raised letters for the blind. We have learned since that the same honour has been accorded to Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada*, which was pronounced by Professor Fiske to be "one of the most brilliant

and fascinating books that has ever been written by any historian since the days of Herodotus." As the printing of large volumes in embossed letters is a matter entailing great care and expense, very few works are considered of sufficient value to warrant this trouble and expenditure, and it must therefore be very gratifying to the publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, as well as to the heirs of the historian, that the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind should consider Mr. Parkman worthy to be included in their library. The embossed copy is an exact verbatim reproduction of about one fourth of the work as published in two volumes, comprising the preliminary sketch of the Indian tribes, of the Mississippi, of the French and Indian War, and the loss of Canada, the Wilderness and its tenants at the close of the French War.

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The "Spectator" in the April magazine number of the *Outlook* gives some very interesting reminiscences and impressions of Lowell, and commenting on the fact that the poet was the implacable foe of the tawdry American whose vulgar manners make him such a terror to his fellow-countrymen abroad, humorously describes how the wife of an American Senator was determined to be presented at Court, but how her lack of fitness for that function was only too obvious to one who was supposed to protect the Queen from underbred and vulgar persons. The woman was noisy, illiterate, and socially impossible; but she was the wife of a Senator, and she was pertinacious, unscrupulous, and pushing. There came a time when the Minister, worn out with her importunities, was about to capitulate; in that hour of weakness, however, he chanced in a hotel reception room to overhear his persecutor say to a friend, regarding a dressmaker's bill which had just come in, "When I see the size of that bill I just lay back and yelled." The lady was not presented.

⊗

Messrs. De Wolfe, Fiske and Company will publish shortly a book entitled *Samuel Sewall and the World he Lived in*, by the Rev. N. H. Chamberlain. The author has gathered his material from the old Boston and New England life

of 1630-1730. A number of interesting Sewall portraits and other illustrations, for the most part published now for the first time, lend a picturesque value to the work.

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The cartoon of Max Pemberton which is given on this page is one of Mr. Leslie Ward's happy hits, and appeared in a recent number of *Vanity Fair*. There must be a certain satisfaction in this to Mr. Pemberton, as it was through the intervention of *Vanity Fair* that he was saved from becoming a dull mathematician, with perhaps a scholastic record hidden in the secret places of Cambridge. One day he was passing the office of *Vanity Fair* when a bright idea occurred to him. He walked in and had a speaking-tube shown him; through that channel he boisterously offered a contribution, which was accepted, and became the first of many that have appeared in that periodical. Indeed, he has served up many "men of the day" over the signature of "Jehu Junior," as it is now his turn to be likewise served. It is ten years ago since that first contribution appeared in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, and during that time he has done a great deal of journalistic and literary work. One of his most successful exploits in journalism was his editorship of *Chums*, a boys' paper published by the Messrs. Cassell, of London, and which led to his writing *The Iron Pirate* and *Sea Wolves*. These stories have been immensely popular, and two years ago Mr. Pemberton was led to sever his connection with *Chums* in order to devote himself entirely to literature. In 1895 was published *The Impregnable City*, and later, in the same year, *The Little Huguenot*, to which a sequel is promised. A few months ago he published *A Puritan's Wife*, now in its tenth thousand, and a new story, *Christine of the Hills*, has just been issued and is reviewed on another page. Besides all this, he is a hard-working journalist, and is quite an athlete; he is also the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, and has written several successful curtain-raisers. Mr. Pemberton is not only popular with the reading public, but has also many friends, being fond of all kinds of sport, with a passion for golf; and we are told that he can sing a comic song with a voice which no pianoforte can drown. Mr. Pemberton, it may be said, is the



MAX PEMBERTON.  
From *Vanity Fair*.

literary representative of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in London.

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Mr. Pemberton's experience as the editor of *Chums* gives him some claim to be heard on the subject of what boys like to read. "A boy's criticism," he says, "has no delicate shades; everything is either 'splendid' or else 'utter rot.' There are two subjects of which boys never weary in fiction—soldiers and locomotives. This shows that the adventurous spirit is as strong as ever, and it is a most pleasing and hopeful sign. As to their tastes, boys do not take the faintest interest in current events. They have no desire for news; the topics of the hour are too dull for the boy. His imagination is fascinated by a world very different from the gray and commonplace scenes of every-day life. The boys' journalist, therefore, needs to remember constantly that his constituency

never is, and never can be, the same as that of the ordinary newspapers. He can enjoy the life of famous men if put in a thoroughly readable form. Jules Verne he knows, but he is beginning to forget him; Henty is still a great favourite, and so in a less degree is Ballantyne. The boy reader is very staunch to a favourite author, and even when his favourite begins to lose skill and sink into a tedious prolixity, he is allowed to live for a time on his past success."

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Asked whether boys care for Stevenson, Mr. Pemberton says: "Not so much as one would wish. A proof of this is found in the fact that the appearance of *Treasure Island* in the *Young Folks' Paper* had no perceptible influence upon the circulation. As for *Kidnapped*, I don't believe boys understand it; the fine style is entirely lost on them. Of course, you understand, that I am now speaking of the average boy, and not of the brilliant exceptions. Boys take a deep interest in the course of the plots of stories. When *The Iron Pirate* was appearing in *Chums* I had most pathetic letters imploring me not to kill Captain Black. One particularly simple lad wrote complaining bitterly that we always left off at the most interesting points." What may seem strange to us is that Mr. Pemberton finds girl readers quite as fond of adventure stories as boys. "They are especially fond of bloodthirsty scenes and fighting. I used to get many letters from them, and Mr. Henty told me lately that he received quite as many letters from girls as from boys."

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Mr. Pemberton's first book was entitled *The Diary of a Scoundrel*, about which he tells an amusing little incident. "I was spending a few days at a seaside town with a friend, who one evening wanted to buy my book. We strolled to the railway bookstore, and he asked the clerk for a copy. '*The Diary of a Scoundrel*—oh, yes, that is the hexpérience of the hauthor, I expect,' said the young Cockney clerk as he handed it over. I retired modestly from the scene."

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Mr. Pemberton sends us an account of the annual Omar Kháyyám dinner held on March 25th:

The spring dinner of the Omar Kháyyám Club in London was one of the most brilliant functions in the history of that interesting society. It is the business of the Omar Kháyyám Club to invite as many distinguished people as possible to "turn down the empty glass;" not exactly upon the reviving herb which fringes the river's lip, but in the commodious banqueting hall of Frascati's restaurant. The Club has already achieved many triumphs, none more remarkable than the triumph of the year 1895, which saw Mr. George Meredith addressing Omarians in his very first public speech. On March 25th the list of visitors was remarkable. Lord Wolseley was the guest of the Club, and an exceedingly popular guest. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has never been more brilliant, introduced Lord Wolseley, and reminded his brethren that the guest was not present as Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces, but as the author of two admirable volumes upon Marlborough.

The guests of the members, as distinguished from the guest of the Club, included, among others, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Desart, Lord Frederick Hamilton, Mr. J. M. Barrie, the Hon. Sir J. Gorell Barnes, Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. Frank H. Dodd, Sir Douglas Straight, Professor E. Ray Lankester, F.R.S., Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B., Mr. Selwyn Image, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Major Arthur Griffiths, Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, Sir George S. Robertson, K.C.S.I., Mr. William M. Meredith, Sir Courtney Ilbert, K.C.S.I., Professor Michael Foster, F.R.S., Sir Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G., and the Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, K.C.S.I.

When the toast of the master had been duly drunk in silence, and with turned-down glasses, the business of the evening began. Omarians have never listened to better after-dinner speaking. The eloquent and entertaining mood in which Mr. Edmund Gosse found himself seemed contagious. Lord Wolseley spoke with a singular appreciation of Omar Kháyyám, and made an exceedingly delicate tribute to the ode which Mr. Austin Dobson wrote expressly for the occasion, the American rights of which were secured for *THE BOOKMAN* (see p. 198). Mr. Augustin Birrell birrelled mightily. His speech was a veritable *tour de force*. Beginning with the expression of his amazement that Lord Wolseley had found his military life a humdrum one, he asked what, in Heaven's name, was the life then of a literary man! From first to last his speech bristled with humour and with wit. Nor was Mr. Louis Austin, who proposed the toast of the President, far behind him. Omarians, therefore, had the treat of hearing on the same evening probably the two best after-dinner speakers in London. Rarely in the history of the Club has this memorable night been rivalled. It recalled the great glories of Mr. Clement Shorter's year of office, and drew from all present a sincere appreciation of the charm and courtesy and exceeding ability of Mr. Edmund Gosse, and of the indefatigable labours of Mr. Frederic Hudson, the secretary.

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Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a California story

by Beatrice Harraden, entitled *Hilda Strafford*, in a beautiful little volume with illustrations. The frontispiece is a portrait of Miss Harraden reproduced from a photograph taken in California. Miss Harraden is at present residing at Bournemouth, in England, but hopes to be able very soon to return to California. She is much grieved at the necessity of postponing the writing of her long novel, which was expected to appear last autumn. She writes: "I have been obliged to put away my work from absolute necessity, and not from wilfulness or laziness or want of something to say. As a matter of fact, I never had more to say in my life than now, but every effort I make to finish that novel puts me further away from it, so I just have to wait until I can gather up a little strength of body and brain. It was three quarters done when I broke down over it." Those who have seen the chapters already written speak of it in the very highest terms, and place it much above Miss Harraden's previous work. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have also secured the American rights of a book of child's Christmas stories which Miss Harraden is projecting.



The masterly edition of the works and biography of Burns edited by Dr. Robert Chambers, and revised and practically rewritten by Mr. William Wallace, is now completed in four volumes. The publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, have never issued a more creditable work, which is saying a great deal. It will take its place finally as the great thesaurus of Burns literature. It is much more than a thesaurus; it has been arranged with consummate skill and care, and may be read from end to end with the greatest pleasure and interest. Furthermore, it is made in so convenient form that it is a very pleasing and companionable book. Nothing is wanting to the perfection of the editing. It is sufficient to say that it has encountered the closest scrutiny of the Burns specialists—rather a numerous body—and has come out practically unscathed. Specialists are always merciless, but none, we imagine, are quite so cruel as the Burns specialists. The subject abounds in pitfalls, and not a single misinterpretation or slip

escaped the keen eyes that have tested the work. In every respect Burns has been treated with full knowledge and absolute impartiality. Every lover of Burns should choose this edition, for it is not likely to be superseded by any other.



"The gods give us joy!" Last month we welcomed in our review columns a tale of adventure, to wit, *The Forge in the*



ISABEL WHITELEY.

*Forest*, by the Canadian writer, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts; and now fast pressing on his heels comes another bold romancer, Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, whose *The Falcon of Langlac* has just been published by Messrs. Copeland and Day. The "Spirit of the true Romance" that has found popular acceptance in the works of such writers as Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman would seem to have transmigrated for a spell to these shores; Mrs. Whiteley's story is indeed quite Weymanesque in tone and construction, but her material is fresh, her background is new, and the plot is her own. There is another brilliant romance with which it is allied, and which deserves a wider reading than seems to have been awarded it here, although it was received with warmth in England when published there last year, namely, *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*, by A. E. W. Mason. The author of *The Falcon of Langlac* is to be congratulated upon achieving such



COLONEL JOHN HAY.

a marked success with a first book ; for we have no doubt that it will figure as one of the popular novels during the summer, and perhaps for many a day beyond. Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, though a resident of Philadelphia, is a daughter of the Puritans. She is descended in direct line from Thomas Parsons, whose great-grandson was the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the father of Major Parsons of the Revolutionary Army.

⊗

Colonel John Hay must feel gratified by his appointment to the post of American Ambassador at the Court of St. James, no less as a man of letters than as a diplomat. It is, of course, the highest diplomatic post in our service ; but it is also no small honour to appear in a line of succession already made

illustrious by the names of Everett, Adams, Motley, Lowell, and Phelps. We have always felt that in literature Colonel Hay never brought out all that it was in him to accomplish, owing perhaps to the fact that an ample fortune has relieved him from the necessity of seeking an income by his pen. In his *Pike County Ballads* is to be found true originality, and in his *Castilian Days* a marked power for accurate and subtle observation ; while his *Life of Lincoln* shows him to possess the more technical training of the historical investigator. But on the whole, he has written far too little ; and perhaps, in these days of overproduction and syndicate-spinning, to say this of an author is to pay him the highest possible compliment.

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A great deal of interest has been taken during recent months in the Polychrome Bible under the editorship of Dr.

Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins. We are able to announce an English edition which has just been arranged for, and which will begin publication in parts about the first of October. The first three parts which will be published then comprise the *Book of Judges*, by Professor George F. Moore, of Andover ; the *Book of Psalms*, by Professor J. Wellhausen, of Göttingen, and the *Prophecies of Isaiah*, by Professor T. K. Cheyne, of Oxford. The Hebrew version will be published, as heretofore, by the Johns Hopkins University Press ; the English version is in the hands of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

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We notice that *King Noanett* has just been published in England by Mr. John Lane, and is meeting with high praise

from the critics. The *Academy* says of it that it "is not inferior to the bewitching *Lorna Doone*. . . . There are many romances in which one would fain here and there reconstruct a sentence or obliterate a chapter; but there is not a word in *King Noanett* which we should wish to change. In its reticent ease, its tenderness, its cleanly strength, the story is admirable."



The very important work entitled *A History of the Royal Navy from the Earliest Times to the Present*, which we announced in our January number as in preparation, is to be published in America by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. It is to be under the general editorship of Mr. W. Laird Clowes, of Kings College, London, who has included among his collaborators the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and Captain A. T. Mahan. Captain Mahan will treat of the period covering England's wars with France in the last century. This author's *Life of Nelson* has just been published in two superb volumes by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, and will be reviewed in our June number by Mr. Roosevelt. The portrait which we give of Captain Mahan is taken from his latest photograph.



Mrs. Annie Sawyer Down, writing about Hawthorne from Andover, Mass., affords us a passing glimpse of the Hawthorne household at the time of Una Hawthorne's birth. "My father," she says,



Very faithfully Yrs  
A. T. Mahan

"was one of the village doctors, and had sent me with a package of medicine for Mrs. Hawthorne when Una was born at the Old Manse. I remember standing tiptoe before the ancient door at the end of the long avenue of half dead ash-trees, and just managing to reach the ponderous iron knocker. Mr. Hawthorne himself opened the door, and I had finished my errand and was turning away when he said to me, 'Wouldn't the doctor's little girl like to see the new baby?'"

"Of course the 'doctor's little girl' was crazy to see anything that was new — and of all things new, a new baby — so he led me up the aged stairs; then asking me to wait a moment, disappeared through a door that stood ajar.



GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Very soon he reappeared with the tiniest morsel of humanity, as it seemed to me, that I had ever seen, in his long, strong arms.

"He was singularly handsome, of great height and corresponding breadth; and as he stood there with his raven black hair and brilliant dark eyes, I remember thinking that he looked exactly like the Prince Charming who aroused the Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted forest.

"While I was admiring the baby, even then named Una, Mrs. Hawthorne from an inner room called me to come and see her. The gossips of the day in Concord called Mrs. Hawthorne 'homely' and 'plain,' but certainly her room was not. Being an artist, she had done what, though common enough now, was then very rare—painted her furniture herself. On the headboard of the bed she had copied Guido's 'Aurora,' and at the foot, what she called one of Raphael's 'Hours'; while on the wash-stand was Venus rising from the sea, and on the dressing-table Correggio's 'Cupids.' I was only a little girl at the time, and as it was my first conscious acquaintance with art, it produced an effect on my mind that has been ineffaceable."

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's first long novel has just been published by Mr. John Lane, under the title of *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times*. The book treats of five different phases of American life—picturesque, religious, society, journalistic and prison life—its most distinctive features being its pervasive modernity, its distorted vision of men, women and morals, and its overflowing energy and burning interest in life, crudely directed with the aggressive solemnity of youth. Gertrude Atherton is another American woman who has taken up her home in England. She is a Californian, having been born in San Francisco, and in her blood there mingle opposing streams from Louisiana and New England. She was educated by her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, a nephew of the famous explorer of that name, one of the pioneers of her native State and the editor of the first newspaper. He was a man of literary taste, and was said to be the handsomest man in the State. After graduating she married into one of the most distinguished families in California, but becoming a widow while still very young, she spent a number of years in travel. In 1890 she returned to her home to study its life and manners and the early period of its career; for this purpose making her abode in old towns and hamlets, and by living among the few remaining Spanish settlers she gathered material never before used in fiction. As all the characters in *Patience Sparhawk* who have anything to say talk essays, Mrs. Atherton has by this means got rid of much mental ferment and accretion, and so, presumably, she will move along more swimmingly in her next book. The portrait of Mrs. Atherton which we give herewith has been taken from a new photograph by Alfred Ellis, of London.

Mrs. Atherton has a new story entitled *His Fortunate Grace* in the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.



MR. DOBSON'S LIBRARY.

## THE POETRY OF AUSTIN DOBSON.

The qualities of Mr. Austin Dobson's work are known, for, by an accident which sometimes comes to surprise even the most disinterested of workers, his work is popular. Many have even paid him the compliment, from their own point of view, of ranking him, as a poet, with those amiable, intelligent, often scholarly persons, such as Mr. Locker-Lampson, who have made facile verses about books and wines on the afternoons when they were at leisure. He has written, it is true, a good deal of *vers de société*, some of which he frankly acknowledges on the head-lines; and to distinguish between light verse, which is poetry, and *vers de société*, which is what it calls itself, will certainly not be easy for the casual reader, especially as Mr. Dobson is continually bridging the distance with flying *pontons*. It is reassuring to think that he is probably best known by his least valuable work, by what is sentimental in it, or merely amusing. But, in a certain sense, he is genuinely popular for many genuine qualities of his art, only these qualities mean something much more, something often different, to the careful student of his poetry. Who, then, does not know

"The song where not one of the graces  
Tight-laces";

the verse which trips on daintier feet

than any verse of our time; well-bred verse which dresses in quite the most severe French taste, wears no rouge except with fancy dress, and can sing with as fresh a voice as if it were not singing in a drawing-room? His eighteenth-century muse passes easily from England to France, and it is not fanciful to note the partly French origin of this after all so English writer coming into evidence in a score of little ways, ways as minute as the preference for single and double rhymes intermingled, after the manner of French masculine and feminine rhyming. The scholarship turned courtly (as of some abbé who writes madrigals for the Marquise), the ease of fastidious wit, the fancy brought back from her far voyages, and at home, by preference, in a garden; all these, these unique qualities, it is impossible not to see in the poems of Mr. Dobson. He paints, of course, *genre* pictures, brings the whole apparatus of the connoisseur daintily into verse, writes in imitation of Pope, of Prior, and with a worthy flattery in the action; renders Horace in triolets, and Holbein in a *chant royal*. His wit and significance in the use of proper names, allusions, the French language; his wit and delicacy in rhyme, the rare discretion of his epithets, are all evident, and not likely to





*Ever faithfully yours,  
Alfred Dobson*

be overlooked. And when he chooses to be entirely serious, as in perhaps his finest poem, "The Sick Man and the Birds," how natural it seems to him, after all his evasions, to speak, as it is most natural to the poet to speak, directly !

Most of his poetry is an evasion ; and it becomes, in its very frivolity, poetry, because it is an evasion. In its indirect, smiling, deliberate way of dealing with life, choosing those hours of carnival, when for our allotted time we put on masks, and coloured dresses, and dance a measure or two with strangers, it is an escape, an escape from life felt to be about to become overpowering. Do we not,

among ourselves, avoid the expression of a deeply felt emotion, in order that we may not intensify the emotion itself by giving it words ? This light poetry, seeming to be occupied so largely with the things that matter least to us in the world, is human in a most closely human way ; and by its very evasion it confesses the power and oppression of those deep emotions which it is like us in trying to escape.

The quality which I find, even in those which seem least likely to occasion it of these transparent *Proverbs in Porcelain*, these lilting old French forms, these trotting ballads of the time of the Georges, is the quality of pathos. It is that pathos of things fugitive, flowers, beauty, the bloom on any fruit, sunshine in winter. It is what touches us, what we feel, without our quite realising the paradox of its appeal to us, not only in the frail, rose-leaf art of Watteau (where it is no doubt part of the intention), but in the certainly unintended suggestion of those eighteenth-century fans painted with gallant devices, those seventeenth-century gavottes written for courtly measures ; and is there not perhaps something of the same reason for the melancholy so strangely islanded in the heart of whirling gaiety of the German dance-rhythms of to-day ? In the Capito-

line Museum at Rome, in a room filled with busts of the emperors, there is one bust, that of Julia, the daughter of Titus, which has for me precisely the charm and pathos of those fragile things to which this kind of art gives something of the consecration of time. The little fashionable head, so small, eager, curled so elaborately for its life of one fashionable day, and seeming to be so little at home in the unexpected, perpetuating coldness of marble ; what has such as this to do with the dignity of death ?

" But where is the Pompadour, too ? "

asks Mr. Dobson :

" *This was the Pompadour's Fan !* "

And it is because he has apprehended so deeply the carnival hours of life, with all that they have of the very unconsciousness of flight; because he has shown us youth, fashion, careless joy, in their unconcern of to-morrow, when youth will be one step further into the shadow it casts before it, and fashion will retire before other plumes, and careless joy sadden at a mere change of the wind; it is because he has these "artless, ageless things to say," with so vivid, and so reluctant, a sense of what can be said lightly, daintily, with sufficient sincerity, during that bright hour's "indefinite reprieve," that he is a poet, where most writers of light verse (to whom the moment is seen but from the moment's point of view) are but rhymers for drawing-rooms. Writing as he does of the matters, and apparently in the tone, which are sufficient for the day to most worldly-wise people, his point of view is never that of the worldly-wise gentleman of the clubs, who is often to be found admiring him for what he thinks is a similarity of tastes. It is always the point of view of the poet, and of a poet to whom no sensation comes without its delicate *arrière-pensée* of wisdom.

I do not say that the whole of his work is of this value which I find typical of it. And, in particular, I do not say that this implicit quality of pathos is not sometimes, to its peril, explicit. Such popular pieces as "The Child Musician," in which the pathos is said instead of seen, drop at once into a different order of work. A direct appeal to the sentiment of tears, a demand on one's sympathy; any of our Adelphi artificers can move us with that, and leave us ashamed of our emotion afterward. A newspaper paragraph will do as much; the sight, in the street, of a woman sobbing in a doorway. That pathos, ethereal and yet enduring as the little life of roses living on in the immortality of the vinaigrette, which I find in whatever is good of Mr. Dobson's work, is entirely a pathos of second thoughts; something which is not in the picture, but without which the picture would not be what it is, a picture of some *fête galante*, seeming to exist for itself, in so fragile a moment's happiness, that it appeals to our pity as irony does, touching the artistic sense in us of the paradox of life.

In Mr. Dobson's work, as I have said, we get, frankly, *vers de société* as well as poetry; and it might be interesting to discriminate between whatever, in his work, belongs to the one or the other order. It is unsafe to neglect so much as a single piece in his collection, for you are never safe from a surprise, and you will find touches of genuine poetry in the most unexpected places. But for the most part he is at his best when he is furthest away from our time; and for an obvious enough reason. It is only past fashions that can appeal to us as being in themselves poetical. When they are of our time they are, in themselves, but so much decoration; they have even a touch of comedy in their nearness to us. That is why Mr. Dobson's poems of the present day, in which he deals with manners as manners, are with difficulty accepted as poetry; and why the verse-writers of "teacup times," who in those times wrote of their teacups, scarcely seem to us poets. While the fan was still between the ringed fingers of the Pompadour, it was but a pretty piece of decoration; it is only now that the

"Chicken-skin, delicate, white,  
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,"

becomes stuff for poetry, becoming a symbol of those silken ways by which the fates of nations went, when the fan was of equal weight with the sceptre. But Mr. Dobson, who has the true artist's love of difficulties to conquer, has done that most difficult of things, making poetry out of the ribbons of to-day, and for the wearer of those ribbons. Well, let the "English girl, divine, demure," for whom he has told us he sings, take the pretty compliment, as the probably not more comprehensive Marquise of Molière took the compliments of her "last poet": who should quarrel with the flattering tongue of a dedication? Mr. Dobson knows well enough that he has not written his poems for young ladies, nor for to-day's homage. He has done his day's work for the work's sake, and he has finished perfectly a small, beautiful thing: a miniature, a bust, a coin.

"All passes. Art alone  
Enduring stays to us;  
The Bust outlasts the throne—  
The Coin, Tiberius."

Arthur Symonds.

VERSES READ AT THE DINNER OF THE OMAR  
KHÁYYÁM CLUB,\*

ON THURSDAY, MARCH 25TH, 1897.

"—Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit OMARI aliquid."

—*Lucretius* (adapted).

"—While we the Feast by Fruit and Wine prolong  
A Bard bobs up, and bores us with a Song."

—*The Api.iad*

'Twas Swift who said that people "view  
In Homer more than Homer knew."  
I can't pretend to claim the gift  
Of playing Bentley upon Swift;  
But I suspect the reading true  
Is "Omar more than Omar knew,"  
Or why this large assembly met  
Lest we this Omar should forget?  
(In a parenthesis, I note  
Our Rustum † here, without red coat;  
Where Sohrab sits I'm not aware,  
But that's Firdausi ‡ in the Chair!)—  
I say then that we now are met  
Lest we this Omar should forget,  
Who, ages back, remote, obscure,  
Wrote verses once at Naishápúr,—  
Verses which, as I understand,  
Were merely copied out by hand,  
And now, without etched plates, or aid  
Of India paper, or handmade,  
Bid fair Parnassus' top to climb,  
And knock the Classics out of time.

*Persicos odi*—Horace said,  
And therefore is no longer read.  
Time, who could simply not endure  
Slight to the Bard of Naishápúr,  
(Time, by the way, was rather late  
For one so often up to date!)  
Went swiftly to the Roll of Fame  
And blotted Q. H. F. his name,  
Since when, for every youth or Miss  
That knows *Quis multa gracilis*,  
There are a hundred who can tell  
What Omar thought of Heav'n and Hell:  
Who Bahrám was; and where was hid  
The sev'n-ring'd Beaker of Jamshyd;—  
In short, without a break can quote  
Most of what Omar ever wrote.

\* Copyright, 1897, by Austin Dobson.  
‡ Mr. Edmund Gosse.

† Field-Marshal Rt. Hon. Viscount Wolseley.

Well, Omar Kháyyám wrote of Wine,  
 And all of us, sometimes, must dine ;  
 And Omar Kháyyám wrote of Roses,  
 And all of us, no doubt, have noses ;  
 And Omar Kháyyám wrote of Love,  
 Which some of us are not above.  
 Also, he charms to this extent,  
 We don't know, always, what he meant.  
 Lastly, the man's so plainly dead  
 We can heap honours on his head.

Then, too, he scores in other wise  
 By his "deplorable demise."  
 There is so much that we could say  
 Were he a Bard of yesterday !  
 We should discuss his draughts and pills,  
 His baker's and his vintner's bills ;  
 Rake up—perhaps 'tis well we can't—  
 Gossip about his maiden aunt ;  
 And all that marketable matter  
 Which Freeman nicknamed "Harriet-chatter !"   
 But here not even Persian candles  
 Can light us to the smallest scandals ;—  
 Thus far your Omar gains at least  
 By having been so long deceased.

Failing of this, we needs must fall  
 Back on his *opus* after all ;—  
 Those quatrains so compact, complete,  
 So suited to FitzGerald's feet,  
 (And, let us add, so subtly planned  
 To tempt the imitative band !)—  
 Those censers of *Omar* ware  
 That breathe into the perfumed air  
 His doubt, his unrest, his despair ;—  
 Those jewels-four-lines-long that show,  
 Eight hundred years and more ago,  
 An old thing underneath the sun  
 In Babylonish Babylon ;—  
 A Body and a Soul at strife  
 To solve the Mystery of Life !

So then all hail to Omar K. !  
 (To take our more familiar way)  
 Though much of what he wrote and did  
 In darkest mystery is hid ;  
 And though (unlike our bards) his task  
 Was less to answer than to ask ;  
 For all his endless Why and Whether,  
 He brings us here to-night together ;  
 And therefore (as I said before),  
 Hail ! Omar Kháyyám, hail ! once more !

*Austin Dobson.*

## QUOD MINIME RERIS.\*

There is something partly pathetic and partly exasperating in the reflection that the vast majority of mankind, on nearly every important subject, get their facts and their opinions wholly at second hand. Close to the heart of each great problem, whether it be theological or political or scientific or philosophical, a few powerful and unwearied minds are always labouring and watching, forgetful of self, single-minded, devoted to one sublime ideal—the discovery of truth, cost what it may and point whither it will. They have no thought of gain, no love of popular applause, no motive save the scholar's motive, which is, at its highest, so pure and so disinterested as almost to deserve the name of sacred. Whatever men have learned as yet in each respective field is known to them, and they live in serene contentment, and die with a smile of happiness, if they can but feel that by their labour and self-denial the sum of human knowledge has been perceptibly augmented, that through their effort a single ray of light has stolen out a little further into the dusk of the Unknown. They seek absolutely nothing for themselves, and what they learn is free to all who care to take it from them.

There stands about these men a second class, shrewd, clever, quick-witted, and ingenious, having much of the scholar's knowledge and very little of the scholar's spirit, with eyes that are turned toward the world at large, which is, in fact, their oyster. Whatever stream of knowledge flows forth from the little sanctuary where the giants of learning smite the rocks of difficulty, these brilliant persons rapidly scoop it up into their own shallow vessels, and diluting it with the water of the first roadside puddle, run abroad throughout the world, selling the draught to any one who may seek to buy. To drop the figure, it is, in general, only the adapter, the populariser, the actual dispenser, whom the world at large encounters; and it is, therefore, to him that the glory and the praise of the discovery are given. Take

almost any field of science, using that term in its broadest sense, and ask the average man to tell you the great contemporary names suggested by it, and he will always give you the names of middlemen, of men who sit in the outer gates of learning and not within the penetralia. Hence it is (to take two obvious illustrations) that the multitude regard Mr. Edison as a great master of electrical experiment; and view Professor Max Müller as chief among comparative philologists.

It is in the sphere of religious and theological discussion that this curious and rather depressing phenomenon is most strikingly perceptible, because such topics have from time immemorial most vitally and continuously interested the greatest number of human beings. And here the story is the same. A few profoundly learned men, equipped with all the means of investigation known to this last and greatest of the centuries, are labouring in the difficult field of Biblical research, animated by no controversial ardour, heedless of fame, and seeking only in a reverent spirit to eliminate error and to know the entire truth as God has given men to see it. Theirs is the knowledge of text and times, of the subtlest linguistic colours, of the nicest questions of evidence, of the testimony that comes from within, and of the corroboration or contradiction that exists in the perplexing records of external history. They work on, and under their hands the light appears to grow less dim. Of the problems before them, some seem to contain the possibility of a plain solution; there is something at least that can be clearly learned. But they know that the last word has not yet been spoken, and that they have lifted only a little corner of the veil. The time has not arrived for any man to speak with full authority; and they still work on. But all about them are flitting other and restless minds, eager for something new, impatient of delay, filled with the spirit of the intellectual charlatan and the sensation-monger; and these men snatch greedily at the scraps that fall from the sober table of the wise, and rush off to proclaim a new doctrine and to dedicate some structure

\* Die Chronologie der althristlichen Litteratur bis Eusebius. Von Adolf Harnack. Erster Band. Die Chronologie bis Irenæus. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung.

hastily reared upon a foundation that will not for one moment bear a serious strain. They write books and magazine articles, and even letters in the newspapers; and they bask complacently in the sunshine of popular amazement.

Upon these there waits still another class—the shallow, superficial, fluent preachers who combine the *flair* of a trained reporter with the ambitions of a popular actor. They are filled with the modern notion that the teaching of religion—the most solemn and impressively awful responsibility that can rest upon a human being—is of value only in so far as it can be made amusing or exciting or picturesque. These are the men who put off the external marks of their calling, who dress like commercial travellers, who slap you on the back, assume an air of brisk joviality, preach bicycle sermons, organise sports and pastimes for their flock, and conceive the idea of “church smokers” as a means of grace. This sort of thing they speak of in their own jargon as “meeting men as men,” “bringing religion down from the clouds,” and “making it practical;” not seeing that their unseemly and grotesque impersonation is viewed by men of the world with something of that half-amused, half-pitying contempt with which one would behold a middle-aged schoolmistress capering in a skirt-dance. The eternal themes of reverence and mercy, of justice and of judgment, are wholly absent from their clack, and they can tell you far more about duck-shooting and the gossip of the clubs.

When, then, the middlemen of doctrine, the theological jerry-builders, send out some new report of ‘what they say has been discovered by serious and scientific scholars, this half-explained and half-digested bit of knowledge is snapped up in a flash. It is, very likely, only part of a preliminary study, a tentative hypothesis, a theory broached as being one of several possible explanations; or it may represent only one stage of an investigation which is still in progress and of which the final results may wholly alter the actual significance of the earlier assumption. But all this makes no difference to the clerical seeker after a sensation. He hastily reads an article or two in the magazines, runs over a popular book upon the subject, gets a general notion of what it is all

about, hits upon a few catch-words and effective phrases, and then feels himself fully prepared to discuss the whole history of Biblical criticism from Thomas of Heraclea to Tischendorf and Gregory. This leads men, especially newspaper men, to describe him as “fully abreast of the times,” or perhaps even as “an up-to-date divine.” If the particular information that has filtered its way down to him is, on the face of it, a little subversive of previously accepted notions, something with a flavour of heterodoxy about it, he is especially well pleased. Nothing delights a clergyman of this type more than to utter radical sentiments and views that to many are perhaps a little shocking—especially when put as he too often puts them, with a half-humorous treatment of a sacred theme, or a jocular version of some Biblical narrative. He knows that there is something peculiarly piquant in heterodoxy when it is preached from an orthodox pulpit, though the same utterances would fall absolutely flat and unnoticed if proclaimed by one without the pale. Therefore he smugly keeps a tight hold upon the temporalities of his charge while playing all the time with heresy; and if he can only get some one to accuse him of being an actual heretic, his future is assured; for then the newspapers will print abstracts of his sermons, and he will be known both far and wide as a “liberal” and “modern” man.

Not all who set forth in their sermons what they think to be the truth established by the higher criticism are men of this cheap type. There are scores of conscientious teachers, who themselves are troubled by the assaults upon tradition, who vaguely feel the spiritual danger that lurks in much that is put forth by those who claim to know the latest doctrine of the critics, but who hold that it would be quite dishonest to conceal the facts as they have come to understand them. So they load up their discourses with questions of textual and exegetical subtlety; speaking of the doubtful authorship of one or another of the sacred writings, of the chronological uncertainty of a record long regarded as inspired, of pseudonymous epistles, of the early canon, of interpolations and incorporated glosses. They do not see that the fundamental truths of Christian doctrine, its ethics and its true divinity, are not

in the least affected by things like these. They forget that the obligation and the moral beauty of charity and chastity are not dependent upon one view or another of a chronological date ; that the Aramaic colouring of a prophet's style cannot impair the eternal validity of justice ; that the double authorship of a Biblical record does not lessen the inherent sanctity of an honest, reverent, and blameless life ; that the peculiar significance of a particle askew has no bearing upon the need which all men feel of hope and consolation in their hours of sorrow. And, again, they do not see how, nevertheless, these paltry scraps of third-hand scepticism really undermine and honeycomb the foundation of a faith upon which must ultimately rest those motives that alone lead men to strive for a better and a purer and a nobler life. What does the layman gather from a homily replete with all the jargon of a transcendental critic ? Nothing whatever beyond a vague impression that all the teaching learned by him at his mother's knee, the teaching that has kept alive within him all the better aspirations of his nature, is doubtful, obsolete, or even false. And then, as time goes on, he comes to think that right and wrong are nothing but conventionalities when all is so uncertain, that life's philosophy is only hedonism, that there is no changeless standard of morality, and that an enlightened selfishness is in reality the highest wisdom. It *may* be otherwise, he will tell you, but he doesn't know ; and when religious teachers are themselves in doubt, why should he acknowledge any personal responsibility ? Thus the process of disintegration spreads, and thus the teachers of religion are themselves unconsciously converted into mere assistant infidels. And all the while, above and beyond these untrained babblers of a doctrine still chaotic and half-understood, the dispassionate, untiring students who are seated at the sources go on and on and on, discarding one by one their own first tentative hypotheses, proving the falsity of their own first radical assumptions, and quickly leaving far behind them their own crude generalisations, even while the superficial pulpit orator is still endeavouring to master these and to promulgate them as being the ultimate and supreme expression of discovered truth.

Professor Adolf Harnack's truly monumental work, of which the first part is before us, suggests inevitably the train of thought that has been here outlined. Professor Harnack is himself, we think, unquestionably viewed by scholars as being the most eminent of all the students who are to-day investigating the history and the sources of early Christian literature. As a chronologist he has no superior ; and he is deeply read in all the existing records of the period that is his chosen field of scientific investigation. His elaborate *Dogmengeschichte*, only lately translated into English, has been, since its first appearance in 1889, a standard work with investigators of every school of thought. He is not an orthodox theologian ; in fact, his name has in the past been many a time invoked for the discomfiture of the adherents of orthodox tradition. But he is a type of the scholar who is absolutely free from any trace of intellectual vanity ; and his frankness and generosity and candour have won for him the respect and even the admiration of those who have most earnestly opposed his critical judgments. He is one of those rare spirits who feel it to be no shame but rather a most honourable duty to retract beliefs which further light has shown to be erroneous, and who with a single heart desire to establish nothing but the truth.

The work to which our attention is at the present time directed contains a most minute and searching exposition of a part of his investigations ; and to these he has prefixed an Introduction written in a singularly luminous and forceful style, and summarising the general conclusions to which his long and patient toil has led him. This lucid statement of the attitude of perhaps the greatest living scholar toward some of the most vexatious problems of New Testament criticism must necessarily arouse a very general interest ; and it may be very specially commended to the notice of those dabbles in theology whose minds still feel the influence of Baur and Strauss, and who regard a tincture of the Tübingen teaching as the mark of erudite and enlightened liberalism.

For the benefit of the general reader, we may recall briefly the attitude assumed by those investigators who, with perfect honesty but with imperfect data,

laid the foundations of the particular school which so grievously unsettled the minds of all who let themselves be dazzled by their learning and impressed by their audacity. Of these destructive critics, Ferdinand Christian Baur, "the Niebuhr of New Testament criticism," and one imbued with the Hegelian view of history, professed to see in the books of the New Testament evidence of a period of storm and stress in the early days, of a period when discordant passion rent the Church asunder and filled with bitterness and resentment the factions that contended over questions of ecclesiastical polity. Closely following Baur came Strauss, as ingenious, brilliant, and profound as he, and more aggressively radical than De Wette, his other predecessor, whose methods, in fact, as applied by him to the study of the Old Testament, Strauss now directed upon the New. Under his dissolving touch the Gospels seemed to melt into mist and myth; miracle, prophecy, faith itself, appeared to shrink to nothingness. His keen analysis seemed based upon irrefutable fact, and the charm of his style carried his teaching to minds that seldom note the varying phases of theological discussion. The influence of his *Leben Jesu* it would be difficult to overrate. Upon timorous souls of the Robert Elsmere type the effort was overwhelming, while others who shrank from the bold logic of Strauss still received something of his scepticism through less polemical works, among which perhaps Renan's *Histoire des Origines* may be regarded as most influential. Probably not many English and American theologians went all the length that Strauss would logically lead them; but there is not a doubt that much which he professed to demonstrate found lodgment in the minds of many men, especially in those of teachers of religion. Many perhaps did not at once confess to being influenced by what they read; but it is certain that their former faith, their feeling of certainty, yielded gradually to the solvent of this German revelation, and that in time their attitude became and has remained the attitude of men who doubt. As Professor Harnack himself declares:

"There was a time—in fact, the general public has not gone beyond it yet—when the oldest Christian literature, including the New Testament itself, was looked upon as but a tissue of deceptions and falsifications. . . . There is still

left . . . an undefined sense of distrust, a method like that of a suspicious government which is always fastening itself on single points, and which attempts by means of them to attack conclusions that are clear and definite. . . . An effort is now made to trace all sorts of 'tendencies,' and to point out extensive interpolations; or else a scepticism is visible which places probability and improbability on precisely the same level."

Now it is to be presumed that both the *Tendenzkritik* and the scepticism of which Professor Harnack is here speaking are far less universal in this country than in Germany; yet they certainly exist, and they exist, too, in minds in which their presence is not generally suspected. But their existence undoubtedly depends upon a strong feeling that they are in accordance with the matured and well-established opinions of the very ablest scholars. Our doubting Thomases, in fact, have not yet got beyond the era of Baur and Strauss; and they imagine that the views of Baur and Strauss are still substantially the views that German critics hold to-day. They know, of course, that the work of investigation is still going on; but they are absolutely unaware that its trend is by no means the same as that which characterised the scholarship of the early sixties. Hence, it is extremely interesting, and to the majority even of Biblical students it must be almost startling, to come upon a frank, dispassionate statement of results like those set forth in Professor Harnack's Introduction. To feel their full significance and weight it should again be noted that this writer is everywhere acclaimed as being the very ablest and most conscientious of those scholars who approach the subject from the side of purely secular and scientific criticism.

What, then, is the deliberate judgment of this eminent investigator with regard to the questions that have just been mentioned? Coming to his task with a thorough disbelief in the accuracy of the Christian traditions, and standing even to-day without the pale of orthodoxy, Professor Harnack states that the conclusions which he has reached are in all important points in harmony with these same traditions. The irresistible logic of chronology, the marshalling of an infinite array of significant facts, have led him with most admirable candour to set down this very remarkable confession:



"The oldest literature of the Church in all important points and in most of its details is, from the point of view of literary criticism, both genuine and worthy of reliance. In the whole New Testament there is in all probability only a single writing [the Second Epistle of Peter] that can be looked upon as pseudonymous in the strict sense of the word."

He then goes on to say that, even of the uncanonical writings, those that are pseudonymous are surprisingly few; that in the case of one at least (the so-called *Acta Theclæ*) its pseudonymity was recognised and condemned by the Church itself; that there are few writings that are interpolated; and that the interpolations themselves are mainly harmless.

"The literary tradition of the Pre-Catholic Period is shown to be, as a whole, reliable."

But these general statements, striking though they be, do not exhaust the list of Professor Harnack's remarkable admissions. Practically, he accepts all the Pauline Epistles as genuine, though the dates which he defends differ by a few years from those of the Church tradition. He gives a chronology of St. Paul's life which removes the last doubt, based on external evidence, against the authenticity of these writings. He points out the internal evidence which each of the Gospels affords as testimony to the genuineness of the others. He states without qualification that the letters of Ignatius and of Polycarp are all authentic; and he admits with a generous frankness the inaccuracy of the view upon this subject which he himself would have defended ten years ago. Most impressive of all is his broad and immensely significant summing up in which he boldly asserts that the whole drift of critical thought to-day is not destructive but conservative (he calls it "reactionary"), and that he looks for a strengthening of this tendency in the immediate future.

"The chronological succession in which tradition has placed the original documents of Christianity is, in all essential points, from the Epistles of Paul to the writings of Irenæus, correct; and it forces the historian to disregard all theories whatever relating to these events, if they conflict with this succession."

We could wish that the conclusions of so learned and dispassionate a scholar

might soon be very widely known. They surely would correct the false assumption that a sneaking scepticism in religious teaching is in any sense a proof of erudition or of liberality of thought; and they would bring back to a more sober way of thinking those whose convictions have been unsettled by a mistaken adherence to mere critical authority. Then we should have, perhaps, far fewer "up-to-date divines" and more of those simple-mannered priests who do not study fashion in their faith and change it with each season of the year; but who live quietly among their flocks, sharing their sorrows and their joys, and teaching them, not the latest thing in dittography and haplography, but instead those homely virtues that can never age, and that in every century bind men together and make for unity and purity and untroubled peace.

Yet vastly more important than the actual conclusions to which Professor Harnack has attained, is the evidence which this volume gives us of how shifting and uncertain at the best is purely secular learning. What this great critic held as truth ten years ago, he now repudiates as falsehood; what his predecessors stated with dogmatic certainty even the most radical of modern Biblical investigators have long ago rejected. It is a most impressive lesson to every one who is tempted to yield up some portion of historic faith to the winds of secular authority, to be blown about with every fitful gust; for, looking back over long periods of years, critics recant, their teaching perishes; and that which stands immutable and quite secure is the great tradition and the mighty system that perpetuate whatever is best and highest in human aspiration and belief. Mere scholarship grows obsolete and is discredited; but the pages over which the scholar pores still lend to the troubled soul the consolation of inspired wisdom; while the splendid structure that has been reared upon their teaching is the one and only thing that amid the wreck of theory, the mist of casuistry, and the supreme assault of intellectual pride, has never for a single moment yet been shaken.

Harry Thurston Peck.



*Edgar Poe.*

## AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

### IV.—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

For a long time it was hard to get at the truth about Poe's life. His first biographer, the Rev. R. W. Griswold, whom Poe named as his literary executor, told such an unflattering tale that since 1850 it has been the rôle of many important writers to abuse this reverend

NOTE.—The above portrait is taken from a photograph of the painting by Oscar Halling in the possession of John Prentice Poe, Esq., Baltimore, Md., and is here reproduced by his kind permission.

gentleman. An enthusiastic French translator of the tales inquires concerning him : "*Il n'existe donc pas en Amérique d'ordonnance qui interdit aux chiens l'entrée des cimetières?*" An American admirer of Poe asserts that Griswold appointed himself literary executor, paid Mrs. Clemm, the poet's mother-in-law, a small sum for the papers in her possession, and made her sign a statement that Poe had chosen him to collect and edit his works—all with the purpose of



A EUROPEANISED POE.

From a rare French etching in the possession of Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, New York, by her kind permission.

vilifying the dead man's fame. This is manifestly false; but from 1850, when Griswold's memoir appeared, until 1885, when Mr. George E. Woodberry, in his biography in the American Men of Letters Series, threw a white light upon many vexed questions, there was hardly an attempt at describing Poe in which the errors either of undue praise or of undue condemnation were not obvious. It is now felt that Griswold in the main told the truth, though generally without kindness or tact. In the present sketch Professor Woodberry's statements are accepted as authoritative.

Why should the old, unpleasant stories be told again at all? "Why do you have the same old toys for sale every Christmas?" a lady once asked a shopkeeper; "why don't you get some new ones?" "Madam," was the re-

ply, "there are always new babies." And there are always new readers—and some old ones with short memories. For both of these classes, and for more besides, Poe's tales and poems are eternally new; and some knowledge of the man who produced them bears essentially upon the fulness of their meaning.

If we were to adopt Poe's own stories of himself we should have, in the first place, to give him several birthdays, each later than the actual one. This was January 19th, 1809, and, as if his life began with contradictions, Boston, the city of his detestation, was his birthplace. But his mother was an actress—Elizabeth Arnold—whom his father, David Poe, the son of an excellent Maryland family, had married against the wishes of his people; and it is the fortune of the children of the theatre to be born "on the road." It was Poe's misfortune that in Richmond his mother died when he was less than three years old; his father had already quitted the scene. The three children of the marriage were adopted by benevolent friends and relatives, Edgar falling

into the care of the childless wife of a wealthy merchant of Richmond, whose name of Allan the boy received. It could not have been foreseen that the ill-starred waif might almost as well have been left to shift for himself.

Through his boyhood there was no lack of kindness in the treatment his foster parents bestowed upon him. They were proud of his good looks and precocity, and gave him the best of schooling, first in Richmond, and then, during their stay abroad, for five years at the Manor House School, Stoke Newington, a London suburb. Here the headmaster observed merely that he was clever, but injured by "an extravagant amount of pocket money." Poe's story of "William Wilson" records his own remembrances of the school. He was brought back to Richmond

in 1820, and for six years pursued his studies there under the best auspices preparatory to entering the University of Virginia.

It is worth remarking that in this schoolboy period Poe made no friends. He was at once sensitive and supercilious, desirous of a regard he did not excite, and quick to show his contempt for wits less keen than his own. These qualities he never outgrew, and for the life he was destined to lead they provided as poor an equipment as one can well imagine. One strong attachment which he did form at this time, however, is equally noticeable for the quality it foreshadowed. It was his romantic devotion to the young and beautiful mother of one of his schoolmates. Poe never ceased to crave the society of women who could "understand" him; and when this lady of Richmond, after winning the boy's heart by her tenderness toward him, died an early death, the young dreamer would go to her grave by night, and brood by day upon the bitterness of his loss. She seems to have been his first Lenore.

Of the youth who was capable of such feelings one does not exactly expect the record Poe made for himself at the University of Virginia, which he entered in February of 1825. To be sure, when his university career ended in less than a year, he took with him the highest honours in Latin and French; but he left behind him gambling debts to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars and a reputation as an extraordinary drinker. "It was not the *taste* of the beverage that influenced him," a college contemporary has written. "Without a sip or a smack of the mouth he would seize a full glass, without water or sugar, and send it home at a single gulp." But cards were his destruction at college, and it was no wonder that Mr. Allan declined to send him back to Charlottesville.

The alternative for college life was a clerkship in Mr. Allan's office, and it



EDGAR ALLAN POE AT 35.

From an engraving of the original picture by J. Sartain.

was a matter of course that Poe could not long submit to it. If again we were to adopt his own account of himself, at least as he authorised it in biographical sketches of a later date, we should have to follow him now to Greece, where, according to the mythical story, he went, like Byron, to fight for liberty; we should find him, too, in St. Petersburg, involved in some mysterious trouble, from which he was extricated only by the help of the American consul. The real, if less romantic, truth appears to be that going forth from Richmond to seek his fortunes in the world, he soon found himself in poverty in Boston, where an obscure publisher printed for him in 1827 an obscure little volume, "*Tamerlane, and Other Poems*, by a Bostonian." It was nothing then, but five years ago one of the three known existing copies of the book sold for \$1850. The inference from the fact



"ULALUME."

From an unpublished etching by F Seymour Haydon in the possession of Mr. F. H. Day (of Messrs. Copeland and Day), Boston.

that the publisher in later life never associated "Tamerlane" with the famous name of Poe is that the young singer was making use of another name. This inference is borne out by the enlistment at Boston of Edgar A. Perry, on May 26th, 1828, as a private in the United States Army, and by the identification of this young soldier, who soon became a sergeant-major, with Edgar A. Poe. This person, Poe or Perry, received a leave of absence from Fortress Monroe when Mrs. Allan, Poe's benefactress, died in Richmond, early in

1829; and it was Mr. Allan who applied for it, and a little later was instrumental in bringing about his foster son's admission as a cadet to the Academy at West Point. It was doubtless a relief to the respectable merchant to feel that he had thus done his duty by the young man, with whom his sense of kinship had been growing year by year more remote.

It was in 1830 that Poe entered West Point, having published in Baltimore, in the year before, a second little volume of poems. Though his age was record-

ed at the Academy as nineteen, it was the face of a man of more than the twenty-one years he had really lived that his fellow-cadets learned to know. It was their jest to say that he had secured an appointment for his son, and, the boy having died, he had come to take his place. It was no great wonder that Poe bore the look of age before his time. Estranged from those who had tried to help him, solitary, sensitive and poor, and endowed by nature with a spirit which, from first to last, preyed remorselessly upon itself—what was there to give his face the look of youth? And how could such a one have been expected to adapt himself to a life in which self-effacement is the first rule? It made no difference that Poe had chosen for himself the military profession. He soon tired of it, and deliberately brought about his own expulsion from the Academy. Perhaps this was rendered the easier by his reckless habits through the six months of his cadetship. His literary tendencies were well known

at West Point, and there is a certain irony in the fact that a third little book of verse, which a New York publisher undertook on the strength of the cadets' support, distinctly disappointed the subscribers because it was not made up of local squibs.

Poe's worldly prospects, when he made his way from West Point to Baltimore, were certainly far from bright. Mr. Allan had married a second wife, and the birth of a son soon dispelled every hope Poe might have entertained of coming into the property which as a boy he had had some reason to count upon. There was nothing for him but to live by his own wits, and for a time the living he made was of the barest. Happily for him, a Baltimore paper, *The Saturday Visitor* (sic), offered in 1833 some prizes in money for the best contributions in prose and verse. Poe's story of "The Manuscript Found in a



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

From the photograph of a Daguerreotype (taken in November, 1848, while on a visit to Lowell, Mass.); reproduced by permission of Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer, Boston.

Bottle" won him a hundred dollars, and his poem "The Coliseum" would have secured the first place in its class also had it not been thought unwise to give two prizes to one man. The success was of the greatest importance to Poe, for it secured him the influential friendship of John P. Kennedy, through which, in turn, he secured the associate editorship of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a new magazine in Richmond. This was not until 1835, and in the meantime Poe had been reduced to the narrowest straits of poverty. On one occasion he had been obliged to decline Mr. Kennedy's invitation to dinner, because of his "personal appearance."

But all was changed in Richmond, where his new duties called him. His remarkable talents as an editor did wonders for the circulation of the *Messenger*; and his own pen, departing from the traditions of commonplace in fiction

and criticism, spread his fame abroad. There was, moreover, almost for the only time in Poe's troublous life, a sufficiency of income for his needs. These were not great, although in September of 1835, feeling himself unable to part from the relatives with whom he had lived in Baltimore, his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and her daughter, Virginia, he had privately married his young cousin.

How young she was all the world did not know; for when the public marriage took place in Richmond, in May, 1836, Poe's bondsman—under the marriage law—declared on oath that Virginia Clemm was "of the full age of twenty-one years." In reality she was not quite fourteen, and Poe was about twice her age. The spectacle of this marriage with a child has its relief in

the picture of sonship and motherhood, the relations which Poe and Mrs. Clemm bore to each other through life with a peculiar tenderness. A weak man never needed the help of a strong woman more than Poe needed it, and as it was never to come from his wife, it was well that her mother could also be truly his. The fortunate circumstances of Poe's life were few enough. This was one of them.

Prosperity now seemed easily within reach of the small family in Richmond. Its revenues were increased by the keeping of a few boarders, and apparently all would have gone well except for Poe himself. But before he had left Baltimore his habits—or freaks—of intemperance had begun to get him into trouble. They had better be called freaks, for it does not appear that they

were habitual. No man so susceptible to stimulants could have indulged in them habitually and have done one half the work that Poe did in the world. It is Mrs. Clemm's testimony that a single cup of coffee would intoxicate him. For such a man the obvious thing to do was to shun his besetments as he would shun the plague; but this, at least for periods of any length, Poe had

neither the purpose nor the courage to do. The prostration that followed each attack of intemperance was rendered the more complete by his use of opiates. It was as if he did his best to incapacitate both body and spirit. These, in a word, were the conditions under which much of his mature life was led. That they had begun to affect his work as early as in the



MRS. MARIA CLEMM, THE "MORE THAN MOTHER" OF POE.

Now reproduced for the first time from the photograph of a Daguerreotype taken in 1850; by permission of Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer, Boston.

Richmond days we are clearly informed by a letter to Poe from Mr. White, the proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Its spirit of expostulation is of the kindest, and a single sentence, if it is based upon fact, shows the need of good advice in which Poe already stood: "No man is safe that drinks before breakfast." It is unnecessary to quote more or to wonder that the first number of the magazine for 1837 made the announcement that Poe's connection with it had ceased.

It would be a sorrowful progress to follow Poe through all his vicissitudes. There is a monotony of pity in the spectacle of the man entering with courage upon new editorial ventures, making surely for success through weeks or months, winning the admiration of his associates, and then, suddenly or by degrees, failing with a completeness that rendered the brave hope of

each beginning only the more tragic. Such, in a general way, were his experiences with Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* and its successor, *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, where he lived from 1838 till 1844. Pursuing through all these dark days the *ignis fatuus* of a magazine of his own, he was nevertheless taking his place more and more firmly as a prose writer of the first popularity. As a poet he was scarcely known, but his

stories and reviews in magazines, and his excellently well-named volume of 1840, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, had secured him a general esteem quite out of keeping with the sordidness of his personal circumstances. It was in this period not only that his story of "The Gold Bug" won him his second prize of a hundred dollars, but that he wrought the wonders in cryptography

which — save the mark! — might have made a Baconian of him to-day, and from the opening chapters of *Barnaby Rudge* foretold the conclusion, a feat which caused Dickens to inquire if Poe were the devil. But the substantial value of such successes as these was small, and in 1844 New York became the scene of his struggles.

There was editorial work to be done on the *Evening Mirror*, conducted by N. P. Willis, and Poe secured the opportunity of doing it. Willis

was all kindness and forbearance, and has testified heartily to Poe's regularity and efficiency throughout their entire intercourse. But "Willis was too Willis for him," as another editor expressed it, and Poe, before a year was out, went through the unfamiliar proceeding of leaving an employer who was sorry to have him go. Before the end of 1845 his next venture was a thing of the past. He had joined with C. F. Briggs in the man-



VIRGINIA, MRS. CLEMM'S DAUGHTER, AND THE WIFE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Reproduced from a photograph of a water-colour sketch in the possession of Amelia Poe, Baltimore, Md., by her kind permission.





MRS SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, ADDRESSED BY THE POET  
IN HIS LINES "TO HELEN."

Now reproduced for the first time from a portrait in the Athenæum, Providence, R. I., by permission. Photographed by Anderström, Bristol, R. I.

agement of the *Broadway Journal*, had become proprietor of the paper, and had had to give it up, all within about ten months. In the process he lost the friendship of Lowell, through whom Briggs and he had been brought together, and supplied Horace Greeley, who had lent him money to keep the *Journal* alive, with one of his characteristic "Recollections":

"A gushing youth once wrote to me to this effect:

"DEAR SIR: Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. If so, and you can spare one, please inclose it to me, and receive the thanks of yours truly."

"I promptly responded as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly *one* autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar A. Poe. It is his note of hand for fifty dollars, with my indorsement across the back. It cost me exactly \$50 75 (including protest), and you may have it for half that amount. Yours respectfully."

"That autograph. I regret to say, remains on my hands, and is still for sale at first cost, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

With Poe's abandonment of the *Broadway Journal* his work as an editor ended. He was still an important contributor to the magazines, and his series of articles in *Godey's*, "The Literati of New York," in which he belauded and berated his contemporaries with equal vigour, made no little stir in its time. Many of his judgments about the most important men of his day, as, for example, his immediate recognition of Hawthorne's genius, showed that the true critical faculty was in him. That he did not always exercise it sincerely we may infer from his answer to a friend's protest against his high praise, in print, of the productions of a lady writer: "It is true," he said, "she is really commonplace; but her husband was kind to me; I cannot point an arrow against any woman." Something of the same disingenuousness, to call it here by a gentle name, permitted him to sell

several times over, often in slightly varied forms, the works of his pen, and to re-dedicate verses to successive ladies as the occasions arose. It made the less matter, however, at the time with which we are now concerned, for he had written "The Raven;" first published in the *Evening Mirror* January 29th, 1845; and though the commercial value of the poem is said by some to have been ten, by others five dollars, its effect was to carry Poe's name into every corner of the land. He whose reputation had been based almost entirely upon prose suddenly found himself known high and low as a poet.

Neither his fame nor the publication of two volumes in 1845, *Tales* and *Poems*, made him other than an object of pity. Most of the time he was desperately poor, and worse than poverty was the condition described in this letter of his own—read it as you will—written in 1848:

"Six years ago a wife, whom I loved as no man ever loved before, ruptured a blood vessel

11

TO BE EDITED AND PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

To view private shows including the creation of *The Sinking, Jimmy Kimmel*, at the commencement of the third year, I have had always to view the establishment of a Magazine which should make sense of the chief features of that Journal, describing or greatly modifying the text. *Diary*, however, has been considered by a variety of users, and not until now have I found myself at liberty to consider the creation of the design.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

The *Four Magicians* will be published in Philadelphia on the first of each month, and will form, half-yearly, a volume of about 300 pages. The price will be \$1 per annum, payable in advance, or upon the receipt of the first number, which will be bound on the first of January, 1841. Letters addressed to the Editor and Proprietor,

Over

OF THE SAME. THE PROSPECTUS IS PRINTED ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A FOUR-PAGED FOLIO AND THE LETTER ON THE THIRD PAGE.

Sept. 16. 1840.

to doubt of success.

with high respect, I am,

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One Tenth 5%

Edgar A. Poe

in singing. Her life was despaired of. I took leave of her forever, and underwent all the agonies of her death. She recovered partially, and I again hoped. At the end of the year the vessel broke again. I went through the same scene. . . . Then again — again — and even once again, at varying intervals. Each time I

great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

Poe himself was only a little less ill, with poverty and dread, and when Virginia died, in January of 1847, the good women who cared for him nearly despaired of his recovery. There were always good women to care for Poe. To Mrs. Clemm, Poe himself well knew what he owed, as the lines "To My Mother" continue to tell the world; and it is well worth while to repeat the pathetic words which Willis wrote of her in the *Home Journal* after Poe himself had died:

"Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject, to sell—sometimes simply pleading in broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him—mentioning nothing but that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing, and never amid all her tears and recitals of distress suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions."

At this crisis of Virginia's death it was a Mrs. Shew who, after Mrs. Clemm, was most to Poe. To her we are said to owe "The Bells." The story runs that in one of Poe's visits to her house he said that he had to write a poem, and complained of his total lack of inspiration for it. The sound of church bells prompted her, in spite of his irritation at the noise they were making, to write at the top of a piece of paper, "The Bells, by E. A. Poe." Then, as a first line, she jotted down "The bells, the little silver bells," and after Poe had done one stanza, wrote "The heavy iron bells" for him in the same way; having finished this stanza, he wrote above them both "By Mrs. M. L. Shew," and handed her the manuscript. This was a pretty bit of fooling, but it lacked the warmth which Poe wished always to infuse into his friendships with women, a warmth which soon put an end to his intimacy with Mrs. Shew. Another of his women friends has left the record of Poe's own



THE HOUSE (THEN NO. 113½) IN CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE POE, HIS WIFE, AND MRS. CLEMM LIVED FOR A FEW MONTHS BEFORE SETTLING IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1838.

felt all the agonies of her death, and at each accession of the disorder I loved her more dearly and clung to her life with more desperate pertinacity. But I am constitutionally sensitive, nervous in a very unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity."

In 1846 Poe, with Virginia and Mrs. Clemm, had moved to Fordham, near New York City, and established himself in the cottage now owned by the New York Shakespeare Society, and always kept open to visitors. His interrupted writing brought the scantiest returns in money. By the autumn of this year it was felt that Mrs. Poe's last illness was upon her. A visitor has described the scene in the cottage:

"There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her



THE FRAME HOUSE (NOW DESTROYED) IN EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE POE WROTE "THE RAVEN," "THE OBLONG BOX," AND "THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VALDEMAR."

declaration that in his wife, gentle, devoted, and beautiful as she was, he missed "a certain intellectual and spiritual sympathy," a lack which he was always willing to let the women who "understood" him try to supply. After Virginia's death these intimacies took a conspicuous place in the spectacle of his woefully shattered life.

Poe made no mystery of his affection for sympathetic women. Such lines as those "To Annie," a lady of Lowell, and the longer poem, "To Helen," strike the personal note with an unmistakable clearness. "Helen" was herself a maker of verse—Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I.—and before she had actually met with Poe wrote and printed poetical addresses to him. In 1848 he made desperate efforts to marry her, and if her head had not remained as completely hers as her heart seems to have been his, she would doubtless have become Mrs. Poe. Griswold's story of their final interview was cruelly untrue, although it is evident that Poe's indulgence in his besetting sins at the very time and place when he should have been most himself put an end to his hopes of Mrs. Whitman. Apparently he was acting at the time upon the advice of Mrs. Shew to save himself by marriage. One is not surprised, therefore, to find him in 1849 ardently wooing a wealthy widow of Richmond, a Mrs. Shelton, with whom as Miss Sarah Elmira Royster he, as a boy, had had romantic

dealings. One suspects that the romance was quite of the past, and the suspicion is borne out by a portion of a letter which Poe wrote from Richmond to Mrs. Clemm at Fordham, after he had secured the promise of Mrs. Shelton's prosperous hand:

"And now, dear Muddy, there is one thing I wish you to pay particular attention to. I told Elmira when I first came here that I had one of the pencil-sketches of her that I took a long while ago in Richmond, and I told her that I would write to you about it. So when you write just copy the following words in your letter: 'I have looked again for the pencil-sketch of Mrs. S., but cannot find it anywhere. I took down all

the books and shook them one by one, and, unless Eliza White has it, I do not [know] what has become of it. She was looking at it the last time I saw it. The one you spoilt with Indian ink ought to be somewhere about the house. I will do my best to find it.'"

One would gladly dispense with the discovery of such letters as this one, written in the last month of Poe's life. It is needless to comment upon it or the state of unhealth which it reveals. It is for the psychologist to confer with the physiologist and divide the blame for Poe's condition between his spirit and his body. He himself once wrote to a friend: "You will find yourself puzzled in judging me by ordinary motives." And if he had been any one else, a fortunate ending to the Richmond visit could almost surely have been predicted. He was lionised by old and new friends. The two lectures which he gave were greatly successful. He was full of hope for the success of his long-desired magazine, *The Stylus*. Yet twice



THE COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, N. Y. (NOW OWNED BY THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY), WHERE POE'S WIFE DIED, IN JANUARY, 1847, AND WHERE HE WROTE "EUREKA."

during the visit he yielded to his passion for liquor, and the doctors told him that if he did so but once again it would kill him. With this knowledge he started for the North to arrange some business matters preliminary to his marriage. It is difficult to trace his footsteps with certainty from the time he left Richmond, on Sunday night, September 30th, 1849, until Wednesday afternoon, when he was found helpless in a Baltimore polling booth, which was also a drinking-place. As the day happened to be that of election, the supposition is that he had been seized by politicians and made to vote at many polls. When his friends found him, he was taken to the Washington Hospital, where, after four days of delirium, he died on Sunday, October 8th, saying, "Lord, help my poor soul." The doctor who attended him has within recent years published his opinion that Poe was drugged and not intoxicated when he was brought to the hospital; and so with contradictions, as at the beginning, his life ended.

Hardly anything can be said of Poe, even of his personal appearance, which somebody will not stand ready to contradict. As of the man, so of his work; the differences of the opinion it has excited are as wide as the world. To Emerson he was merely the "jingle-man," and Emerson's was not an isolated belief. For some of our French and English kinsmen, as for some of us at home, his genius stands virtually supreme in American letters. It has been possible here to glance merely at some of the conspicuous events of his ill-controlled life. An infinite deal, perhaps of equal interest, has been omitted. Many pages would be needed to discuss to any purpose his familiar definition of poetry as the "rhythmical creation of beauty," his insistence, in and out of season, that long poems do not exist, the large significance of his work in criticism, and the unique place to which his poetry

of magical music and his fiction of a power almost superhuman entitle him. Happily there is no dearth of suggestive comment upon all these themes. Nearly all we know and all we need to know about them is gathered into the biography by Mr. Woodberry, and the complete edition of Poe which he and Mr. E. C. Stedman have recently prepared.

When one has read whatever there is to be said about the man and his work, and has done a little thinking for one's self, a few considerations make themselves reasonably clear. In the first place, one abandons the foolish thought of "what might have been." In his life of the spirit Poe was a dweller in misty borderlands; in the flesh he was a highly developed Bohemian in the midst of respectability. If he had been something else, in either regard, he simply would not have been Poe, and the different works of a different man would have been his contribution to literature. He must be taken as he was, and so taken, with all his imperfections on his head, he is conspicuously of those who make us feel the rigour of the line that is drawn between talent and genius. With a reasonable confidence we place him on the higher side of the line, and our confidence need go little further. It was one of the dicta of Poe's ambitious philosophical work, "Eureka," that as man cannot conceive of a being superior to himself, man is therefore God; and we feel ourselves at this point fortunate in disagreeing with such a dictum; for judgment is an attribute of deity. As we are merely human, the necessity for rendering final verdicts upon such fellow-beings as Edgar Allan Poe is happily spared us.

*M. A. De Wolfe Howe.*

*The subjects of the next paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "Willis, Halleck and Drake." It will appear in the June number.*

### POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

Here, where to pinching penury the gloom  
Of Death was wedded, came Immortal Love,  
And Genius, with all the pomp thereof,  
To consecrate a temple and a tomb.

*John B. Tabb.*

## TWO ODES OF KEATS'S.

## I.

## ON A GRECIAN URN.

One of the last achievements of the educated human mind is to attain to a true and just independence of judgment as to literary values. I do not flatter myself that I have thus attained. Indeed, I think I feel less and less sure of my own independence every year that I live. But it certainly is a good ambition, that of being able to form a sound critical estimate of a given literary product without having been influenced in forming it by prepossessions due either to old prescription or to the current prevailing convention on the subject. For me at least Dr. Johnson's exhortation is timely yet: "We must free our *minds* from cant."

I have been trying to do this with reference to two in particular of Keats's poems, and the result arrived at I am going respectfully to submit to the judgment of the readers of *THE BOOKMAN*. In the case of one of these two poems I shall go against the opinion that seems to be general. I must needs be frank; but can I be sufficiently frank without affronting some whom I should be very sorry to affront? Those who admire Keats are likely to admire him passionately. I address myself to those (a not numerous class) among lovers of letters who are able to detach themselves enough from a given object of admiration in literature to take a fresh and a disinterested view of that object, and inquire dispassionately whether perhaps their admiration has not been at some points excessive, or at some points too little discriminating. I yield to no one in enjoyment and in applause of Keats where Keats is at his best; but I find great difference between Keats and Keats, and it is of one signal example of such difference that I am now freely to speak.

In short, then, and abruptly, Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," being not indeed free from fault, even serious fault, seems to me to be of the most exquisite quality both in feeling and in expression; while the "Ode to a Nightingale," despite some few particular

felicities in it of fancy and of phrase which the poet has nowhere in their kind surpassed, seems to me to be, as a whole, not only not a fine poem, but on the contrary an extraordinarily unworthy treatment of its theme. I proceed to show my reasons for this comparative estimate differencing so widely poems that I now and again see paired as natural and unquestionable peers in poetic value. I limit myself in the present paper to the poem that I delight to praise.

I could hardly overstate my sense of the grace, the charm, of certain stanzas, especially of some parts of certain stanzas in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." To say that the English poet has read into the shape and the ornamentation of the urn a life, a beauty, a pathos of beauty, beyond the thought of the Grecian artist himself, would imperfectly represent my appreciation of Keats's achievement in this poem. The poem, I doubt not, is a great deal more beautiful than the urn that inspired it. Keats, as I guess, has not so much discovered the beauty of what he sings as created that beauty—to reveal it.

To interpret the urn and the artistic language inscribed on it, as an expression of Greek delight in life and beauty, and to set this charming ideal in subtly suggested pathetic contrast with the reality which we all know in the world of human experience—the imaginative ever-during perfection of that, over against the flawed and fleeting character of this—such I take to be the true idea and motive of the poem. The first two stanzas give us the key, set the tone; which is charmingly left lingering in the ear in the last line of the second stanza:

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

What beauty, what delicate and cheerful pathos of beauty, in that exquisite line! The finely restrained mere suggestion of the contrast between what the poet sees on the urn and what is true in real life is here a far better effect, both of beauty and of pathos, than the broad-

er statement at the close of the next stanza :

" All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and  
cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching  
tongue."

These lines, indeed, enforce on the suggested opposite to what the poet reads in the legend of the urn, an emphasis which is excessive, which partly breaks the very spell that the poem was busy in weaving, a spell of cheerful, even joyous, imaginative interpretation—which, in short, impairs the harmony of tone in the ode. This is saying nothing of the insoluble problem presented in that combination (and that order) of adjectives, "high sorrowful and cloyed." "High-sorrowful" is Forman's reading, which changes, but does not relieve, the difficulty of the sense. If the poet had written instead something in the spirit of this :

" All chance of change from perfect far above.  
Never with sweet fruition to be cloyed,  
Never with bitter disappointment stung,"

he would have avoided the jar in tone, and have kept closer to his real theme. It must, in strictness of criticism, be added that this whole stanza too nearly repeats the thought of the stanza preceding. There is, in fact, scarcely anything in this that was not in that. I am obliged, besides, to confess that in reading it I never escape a feeling that the word "happy" is somewhat overworked.

Of course I am not fatuous enough to imagine that any proposed replacement of the poet's own lines will have other effect on the devout Keats-lover than to shock and repel. But the tentatives I submit are by no means submitted as replacements, but only as indications, presented in the briefest possible form, of what the poet himself might have done, and should have done, in order to preserve harmony of tone in his poem. They are presented to the critical and not to the simply admiring mind. Use and wont will naturally work in favour of the familiar original lines in each case ; and any disturbance of what has been hitherto accepted will inevitably at first be unwelcome. One thing further. My objection here raised to the jarring note of egoistic despondency, is not to be taken as a general objection to Keats's

characteristic tendency to morbidness. Keats's very morbidness is dear to many because it is Keats's. But that trait I do not now bring into question. My point is, that in the present poem Keats fixed for himself in the two opening stanzas a certain tone—it happened to be a cheerful tone, truly and fitly Greek—which he ought to have maintained throughout, and which for the most part he did maintain throughout, but which at certain points he violated, to the harm of his poem.

The first seven lines of the next stanza are exquisite in feeling, in fancy, and in phrase. There is nothing whatever in them to disturb at all that sense of perfection which is a condition of the highest delight in poetry—nothing, unless it be the imperfect rhyme between "priest" and "drest." The frugal use of adjectives and the absolute felicity in choice of them—"green altar," "mysterious priest," "silken flanks," "little town," "peaceful citadel," "pious morn"—how altogether admirable ! And then the quiet tone of them all—so fit, and so unlike Keats, when Keats is at his—least happy ! What inimitable picturesqueness in these two lines :

" Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands  
drest."

So far in this stanza (for we will refuse to regret the occurrence in it of that word "all") we meet magical perfection of beauty ; but we come to the closing lines and encounter a recurrence of the discordant over-emphasis of unhappy suggestion :

" Ah ! little town, thy streets for evermore  
Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell  
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return."

This unexpected (not to say ungentle) melancholy breaks once more the harmony of tone in the poem. The idea of "desolation" does not belong at all to the "emptying" on some "pious morn" of a "little town" for holiday and festival. The sad note, therefore, struck in the word "desolate" is here a false one. To have written :

" Thrice happy little town, for evermore  
It shall with all thy pleasant streets be well,  
Nor war nor waste can leave thy homes  
forlorn,"

would sufficiently have suggested the heightening contrast underlying, and at

the same time have left the harmony of cheerful tone undisturbed. Or, if one would not mind the imperfect rhyme—Keats's own—something in the tenor of this might do :

" Brave little town, thou shalt for evermore  
For these keep open welcome guarded well,  
Expecting still the happy home-return !"

But the chief artistic fault of this charming poem lies exactly at the point at which its chief excellence should be found, and that is the conclusion :

" Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to a man, to whom thou  
say'st,  
' Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

What is the message intended by the poet from the urn to man? Simply that beauty is truth and that truth is beauty? The quotation-marks seem to answer yes. (I follow the text given by Lowell in his Keats volume in "The British Poets." Mr. Forman also, in his elaborate four-volume edition of Keats's works complete, gives the same punctuation, although he acknowledges in a note the doubt and difficulty in the case.) If so, then we have the poet turning suddenly from his apostrophe to the urn, which has thus far constituted the ode, and addressing an audience of his fellow-men to tell them that that is all they know on earth, and all they need to know—an abrupt change of direction for the poem, which is certainly not good art, whatever may be the value of the urn's message, and whatever the wisdom of the poet's comment appended. If, on the other hand, the quotation-marks ought to embrace the whole of the last two lines, and thus to incorporate what were otherwise the poet's comment into the text itself of the urn's message, then we have the urn delivering to man a weighty sentence, as of ultimate wisdom not before discerned by him, and accompanying that sentence with an implicit intimation that he already knew the lesson inculcated.

In either way the conclusion is infelicitous—this without reference to question as to the validity and the value of the thought involved; also without reference to question as to the fitness of attributing such a message to the urn. But the idea of "truth" seems to me to be, at this point, foisted in with violence. Of the two ideas named,

"beauty," according to the spirit of the poem in its whole tenor from the beginning up to the present point, is the only idea naturally suggested. A paradox and a falsity like "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," and especially the absurdity added, that such a paradox is all that men need to know on earth, may answer, and it does very well answer, to reveal the immature and excessive passion of the poet for mere beauty; but as a maxim to live by, or to write, to judge, or to enjoy poetry by, it is surely a delusion. For my own part, I should much more believingly have listened to the lovely urn telling us, for example, "Beauty is joy;" and then the poet might have commented so as to make the last two lines read :

" 'Beauty is joy'—as were that wisdom all  
We needed, in so sad a world, to know !"

Still better, perhaps, it might be to let the message have the whole of the rest of the poem, and, not coming so near to duplication of "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," say :

" Possessing beauty, thou possessest all ;  
Rest at this goal, nor farther seek to go."

If one wished to get rid of the over-strong word "woe," and at the same time of the awkward discord of tenses involved in "shalt remain" and "say'st," a change like this, affecting two more lines, might serve :

" Age after age, unchangeably serene,  
Thou smilest sweet rebuke to our unrest,  
Preaching this wisdom with thy cheerful mien:  
' Possessing beauty thou possessest all ;  
Pause at that goal nor farther push thy quest.'"

Some closing, at any rate, that kept to the idea of "beauty" apart from the idea of "truth" would have been fitter to the character of the urn as described, would have been more in harmony with the general spirit of the ode, and would, besides, have proposed a less indigestible paradox for the nurture of our minds.

I have by no means exhausted either what appear to me the faults—I should need to have noted the distasteful first line of the ode—or what appear to me the beauties of this loveliest of all the poems of Keats. What I have to say of the contrasted "Ode to a Nightingale" may be reserved for a separate paper.

William C. Wilkinson.



## PEREZ GALDÓS IN THE SPANISH ACADEMY.

On February 7th last there took place in Madrid an event which has been looked forward to by the literary world of Spain with no little interest. The



BENITO PEREZ GALDÓS.

central figure was Benito Perez Galdós, best known as the author of the *Episodios Nacionales*. The long list of books by which he has appealed, not only to the patriotic sentiments of his own country, but to general interest in the world outside, were written rapidly—some of them taking not more than a few weeks—and occupy a place in Spanish literature akin to that of Dumas in French, although he has been successively compared to Erckmann-Chatrian, Balzac, and Zola.

That the serious address of Perez Galdós on that occasion should have lacked the force and interest which was expected of it is puzzling some people in Madrid. Discussions as to the place of Galdós in modern literature having been settled to that author's credit some time ago, it is to many a surprise that the writer of *Leon Roch* should in any way lower that reputation by a failure to sustain it on a public occasion which to many is the most important event of the

author's life—an event coming at the age of fifty-two to set a crown to a life's work, by the official recognition of those only from whom recognition was to be had.

But it may be questioned whether the introduction to an Academy is an occasion calculated to bring forth the best power of any writer. The records of the Academy preserve but few names whose entrance, like that of Sellés, was the occasion of a great literary success. The author is not here facing the public which he long ago won over and to which he can talk as a friend. He is facing in a measure the very last group of all to recognise him. He is working, not to accomplish some brilliant end, but to speak after the end has been attained. He is at liberty to choose his subject, but not to step outside the bounds of fixed custom. In most instances he is speaking (or reading) on lines utterly unused to him, and he already begins to feel the conservative influence of a recognised body—and in fact that he is there only to thank that body.

"Señor Galdós has not the academic spirit," says a critic of this occasion. Had he had that spirit nothing could have been more strange than the success he has achieved by such realistic pictures as we have so long had from him. The author of *Angel Guerra* was little likely to read learnedly to the august body. Señora Bazán would have performed the task far more creditably, or Pereda, or the Padre Coloma.

The subject of the discourse was "Modern Society as Novelistic Material," and it would seem that with such a subject something remarkable might have been produced. Aside, however, from a few opportune remarks on the middle classes, the discourse presented no new feature and rehearsed the novelistic difficulties and confusions of modern society often repeated elsewhere.

Theories as to the writing of the novel are scarcely new, but they have a perennial interest for a very large class of minds.

It is only of late, comparatively, that there has been anything like a general realisation of the facts that each novel must have its special class, and that those

which have attained and do attain to the greatest popularity continually run along the old well-used channel of primitive passions and actions and a simple analysis of such. Whenever the whole or a part is specialistic and not general, imagination of a higher order is presupposed. And the great mass of men know the fact better than its shadow.

At a moment when the question of Cuba is occupying the minds of the entire Spanish nation, the admission of the popular author into the Academy may possibly have lost a little of its importance and have been sounded more faintly in café and club than was expected. Benito Perez Galdós is a name, however, so familiar to Spanish ears, and so many are the personal friends of the author, that the event must be considered as one marked in the history of the Academy; and the entrance of Anatole France to a like body had perhaps rendered that interest more alive.

Galdós as a worker has been without rival. That series by which it is claimed he is to rank the Dumas of his time contains approximately 6000 pages, and was written in six years, 1879-85; and besides this, he has produced not a few other novels which have sold in numbers fit to gladden the heart of the publisher. His work has been called the *Epopée* of the Napoleonic Period in Spain. The first series of the *Episodios Nacionales* deals with the years between 1808 and the return of Ferdinand VII., a seething period when Spain was meeting new problems on a scale not known since the days of Charles V. The whole mass of the *Episodios* is a historical epoch treated in a brilliant and intense manner, and will remain, no doubt, the author's chief claim to fame.

The building of the Academy is well fitted for the purpose of a dignified reception such as this event proved. It stands not far from the Museum of the Prado on rising ground, and is thus in one of the quieter portions of the city. The building itself is new and its accommodations excellent.

Here, on the evening of Sunday, the novelist, after the reading of his own address, seated to the left, facing Menéndez y Pelayo, heard the latter read a speech introducing him, which was continually interrupted by applause, and in which not only was ample praise given to himself and his work, but arguments

levelled against those who had criticised him. The scene, as is usual in such cases, was extremely impressive. There were present many of the best known men of Spanish contemporary literature. On the stage at the end of the large room, on its raised platform and beneath its high canopy, presided the dignified Count of Cheste, former Marquis of Pezuela, the translator of *Jerusalem Delivered*, who began his career under the pseudonym of "Dalmiro," and whose verse has found perhaps more welcome within the literary class itself than in general. Years ago (1831), when the Spanish playwright Breton wrote his *Marcela*, it was openly asserted that the character of the misanthropic and feverish poet represented this Count of Cheste.

Beside Cheste at the table sat two others: the poet Núñez de Arce, on the one hand, and on the other, Tamayo y Baus, whose *Virginia*, *Locura de Armor*, *La Rica Hembra*, *Bola de Nieve*, and others began for him a brilliant career. He has, however, written little for years. He was born in Madrid in 1820, and was of a family of actors and playwrights, and his natural tendency toward dramatic composition was accentuated by his environment. He entered the Academy June 12th, 1859.

Such were the three figures at the desk. To the right and left on the stage sat Valera, Savedra, Castelar, Catalina the dramatist, Balaguer, the so-called Troubadour of Monserrat, Pidal, Fernandez y Gonzalez the novelist, Palacio, Echegaray, the Marquis of Pidal, Sellés, Liniers, Silvela and others, and in the body of the house a number of well-known men and women watched the proceedings.

The address of the learned Menéndez y Pelayo, author of the *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*, *Historia de las Ideas Estéticas*, etc., was a serious consideration of the work of Galdós which he divided into three periods. The first that of the *Episodios Nacionales*; the second when *Doña Perfecta*, *Gloria*, *Marianela*, and *Leon Roch* were produced; the third beginning with *La Desheredada*. Menéndez also discovered the promise of a distinct period in *Angel Guerra*—a period not, however, completed.

The address of Menéndez y Pelayo could scarcely fail to present Galdós

well to his new brethren. There is probably no one in Spain to-day who could treat more calmly and seriously a purely literary subject. The brilliant record of this man is familiar to every cultivated Spaniard. Born in Santander in 1856, he was, as a mere youth, famous as a student. His career to the point of obtaining the degree of doctor had been so remarkable that his native city sent him to examine and study in the chief libraries of Europe. In Italy, Belgium, France, and Portugal he collected numerous notes on the history of Spain, and finally obtained a Chair of Philosophy and Letters in the Central University, at the age of twenty-two. At the age of twenty five he entered the Academy.

Perez Galdós was born in Las Palmas in the island of Grand Canary in the year 1845, and early developed talent both as an artist and writer, and a picture by him is said to have received a prize in an "Exposition" held at Santa Cruz de Tenerife in 1862. He came to Madrid in 1863 and was successively editor of *El Parlamento*, *La Nación*, *El*

*Debate*, the *Revista de España*, etc. His first novels, *El Andaz* and *La Fontana de Ors*, had little success at first, and it was not until he began the series, two years later, of the *Episodios* that his ability was discovered. *Trafalgar*, the first of these, had a decided success, and the continuance and elaboration of the theme soon fixed the reputation of the young author. The first "series" completed, a second of ten volumes was undertaken and rapidly produced. His novels of the so-called second and third period now followed, after which the prolific writer took to the stage and produced in rapid succession *Realidad* (March, 1892); *La Loca de la Casa*; *La de San Quintín*, *Los Condenados*, etc. But like many another, from Balzac down, he made no great success in his new field. He was also liberal deputy to the Cortes of Puerto Rico from 1886-90, and at present lives in Santander. Pereda the novelist of that north country has been his friend and intimate for years, and Pereda has, only a few days after his friend, been, like him, welcomed to the Academy.

Archer M. Huntington.

## THE ADAPTABILITY OF PAPER.

Every writer is to some extent a critic of paper. He knows the difference between half-sized and sized, between the hard paper of business and the soft thick paper of ceremony. He knows that papers are made for different purposes, and that pen and ink and style of writing must also be adapted to the paper and the purpose. When he undertakes to control the printing of a pamphlet or a book, his experience with writing papers does not serve. He knows that hand-made paper is rated as the best, and that it is supposed to give distinction to a printed book. If he can afford to pay for it, he will do so; if not, he may try an imitation. Here he may make a great mistake. He may pay fifty or sixty cents a pound for his hand-made paper to find, when too late, that the printing would have been better on paper that cost but ten cents per pound. He does not consider the mechanical adaptability of paper to types and illustrations when he proposes to put fine woodcuts in outline or half-tone engravings upon dry papers of rough

surfaces. He is surprised when told that he is asking for a mechanical impossibility. "Why? I have prints of great delicacy from etchings and line engravings that have been printed on the roughest paper. The hair lines are not thickened, and the perspective and shading are admirably maintained." It then becomes necessary to show that printing from types and illustrations in relief differs radically from printing from copper-plate. The two processes are as wide apart as the poles in theory as well as in practice.

By the copper-plate process every line that appears black in the print is engraved or etched below the surface of the plate. This engraved line, which may be no deeper than that made by a light scratch of the needle, when filled with ink is transferred unthickened to the paper. To do this the rough paper must have been previously made damp and limp, so that its fibres, when strained under impression, will dip or sag in the channel made by the engraver. As the ink is closely confined

to this channel, impression does not thicken the line no matter how hard the impression may be. Impression is greatest on the surface of the plate; least on the engraved line.

In relief printing the printed line or type is the only part of the surface that receives impression. If this line is exposed, as it is in the pencil scabble of a sketchy woodcut, or in the construction lines of an architectural drawing, it will receive, unless a proper prevention has been taken, as much pressure as the dense types that may surround it. The types may need a pressure of 25 pounds to the square inch; the exposed lines may not need 1 pound to the square inch. If the impression on the engraved line is made as strong as it is on the types, the line will begin to thicken after a dozen impressions. At the end of one thousand impressions it will be thick, muddy, and practically worn out. To preserve the delicacy of exposed lines in an illustration, impression must be made unequal, must be graduated in a nicely adjusted rising scale from 1 to 40 pounds to the square inch by means of the process known as "over-laying." The typographic process is obviously handicapped at the start, and this handicap is increased if a hand-made paper is selected.

A sheet of hand-made paper, or indeed any kind of rough-faced paper, when seen through a magnifying glass, shows a continuous series of elevations and depressions. The surface of a woodcut or process engraving is intended to be as smooth as a plate of polished metal. A sheet of rough-faced paper laid upon it or lightly impressed will touch it only at the top of each of these little elevations. The depressed surface of the paper will not touch the plate at all, and this is precisely the condition in which the paper meets the engraving when it has been coated with ink. If impression is adjusted so as to show delicacy of line, all the hair lines will be broken and crumbly; the middle tints will be mussy; the solid blacks will be gray and spotty. Strengthen the impression so that the lowest depressions in the paper shall meet the engraving, and you will find that the hair lines or delicate lines are three or four times as thick as was intended. All the fine work of the engraver has been spoiled. Why should we expect any other result? When the rough paper is

impressed to its full depth below the surface of the type or the cut, it must lap up some of the ink that adheres to the shoulder of the lines. The rougher the paper, the worse the print.

Half-tone or process cuts are sometimes made by exposure to a screen or mesh of 150 or 200 lines to the square inch. A screen that contains 150 lines to the square inch necessarily has counters or intervals of white between that are much less than 150 to the square inch, for these lines are not the geometrical lines that have extension and no width; they do have a positive width. It follows that the interval of white space between lines is much less—in many cases not more than  $\frac{1}{80}$  part of an inch. Now consider the effect produced upon the eye by the irradiation caused by this mesh of black and white minute squares, for squares they are when the lines are crossed. Consider also that the etching acids used to eat away the surface of the copper or zinc cannot be any greater in depth than the apparent width of the interval between the lines. It is usually much less; in no case can it be any more. The counter or the lowest depression in a fine half-tone plate is then about  $\frac{1}{80}$  part of an inch below the surface. To the ordinary eye  $\frac{1}{80}$  part of an inch is an unknown quantity, not to be discerned by ordinary eyesight, for it is not to be found on the ordinary graduated measuring stick. A ream of paper one inch thick that contains 480 sheets (a trifle thicker than tissue) is the most apposite illustration that can be presented of its tenuity. This is the average depth of the counters of the fine half-tone plate provided for fine book and magazine work. It cannot be printed properly unless it meets an extremely smooth paper. It is not possible to print half-tones upon rough paper.

What is true of hand-made and imitation hand-made paper applies but with diminished force, to good ordinary book papers, and even to many thin calendered book and writing papers. Let any one examine under an ordinary magnifying glass a sheet of the best ceremonial paper, that has been hot-pressed or rolled and calendered to the ultimate degree of compactness. Smooth as it may appear to sight and touch, it is full of minute little pits. It can be impressed on ordinary types and ordinary woodcuts, and show their fine

lines with great sharpness and delicacy, but it will not show in print to best advantage all of the finest work of the photo-engraver. It is simply impossible for the paper-maker to comminute the fibres of linen, cotton, and wood in a fabric of paper that shall be as smooth as polished glass or metal.

To get an absolutely uniform surface, the paper after being made must be coated with a paste of white that fills up all the pits and is finally flattened by means of the calendering roller. It is only the well-made coated paper, with its hard, smooth, semi-metallic surface, that shows no pits below that surface. It is the only paper that perfectly meets at every point of its surface the equally flat surface of the photo-engraved plate. It is consequently the paper best adapted for the reproduction of the printing of photo-engravings and half-tone work, and this is the reason why it is so largely used, much as it may be disliked by the critical reader.

Fifty years ago the merit of paper to the reader was largely in its smoothness and glossiness. Paper-makers could not find adjectives enough to describe its shiny quality. Vellum-wove, hot-pressed, satin-finished, and extra-calendered are but a few of the many words used to commend it to the buyer. That paper was best that shone like a polished mirror. Indeed the adjectives we now use to describe superior merit, not only in paper, but in other manufactures, are the words, splendid, brilliant, elegant, glossy, polished, etc. It was the rarity and the high price of this polished paper that gave it its attractive qualities. When paper-makers discovered a way of putting a high polish on very plain paper at a cost of not more than two or three cents a pound, polished paper lost its attraction. We now go to the other extreme—the paper that is rough has a higher merit.

The selection of rough hand-made or of imitation hand-made papers for type printing is not always wise. To get the solid masculine printing of the best books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the selection of hand-made paper is not enough. The paper must be wet down; it must not merely meet the face of the type; it must lap over the side of the type to give the boldness required. With the thin-faced and sharp-edged types we now use this

effect is not always secured even when the paper has been dampened. All the conditions must be observed; you must have not only the hand-made paper, but the old methods and the old types.

Not less important is a proper selection of hand-made paper, for there are as many kinds of hand-made paper as there are of cloth. Some persons will select a water-leaf (the unpressed sheet just couched on the felt) hand-made paper that is coarse, thick, yellowish, and exceedingly rough as to edges for a dainty book of poems or some equally pretty library trifle. It is hard to imagine anything in worse taste. It is a great mistake to suppose that the famous early printers preferred, or even largely used, an exceedingly coarse paper. The best books of Aldus and of the Stephens, to my notion, are rather below than above the average standard of thickness—thin, strong, and sometimes really smooth. They are dainty books to hold in the hand; it is a pleasure to touch and caress their leaves. How different the feeling of the paper in their books from that of the sand-paper-like finish of much of the modern hand-made paper!

This contrast might be pursued still further in other details of book-making. In our efforts to be sincere and simple, we may become coarse and clownish. We are not improving on sixteenth-century models when we use buckram and rough canvas instead of smooth vellum for the covers of feminine books; nor do we make them more attractive by giving an extra inch of white margin all around the page, when that margin can be of no possible value; nor do we make title-pages or headings "artistic" when we chop up the words as a butcher does soup bones, without regard to syllables or articulation. Is it good sense and good taste to abandon the styles of letter-arrangement made by Pickering and the Whittinghams, and imitate the lettering on mediæval crocks and village tombstones?

Should not the paper and the general appearance of a book conform to the same general rule that controls the apparel of a man? What is appropriate at one time and place is not at another. A hand-made Irish frieze or a Mackintosh is excellent stuff for a traveller or hunter, but is it good for an evening party?

*Theodore L. De Vinne.*

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

## CHAPTER VII.

## IN A MOORISH GARDEN.

"When love is not a blasphemy, it is a religion."

There is, perhaps, a subtle significance in the fact that the greatest, the cruelest, the most barbarous civil war of modern days, if not of all time, has owed its outbreak and its long continuance to the influence of a woman. When Ferdinand VII. of Spain died in 1833, after a reign broken and disturbed by the passage of that human cyclone, Napoleon the Great, he bequeathed his kingdom, in defiance of the Salic Law, to his daughter Isabella. Ferdinand's brother Carlos, however, claimed the throne, under the very just contention that the Salic Law, by which women were excluded from the heritage of the crown, had never been legally abrogated.

This was the spark that fell in a tinder made up of ambition, unscrupulousness, cruelty, bloodthirstiness, self-seeking, and jealousy—the morale, in a word, of the Spain of sixty years ago. Some sided with the Queen Regent Christina and rallied round the child-queen, because they saw that that way lay glory and promotion. Others flocked to the standard of Don Carlos, because they were poor and of no influence at court. The Church, as a whole, raised its whispering voice for the Pretender; for the rest, patriotism was nowhere, and ambition on every side.

"For five years we have fought the Carlists, hunger, privation, and the politicians at Madrid! And the holy saints only know which has been the worst enemy," said General Vincente to Conyngham, when explaining the above related details.

And, indeed, the story of this war reads like a romance, for there came from neutral countries foreign legions, as in the olden days. From England an army of ten thousand mercenaries landed in Spain, prepared to fight for

the cause of Queen Christina, and very modestly estimating the worth of their services at the sum of thirteen pence a diem. After all, the value of a man's life is but the price of his daily hire.

"We did not pay them much," said General Vincente, with a deprecating little smile, "but they did not fight much." Their pay was generally in arrears, and they were usually in the rear as well. What will you, my dear Conyngham; you are a commercial people, you keep good soldiers in the shop window, and when a buyer comes you serve him with second-class goods from behind the counter."

He beamed on Conyngham with a pleasant air of benign connivance in a very legitimate commercial transaction.

This is no time or place to go into the history of the English legion in Spain, which, indeed, had quitted that country before Conyngham landed there, horrified by the barbarities of a cruel war, where prisoners received no quarter, and the soldiers on either side were left without pay or rations. In a half-hearted manner England went to the assistance of the Queen Regent of Spain, and one error in statesmanship led to many. It is always a mistake to strike gently.

"This country," said General Vincente, in his suavest manner, "owes much to yours, my dear Conyngham; but it would have been better for us both had we owed you a little more."

During the five years prior to Conyngham's arrival at Ronda the war had raged with unabated fury, swaying from the West to East Coast, as fortune smiled or frowned on the Carlist cause. At one time it almost appeared certain that the Christina forces were unable to stem the rising tide, which bade fair to spread over all Spain, so unfortunate were their generals, so futile the best endeavours of the bravest and most patient soldiers. General Vincente was not alone in his conviction that had the gallant Carlist leader Zumalacarreguy lived, he might have carried all before him. But this great leader at the height

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of his fame, beloved by all his soldiers, worshipped by his subordinate officers, died suddenly by poison, as it was whispered, the victim of jealousy and ambition. Almost at once there arose one in the east of Spain, as obscure in birth as unknown to fame, who flashed suddenly to the zenith of military glory, the brutal, wonderful Cabrera. The name to this day is a household word in Catalonia, while the eyes of a few old men still living, who fought with or against him, flash in the light of other days at the mere mention of it.

Among the many leaders who had attempted in vain to overcome by skill and patriotism the thousand difficulties placed in their way by successive, unstable, insincere Ministers of War, General Vincente occupied an honoured place. This mild-mannered tactician enjoyed the enviable reputation of being alike unconquerable and incorruptible. His smiling presence on the battlefield was in itself worth half a dozen battalions, while at Madrid the dishonest politicians, who through these years of Spain's great trial systematically bartered their honour for immediate gain, dreaded and respected him.

During the days that followed his arrival at Ronda and release from the prison there, Frederick Conyngham learnt much from his host and little of him, for General Vincente had that in him without which no leader, no great man in any walk of life, can well dispense with—an unsoundable depth.

Conyngham learnt also that the human heart is capable of rising at one bound above difficulties of race or custom, creed and spoken language. He walked with Estella in that quiet garden between high walls on the trim Moorish paths, and often the murmur of the running water, which ever graced the Moslem palaces, was the only break upon their silence; for this thing had come into the Englishman's life suddenly, leaving him dazed and uncertain. Estella, on the other hand, had a quiet *savoir-faire* that sat strangely on her young face. She was only nineteen, and yet had a certain air of authority, handed down to her from two great races of noble men and women.

"Do all your countrymen take life thus gaily?" she asked Conyngham one day. "Surely it is a more serious affair than you think it."

"I have never found it very serious, *señorita*," he answered. "There is usually a smile in human affairs if one takes the trouble to look for it."

"Have you always found it so?"

He did not answer at once, pausing to lift the branch of a mimosa-tree that hung in yellow profusion across the pathway.

"Yes, *señorita*, I think so," he answered at length slowly. There was a sense of eternal restfulness in this old Moorish garden, which acted as a brake on the thoughts, and made conversation halt and drag in an Oriental way that Europeans rarely understand.

"And yet you say you remember your father's death?"

"He made a joke to the doctor, *señorita*, and was not afraid."

Estella smiled in a queer way, and then looked grave again.

"And you have always been poor, you say—sometimes almost starving?"

"Yes; always poor, deadly poor, *señorita*," answered Conyngham with a gay laugh. "And since I have been on my own resources frequently, well—very hungry! The appetite has been large and the resources have been small. But when I get into the Spanish army they will, no doubt, make me a general, and all will be well."

He laughed again and slipped his hand into his jacket-pocket.

"See here," he said; "your father's recommendation to General Espartero in a confidential letter."

But the envelope he produced was that pink one, which the man called Larralde had given him at Algeciras.

"No; it is not that," he said, searching in another pocket. "Ah! here it is, addressed to General Espartero, Duke of Vittoria."

He showed her the superscription, which she read with a little inclination of the head, as if in salutation of the great name written there, for the greatest names are those that men have made for themselves. Conyngham replaced the two letters in his pocket, and almost immediately asked:

"Do you know any one called Barena in Ronda, *señorita*?" thereby proving that General Espartero would do ill to give him an appointment requiring even the earliest rudiments of diplomacy.

"Julia Barena is my cousin. Her

mother was my mother's sister. Do you know them, Señor Conyngham?"

"Oh, no," answered Conyngham, truthfully enough. "I met a man who knows them. Do they live in Ronda?"

"No; their house is on the Cordova road, about half a league from the Customs Station."

Estella was not by nature curious, and asked no questions. There were many who knew the Barennas that would fain have been able to claim acquaintance with General Vincente and his daughter, but could not do so, for the Captain-General moved in a circle not far removed from the Queen Regent herself, and mixed but little in the society of Ronda, where for the time being he held a command.

Conyngham required no further information, and in a few moments dismissed the letter from his mind. Events seemed for him to have moved rapidly within the last few days, and the world of roadside inns and casual acquaintance, into which he had stepped on his arrival in Spain, was quite another from that in which Estella moved at Ronda.

"I must set out for Madrid in a few days at the latest," he said, a few minutes afterward; "but I shall go against my will, because you tell me that you and your father will not be coming North until the spring."

Estella shook her head with a little laugh. This man was different from the punctilious aides-de-camp and others who had hitherto begged most respectfully to notify their admiration.

"And three days ago you did not know of our existence," she said.

"In three days a man may be dead of an illness of which he ignored the existence, *señorita*; in three days a man's life may be made miserable or happy—perhaps in three minutes."

And she looked straight in front of her in order to avoid his eyes.

"Yours will always be happy, I think," she said, "because you never seem to go below the surface, and on the surface life is happy enough."

He made some light answer, and they walked on beneath the orange-trees, talking of these and other matters, which lose all meaning when set down on paper, indulging in those dangerous generalities which sound so safe, and in reality narrow down to a little world of two.

They were thus engaged when the servant came to announce that the horse, which the general had placed at Conyngham's disposal, was at the door in accordance with the Englishman's own order. He went away sorrowfully enough, only half consoled by the information that Estella was about to attend a service at the Church of Santa Maria, and could not have stayed longer in the garden.

The hour of the siesta was scarce over, and as Conyngham rode through the cleanly streets of the ancient town more than one roused himself from the shadow of a doorway to see him pass. There are few older towns in Andalusia than Ronda, and scarce anywhere the habits of the Moors are so closely followed. The streets are clean, the houses whitewashed within and without. The trappings of the mules and much of the costume of the people are Oriental in texture and brilliancy.

Conyngham asked a passer-by to indicate the way to the Cordova road, and the polite Spaniard turned and walked by his stirrup until a mistake was no longer possible.

"It is not the most beautiful approach to Ronda," said this garrulous person, "but well enough in the summer, when the flowers are in bloom and the vineyards green. The road is straight and dusty until one arrives at the possession of the Señora Barennas, a light road to the right leading up into the mountain. One can perceive the house—oh, yes—upon the hillside, once beautiful, but now old and decayed. Mistake is now impossible. It is a straight way. I wish you a good journey."

Conyngham rode on, vaguely turning over in his mind a half-matured plan of effecting a seemingly accidental entry to the house of Señora Barennas, in the hope of meeting that lady's daughter in the garden or grounds. Once outside the walls of the town he found the country open and bare, consisting of brown hills, of which the lower slopes were dotted with evergreen oaks. The road soon traversed a village which seemed to be half deserted, for men and women alike were working in the fields. On the balcony of the best house a branch of palm bound against the ironwork balustrade indicated the dwelling of the priest, and the form of that village



despot was dimly discernible in the darkened room behind. Beyond the village Conyngham turned his horse's head toward the mountain, his mind preoccupied with a Machiavellian scheme of losing his way in this neighbourhood. Through the evergreen oak and olive groves he could perceive the roof of an old, gray house, which had once been a mere hacienda or semi-fortified farm.

Conyngham did not propose to go direct to Señora Bareña's house, but described a semicircle, mounting from terrace to terrace on his sure-footed horse.

When at length he came in sight of the high gateway, where the ten-foot oaken gates still swung, he perceived some one approaching the exit. On closer inspection he saw that this was a priest, and on nearing him recognised the Padre Concha, whose acquaintance he had made at the hotel of the Marina at Algeciras.

The recognition was mutual, for the priest raised his shabby old hat with a tender care for the insecurity of its brim.

"A lucky meeting, Señor Englishman," he said. "Who would have expected to see you here?"

"I have lost my way."

"Ah!" And the grim face relaxed into a smile. "Lost your way?"

"Yes."

"Then it is lucky that I have met you. It is so easy to lose one's way when one is young."

He raised his hand to the horse's bridle.

"You are most certainly going in the wrong direction," he said. "I will lead you right."

It was said and done so quietly that Conyngham had found no word to say before his horse was moving in the opposite direction.

"This is surely one of General Vincente's horses," said the priest. "We have few such barbs in Ronda. He always rides a good horse, that Miguel Vincente."

"Yes, it is one of his horses. Then you know the general?"

"We were boys together," answered the padre, "and there were some who said that he should have been the priest and I the soldier."

The old man gave a little laugh.

"He has prospered, however, if I

have not. A great man, my dear Miguel; and they say that his pay is duly handed to him. My own, my princely twenty pounds a year, is overdue. I am happy enough, however, and have a good house. You noticed it, perhaps, as you passed through the village—a branch of palm against the rail of the balcony—my sign, you understand. The innkeeper next door displays a branch of pine, which, I notice, is more attractive. Every man his day. One does not catch rabbits with a dead ferret. That is the church. Will you see it? No! Well, some other day. I will guide you through the village. The walk will give me appetite which I sometimes require, for my cook is one whose husband has left her."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE LOVE-LETTER.

"I must mix myself with action lest I wither by despair."

"No one," Conyngham heard a voice exclaiming, as he went into the garden on returning from his fruitless ride—"no one knows what I have suffered."

He paused in the dark doorway, not wishing to intrude upon Estella and her visitors, for he perceived the forms of three ladies seated within a miniature jungle of bamboo, which grew in feathery luxuriance around a fountain. It was not difficult to identify the voice as that of the eldest lady, who was stout and spoke in deep, almost manly tones. So far as he was able to judge, the suffering mentioned had left but small record on its victim's outward appearance.

"Old girl seems to have stood it well," commented the Englishman in his mind.

"Never again, my dear Estella, do I leave Ronda; except, indeed, for Toledo, where, of course, we shall go in the summer if this terrible Don Carlos is really driven from the country. Ah! but what suffering! My mind is never at ease. I expect to wake up at night and hear that Julia is being murdered in her bed. For me it does not matter; my life is not so gay that it will cost me much to part from it. No one would molest an old woman, you think? Well, that may be so. But I know all the anxiety, for I was once beautiful. Ah! more beautiful than you or Julia;

and my hands and feet—have you ever noticed my foot, Estella? Even now . . . ”

And a sonorous sigh completed the sentence.

Conyngham stepped out of the doorway, the clank of his spurred heel on the marble pavement causing the sigh to break off in a little scream. He had caught the name of Julia, and hastily concluded that these ladies must be no other than Madame Barenna and her daughter. In the little bamboo grove he found the elder lady lying back in her chair, which creaked ominously, and asking in a faint voice whether he was Don Carlos.

“No,” answered Estella, with a momentary twinkle in her grave, dark eyes; “this is Mr. Conyngham. My aunt, Señora Barenna, and my cousin Julia.”

The ladies bowed.

“You must excuse me,” said Madame Barenna volubly; “but your approach was so sudden. I am a great sufferer—my nerves, you know. But young people do not understand.”

And she sighed heavily, with a side glance at her daughter, who did not even appear to be trying to do so. Julia Barenna was darker than her cousin, quicker in manner, with an air of worldly capability which Estella lacked. Her eyes were quick and restless, her face less beautiful, but expressive of a great intelligence, which if brought to bear upon men in the form of coquetry was likely to be infinitely dangerous.

“It is always best to approach my mother with caution,” she said, with a restless movement of her hands. This was not a woman at her ease in the world or at peace with it. She laughed as she spoke, but her eyes were grave even while her lips smiled, and watched the Englishman’s face with an air almost of anxiety. There are some faces that seem to be watching and waiting. Julia Barenna’s had such a look.

“Conyngham,” said Madame Barenna reflectively. “Surely I have heard that name before. You are not the Englishman with whom Father Concha is so angry, who sells forbidden books—the Bible, it is said.”

“No, señora,” answered Conyngham, with perfect gravity; “I have nothing to sell.”

He laughed suddenly, and looked at

the elder lady with that air of good-humour which won for him more friends than he ever wanted, for this Irishman had a ray of sunshine in his heart which shone upon his path through life, and made that uneven way easier for his feet. He glanced at Julia, and saw in her eyes the look of expectancy which was in reality always there. The thought flashed through his mind that by some means, or, perhaps feminine intuition beyond his comprehension, she knew that he possessed the letter addressed to her, and was eagerly awaiting it. This letter seemed to have been gaining in importance the longer he carried it, and this opportunity of giving it to her came at the right moment. He remembered Larralde’s words concerning the person to whom the missive was addressed, and the high-flown sentiments of that somewhat theatrical gentleman became in some degree justified. Julia Barenna was a woman who might well awaken a passionate love. Conyngham realised this, as from a distance, while Julia’s mother spoke of some trivial matter of the moment to unheeding ears. That distance seemed now to exist between him and all women. It had come suddenly, and one glance of Estella’s eyes had called it into existence.

“Yes,” Señora Barenna was saying, “Father Concha is very angry with the English. What a terrible man! You do not know him, Señor Conyngham?”

“I think I have met him, señora.”

“Ah! but you have never seen him angry. You have never confessed to him! A little, little sin, no longer than the eye of a fly—a little bite of a calf’s sweetbread on Friday in mere forgetfulness—and, Sancta Maria, what a penance is required! What suffering! It is a purgatory to have such a confessor.”

“Surely madame can have no sins,” said Conyngham pleasantly.

“Not now,” said Señora Barenna, with a deep sigh. “When I was young it was different.”

And the memory of her sinful days almost moved her to tears. She glanced at Conyngham with a tragic air of mutual understanding, as if drawing a veil over that blissful past in the presence of Julia and Estella. “Ask me another time,” that glance seemed to say.

“Yes,” the lady continued; “Father Concha is very angry with the English.

Firstly, because of these Bibles. Blessed Heaven, what does it matter! No one can read them except the priests, and they do not want to do so. Secondly, because the English have helped to overthrow Don Carlos—"

"You will have a penance," interrupted Miss Julia Barenna quietly, "from Father Concha for talking politics."

"But how will he know?" asked Señora Barenna sharply, and the two young ladies laughed.

Señora Barenna looked from one to the other and shrugged her shoulders. Like many women, she was a strange mixture of foolishness and worldly wisdom. She adjusted her mantilla and mutely appealed to heaven with a glance of her upturned eyes.

Conyngham, who was no diplomatist nor possessed any skill in concealing his thoughts, looked with some interest at Julia Barenna, and Estella watched him.

"Julia is right," Señora Barenna was saying, though nobody heeded her. "One must not talk nor even think politics in this country. You are no politician, I trust, Señor Conyngham. Señor Conyngham, I ask you, you are no politician?"

"No, señora," replied Conyngham hastily—"no; and if I were, I should never understand Spanish politics."

"Father Concha says that Spanish politics are the same as those of any other country—each man for himself," said Julia, with a bitter laugh.

"And he is, no doubt, right."

"Do you really think so?" asked Julia Barenna, with more earnestness than the question would seem to require. "Are there not true patriots who sacrifice all—not only their friends, but themselves—to the cause of their country?"

"Without the hope of reward?"

"Yes."

"There may be, señorita, a few," answered Conyngham with a laugh; "but not in my country. They must all be in Spain."

She smiled and shook her head in doubt, but it was a worn smile.

The Englishman turned away and looked through the trees. He was wondering how he could get speech with Julia alone for a moment.

"You are admiring the garden," said that young lady, and this time he knew

that there had in reality been that meaning in her eyes which he had imagined to be there.

"Yes, señorita; I think it must be the most beautiful garden in the world."

He turned as he spoke and looked at Estella, who met his glance quietly. Her repose of manner struck him afresh. Here was a woman having that air of decision which exacts respect alike from men and women. Seen thus with the more vivacious Julia at her side, Estella gained suddenly in moral strength and depth, suggesting a hidden fire in contrast to a flickering will-o'-the-wisp blown hither and thither on every zephyr. Yet Julia Barenna would pass anywhere as a woman of will and purpose.

Julia had risen, and was moving toward the exit of the little grove in which they found themselves. Conyngham had never been seated.

"Are the violets in bloom, Estella? I must see them," said the visitor. "We have none at home, where all is dry and parched."

"So bad for the nerves—what suffering!—such a dry soil that one cannot sleep at night," murmured Madame Barenna, preparing to rise from her seat.

Julia and Conyngham naturally led the way. The paths winding in and out among the palms and pepper-trees were of a width that allowed two to walk abreast.

"Señorita, I have a letter for you."

"Not yet; wait."

Señora Barenna was chattering in her deep, husky tones immediately behind them. Julia turned and looked up at the windows of the house, which commanded a full view of the garden. The dwelling-rooms were, as usual, upon the first floor, and the windows were lightly barred with curiously wrought iron. Each window was curtained within with lace and muslin.

The paths wound in and out among the trees, but none of these was large enough to afford a secure screen from the eye of any watcher within the house. There was neither eucalyptus nor ilex in the garden, which are heavy-leaved and afford shelter. Julia and Conyngham walked on, outdistancing the elder lady and Estella. From these, many a turn in the path hid them from time to time, but Julia was distrustful of the

windows, and hesitated in an agony of nervousness. Conyngham saw that her face was quite colourless, and her teeth closed convulsively over her lower lip. He continued to talk of indifferent topics, but the answers she made were incoherent and broken. The course of true love did not seem to run smooth here.

"Shall I give you the letter? No one can see us, *señorita*. Besides, I was informed that it is of no importance except to yourself. You have doubtless had many such before, unless the Spanish gentlemen are blind."

He laughed and felt in his pocket.

"Yes," she whispered. "Quickly now!"

He gave her the letter in its romantic pink, scented envelope, with a half-suppressed smile at her eagerness. Would anybody, would Estella ever be thus agitated at the receipt of a letter from himself? They were at the lower end of the garden, which was divided almost in two by a broader pathway leading from the house to the centre of the garden, where a fountain of Moorish marble formed a sort of *carrefour*, from which the narrower pathways diverged in all directions.

Descending the steps into the garden from the house were two men, one talking violently, the other seeking to calm him.

"My uncle and the *alcalde*. They have seen us from the windows," said Julia quickly. All her nervousness of manner seemed to have vanished, leaving her concentrated and alert. Some men are thus in warfare, nervous until the rifles open fire, and then cool and ready.

"Quick," whispered Julia, "let us turn back."

She wheeled round and Conyngham did the same.

"Julia," they heard General Vincente call in his gentle voice.

Julia, who was tearing the pink envelope, took no heed. Within the first covering a second envelope appeared bearing a longer address.

"Give that to the man whose address it bears, and save me from ruin," said the girl, thrusting the letter into Conyngham's hand. She kept the pink envelope.

When, a minute later, they came face to face with General Vincente and his

companion, a white-faced, fluttering man of sixty years, Julia Barenna received them with a smile. There are some men who, conscious of their own quickness of resource, are careless of danger and run into it from mere heedlessness, trusting to good fortune to aid them should peril arise. Frederick Conyngham was one of these. He now suspected that this was no love-letter which the man called Larralde had given him in Algeciras.

"Julia," said the general, "the *alcalde* desires to speak with you."

Julia bowed with that touch of hauteur which in Spain the nobles ever observe in their manner toward the municipal authorities.

"Mr. Conyngham," continued the general, "this is our brave mayor, in whose hands rests the well-being of the people of Ronda."

"Honoured to meet you," said Conyngham, holding out his hand with that frankness of manner which he accorded to great and small alike. The *alcalde*, a man of immense importance in his own estimation, hesitated before accepting it.

"General," he said, turning and bowing very low to Señora Barenna and Estella, who now joined them—"general, I leave you to explain to your niece the painful duties of my office."

The general smiled, and raised a deprecating shoulder.

"Well, my dear," he said kindly to Julia, "it appears that our good *alcalde* has news of a letter which is at present passing from hand to hand in Andalusia. It is a letter of some importance. Our good mayor, who was at the window a minute ago, saw Mr. Conyngham hand you a letter. Between persons who only met in this garden five minutes ago such a transaction had a strange air. Our good friend, who is all zeal for Spain and the people of Ronda, merely asks you if his eyes deceived him. It is a matter over which we shall all laugh presently over a lemonade; is it not so? A trifle—eh?"

He passed his handkerchief across his moustache, and looked affectionately at his niece.

"A letter!" exclaimed Julia. "Surely the *alcalde* presumes. He takes too much upon himself."

The official stepped forward.

"Señorita," he said, "I must be al-

lowed to take that risk. Did this gentleman give you a letter three minutes ago?"

Julia laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes."

"May I ask the nature of the letter?"

"It was a love-letter."

Conyngham bit his lip and looked at Estella.

The alcalde looked doubtful, with the cunning lips of a cheap country lawyer.

"A love-letter from a gentleman you have never seen before," he said, with a forced laugh.

"Pardon me, Señor Alcalde, this gentleman travelled in the same ship with my mother and myself from Bordeaux to Algeciras, and he saved my life."

She cast a momentary glance at Conyngham, which would have sealed his fate had the fiery Mr. Larralde been there to see it. The prefect paused, somewhat taken aback. There was a momentary silence, and every moment gave Julia and Conyngham time to think.

Then the alcalde turned to Conyngham.

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," he said, "to learn that I have been mistaken. I have only to ask this gentleman's confirmation of what the señorita has said. Is it true, señor, that you surreptitiously handed to the Señorita Barena a letter expressing your love?"

"Since the señorita has done me the honour of confessing it, I must ask you to believe it," answered Conyngham steadily and with coldness.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A WAR OF WIT.

"La discrétion est l'art du mensonge."

The alcalde blew out his cheeks and looked at General Vincente. Señora Barena would with small encouragement have thrown herself into Conyngham's arms, but she received none whatever, and instead frowned at Julia. Estella was looking haughtily at her father, and would not meet Conyngham's glance.

"I feel sure," said General Vincente, in his most conciliating manner, "that my dear Julia will see the necessity of satisfying the good alcalde by showing

him the letter, with, of course the consent of my friend Conyngham."

He laughed and slipped his hand within Conyngham's arm.

"You see, my dear friend," he said in English, "these local magnates are a little inflated; local magnitude is a little inclined to inflate—eh? Ha! ha! And it is so easy to conciliate them. I always try to do so myself. Peace at any price, that is my motto."

And he turned aside to arrange his sword, which dragged on the ground.

"Tell her, my dear Conyngham, to let the old gentleman read the letter."

"But it is nothing to do with me, general."

"I know that, my friend, as well as you do," said Vincente, with a sudden change of manner which left the Englishman with an uncomfortable desire to know what he meant. But General Vincente, in pursuit of that peace which had earned him such a terrible reputation in war, turned to Señora Barena with his most reassuring smile.

"It is nothing, my dear Iñez," he said. "In these times of trouble the officials are so suspicious, and our dear alcalde knows too much. He remembers dear Julia's little affair with Esteban Larralde, now long since lived down and forgotten. Larralde is, it appears, a malcontent, and on the wrong side of the wall. You need have no uneasiness. Ah! your nerves; yes, I know. A great sufferer—yes, I remember. Patience, dear Iñez, patience."

And he patted her stout white hand affectionately.

The alcalde was taking snuff with a stubborn air of disbelief, glancing the while suspiciously at Conyngham, who had eyes for none but Estella.

"Alcalde," said General Vincente, "the incident is past, as we say in the diplomatic service—a lemonade now."

"No, general, the incident is not past, and I will not have a lemonade."

"Oh!" exclaimed General Vincente in gentle horror.

"Yes. This young lady must give me the letter or I call in my men."

"But your men could not touch a lady, my dear alcalde."

"You may be the alcalde of Ronda," said Conyngham cheerfully, in continuation of the general's argument, "but if you offer such an insult to Señora Barena, I throw you into the fountain—

in the deepest part, where it is wettest—just there by the marble dolphin."

And Conyngham indicated the exact spot with his riding-whip.

"Who is this gentleman?" asked the alcalde. The question was, in the first place, addressed to space and the gods. After a moment the speaker turned to General Vincente.

"A prospective aide-de-camp of General Espartero."

At the mention of the great name the mayor of Ronda became beautifully less, and half-bowed to Conyngham.

"I must do my duty," he said, with the stubbornness of a small mind.

"And what do you conceive that to be, my dear alcalde?" inquired the general.

"To place the Señorita Barenna under arrest, unless she will hand to me the letter she has in her possession."

Julia looked at him with a smile. She was a brave woman playing a dangerous game with consummate courage, and never glanced at Conyngham, who with an effort kept his hand away from the pocket where the letter lay concealed. The manner in which she trusted him unreservedly and entirely was in itself cunning enough, for it appealed to that sense of chivalry which is not yet dead in men despite the advance of women.

"Place me under arrest, Señor Alcalde," she said indifferently, "and when you have satisfied me that you have a right to inspect a lady's private correspondence, I will submit to be searched, but not before."

She made a little signal to Conyngham not to interfere.

Señora Barenna took this opportunity of asserting herself and nerves. She sat heavily down on a stone seat and wept. She could hardly have done better, for she was a countess in her own right, and the sight of high-born tears distinctly unnerved the alcalde.

"Well," he said, "the señorita has made her own choice. In these times (he glanced nervously at the weeping lady) one must do one's duty."

"My dear Julia," protested the general, "you who are so sensible—"

Julia shrugged her shoulders and laughed. She not only trusted Conyngham, but relied upon his intelligence. It is, as a rule, safer to confide in the honesty of one's neighbour than in his wit. Better still, trust in neither. Co-

nyngham, who was quick enough when the moment required it, knew that she was fostering the belief that the letter at that moment in his pocket was in her possession. He suspected also that he and Julia Barenna were playing with life and death. Further, he recognised her and her voice. This was the woman who had shown discrimination and calmness in face of a great danger on the Garonne. Had this Englishman, owning as he did to a strain of Irish blood, turned his back upon her and danger at such a moment, he would assuredly have proved himself untrue to the annals of that race which has made a mark upon the world that will never be wiped out. He looked at the alcalde and smiled, whereupon that official turned and made a signal with his hand to a man who, dressed in a quiet uniform, had appeared in the doorway of the house.

"What the deuce we are all trying to do I don't know," reflected Conyngham, who, indeed, was sufficiently at sea to awake the most dormant suspicions.

The alcalde, now thoroughly aroused, protested his inability to neglect a particle of his duty at this troubled period of Spain's history, and announced his intention of placing Julia Barenna under surveillance until she handed to him the letter she had received from Conyngham.

"I am quite prepared," he added, "to give this *caballero* the benefit of the doubt, and assume that he has been in this matter the tool of unscrupulous persons. Seeing that he is a friend of General Vincente's, and has an introduction to his excellency the Duke of Vittoria, he is without the pale of my jurisdiction."

The alcalde made Conyngham a profound bow, and proceeded to conduct Julia and her indignant mother to their carriage.

"There goes," said General Vincente, with his most optimistic little chuckle, "a young woman whose head will always be endangered by her heart." And he nodded toward Julia's retreating form.

Estella turned and walked away by herself.

"Come," said the general to Conyngham, "let us sit down; I have news for you. But what a susceptible heart,

my dear young friend—what a susceptible heart! Julia is, I admit, a very pretty girl—*la beauté du diable*—eh? But on so short an acquaintance rather rapid—rather rapid!”

As he spoke he was searching among some letters, which he had produced from his pocket, and at length found an official envelope that had already been opened.

“I have here,” he said, “a letter from Madrid. You have only to proceed to the capital, and there, I hope, a post awaits you. Your duties will at present be of a semi-military character, but later, I hope, we can show you some fighting. This pestilential Cabrera is not yet quelled, and Morella still holds out. Yes, there will be fighting.”

He closed the letter and looked at Conyngham.

“If that is what you want,” he added.

“Yes, that is what I want.”

The general nodded and rose, pausing to brush a few grains of dust from his dapper riding breeches.

“Come,” he said, “I have seen a horse which will suit you, at the cavalry quarters in the Calle de Bobadilla. Shall we go and look at him?”

Conyngham expressed his readiness to do as the general proposed.

“When shall I start for Madrid?” he asked.

“Oh, to-morrow morning will be time enough,” was the reply, uttered in an easy-going, indolent tone, “if you are early astir. You see, it is now nearly five o’clock, and you could scarcely be in the saddle before sunset.”

“No,” laughed Conyngham; “scarcely, considering that I have not yet bought the saddle or the horse.”

The general led the way into the house, and Conyngham thought of the letter in his pocket. He had not yet read the address. Julia relied upon him to deliver it, and her conduct toward the alcalde had the evident object of gaining time for him to do so. She had unhesitatingly thrust herself into a position of danger to screen him and further her own indomitable purpose. He thought of her, still as from a distance at which Estella had placed him, and knew that she not only had a disquieting beauty, but cleverness and courage, which are qualities that outlast beauty and make a woman powerful forever.

When he and his companion emerged from the great doorway of the house into the sunlight of the Calle Mayor a man came forward from the shade of a neighbouring doorway. It was Concepcion Vara, leisurely and dignified, twirling a cigarette between his brown fingers. He saluted the general with one finger to the brim of his shabby felt hat, as one great man might salute another. He nodded to Conyngham.

“When does his excellency take the road again?” he said. “I am ready. The *guardia civil* were mistaken this time; the judge said there was no stain upon my name.”

He shrugged his shoulder and waived away the slight put upon him with the magnanimity of one who can forgive and forget.

“I take the road to-morrow; but our contract ceased at Ronda. I had no intention of taking you on.”

“You are not satisfied with me?” inquired Concepcion, offering his interlocutor the cigarette he had just made.

“Oh, yes.”

“*Buen!* We take the road together.”

“Then there is nothing more to be said?” inquired Conyngham, with a good-natured laugh.

“Nothing, except the hour at which your excellency starts.”

“Six o’clock,” put in General Vincente quietly. “Let me see; your name is Concepcion Vara.”

“Yes, excellency, of Algeciras.”

“It is well. Then serve this gentleman well, or else—” the general paused and laughed in his most deprecating manner.

Concepcion seemed to understand, for he took off his hat and turned gravely away. The general and Conyngham walked rapidly through the streets of Ronda, than which there are none cleaner in the whole world, and duly bought a great black horse at a price which seemed moderate enough to the Englishman, though the vendor explained that the long war had made horseflesh rise in value. Conyngham, at no time a keen bargainer, hurried the matter to an end, and scarce examined the saddle. He was anxious to get back to the garden of the great house in the Calle Mayor before the cool of the evening came to drive Estella indoors.

“You will doubtless wish to pack

your portmanteau," said the general rather breathlessly, as he hurried along with small steps beside Conyngham.

"Yes," answered that Englishman ingenuously—"yes, of course."

"Then I will not detain you," said General Vincente; "I have affairs at headquarters. We meet at dinner, of course."

He waved a little salutation with his whip, and took a side turning.

The sun had not set when Conyngham with a beating heart made his way through the house into the garden. He had never been so serious about anything in his life; indeed, his life seemed only to have begun in that garden. Estella was there. He saw her black dress and mantilla through the trees, and the gleam of her golden hair made his eyes almost fierce for a moment.

"I am going to-morrow morning,"

he said bluntly, when he reached her where she sat in the shade of a mimosa.

She raised her eyes for a moment, deep velvet eyes, with a glowing depth of passion in them that made his heart leap within his breast.

"And I love you, Estella," he added. "You may be offended, you may despise me, you may distrust me; but nothing can alter me. I love you now and ever."

She drew a deep breath and sat motionless.

"How many women does an Englishman love at once?" she asked coldly at length.

"Only one, sefiorita."

He stood looking at her for a moment. Then she rose and walked past him into the house.

(*To be continued.*)

### A MAY BURDEN.\*

Through meadow-ways as I did tread,  
The corn grew in great lustihead,  
And hey! the beeches burgeoned.

By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!  
It is the month, the jolly month,  
It is the jolly month of May.

God ripe the wines and corn, I say,  
And wenches for the marriage-day,  
And boys to teach love's comely play.

By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!  
It is the month, the jolly month,  
It is the jolly month of May.

As I went down by lane and lea,  
The daisies reddened so, pardie!  
"Blushets!" I said, "I well do see.

By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!  
The thing ye think of in this month,  
Heigho! this jolly month of May."

As down I went by rye and oats,  
The blossoms smelt of kisses; throats  
Of birds turned kisses into notes;

By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!  
The kiss it is a growing flower,  
I trow, this jolly month of May!

God send a mouth to every kiss,  
Seeing the blossom of this bliss  
By gathering doth grow, certes!

By Goddès fay, by Goddès fay!  
Thy brow-garland pushed all aslant  
Tells—but I tell not, wanton May!

*Francis Thompson.*

\* From *Odes and Other Poems*. Boston: Copeland & Day.



## PARIS LETTER.

I must open my letter with a correction of something I wrote last month. In the mention I made of the proceeds of the Goncourt sales I stated that the Goncourt Academicians would have to be satisfied with a yearly stipend somewhat inferior to what had been planned by the founder of their Academy. I was mistaken; they will get nothing at all until the accumulation of interest has made it possible to give them the full six thousand francs. The provisions of the will are imperative in that respect, and leave no discretion to the executors. This means that the beneficiaries will have to wait for quite a while. The sale of the Japanese curiosities has swollen the grand total to a little less than twelve hundred thousand francs. It will be further increased by the sale of the remaining eighteenth century prints and engravings, and of the copyrights, but all that will not come anywhere near the two million francs which must be in before the "Academy" can be started. Of course the whole thing may yet come to naught. I have just learned that the executors feel somewhat uneasy on account of the suit brought by some of the relatives. Edmond de Goncourt had been incredibly careless in the drawing of the will. For instance, a legacy to Daudet's daughter, who was born after the dating of the will, was by him written over the lines, in the very body of the will, instead of being placed in a codicil. I should not give much for the will if the case were to be tried in the United States or in England. Fortunately French courts do not pay quite so much attention to form as the courts of English-speaking countries. *Qui vivra verra.*

After correcting my own mistakes, I suppose I may be allowed to correct the mistakes of others. In the March number of THE BOOKMAN the French translator of Ian Maclaren's novels, M. Coulin, receives the title of acting editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I have it on the best authority that M. Coulin is simply one of the numerous contributors to the *Revue*, and that the writer who will, during M. Brunetière's American trip, take his place, as far as it is to be taken at all, at the editorial desk, is M. Charles Benoist.

Some names have disappeared during the month, and one name at least has come forward as a claimant to celebrity. The most notable disappearances have been those of Jules Jouy and Rodolphe Salis. Both names are connected with the celebrated Cabaret du Chat Noir, which the former founded and owned, while the latter was for a while its regular poet. Jules Jouy was perhaps the most successful *chansonnier* of the last quarter of a century. His first *chanson*, called *Derrière l'Omnibus*, was also the first great success of Paulus, the café-concert singer. It is curious to note here that, later on, Paulus and Jules Jouy were both quite prominent, but on the two opposite sides, during the Boulangist episode of French politics. It was Paulus who sang the then famous Boulangist song *En R'v'nant d'la R'vue*, while Jouy every day published in the newspaper *Paris* an anti-Boulangist *chanson*. Some of these were quite effective. Strangely enough these political *chansons* seem to have been the indirect cause of poor Jouy's dying at forty-three in a lunatic asylum! After Boulangier's defeat he was led to hope that his share in the victorious campaign would be rewarded by the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. The red ribbon never came; Jouy brooded over it, became insane, and died. He was a true poet though; and New Yorkers who heard Yvette Guilbert recite rather than sing his *Soularde* will not dispute the point.

Is the following legend or history? Who knows? Anyhow, it is related that Rodolphe Salis, having once addressed Jouy with the words "When you die—" was interrupted by his friend, who said, "When I die, old fellow, you will not have three days more to live." Now, Jouy died on Wednesday, March 17th, at eleven A.M., and Salis on Saturday, March 20th, at eight A.M.!

Salis was a bohemian of the bohemians. His literature, when he wrote, was miserable; his painting, when he painted, was worse; and for years his only way to make a living was to resort to all the stratagems so brilliantly described by Henri Murger in his immortal *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. But once he had an intuition of what was needed

by the *blasé* element of Paris society, and he created *Le Chat Noir*, a newspaper, and a cabaret, the one booming the other. The success was phenomenal; the *chansons*, the *ombres chinoises* plays, the poems of the *Chat Noir* formed no contemptible part of France's literary production during the last twenty years. There Sarcey received for the first time his nickname of *l'oncle*, and he recently called Salis the firstborn of his nephews. Fortune came. Then Salis decided, just a few weeks ago, that Paris was not large enough for the *Chat Noir*, that the provinces too must know the queer little animal; and he started on a tour with his troupe. There death was waiting for him in Châtellerault, his native city, where he was born forty-five years ago.

Perhaps this obituary ought not to close without just a mention of Lucien Biart, who died the other day at the age of sixty-eight. He combined fiction and botany in a very curious way. In fiction, *Le Bizio*, a Mexican story; in popular science, *Les Vacances d'un Jeune Naturaliste*, were, I think, his best and most successful works.

Jules Renard, to whom I alluded above without naming him, has just met with a great success with a one-act play at the private theatre of *Les Escholiers*. It has called attention to him and to his former writings, especially to two remarkably witty productions, *L'Écornifleur*, a novel, and a book of humorous and sentimental observations, *Nos Animaux*; he is a man with a future; make a note of his name.

I shall hardly do more than mention M. Pierre Denis's drama, *Jusqu'à la Mort*, acted at the Nouveau Théâtre. It is a dramatisation of General Boulanger's career. A few scenes are really pathetic.

More must be said of Abel Hermant's comedy, *La Carrière*, just given with great success at the Gymnase. Abel Hermant is a writer of skill and power. His play has great literary merit, and, in fact, most of the scenes have for months afforded delightful reading to the large constituency of this eminently *fin de siècle* periodical, *La Vie Parisienne*. Abel Hermant's first book, a novel, *Le Cavalier Miserey*, had created a great deal of scandal. The writer related there what he claimed to have witnessed when serving his term of military duty

in the Twelfth Regiment of Chasseurs à Cheval in Rouen. Unless I am mistaken the colonel of the regiment brought suit against him, and he was sentenced by the courts. Fears were expressed then that he would try to make scandal an element of literary success. These fears have been dispelled since then, and everybody is glad of his success.

Among the most notable books of the month has been, first of all, *Ramuntcho*, a new novel by Pierre Loti. It is a story of two lovers in the Basque country, in the Pyrenees, who, while the young man is serving his term in the army, are separated by the girl's mother, who puts her daughter in a convent. The young man returns; as he is a very devout Catholic, the struggle in his heart is intense. Love triumphs; he prepares everything for carrying his sweetheart away from the convent, but fails to prevail upon her to follow him. Compelled to choose between divine and human love, she has chosen the former. Some may say that she purchases her own salvation at the price of her lover's happiness; but the possibility of this criticism does not seem to have embarrassed Loti very much. Anyhow, he has written an interesting book, perhaps one of his best.

If you want more George Sand and Alfred de Musset, you may take up *La Véritable Histoire de Elle et Lui*, by the celebrated collector of autographs and princeps editions, Viscount Spoëlberck de Lovenjoul. Some chapters of the book had already appeared in *Cosmopolis*. It is highly favourable to, I should say prejudiced in favour of, George Sand.

Those who have read the first two volumes of *Mémoires des Autres* by Jules Simon need not to have the *Derniers Mémoires des Autres* recommended to them. It is a delightful record of recollections. The book is edited by Jules Simon's older son, Dr. Gustave Simon.

Among Napoleoniana we have an excellent historical study by Henri Welschinger on Napoleon's son, *Le Roi de Rome*. It is the first time that we have anything like a trustworthy picture of that ill-fated prince.

To the student of the history of literature I heartily commend the new issue in the collection of *Grands Écrivains Français*, the French counterpart of Morley's "English Men of Letters." The

author is the Duke de Broglie, and the writer studied Malherbe. Although more used to historical and political subjects, the aristocratic Academician has done his work remarkably well. To those who may wonder at the soundness of his literary scholarship I shall say in confidence that he was helped by a big bundle of notes handed to him by Gaston Deschamps, the writer of the *Vie Littéraire* articles, in the *Temps*, who had first been commissioned to write the book, and who had given it up for reasons unknown to me.

If we pass from published to forthcoming books we have the welcome announcement of a great narrative poem on Joan of Arc, by Clovis Hugues. The Marseilles poet has unquestionably the gift of poetical expressions, and everybody will await the result of his labours with a great deal of interest. His poem is to be written in the decasyllabic line of the old *Chansons de Geste*, and he claims to have followed very closely the most trustworthy sources of the history of the great heroine.

All men of letters, as well as artists, will be glad to hear of the purchase by the Louvre of the celebrated portrait of Armand Bertin, by Ingres. Aside from its artistic value, which is of the greatest, it has historical and literary interest. Armand Bertin was the editor of the *Journal des Débats* during the most brilliant period of the *Débats'* existence. It is for his daughter, who was a music composer of decided ability, that Victor Hugo turned the Esmeralda episode of *Nôtre Dame de Paris* into an opera libretto. The portrait passes out of the hands of the Bapst family, which now owns the *Débats*, for a sum which has been stated in public to be eighty thousand francs, but which, I am told, is only half of that amount.

A great deal of curiosity centres around a meeting which is announced to take place in the hall of the Société de Géographie on Tuesday, April 20th. Léo Taxil has promised to produce on that day the much-talked-of Diana Vaughan. We shall know then whether she is a myth or not, or whether she is not simply Mme. Gabriel Antoine Jogand-Paget, which would mean Mme. Léo Taxil, as the last two words are only a *nom de plume*. A curious fellow, this man of forty-three, and a strange career. The books that bear his name would fill a good-sized book-case. They

contain pamphlets, novels, historical (?) works, etc. There is very little in them that is readable. Rumour has it that a number of these books were written under Taxil's orders by scribblers of no intelligence whatever; that some of them were even boldly purchased by him from the authors. Once at least he simply appropriated another man's work without paying for it. That was when he republished under his own name the *Sermons de Mon Curé* of a certain Auguste Roussel, who had just died, an act for which he was sentenced to pay four thousand francs to Roussel's heirs, and which led to his expulsion from Free Masonry in 1882. Another time he had to pay sixty thousand francs damages and costs to Count Mastai, the nephew and heir of Pius IX., on account of the publication of his odiously scurrilous *Amours de Pie IX.* Of course all this belongs to his anti-Catholic period, when he was editing the *Midi Républicain* at Montpellier, and in Paris *l'Anticléricale* and the *République Anticléricale*, when he founded the *Ligue Anticléricale*, which soon numbered fifteen thousand members, and when he managed the *Librairie Anticléricale*, of the Rue des Écoles. This period reached its climax in 1885, when he was elected president of the *Congrès des Libres Penseurs*. In the same year he passed from anti-Catholicism to Catholicism, abjured his errors in the hands of the papal nuncio, Monsignor di Rende, went to Rome, and was absolved by the Pope, who even forgave his publishing two years earlier *l'Empoisonneur Léon XIII.*, *Les Cinq Millions du Chanoine*. Unfortunately for Taxil, his change of attitude has not made him either less prolific or more readable. It is the same system of indiscriminating violence against his opponents. But one thing he has gained. He is no longer sued before the courts and compelled to pay damages. But for all that he may yet be unable to produce Diana Vaughan and to prove that she held real converse with Satan.

I do not know whether the columns of THE BOOKMAN are open to puns. Here is one, though, which is decidedly bookish. You know, of course, of the publishing firm of Plon and Nourrit. It is said that the dream of the starving man of letters is "*Être édité par Plon . . . et Nourrit !*"

Alfred Manière.

PARIS, April 2, 1897.

## THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The number of letters received by us during the past six weeks is greater than that for any similar period in our whole editorial experience, and unfortunately the space at our disposal this month is very much restricted. Hence, though the letters themselves are even livelier than usual, we must now reply to those alone that seem to be particularly pressing, and reserve the rest until the June issue of our magazine. We may say *par parenthèse* that nothing has come to us from Mr. Israel U. Sage; and this fact would in itself be more or less depressing did we not feel sure that he is busily at work on the back numbers of THE BOOKMAN, and that his present silence is only the ominous calm that precedes the explosion of a tremendous linguistic and literary bomb.

## I.

We have quite a number of letters taking exception to opinions expressed in certain of the articles contributed by various writers to THE BOOKMAN and duly signed by them. Among these notes, for instance, is one from "A New England Girl," dated (rather paradoxically, it seems to us) from Chicago, and full of bright criticism of the appreciation of Mr. Howells which appeared in the February number. Here is also another letter from Chicago written with much asperity and a certain disregard of the accepted rules for using capital letters, and saying some very unkind things about the writer of the skit on "The New Child and its Picture Books" in the Christmas number. And so it goes. Now, we are very willing to give space to criticism directed against our editorial utterances; but to publish letters relating to the opinions expressed in contributed articles would open too wide a door and swamp the magazine. So we must consistently decline to go a single step in this direction, though greatly appreciating the literary quality of some of these communications.

## II.

The lady from New Albany, Ind., who attacked us in the *Critic* some time ago, and whom we gently chided in re-

ply, has written us a six-page letter in which she says things in a large and warlike style of chirography. We should like to print it and also answer it; but she is evidently real mad, and as we are well supplied with discretion, we think that we shall keep out of this thing altogether, for our courage has its well-marked limitations.

## III.

A resident of Providence, R. I. (name not given), sends us the following query on a postal card:

"On page 6 of the March number, why do you speak of 'a portion of Mr. Kipling's work'? Is it something to eat?"

Seldom indeed does it happen that from a correspondent's letter we can make a plausible guess at his environment and occupation. But there is no doubt in this case. The gentleman's profession, like his point of view, is obviously that of a waiter in a restaurant.

## IV.

Here is a letter that has given us infinite delight. It comes from Carpentersville, Ill.:

"DEAR BOOKMAN: On page 5 of the March BOOKMAN, in an article on Mr. Hamlin Garland, I notice you quote from his writing up of Grant in *McClure's Magazine*, 'the ripple of pliant snow-white trousers,' and of this you say: 'We wish that he had called them "pants."'

"Why do you say this? Do you think 'pants' is a better or prettier word than 'trousers'? Would you use 'pants' in talking and writing in preference to 'trousers'? And why?"

Really, you know, we must leave this writer still in the dark. We love our inoffensive little joke; but if we must always turn in and explain it we shall presently repent. And if our correspondent is in reality so serious a person as this, we must reluctantly advise him to give up THE BOOKMAN in the future and to stick conscientiously to the *Dial*.

## V.

A great many readers send us samples of the errors which they have detected in the pages of our contemporaries, and these little notes we generally do not

print. But the following query is so delightfully *naïf* as to induce us to embalm it for posterity :

"I notice in a back number of the *Chap Book* an article which ascribes the composition of the Apocalypse to St. Paul ! Is it not surprising to find such ignorance in a publication like the *Chap Book* ?"

Surprising ? Well, hardly. What else could any one expect to find there ?

## VI.

A lady, presumably young, writes as follows from Syracuse, N. Y. :

"In your March number you say that 'unmixed Saxon is good enough for Gurth and Wamba.' Who are Gurth and Wamba ?"

Bless us and save us ! What shall we say to this ? Nothing, except to advise the young lady to stop reading Stephen Crane and Marie Corelli (we know that she reads Marie Corelli) and to take six months or a year off for the exclusive perusal of Sir Walter Scott.

## VII.

Some very sceptical person who does not sign his name to the letter that he writes from Scranton, Pa., asks the following question :

"Are the letters published in the Letter-Box actually sent to you, or are they written by the Editors ?"

This is really rather good. Imagine us sitting down and solemnly writing critical letters to ourselves, and then, after thinking over their contents, sapiently composing the replies ! All we can do by way of answer is to invite this ingenious Scrantonian and any others who favour his hypothesis to climb six flights of stairs and visit us in our editorial lair. We shall receive them with that urbanity which is one of our strongest points ; and though the office is not very well supplied with chairs, we shall ask them to be seated while we direct their attention to a large brown hook that hangs beside our desk, impaling all the Letter-Box correspondence of the preceding three months, together with some of the classics of older date, such as the letters of Mr. Israel U. Sage and of his amiable though mythical wife, Mrs. Griselda Sage. These our inquisitive friends will carefully examine, and then they will apologise and go away,

and our character will be triumphantly vindicated.

## VIII.

In a moment of temporary mental aberration such as all men are subject to at this season of the year, when the world grows fresh and an editor's brain grows stale, we spoke of "Lady Dedlock's quondam lover" as being the person who, in *Bleak House*, perished by spontaneous combustion. This was a sad sort of slip for us to make ; but we haven't the heart to regret it, because it has been the source of so much pure delight to our esteemed readers. Never before, we are convinced, did they hail with such enthusiasm anything that we have written. Up to the present moment, by actual count, no fewer than twenty-three letters and eighteen postal cards have come in, and every mail brings more. The writers are evidently enjoying themselves hugely. They gibe and chortle ; they ask whether we have ever read Dickens, anyhow ; they gleefully summon Mr. Laurence Hutton to contemplate our plight and be revenged ; they dance on us ; and they triumph all along the line. The very earliest and most amusing of all these paper missiles came only a day or two after the April number appeared, and is in verse, as follows :

"O prithee, BOOKMAN, tell me why  
Thy microscopic gimlet eye,  
In reading proof, should pass quite by  
The error I discover.  
If thou hadst read thy *Bleak House* well  
Sure thou wouldst not so gravely tell  
Of the strange fate that there befell  
Poor Dedlock's 'quondam lover.'

"Alack ! Didst think she loved Old Krook,  
Who moused in junk with claws and hook ?  
No, 'twas not he whom she forsook ;  
But *he* 'twas who combusted !  
Then, prithee, BOOKMAN, take this lay  
In kindly wise, and prompt allay  
Our woe at finding one estray  
In whom we've often trusted.

H. E. H.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 27, 1897.

No doubt we ought to feel utterly crushed by all this ; but to tell the truth we can't ; for our personal sense of chagrin is lost in a feeling of editorial pride, and we confidently invoke the Muses and everybody else to say whether *any* magazine ever had such a clever lot of readers as THE BOOKMAN manifestly possesses.

## IX.

Any one's mind would get a little uncertain after having to read all the letters that still keep coming in about the Return of Manuscripts Question. They are no longer little biting notes and Parthian postal cards, but long academic-looking documents, some of which might pass for doctor-dissertations, bringing to bear all the heavy artillery of history, ethics, eloquence, and formal logic. The arguments are set forth in regular lecture-room style (one, two, three) with subheadings (A, a, B, b, C, c), and presently they will be getting to  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ . The formal syllogism in all its variations plays a leading part and is rather terrifying. It is always painful to have it conclusively demonstrated that one is no good ; but when the proof takes the definite form of Baroko or Felapton we begin to feel

scared. However, there is now and then a gleam of light in all this tempest. Such a thing we find in a postal card lately received from Mr. L. Kranz of Providence, R. I. It appears that Mr. Kranz had had from the advertising department a circular asking for his subscription to *THE BOOKMAN*. Whereupon he sat down and wrote the following :

"GENTLEMEN : Your kind invitation for pecuniary support of *THE BOOKMAN* is rejected. We cannot undertake to return rejected applications of the kind, whether stamps are enclosed or not.

"Yours truly,

"L. KRANZ."

Here is a humourist after our own heart, and we wish that we knew more of him. We proffer to Mr. Kranz all the compliments of the season, and beg to assure him of our most distinguished consideration.

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 THE SPINNER.

My spinning lies, at set o' sun,  
Where all who pass may see ;  
And if they pause and if they run  
It were all one to me.

For I have spun a simple thread,  
No more remains to do ;  
The bloom from off my vine is shed ;  
The leaf is falling, too.

And none may know how many a thing  
Spins with my linen's fold ;  
The passing face ; the wild bird's wing ;  
The breath of Autumn's mould.

And now it lies upon the grass ;  
The dew clings chill and wet ;  
And some will come and some will pass  
To gaze and then forget.

But by and by dim stars will be,  
And then the hush of night ;  
And then, mayhap (I shall not see),  
God's morn will make it white !

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*

## NEW BOOKS.

## TRENT'S "SOUTHERN STATESMEN."\*

"Until it is possible," Professor Trent writes (p. 274), "for one and the same man to render justice both to William Lloyd Garrison and to Jefferson Davis . . . we shall not have an impartial historian." And again (p. 240): "The Brooks-Sumner affair, Bleeding Kansas, the John Brown raid, are admirable tests of the ability of the American historian: if he be at all a partisan, they affect him as the loadstone mountain did the ships of the Arabian tale—all the bolts are drawn out from his historical craft, and the erstwhile proudly sailing vessel lies a mere mass of planks and cordage upon the waters." Upon none of these test questions does the plan of Professor Trent's book permit him to express an opinion except upon the character and record of Jefferson Davis. Here he is certainly impartial. He depicts the Southern President as an able but not a great man; as an honest and high-minded but mistaken man; as the ill-starred leader of a cause justly foredoomed to failure.

Almost simultaneously with Professor Trent's *Southern Statesmen* there comes from the press a history of *The Middle Period: 1817-1858*, by Professor Burgess, of Columbia University. In this book three of Professor Trent's five test problems are dealt with, and the way in which the author will deal with the other two is clearly foreshadowed. The provocation given by Sumner and the "satisfaction" exacted by Brooks, the sack of Lawrence and the Pottawattomie massacre are visited with various and fairly proportioned degrees of condemnation. Of Garrison the Northern historian writes that, while his "doctrines are to be justified from the point of view of an extreme idealism, the means for their realisation, at first only indicated, but later boldly and rudely expressed, were revolutionary, almost anarchic" (p. 246). John Brown's raid lies beyond the limits

of Professor Burgess's present narrative, and his estimate of Jefferson Davis will probably be more fully revealed in his forthcoming volume on *The Civil War and Reconstruction*; but the historian who denounces the Pottawattomie massacre as "common crime of the blackest sort" (p. 473) is not likely to deal gently with Brown's attempt to incite a servile insurrection in Virginia; and in noting and commending Davis's conduct as Secretary of War, Professor Burgess has already characterised him as "a remarkably upright man" (p. 472).

With most of these opinions we fancy that Professor Trent concurs; with some of them we are sure that he does. The Southern writer's view of the great question so long at issue between the sections is summed up in the last paragraph of his book: "Jefferson Davis lost his imaginary country at Appomattox, just where the new generation of Southerners have found a real one." It is to this new generation that he himself belongs; he cannot remember, he tells us, that he ever saw a slave. Professor Burgess is an older man; he saw slavery, and he carried a musket on the Union side; but in his book there is no more trace of sectional prejudice than in Professor Trent's. Each of these men is striving to write American history, not from a Northern nor from a Southern, but from an American point of view; and it is a happy augury for the future of our whole country—a future so largely dependent on the establishment of a good understanding between the older States, North and South—that the judgments expressed or indicated by these two writers are, on the most important points at least, so nearly harmonious.

As far as differences of opinion are brought out in *The Middle Period* and *Southern Statesmen*, it is interesting to note that in many instances it is the Northerner who leans toward what is commonly regarded as the Southern side, and the Southerner who expresses the average Northern opinion. Professor Trent says, for example, that the methods employed by Tyler and Calhoun to bring Texas

\* Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime: Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Jefferson Davis. By William P. Trent, M.A., Professor in the University of the South. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00.

into the Union "deserve all the harsh criticism they have received" (p. 188). Professor Burgess thinks that "the President and Mr. Calhoun were correct as regards the manner in which a foreign State should be annexed to the United States," namely, by treaty, "but they can hardly be justly blamed or criticised for following the method insisted upon by Congress" (p. 323). Professor Burgess's judgment of Calhoun as a man and of his doctrines does not greatly differ from Professor Trent's, but is, on the whole, more sympathetic. Professor Trent, again, indicates his opinion of the course pursued by the Federal Executive during the Kansas troubles by saying that Secretary Davis was President Pierce's "evil genius" (p. 281). Professor Burgess declares that the attitude of Pierce and Davis was "honourable and praiseworthy," citing the testimony of the Free-State leader, Governor Robinson (pp. 472, 473).

Do these and similar differences of view indicate that either writer is biased by his desire to be impartial? Such an explanation would be honourable to the heart, at least, of either; but I do not think that it would be true. In each of the instances I have noted the Northern writer expresses an independent judgment while the Southern writer follows Professor Von Holst. As a foreigner, this historian should be fairly impartial; in fact, he is devoutly Abolitionist. Professor Trent, again, is less interested than is Professor Burgess in the legal aspects of the long sectional struggle that preceded the Civil War, and is, therefore, less in sympathy, on the intellectual side, with the Southern protagonists, who had to fight, for the most part, on purely legal lines. To Professor Trent, accordingly, Calhoun is "shadowy," and his reasoning "nightmarish." To Professor Burgess, Calhoun is concrete and intelligible—an acute barrister who stands firmly on his construction of the law that is already made, and ignores or resists the law that is in the making.

To Professor Trent's lack of interest in constitutional law is perhaps to be ascribed a certain flabbiness in his political science—for law furnishes the osseous structure of that science. His political instincts are sound, but his political thinking is a trifle vague. When

he speaks (p. 269) of the Federal Constitution as "a compromise between particularistic and centralistic ideas," we are able to follow him; but when he alludes (p. 173) to the "fatal distinction between delegated and reserved powers" which was introduced by the founders, it is hard to see what he means. The distinction which he terms "fatal" is essential to our form of political organization. Without the theory of delegated powers there can be no federal scheme of government; without the theory of reserved powers there can be no constitutional protection of civil liberty. The great question before Calhoun's time was: Must the delegation of powers be express? The question between Calhoun and the nationalists was: What is the authority that delegates and reserves? Calhoun said the States: the nationalists said the people of the United States. What Professor Trent probably means is that the language of the tenth amendment to the Constitution did not afford as clear an answer to this question as was desirable. Professor Trent's dictum, again, that "when a doctrine like that of nullification is met only by an assertion of force, the victory is with the doctrinaires" (p. 167), apparently stamps him as a doctrinaire who cannot understand that force is the fundamental fact both in sovereignty and in law. He shows elsewhere, however, an instinctive grasp of the truth in declaring that "it is idle to waste time pricking theories that have already been pierced by the sword" (p. 284).

It is, however, hardly just to this book—which is neither a political history of the United States nor a treatise on political science, but a collection of political biographies—and hardly fair to the readers of *THE BOOKMAN*, which is a literary journal, to pursue further this line of criticism. As biography and as literature the book is excellent. Each character is studied and explained in its environment of time and place; and only a Southerner could have given us the background which is so essential to a right view of the later Southern leaders, and so helpful even in the case of Washington. The characters, moreover, are not merely accounted for or merely described: they are realised. This is true at least of Washington, Randolph, Stephens, Toombs, and Davis. Washington is brought back



from mythopoetic regions and shown, with much warmth of feeling, as a great man who is at the same time a real man. Of the four others whom I have named the average Northern reader, and perhaps the average American reader, will gain for the first time a clear and just idea. Calhoun, confessedly "shadowy" to the writer, is naturally somewhat nebulous to the reader; and Jefferson is hardly more distinct. One cannot but wonder whether Professor Trent really admires Jefferson as highly as he says that he does, or has merely succeeded in persuading himself that he ought so to admire him. There is something in his treatment of Jefferson that suggests the latter hypothesis, although it would be difficult to say what that something is. There is a discrepancy which, if unconscious, is all the more significant, between the description of Jefferson in the preface (p. x.) as that one of all our statesmen who had "the most philosophic grasp and reach of mind," and the remark on page 33 that while he "made the idea of democracy potent both socially and politically" he "unfortunately set it in unnecessary and unphilosophical antagonism to the idea of nationality."

If any one wishes to see how well Professor Trent can write, let him read the eloquent paragraph on pages 20 and 21, in which Washington is compared with others of the world's greatest generals and statesmen. There is a singular harmony between the subject and the manner of these stately sentences. If any one desires a sample of the author's power to coin apt phrases, let him note the characterisation of Jefferson as a "transcendentalist" (p. 85), and that of Randolph as "the Heine of Virginia politics" (p. 96). If one wishes to see how thoroughly readable political biography can be made let him open the book anywhere.

One of the things that makes Professor Trent readable is his audacity. Take, for an example, his remark (p. 158) that the radical defect of character, both with Calhoun and with his State, was "that portentous lack of humour that never fails to lead men and nations into trouble." "Calhoun," he adds, "would have been saved many a blunder had he been able to speak disrespectfully of the equator—or of South Carolina." We may query whether Professor Trent

would not be saved from much hostile criticism, and whether his views would not obtain readier acceptance among his fellow-Southerners, if he were able to curb his sense of humour; but we are sure that his writings would then lose as literature quite as much as they might gain as tracts.

Professor Trent's use of words—barring law terms—is commonly so completely in accord with the best modern usage that one wonders whether his verb transitive to "fault" a person (which is authorised but unusual) and his rather feminine use of the adjective "queer" are local or individual peculiarities.

Munroe Smith.

#### THE SECRET OF STEVENSON'S CHARM.\*

The Thistle Edition of Stevenson, the first sixteen volumes of which were reviewed in these columns when they appeared a little over a year ago, is now completed by these four new volumes, with the exception of one more volume to be published in the autumn, which will contain the posthumous novel *St. Ives*, now appearing in *McClure's Magazine*, and several miscellaneous papers to be still collected and arranged by Mr. Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's literary executor. This volume, it is expected, will also include a complete Index to the whole edition. Subscribers to this edition, we may add, are presented with fac-simile reproductions of four pamphlets printed by Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, the illustrations in which were engraved by Stevenson himself and printed in 1881 and 1882. Only a few impressions were taken, which now command high prices, and the fac-similes which have been struck off are limited to subscribers to the Thistle Edition, and will not be distributed to other than the purchasers of this set.

It is cheering to learn that the publishers have had a great success with this edition; not only so, but of all the subscription editions which they have

\* The Thistle Edition of Stevenson's Works. Vol. xvii., *Vailima Letters*: xviii., *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*; *Records of a Family of Engineers*: xix., *In the South Seas*; *A Footnote to History*: xx., *Weir of Hermiston*; *The Plays*; *Fables*. \$2.00 per vol. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

recently issued of prominent authors in this form that of Stevenson has been far and away the leader. The question arises, What is there to account for Stevenson's popularity? What is the secret of his charm? We must agree that the charm was the charm of the man behind his books; what then was the peculiar quality in Stevenson's personality which held his readers? The key-note of Stevenson's life, and, as we believe, the secret of his charm, is that he was brought early face to face with death, and all through was as one who might be at any moment summoned, and whose call could not in any case be very long delayed. In his brave and beautiful essay "Ordered South," he lets us a little way into the secret of his earlier and later thoughts. What it means to be "ordered south," the difference it makes, we need not explain. Spitting a little blood—that may change for a man the face of earth and sky. The remote horizon of seventy is replaced by near and ever-nearing walls. How will this be taken by a high young heart? Stevenson has thought and spoken in express answer, and the close student of his books will discover that the reality was ever with him.

The natural thing is at first to take refuge in stoicism, to accept the sentence silently, to be fearless and gentle under the condemnation, to look for the stars that come out when the sun is down and the west faded. It is natural to think little, to make nothing of one's self, to put one's self out from the activities of humanity. But the first thought is not the best. It is inhuman, for the sufferer comes to look upon his fellows as on an alien race, and so Stevenson was attracted at first by the deformities and peculiarities of mankind. He was an observer, not contemptuous, but not sympathetic. The changing and passing show, the shadows and the generations, "the shrill doctors and the plangent wars going away into ultimate silence and emptiness," he viewed as one apart. This is a weakness of his work as well as in some respects a strength, and it has particularly marred his critical judgments, many of which are unduly severe and unhelpful, as, for example, his essay on Burns, in which, as he vaguely felt himself later, he utterly missed the way.

Another effect is to give a peculiar sense of freedom. A man feels that he has not now to answer those calls which have always been ringing in his ears. Day by day he has been solicited and claimed on every hand. He has answered as he best could; he has toiled with continual industry, but the labour has been weary and lonely; and now that he is so strangely exempted there is often no depression, but, on the contrary, a wonderful lightening of the heart. Now he does not ask from life anything more, and life asks no more from him. The kindling eagerness of hope and fear, grown overgreat, has passed away; the fever of emotion and the paralysis of despair are alike subdued. The individual soul may not be robbed wholly of the desire for personal recognition, but the desire is consecrated and clean.

And then he begins to see that his fellow-creatures need his pity. He thinks of the burdens that they are to bear during the long years, of the cruel defeats that await the multitude, of the broken, costly victories which are the portion of the few. For them, too, after long endurance, the same great revelation and call are waiting. Life is a vapour that appears for a little time and vanishes away, and in a noble nature like Stevenson's there arise divinely pitiful thoughts of the fellow-passengers on the last cruise, though they do not know it. He sees them as one who is both with them and above them, with the wisdom of one who has faced the worst and borne the burden of the thought of death. And he discovers also that he is loved more than he had dreamed. The years have no greater thing to tell us as they pass than the truth that the life of the very meanest is unspeakably important to some few. And so in the soothed and warmed air the desire to help grows keen, and with this office of helping Stevenson was busy to the last of his days, grateful for every sign of affection, but never asking for it, always giving from his stores of sympathy and courage, painfully writing letters which are now kept as sacred, and shown with tender pride only to the dear and trusted. Such affection does not cloud the vision; it makes it far sharper. The sufferer takes a truer measure of things. Instead of anticipating a far-off happiness, he learns to

be glad in the day, the hour, the moment. He finds that the spirit of delight comes often on small wings, and when he learns that a long life is not to be taken as a matter of course, and that every added day is an unexpected grace, the stores of his happiness continually grow. He learns a large, pitiful judgment of men in their errors and achievements and sorrows. One example to which many might be added is his sketch of Thoreau. It was impossible at first to read it without deep regret. One felt that no sort of justice had been done to that great writer, that man of noble and simple nature. But Stevenson himself came to see the truth, and owned it nobly. He spoke of Thoreau as a selfish, small-souled prig, a man who dwelt by Walden Pond for the purpose of improving himself, a man who was too cold-blooded ever to be honestly in love. But he came to see and acknowledge that Thoreau's shanty in the woods was the refuge of the slave, that Thoreau was an ardent worker, soul and body, in the great movement of liberation, that at his own risk he sent the slaves along the road to freedom; further, that Thoreau was once in love, and by a great act of renunciation sacrificed the woman to his brother. So that what seemed a lack of interest to the philosopher was really a touching insincerity of the man to his own heart, and that fine-spun theory of friendship so devoid of flesh and blood was a mere anodyne to lull his pains. The old wound kept bleeding while the hero deceived himself with reasons. What Stevenson says about Whitman is true of himself. He gradually ceased to carry the world upon his shoulders and had faith in God. He did not whine and mutiny in this wonderful universe, and he could make the memorable words of Whitman his own: "There is a text 'He doeth all things well,' the meaning of which after due time appears to the soul."

With the sense of the shortcomings of life came the desire that no time should be lost. He saw at once the narrow limits and the vast possibilities of existence. He saw that there was something yet to be done, something that must be done ere the trumpet sounded for recall. Hence came his instant, unflagging activity, continued to the very last. We are all under the

temptation to accept excuses for idleness. There is such an unending brawl and clamour, so many are busy in our little fields; we feel, perhaps, not sure that we have anything to say, and even if we have there are so many to say it better. So we welcome an excuse for making an end. Browning, in one of his most memorable poems, gives us the thoughts of one whose life's mid-current was stopped by a great stone whereat the waves strove.

"They may churn and chide  
Awhile—my waves that came for their joy,  
And found this horrible stone full tide,  
Yet I see just a thread escape, deploy  
Through the evening country silent and safe,  
And it suffers no more till it finds the sea."

More, much more, than a thread escaped with Stevenson. He was fruitful almost to the final hour, busily planning more work and better work when he died.

The effect of all this upon others may be put into a few sentences, and goes a long way, we venture to think, in accounting for Stevenson's charm. When any one is dying, affection and sympathy go out to him very easily. We feel that what we can do we must do very quickly. Nobody could think about Stevenson without seeing the couch on which he lay, without hearing his labouring breath, without knowing "at once the scar of the wound and the order pinned on the heart." The feeling of envy which is still so powerful could not live in the presence of that brave sufferer smiling at the rod. As he said himself, beauty sprang from the breast of pain, and the sight let the nobler passions play. Surely there was no creature so base as to grudge Stevenson his meed of victory. Each new book we had from him might be his last, and it is only when we are about to lose or have lost, that we know how precious and good our treasure was. They are happy who know in time, and they well may be grateful who have heard the distant footsteps of death which, by suggesting loss, make us conscious of the love we might otherwise hardly know. We all of us felt that sooner or later, and it might be sooner, we too had to face Stevenson's foe, and this man was fighting the battle grandly, for to know that the opportunities are shrinking is a call to do our utmost in what time remains. In other words, the inevitable fate stimulated energy, and gave a new keenness

of emotion to mankind. And this was the effect to many minds of a visit, whether in thought or person, to Stevenson's sick-room. Is there anything more admirable than courage? Is it not the root of all virtue?

Stevenson was no sickly sentimentalist. His was a profoundly religious nature, more and more religious and reverent and in every sense of the word pious as the end grew nearer. But about religion he was not voluble. He was like him of whom it was written, "He spoke not much of religion when dying. His silent death was like his life, an amen to God's will." Did that bright spirit think of death as the end of all things? It could not be.

"Our low life was the level's and the night's;  
He's for the morning."

#### THE WELL-BELOVED.\*

Twenty-three years ago, when *Far from the Madding Crowd* was appearing anonymously in the *Cornhill Magazine*, it was authoritatively ascribed, as I have been told, to the author of *Adam Bede*. To us of to-day this guess seems to betray a surprising lack of literary instinct. In picturesqueness, in humour, in characterisation, above all in artistic perfection of workmanship, the love-story of Bathsheba Everdene was immensely superior to anything ever accomplished by that lofty-minded moral essayist who mistook her way into story-telling. So great a character, so powerful an intellect, could indeed attempt nothing ingloriously; but her heart was too often in the moral rather than in the story, and the destructive criticism of the day has already played strange havoc with her work. Strangely enough as regards the guess of the critic above quoted, it is in Mr. Hardy's later, not his early, works that any real resemblance to George Eliot is to be found. Glancing at these, we observe that a common seriousness of purpose and gloominess of creed stamp the two authors as the outcome of a single period in the history of philosophic thought.

\* *The Well-Beloved*. A Sketch of a Temperament. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

In a word, they belong alike to the age of Huxleyism, or of Positivism, George Eliot marking the rise of its influence in fiction, Hardy the close. Receiving the novel of manners from the somewhat superficial hands of Thackeray, George Eliot poured into it a moral and humanitarian earnestness unknown to it before; and this same earnestness survives to this day in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. But it survives there alone. Mr. Hardy was born in 1840, and Robert Louis Stevenson some ten or twelve years later. But when Stevenson had arrived at man's estate, the current of our thoughts had already changed. We were grown weary of hopeless brooding over the problems of life that haunted us even in our recreations, and for our consolation Stevenson gave us the novel of pure amusement, guaranteed not to make us think. Other writers, often of brilliant ability, have continued other traditions of the older schools; but the main stream of tendency, as it seems to me, is here. To the place of the lamented Stevenson's romances has succeeded what I may perhaps call the anthropological fiction of Kipling—the fiction which recognises as its aim the comparative study of man as modified by the skies and conditions under which he lives, and which, notwithstanding all the commanding genius it displays, labours under this disadvantage—that in it woman figures but in the part of "lesser man." This passage may appear irrelevant, but its object is to put the position of Mr. Hardy's later novels distinctly before the reader.

In all but a few chapters, which have been rewritten, *The Well-Beloved* is an earlier work than *Jude the Obscure* (which in this issue of the "Wessex Novels" immediately precedes it), having appeared as a serial in the *Illustrated London News* as far back as 1892. Its manner, accordingly, is that of an earlier period. It has none of the characteristics which made *Jude* such a subject of debate—disconcerting, as that book did, some of the author's warmest admirers, while to others it appeared to contain, side by side with an admitted diminution of beauty, the most interesting study of a man which he had yet given to the world, together with possibly the fullest and freest expression of his matured genius. On the other hand, *The Well-Beloved*—surely the shortest

and slightest novel Mr. Hardy has written since *The Strange Adventures of a Milkmaid*—exhibits several of the charming characteristics which won the hearts of readers of his earlier works. The scenery of *Jude the Obscure* was austere and harshly realistic; but perhaps only once before—when he drew Egdon Waste—has the author so vitally realised a landscape as here, upon a smaller scale, indeed, he has done that of Portland Bill—"the peninsula carved by Time out of a single stone," the reputed Vin-dilia Island, the Home of the Slingers, with its voices, its suggestions, its climatic and tidal peculiarities, its traces of a far-gone past, and its inhabitants, a race apart, living by and unto themselves. As Egdon Waste lives, so lives the "Isle," as it could never have lived upon the canvas even of the greatest of colourists, brought before us not only in its external features and a single mood, but in its changes and its spirit as well. This is the triumph of the art of literary description, an art as distinct from the no-art of word-painting as an etching from a photograph. And, as the landscape is in Mr. Hardy's happiest manner, so—as a mere sketch of a girl—he has never surpassed the portrait of Avice the First. For myself, Mr. Hardy's women—second only to Shakespeare's as I conceive them to be—lack, in one respect, variety. They are, without exception, a young man's women. They charm the eye, fascinate, enthrall the spirit. But the fact remains that it is by virtue of the capacity of passion, latent or at least suspected in them, that they interest, stimulate, appeal to or madden ourselves or the heroes of the books. And so is it with girls in real life while a man continues young. But few are privileged—or should I say are doomed—to remain youthful in heart as long as Jocelyn Pierston, the imaginative and susceptible sculptor of whose "temperament" this book purports to be a sketch. And, when youth is gone, then it is another side of womanhood which moves us. Then it is through her divine capacity, not for passion, but for affection, that she appeals to us, no longer in the character of the Foam-born Goddess, but in that of the Great Consoler. Now of this style of women, in the whole range of Mr. Hardy's novels, there is scarce a trace. I by no means urge it as a shortcoming, I merely state

it as a fact. Elfride is a doubtful exception. Viviette, indeed, has tenderness, but it is the tenderness of a woman, herself no longer young, who is enamoured of a youth. And there is no maternal love, so far as I remember, in any one of the novels save that of the austere, though passionate, Mrs. Yeobright, or of Mrs. Jethway, a slighter sketch drawn either from the same model or one which much resembles it. In a word, of the consolation of a woman's love there is as little trace as of the consolation of religion. But among all Mr. Hardy's heroines—a Dream of Fairest Women indeed—the softer charm of womanhood is perhaps best realised in the first Avice Caro of this book. In the very instant of her entrance upon the scene she wins the heart of every masculine reader; her gentle charm is sustained through all we see of her, and though she disappears so soon, she is made to linger, pathetically transfigured, in the reader's memory to the end.

I have spoken of the things which appeal to me most forcibly in the book, and space barely suffices for a mere mention of what remains. The first few chapters are a delightful romance, of the kind of which, with never-faltering freshness, the author has already given us so many. The remainder is devoted to the somewhat mechanical working out of a plot which would be whimsical but for its purpose of developing the hero's character. In this regard, one almost inclines to believe that the author has borrowed from the French Symbolists, and intends us, while reading the letter of his story, to mark and inwardly digest a but half-revealed spiritual significance. The hero's delusion is, I fancy, no very uncommon one; the uncommonness consists in his clear and early perception of it. That the story of his life-long pursuit of "the Well Beloved" ends in a bitter "making the best of things" is in strict keeping with the pure paganism of the character. But there were pagans, like Cicero, if not pagans of artistic temperament, who overcame the hatred of old age, and black indeed is the outlook for the Pierstons of to-day who can devise no means for doing the same. I cannot close without a word of regret at the unsympathetic touch with which the few "society" scenes in the book are represented.

George Douglas.

## THE NANSEN SAGA.\*

"Shrouded in fog lay the mystic land of Nivlheim, where the Reimtúrser carried on their wild gambols. Why did we [Norsemens] continually return to the attack? There in the darkness and cold stood Helheim, where the death-goddess held her sway; there lay Nässtrand, the shore of corpses. Thither, where no living being could draw breath, thither troop after troop made its way. To what end? Was it to bring home the dead, as did Hermod when he rode after Baldur? No! it was simply to satisfy man's thirst for knowledge." So writes Nansen of exploration in the dawn of history, knowing that, for all his debt to modern science and training, and to the experiences and warnings of other Arctic voyagers, a debt generously acknowledged, the first impulse, the haunting compulsion that forced him to the north, the fascination that held him there, lost, weary, and in danger, were far older than his own memories and studies, and came from the Vikings, from Leif and Eric the Red. "Was it a mere feeling of duty that impelled me?" he asks, in one of his candid and expansive moments. "Oh, no! I was simply a child yearning for a great adventure out in the unknown, who had dreamed of it so long that at last I believed it really awaited me; and it has, indeed, fallen to my lot, the great adventure of the ice."

In the record of "booms" there is none more creditable than the Nansen one. It means even more than our national admiration for pluck; it is a response of the imagination to a quality in the leader, in the spirit of the expedition not always present in other leaders who have had our whole-hearted admiration and pity for their sufferings and their indomitable endurance. Read the book and see the man to find what that quality is. The record of his adventures as told in the newspapers and in his own lectures is not nearly enough

\* *Farthest North*. By Fridtjof Nansen: Being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration of the ship *Fram*, 1893-96, and of a Fifteen Months' Sleigh Journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen. With an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the *Fram*. About 120 full-page and numerous text illustrations, sixteen coloured plates in fac-simile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches, etched portrait, photogravures, and maps. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$10.00.

to show his possession by a dream that had to be fulfilled, an idea that had to be worked out. As a story-book, *Farthest North* is magnificent and dangerously fascinating; truant schoolboys may now be looked for by the score as stowaways in whaling boats; the world has no use for the chill-blooded man, woman, or child who does not follow with breathless interest the bear-stalking, the polar hut-building, the kayak-sailing, the fights with walruses, the tough defiance of death in a hundred forms by the two fine fellows alone up there in the 80° latitudes. And yet we feel sure we are not singular in thinking that the most thrilling portion of the book consists in the extracts from Nansen's diary before he left the *Fram*, and after they had passed Cape Chelyuski. You live with him then day by day, watching the signs that tell for or against his great idea—that an expedition could be transported on the drift ice and by the same route across the Polar Sea, that once the ship was set fast in the ice the current, which he had guessed, would be its motive power. Nearly all the authorities were against him, his responsibilities were tremendous, and for his enthusiastic temperament, his faith in his star, he has, like every owner of these fine possessions, to pay by moments of deep doubt and dark depression. The daily evidence went often dead against his idea. He never deceives himself, but waits, waits, solacing himself in the trust of his comrades, by his cares for their comfort, in the marvellous beauty of the Arctic skies, and occasionally "rummaging in one of the old philosophers" to find strength to bear the worst. Then when he pours himself out a little to his diary, he calls it "whining like an old woman." It is in that long period of uncertainty, whether, save for general scientific purposes, the *Fram's* voyage may not be proved in vain, that is born the real sympathy with this leader, a man in love with an idea, and yet who will not sacrifice an inch of truth to his maintenance of it—a sympathy of a kind and degree we could never have otherwise felt, however many might have been his adventures, however much his pluck, however great his sufferings.

Nansen's personality, so simply and so vividly revealed in his modest utterances, places the book quite apart from

nearly all other books of travel. The scientific results of the expedition, the final proof of the breaking and shifting expanse of drift-ice in the region round the Pole, instead of a supposed immovable ice-mantle, the observations on the winds and on the current that sets the ice in motion, the discovery that the sea in the neighbourhood of the Pole is deep, together with the vast amount of hydrographic, magnetic, meteorological, astronomical, and zoological information, much of which has still to be formulated, are of first-class importance. And no one who reads the narrative will withhold his hearty admiration for the loyalty, the grit of the sterling good fellows that formed the community on board the *Fram*. But the man Nansen dominates us, and makes what might have been but a stirring story into a real book. When a dreamer can drudge, there should be a great result. Nansen drudged, and thus made perhaps the greatest of his discoveries, that men could not only be kept alive under circumstances which have always before been fatal or perilously cruel, but even healthy and happy. His gift of practical direction how to live in extreme northern latitudes is priceless. He apologises to the shades of Arctic travellers for his comfort on board the *Fram*, but that comfort had meant years of hard thinking and investigation. Nansen's consistent plan seems to have been to take every possible precaution, and give himself and his comrades every good chance of life, but only that the great idea might the better prosper. Endurance and determination had no limits in face of that. "A wretched invention, forsooth, for people who wish to push on, is a 'line of retreat,'" he says, "an everlasting inducement to look behind, when they should have enough to do in looking ahead."

Combined with the northern hardihood and defiance of nature's cruellest conditions, is his Northern melancholy and his transcendentalism. In the long Arctic night, amid the eternal stretches of white, facing the glories of sky, the effects of which there was nothing on the bare earth or sea to rival, his homesickness, his dreaming, his guesses at the riddle of existence are endlessly fed. The expression of his longings may to an English reader seem high-flown. Well, it is not English; it is Teutonic;

but it is always naïvely sincere. The continuous inaction, his "life's 'Ragnarok' dividing it into two," is beyond bearing at times, and he cries out on Truth, "Why should we always make so much of truth? Life is more than cold truth, and we live but once." But then the dream, the impulse, the idea are on again; and he is ready for the life of a savage, for the endless monotony, the endless drudgery through ice and water and the unknown, that the work may go on, and the dream be proved real.

We cannot end without grateful acknowledgment to the translators and the publishers. The English rendering is excellent. It is not a hard criticism, however, to say that the dull word "careless" should not have been substituted for the real and the better one in the Irish saying on which these Arctic heroes invariably acted, "If ye can't be aisy, then be as aisy as ye can." The publishers deserve the highest praise for their issue of two such handsome volumes, for the invaluable maps they include, and for the reproductions of the endless illustrations in black and white, and in colours, that add so much to the realisation of Nansen's great undertaking.

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#### MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S NEW NOVEL.\*

When Mr. Max Pemberton's *Iron Pirate* appeared, those who love to ticket novelists with titles answering to foreign equivalents made haste to dub him "the English Jules Verne," just as they dubbed Mr. Jerome "the English Mark Twain," Mr. Weyman "the English Dumas," Mr. Richard Harding Davis "the American Dickens," or M. Maeterlinck "the Belgian Shakespeare." The "English Jules Verne" was no bad name for Mr. Pemberton as we first knew him; "the Modern Munchausen" would have been better, for anything more magnificently mendacious and mendaciously magnificent than *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, and *The Impregnable City* it would be difficult to instance. Reading any of these three works was, as I once had occasion to remark, like riding in a hansom cab behind a runaway horse—an exciting pas-

\* *Christine of the Hills*. By Max Pemberton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

time, it is true, but one which is apt to play havoc with the nerves. But no sooner had Mr. Pemberton achieved a signal success with stories that left his public agape with imbecile amazement—no sooner did he find himself riding abreast with Jules Verne on the high-road of fame, than he suddenly turned bridle, and when next we heard the clatter of his good steel, he was drawing sword in the gallant company of Mr. Stanley Weyman, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Mr. Levett Yeats. And now he has faced right about again, and the erstwhile Munchausen, whose first book was, if I rightly remember, reviewed at length by the *Daily Chronicle* under the heading "A Splendid Lie," comes to us with another volume under his arm which he assures us in the "Foreword" is, in part, "a true story."

I must confess to reading Mr. Pemberton's declaration of veracity with some apprehension, and with a pious prayer that his might not prove so parlous a state as that of the "Old Story-teller" of whom Mr. Herbert Clark sings:

" My voice has failed this many a year,  
My wit has grown so small  
I'm even forced to speak the truth,  
But somewhere lives a happy youth  
Who'll tell you—lies, I think, my dear;  
But you'll believe them all."

Let me make haste to assure the reader that the apprehensions were groundless, for Mr. Pemberton can be entertaining as a veracious, no less than as a mendacious chronicler. In which rôle we prefer him must be a matter for individual choice. Those of us who even as boys found the story of *Gulliver's Travels* or the *Arabian Nights* more interesting than a recital of the leading events in the life of George Washington, will plead to a sneaking fondness for the absinthe of pure Pemberton undiluted by facts. Others who have found it too heady a beverage will be glad to know that the cup they are now putting to their lips has been filled from the well of truth. In any case Mr. Pemberton has given us in *Christine of the Hills* a story which, as a work of art, has more enduring merit than anything he has yet published—a story which is told with such dignity and distinction, such reticence, restraint, and disdain of the cheap "effects" of the sensation-monger, as to win the warm admiration

of every one who takes the craft of letters seriously. To say that it is wildly exciting; to say that each chapter is, so to speak, constructed with a false bottom which gives way under the reader's foot and tumbles him headforemost into the chapters immediately following—after the approved method adopted by writers of serials—would be misleading to the reader and unjust to Mr. Pemberton. It is a story which relies for its interest upon the strength of its character drawing, the charm of its "local colouring" (one uses the stale and not very happy phrase for want of a better; phrase-coiners, please note), and upon the artistic unfolding of the plot. Mr. Pemberton puts the story in the mouth of an old waterman of Sebenico, from whom he had hired a yacht, and whose personal services as guide he had secured during a holiday spent among the islands of the Dalmatian coast. Such a method of telling a story—convenient though it may be in a short narrative—is difficult to maintain in a volume of three hundred odd pages. But there is no denying that this second edition of the Ancient Mariner has a taking way with him, and though one wearies a little of the constant recurrence of the word "Excellency," by which the supposed listener is addressed, and has to the end one's doubts about the wisdom of the course Mr. Pemberton has adopted, the fact that our author carries the matter through to a successful termination is his best justification. That the narrator is a rascal goes without saying, for Mr. Pemberton has long ago constituted himself a "Diarist of Scoundrels," as those who are aware that *The Iron Pirate* was not, as is generally supposed, his very first book, will remember. He has, indeed, a pretty taste in rascality, and will pick you out a likely scoundrel for a story at a minute's notice.

The scene of *Christine of the Hills* is laid in Dalmatia, and Mr. Pemberton is to be congratulated, first, upon having broken what is practically new ground to the novelist, and, secondly, upon having placed so picturesque a figure as Christine in so picturesque a setting. To tell her story here would be unfair to Mr. Pemberton and to the reader, but one may at least say that Christine of the Hills is almost as winning a child of nature as Byron's Haidee. She is,



in fact, a Haidee minus a Don Juan, and is quite the most delightful figure in Mr. Pemberton's picture gallery of beautiful women.

The charm of the book—and it has the rare quality of charm—consists in its freshness. It has nothing whatever in common with the modern novel. The sex question and the new woman are not so much as named in its pages, nor is Society satirised after the manner of Miss Marie Corelli. Hence, there is no denying that it is in no sense "up to date." It is not even "realistic" or "convincing." It is, in short, more like an opera than a novel, and it reads like a succession of scenes from *Carmen* or *Maritana*. That it is full of warm colouring, movement, and music, and that picturesque figures come and go across picturesque settings follows naturally.

One day we may hear that *Christine of the Hills* has been put "upon the boards" of the Opera House. If so, may I and the reader be there to see.

Coulson Kernahan.

#### CONTINENTAL PARTIES IN EUROPE.\*

"Long-felt wants" have become so much of a rarity in political literature that Mr. Lowell is entitled to great credit for having discovered and filled one. As a pre-eminently political animal the American feels, as a rule, a lively interest in the governmental institutions of other lands. This interest, however, is apt to be rather more lively than well informed. The average American has pretty accurate ideas about British politics, especially on their Irish side, but his notions about the constitutions and institutions of the continental nations are hazy. Our chauvinists never cease to declaim about the blessings of our political system as compared with the decrepit systems of the Old World; our chronic reformers draw depressing pictures of impending ruin because we will not profit by the experience and imitate some specified practice of the older nations; but it is only too often the

case that neither the chauvinist nor the reformer has any adequate idea of what he is talking about. The appearance of Mr. Lowell's book has rendered it inexcusable for any American in the future to lack a clear understanding of the governmental and party systems in five of the Continental States.

Nothing could be more useful than the plan on which Mr. Lowell has laid out his work, and it would be very difficult to improve on the execution. The governments treated are those of France, Italy, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland. The method of treatment in each case consists, first, in describing the organisation of the government as laid down in the constitution and the practical working of this organisation, and, second, in tracing the development of parties and the characteristics and influence of the party system. So far as the mere constitutional law of these various nations is concerned, we have had in English more or less satisfactory treatises on all of them except, possibly, Austria-Hungary. But Mr. Lowell aims to give, and does give, much more than the mere constitutional law. He is particular to expose the actual practice rather than the legal theory of the government. On scores of points he notes pregnant little customs which have transformed or nullified constitutional prescriptions, to the utter confounding of students who depend on the letter of the law. Parliamentary practice also is described in its real working as distinct from the formal organisation of the legislature.

But the matter in which Mr. Lowell makes most distinctly a contribution to our political literature is his description and analysis of parties. Accurate, impartial, and philosophic, this part of his work cannot fail to have a most beneficent influence in correcting the very confused and erroneous notions that prevail on this side of the water. The author has no theory to vindicate as to the ideal function or form of parties. He does not impute to the Germans, the French, and the Italians total political depravity because they lack the two-party system; nor does he find assured salvation in their practice of separating municipal from national politics. But he makes perfectly clear the historical conditions out of which their parties arose; he shows the relations and re-

\* Governments and Parties in Continental Europe. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Two vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$5.00.

ciprocal influence of the party systems and the governmental organisations; and he suggests the tendencies which seem to be inevitable under existing conditions. When he drops into political philosophy, as he does from time to time, it is a broad and rational philosophy, of Aristotelian strength and suggestiveness. Note, for example, his explanation of the existence of "Irreconcilables" and the group system of parties in France, where he bases his views on the dictum: "The foundation of government is faith, not reason; and the faith of a people is not vital unless they have been born with it" (I., p. 103). This is truly a hard saying in our rationalistic age; but he who disputes it must be prepared for hard knocks. Note, again, the author's lucid exposition of the difficulties in the way of maintaining separate parties for national and for local politics (I., pp. 220 *et seq.*). These pages should be omitted by those devoted souls who are expecting an early millennium through "non-partisanship" in local politics. Mr. Lowell courts martyrdom at the hands of our fierce democracy by the bold assertions that "the conception of government by the whole people in any large nation is, of course, a chimera," and that "at present popular government in Germany is neither probable nor desirable" (II., pp. 65-67). But he proves what he asserts. Finally, his reflections on the relative merits and defects of the party system, as suggested by the weakness of the party organisation in Switzerland, satisfactorily complete an admirable philosophy of the whole subject.

To mention the striking instances of thorough knowledge and lucid exposition in connection with the organisation and working of governments would involve a complete summary of Mr. Lowell's book. A few points, however, may be referred to as of especial value to Americans. Such is the discussion of the ordinance power in France and elsewhere, and of the importance in general of the administrative as distinct from the legislative organs—a notorious stumbling-block to Anglo-Saxon prejudices. So, too, the whole theory and practice of interpellations, with the German, Austrian, Hungarian, Italian, and Swiss variations on the original French model, are made most intelligible. A related

feature of parliamentary practice, the appointment and activity of committees, is also exhibited in all its bearings. Mr. Lowell's book ought to be of much use to Mr. Gamaliel Bradford and Professor Woodrow Wilson in their yearnings to save us from the perils that lurk in government by congressional committees. The appointment of committees by a combination of the lot and election might be relied upon to thwart the narrow partisanship which dominates our committees and to break the power of the speaker. Unfortunately, however, it is revealed by Mr. Lowell that, whatever the theory, in practice the directions of the various party leaders prevail over all the forms of appointment in determining the composition of the committees.

Considering the vastness of the field covered by Mr. Lowell's work, its general accuracy in statements of fact is remarkable; and the more so that the book is brought thoroughly up to date. A few slips have been noted, of which the most surprising is the reference to the Austrian Poles as of "non-Slavic origin" (II., p. 97). Race relations in the dominion of Francis Joseph are pretty complicated, and so are political relations; but ethnology must have its rights, even if the complexity is never resolved. It is slightly misleading to say that Jules Ferry, after his defeat on the Tonquin policy, "resigned, never to hold office again" (I., p. 83). In fact, Ferry was elected to the Senate after long retirement, and in February, 1893, became president of that body, just one month before his death. Again, the law as to the appointment of syndics of communes in Italy (I., p. 169) was changed by act of July 7th, 1896, so as to make them all elective. This change was probably too late for notice in the volume. The assertion that since Victor Emmanuel entered Rome the Pope has never "placed his foot outside the grounds of the Vatican" (I., p. 186) just escapes being literally true. One fine July day in 1890 Leo XIII. paid a visit to an artist's studio in Rome, whereupon the alert correspondent did greatly rage and the sagacious editor imagine a vain thing for the rest of the silly season; but no further overt act ever fulfilled the predictions of a definite change in the papal policy. As to the electoral system in Saxony, Mr. Lowell

has not noticed that in the winter of 1895-96 the Prussian three-class method was substituted for the old direct voting, the cause being alarm at the growing strength of the Socialists. This slip occurs in the one part of the work that might have been omitted. The last forty pages of the first volume are devoted to a perfunctory sketch of the constitutional arrangements in the lesser German States, condensed (the sketch, not the States) from Marquardsen's great collection. The fact that Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, with an acreage and a population far less impressive than its name, has a *Landesversammlung* and a *Staatsgerichtshof* and a variety of other institutions whose collective titles average about a syllable apiece to every inhabitant, seems hardly worth printing.

William A. Dunning.

#### NEW EDITIONS OF OLD PLAYS.\*

It is not forty years since Matthew Arnold (in a foot-note to his essay on the *Function of Criticism at the Present Time*) urged the advantages of the French practice of printing a notice by a competent critic to serve as an introduction to an eminent author's works. His advice was long unheeded, although he set a good example himself in his prefaces to the selections from Wordsworth and from Byron. But at last the habit was established, and of late it has been fashionable. As always happens in such cases, there is excess and there is carelessness. Conceited essayists

\* *Richelieu*; or, *The Conspiracy*. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Illustrated by F. C. Gordon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*The School for Scandal and The Rivals*. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With an introduction by Augustine Birrell, O.C., M.P., and illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.

*The Temple Dramatists*, edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. 1. *Arden of Faversham*, edited by Rev. Ronald Bayne, M.A. 2. *Edward II.*, edited by A. W. Verity, M.A. 3. *Every Man in his Humour*, edited by W. Macneile Dixon, Litt.D. London: Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.

*Longman's English Classics*, edited by George Rice Carpenter, A.B. 1. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, edited by G. P. Baker, A.B. 2. *The Merchant of Venice*, edited by Francis B. Gummere. 3. *As You Like It*, edited by Barrett Wendell and W. L. Phelps. 4. *Macbeth*, edited by John Matthews Manly. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

seized on the preface as a platform on which to show off their own airs and graces; and more than one defenceless masterpiece has been disfigured by the insufferable impertinence of a bedizened clown. So far has the pendulum swung back, that only the other day Mr. Austin Dobson was moved to begin his delightful introduction to *Pride and Prejudice* with the assertion that "one of the curiosities of modern criticism is a marked impatience of new prefaces to old books." If this impatience really exists, it is the fault of those who have written the newest prefaces, and who have not accepted the conditions implicit upon the editor who prepares an introduction to a classic. The task imposed upon him is simple. First, he must suppress himself and think only of his author. Second, he must be sympathetic, for if he does not see more to praise than to censure, he had best leave the writing to another hand. Third, he must outline briefly the author's biography, and set forth at greater length the circumstances under which this special work was written. Fourth, he should show us the relation of the book in question to its author's other writings; and he should also set before us the position it holds in the development of the branch of literature to which it belongs.

Other things also the editor may give us of his abundance, if he will, but these things we have a right to expect. It is the deficiency of the pretty edition of *Richelieu* which Mr. F. C. Gordon has effectively illustrated, that it is sent forth bare of a preface, although few modern plays call more loudly for elucidation. The reader would like to have explained to him how far Lord Lytton availed himself of the actual facts of history, and how far he helped himself to the artful fictions of Alfred de Vigny and G. P. R. James. It would have been well also to point out the invaluable assistance the experience of Macready was to the author; and it might have been interesting to trace the stage history of the play in Great Britain and the United States. It has not been acted in France as yet, although it was announced as in preparation at the Odéon this winter.

Mr. Augustine Birrell is an agreeable rattle, to use a phrase not inappropriate in considering a new edition of two

eighteenth-century comedies; and he rattles through fifteen pages most agreeably. He tells us how, as a little boy, he first heard Sheridan's name from the mouth of an ambitious carpenter; and how, later in life, when Miss Ellen Terry was acting Lady Teazle in the screen scene, he overheard a youthful voice exclaim tearfully, "Oh, mother, I hope she won't yield." And between these bits of autobiography Mr. Birrell gossips pleasantly about Sheridan as a man, as a wit, as a politician, and even as a dramatist. Obviously enough, it is as a wit and as a politician that Sheridan interests Mr. Birrell rather than as a dramatist; and so the editor's remarks upon the *School for Scandal* and *The Rivals* are casual and perfunctory. His formal judgment upon the comedies under discussion is far less valuable than are his *obiter dicta* about Sheridan's strong common sense as a politician and Sheridan's superior shrewdness to Fox.

In its way no collection of Shakespeare's separate plays is so satisfactory as the Temple Edition, and under the title of the *Temple Dramatists*, Mr. Gollancz is editing a series of single-volume old plays uniform with the preceding Shakespeare. Here is the perfection of editing: the introductions contain just enough and not too much, and what they contain is in the main what they ought to contain. Of the three plays, the titles of which are given above, *Arden of Feversham* has the most adequate preface, perhaps because the editor, Mr. Bayne, considers the piece not merely as something to be read now, but as something intended originally to be acted. Only too often do Elizabethan scholars discuss an old play as though it were literature only and not drama first of all.

And here is the striking merit of the four plays of Shakespeare as edited for school use in *Longman's English Classics*. The editors have kept in mind the fact that Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted, that these plays were acted, that the special form Shakespeare gave them was due in part at least to the circumstances under which they were brought out, and to the physical conditions of the playhouses in which they were first seen. It is a strange reflection on the most of those who have hitherto edited Shakespeare's plays for class-room use, that there should be so strong a flavour

of novelty about the editions just now prepared by Professor Baker, Professor Manly, Professor Gummere, Professor Wendell, and Dr. Phelps. But in no other edition has sufficient stress been laid upon the dramatic side of the work of the greatest dramatist who ever lived. Professor Baker's introduction to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is, perhaps, a little too colloquial in its tone, but nothing could better bring before the eyes of a bright youth the peculiarities and limitations of the Elizabethan theatre, an understanding of which is a condition precedent to any real appreciation of the Elizabethan drama. As useful in a different way is Professor Wendell's introduction to *As You Like It*, with its knowledge, its insight, its abundant common sense, and its total absence of gush.

Brander Matthews.

#### THE FALCON OF LANGÉAC.\*

Among the most notable spring publications are two novels of adventure lying along somewhat similar lines. One, *The Forge in the Forest*, which was recently reviewed in this magazine, is by Professor Roberts, already known in literature; the other, *The Falcon of Langéac*, is a still later work and comes from a new writer.

But, while this is the author's first book, it can scarcely be her 'prentice attempt in fiction. Such easy simplicity—which may be likened to the limpid smoothness of the old French chroniclers—is rarely if ever at the command of the beginner; the reserve that accentuates the intensity of the work and the singular directness of the narrative seem essentially the outgrowth of experience. Should it, however, be really a first literary effort, the fact gives promise of much larger work than this charming little story. For, slight as it is, *The Falcon of Langéac* has a shapeliness too often lacking in more pretentious tales. It realises, too, the historical atmosphere which sometimes escapes stricter adherence to history, and conveys an impression of reality curiously in contrast with its absolute disregard of the probabilities.

\* The Falcon of Langéac. By Isabel White-ly. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

It is a romance of the time of Francis I.; of those stormy days in the early part of his reign when the treachery of the Constable de Bourbon and the ceaseless incursions of the English and Spaniards and Germans came near to wrecking the kingdom of France. The types and the social and political conditions are all so completely beyond the modern imagination that it may accept them without the demur that must always go with portrayals more within one's ken. The author has apparently made no attempt to individualise, realising probably that the great distance must blur the features, so that only sketchy outline drawing could be effective. This, at all events, is the character of the work, which, nevertheless, is conceived with a vividness that fills it with colour and life.

The story acquires dramatic force from being told in the first person, and has an intimacy of tone that wins confidence. The opening scene, in which Armel de Langéac describes the events following the death of his mother, and the arrival of his lawless half-brother, who tries to rob him of his rights, gives an impetus that does not flag from start to finish. There is a vivid picture of the youth Armel and his orphan cousin Constance, alone and friendless, but for the indiscreet housekeeper and the wise old priest, when the half-brother and his minions come down like wolves on the fold in the defenceless old château in Brittany. But danger sometimes makes a boy a man in a moment, and, striking a hole in the tapestry with his dagger, he looks at the vandal with steady nerves :

"I had forgotten the appearance of my half-brother, who was twenty years or more my senior. But I kept memories of cruel jokes and teasings with which he had amused himself and tortured me when I was a lad. Little as I liked him, and bad as was all I knew of him, still I started as I saw the evil that the years had burned into his face. . . . The black eyes of Langéac in him were savage and glaring ; sinister smiles had drawn down the lines of his mouth, and the aquiline nose which marks our race was hooked over like that of an evil bird of prey. His followers were not a whit better than himself ; and although they looked not only evil, but in manners beneath him, he kept no distance from them, but treated them as his peers. He strode up and down the room, cursing furiously at everything, stopping often beside the table—where were dead cold meats, fowls, and wine—to quaff a deep draught or to eat greedily without sitting down. Then he tramped about again and drank again until an-

other man might have fallen under the table from drunkenness . . . by this time my position in the closet had become almost intolerable ; and, but that I was the only swordsman in the house—for the ancient arms of our servants were little use for defence—I would have rushed into the hall to try what I could do to bring the intruders to quiet and civil behaviour. Yet, realising my impotence and anxious to know their dispositions toward us, I controlled myself and listened again."

And then, when the full enormity of his brother's plan stands disclosed he sees that he must seek safety in immediate flight, more for his cousin's sake than for his own. The priest has already urged taking refuge in the nearest sanctuary—for in those times, as well as in latter days, spiritual powers controlled much that temporal forces are powerless to reach. And so it is that the youth and the maiden fly from the roof that has hitherto sheltered them and ride through the stormy night into the terrible unknown world, flying, as so many have done before them, from the ills that they have to those that they know not of. For, as they journey, one harrowing adventure succeeds another, like the visions of a feverish dream, culminating in a thrilling experience at a mysterious inn in which they stop overnight. The cousinly affection with which they have started has ripened into love, and Armel's thoughts are all of Constance, when he is compelled to leave her alone amid sinister surroundings :

"Thinking thus," he says :

"I heard a clicking noise behind me, and realised that the key had been turned in the door. Startled, puzzled as to why any one should wish to lock me in, I listened intently, and thought I heard the swish of a woman's dress against the wall outside. I remembered the handsome, sly maid-servant, and something in my soul hinted of evil toward Constance. I tried the door ; it was fast, and breaking it would arouse my unknown enemy to greater speed in the ill she plotted. I thought of the window. . . . The window was very small, but I could spring from it to the stairway which climbed past it crosswise and gain the attic before the unknown had time to traverse all the passages, descend to the courtyard and come round. I pulled the table under the window, leaped upon it, pushed my head and shoulders through the opening, and then raised myself with great difficulty to a position for springing. Often have I climbed from a high turret at Langéac and leaped thence to the top of a chestnut tree for a hawk's nest, with no feeling of fear. But now, thinking of Constance's plight should anything befall me, I feared horribly. A moment I hung over the darkness ; then I sprang and caught the rickety railing. It swayed and cracked ominously be-

neath the force of my grasp, but with a tug I drew myself up and ran up the stairs along the gallery to the attic chamber."

There is not space here to tell what he found, nor to make mention even of many equally thrilling situations through which the young couple pass before reaching the abbey, and later the court. From this time on the environment better befits their gentle blood, and Constance blooms into a court beauty, so that innocent jealousy adds a piquant element to the story. Then, when the course of true love runs smooth again, when the wicked brother meets his deserts, and the happy lovers start back to Langéac to claim their own, more brilliant adventures befall them, rounding the stirring tale without the slightest cessation of interest.

Milton E. Francis.

#### A DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.\*

After subjecting this volume to a very careful examination, we do not hesitate to say that of all works relating chiefly to quotations in the English language, it is the very fullest, the most accurate, and therefore the best. The present edition has been so carefully amplified and corrected as to make it substantially a new book. The bulk of the work was prepared by the late Mr. J. K. Hoyt, and after his death the book was, we believe, completed and seen through the press by Miss Kate Louise Roberts. It is arranged in two great divisions, English and Foreign, the latter comprising quotations and proverbs of Latin, French, Italian, and German origin, but omitting (a very important omission, to be sure) the Greek and the Spanish. The quotations are in each department grouped by topics, but a very admirable index masses them all under the single alphabetical arrangement, and thus makes it possible to find any of them in a moment's time. The especial merits of the work are (1) its fulness, especially in the English; (2) the exact reference which is given to the original source of each quotation;

\* The Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. By J. K. Hoyt. Revised edition. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Buckram, \$6.00; sheep, \$8.00; half morocco, \$10.00; full morocco, \$12.00.

and (3) the general accuracy of the whole. Valuable, also, is the special index giving the names of all authors quoted, with a reference under each name to the citations to which that name is attached. The book must supersede all others for English and American use, and we congratulate the publishers on its completion.

Such matter for criticism as we have found is, in the main, not serious. Foreign quotations are, as was to be expected, much less exhaustively represented than the English, occupying only some 130 pages as against 674 pages of English excerpts. This means, of course, that some very important things have been omitted, of which the Italian proverb about *Bocca chiusa*, and the famous Ovidian phrase *Vergilium vidi tantum* may be taken as typical instances. The omission of all proverbs from the Greek robs the collection of many of the most famous sayings to which the human intellect has given birth, and surely these might at least have been given in an English dress. Occasionally one of them sneaks in through a Latin equivalent, as when the Chilonian γνῶθι σεαυτὸν is given, as from Juvenal xi. 27, in the form *nosce te ipsum*. But as a matter of fact, in this very passage Juvenal really gives the Greek words, nor can this Latin substitute be scanned; so that here we have both a secondary source assigned, and also an incorrect quotation—a thing that verges upon editorial dishonesty. More space for foreign quotations might easily have been gained by a liberal pruning of the English citations, many of which are far from being *familiar* quotations, or in fact from even deserving to be such. Some of those from Boyesen, Aldrich, Stedman, and other modern Americans are surely nothing more than padding, and that, too, in a book where padding is the last thing to be thought of. Another defect is to be found in the references to expurgated editions of the Latin classics. This might be defensible if there were any one standard expurgated edition; but no two editors agree in their omissions; so that Mr. Hoyt has made these citations of his a source of needless exasperation to students who wish to refer quickly and easily to the context of a saying. We regret, also, to see Publilius Syrus still figuring as "Publius," a most unscholarly blunder. There is a lack of uni-

formity in the indications of the ultimate sources of some famous quotations in English. Thus, Longfellow's famous couplet, "The mills of God grind slowly," etc., is correctly referred to Friedrich von Logau; but Bayard Taylor's "Labour is Prayer" is not in like manner credited to its Latin original, nor is that original given among the Latin maxims. *Esse quam videri* is noted as the motto of the Earl of Winterton, and no credit whatever is given to Cicero. The index does not mention it at all. A further criticism of the index has to do with its arrangement by catchwords, a thing which is not always judiciously managed; inasmuch as the catchword selected is sometimes not the one which the searcher would find the most natural and obvious. We could go on with these minor criticisms indefinitely, yet to do so would really be an injustice to a book which, in spite of numerous small defects, is still, as we have already said, the very best work of its kind published in the English language.

Harry Thurston Peck.

#### THE SPOILS OF POYNTON.\*

The spoils were a legacy of curios which the son might possess at his marriage. Poynton was the great house, in England, where they were religiously kept by his mother. So long as Poynton was not despoiled, the son's marriage was possible. The mother surreptitiously removed the curios. How, then, were these twain, wilful maiden and artless youth, to be united without breaking the father's or the maiden's will? Suffice it that for a time bric-à-brac, like Alcibiades's son, ruled the world. The book is no trifle; read it, and then prate of "real sorrows" if you will! Of all things prolific of woe—and it is amazing how many woes begin and end with things—bric-à-brac is easily proved to be the worst. Mr. James deserves infinite credit for seeing life in its true relations.

Fleda, who is the hub of this story, from whom the other characters radiate like spokes, underwent a curious psycho-

logical development. At the start she was exemplary, and assumed that every tribute was paid to her insignificance. Her woman friend, however, was a mirror in whom she soon beheld her truer and less sophisticated self. The moment came when, enamoured of the reflection, she "pulled herself together," as young women do when they think the future is theirs, and went forth to conquer the world. Her insight became phenomenal. It bewildered her lover, obfuscated her lover's mother, and finally outwitted Mrs. Gereth, her mentor, under whose wide wing she had taken refuge. Her moods and tenses are carefully differentiated as the story progresses, and one sympathises with her acutely when she says:

"I haven't a rag of pride. I used to have, but it's gone. I used to have a secret, but every one knows it now; and any one who looks at me can say, I think, what's the matter with me."

The trouble was that Mrs. Gereth was incessantly at her post, attaching a "tinkling bell" to every word, look, and action of her *protégé*.

Mrs. Gereth is a better rounded character, because simpler. There was nothing mystic or elusive about her. She was somewhat of a termagant, or, as she expressed it, she lacked reserve. She would have loved you for doing justice to her "deep morality," but have wished, herself, to tell of the quickness and quietness with which she operated. Sentences beginning "Why the devil," and "I'll be hanged," addressed to her intimate, indicate intensity rather than vulgarity; and those words hastily penned to her boy, "Go to see her, and try, for God's sake, to cultivate a glimmer of intelligence," leave the impression that she was a force as well as an influence. How far she went in making Fleda's way straight before her appears in the following:

"Do you mean to say that, Mona or no Mona, he could see you that way, day after day, and not have the ordinary feelings of a man? . . . Do you mean to say that when, the other day, one had quite made you over to him, the great gawk, and he was, on this very spot, utterly alone with you? . . ."

It is wonderful how these two women—Mrs. Gereth and Fleda—got along together. They never quarrelled; they just diverged and became parallel again. In the end the elder was appalled at her

\* The Spoils of Poynton. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

dependence upon the other. And Fleda, like many another feminine soul, was inspired by the very clumsiness and indecision of her lover. Indeed, "her desire to serve him was too passionate, the sense that he counted upon her too sweet" for ordinary comprehension. With such a person she felt that she could be "exceptionally human." That she is human with him, or at all, may be questioned. The crass stupidity of Owen and the utter conventionality of Mrs. Brigstock are a screen on which the eyes linger till, drab becoming the prevalent mental colour, Mrs. Gereth is declared a monstrosity and Fleda a screaming upstart! Nothing needs to be said for Mrs. Gereth; she would galvanise a toad. In accounting for Fleda, however, one must not ignore the velocity of her propulsion from Mrs. Gereth's catapult. Her environment gave her a fine twist. She is neither superhuman nor degenerate, but normally complex.

If need were, it might be added that the details of Mr. James's workmanship deserve close scrutiny. Each situation is a miniature, each sentence a piece of thread lace. With what delicate incisions he approximates to his meaning! As he said of Abbey, "Everything is so human, so humorous and so caught in the act, so buttoned and petticoated and gartered, that it might be round the corner; so it is, but the corner is the corner of another world." The analyst must ever be open to the accusation of other-worldliness. This, because he keeps both eyes on the object, and does not drop his tools now and then to tickle his readers between the ribs. He is usually too interested to think of anybody's self-love. The real question is, Can one be true to his constituency when merely true to his subject?

Mervin Erie.

#### ENGLISH ESSAYS.\*

There is a growing interest in the English essay. Always a source of delight since brought to perfection as an art form by Steele and Addison, it offers new pleasures viewed as the forerunner

\* English Essays. With an introduction, by J. H. Lobban. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the modern novel of character. From this point of view Sir Roger de Coverley, Beau Tibbs, Mrs. Battle seem as real persons as any character in modern fiction; and that it is the human element which confers immortality on the essay is proved anew by the recent collection made by Mr. J. H. Lobban. All the essays in this book are either life-like character sketches or vivid revelations of the essayist's own individuality.

Time is the great anthologist. The further such a collector as Mr. Lobban goes back the easier his labour becomes. In regard to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, etc., the years have sifted the wheat from the chaff, and the world has selected all that it wishes to keep. Little remains for the bookmaker on collection bent but to tie in a nosegay the flowers which the lovers of literatures have chosen.

It is always interesting to view the mind of one busied among our treasures, and Mr. Lobban has kindly exhibited his opinions of the work in hand in a pleasant introduction. The field of his choice extends from Francis Bacon to Charles Lamb, and he divides the production of the essay into three periods, which for convenience one might name the periods of Steele and Addison, of Goldsmith and of Lamb, Hunt and Hazlitt. With the history of the essay the collector gives incidentally a chronicle of English literary journals from the *Daily Courant*, 1702, to the *Examiner* in 1820.

Literary genealogy is an interesting study. No art form springs perfect from a single brain; it results after repeated attempts by a succession of gifted minds. The chief glory of the eighteenth-century essay, which is as perfect an art form as the sonnet, is given to Steele and Addison. But of late those interested in the evolution of this charming literary flower have been searching antecedent literature, English and foreign, for influences that may have affected and guided the editors of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. One fancies he sees a suggestion in Plato, another detects a whiff of the perfume of the *Spectator* in Horace. Some peruse the pages of Castiglione and La Bruyère, others turn with more hope to Montaigne. Still others search at home and think to find in Dryden, Browne, or Temple the first note of the magic music. It is the opin-



ion of Mr. Lobban that Montaigne is the only foreign author who has influenced the English essay.

It is pleasant to see Mr. Lobban relieve Addison of some of his plumage and transfer it to Steele, where it rightfully belongs; and one rejoices to see Goldsmith emerge still further from Johnson's cumbrous shadow. It might be possible to question a little the collector's judgment in the assignment of space. In a collection of essays, as of their poetical kindred *vers de société*, the bookmakers find it difficult to free themselves from the glamour of great names. Since Coleridge and Tennyson are al-

ways lugged into anthologies of light verse, it is not to be expected that Johnson and Pope will not appear in a collection of essays. The reader would willingly spare two of the four essays by Johnson for the sake of two more by a lighter pen, such as Goldsmith's, nor would he complain if one of Pope's attempts had been omitted to include at least one of Mackenzie or Reynolds. But these are minor questions of individual taste, and all readers will welcome this collection by Mr. Lobban as a charming anthology of English essays.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

## NOVEL NOTES.

THE DESCENDANT. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

With a little more composure and a little more completeness in the development of the theory, this would have come very near to being a great story. Certainly the subject—heredity—is one of the greatest engaging modern thought, and the unknown author has not come to his task without conviction of its weight, its breadth, and its fathomless depth. The stress of the work communicates itself in the opening sentences, which describe the descendant of sin and of weakness, "a child sitting alone upon the roadside" of life—a small, wild animal of the wood, come out from the underbrush to bask in the shifting sunshine. He is only an atom of humanity, but his battle with the hostile world has already begun. When he is old enough to understand the bar sinister with which he is branded, the lawless blood in his veins rises in hotter revolt.

"What have I done?" he cried passionately. "Is it my fault that the laws of nature do not wait upon marriage banns? . . . I hate these people! I hate everybody who comes near this place. . . . I hate their creeds and their consciences. I hate my father because he was a villain. I hate my mother because she was a fool."

After thus hurling himself against Fate's stone wall there are gentler moments of yearning for love, for kindness, for rest—ininitely sad. For he is his mother's as well as his father's son, and the spirit dwelling within him is a dual one—a spirit of peace and a spirit of strife, a spirit of knowledge and a spirit of ignorance, a spirit of submission and a spirit of revolt. The story is mainly an object lesson: there is little theorising, little analysis, the character and the life of the descendant preach the sermon. His entrance into the field of journalism, as the editor of *The Iconoclast* and the avowed assailant of established social order, is in the course of natural results. The institution of marriage, he contends editorially, has not been without a purpose to serve in the course of social evolution, but, like

many a custom begun as an experiment, it has ended as a fetich. And man, unfortunately, is less ready to adapt practices to his needs than he is to adapt his needs to practices. "Custom, not conscience makes cowards of most of us." Holding these views, he meets for the first time a girl who attracts him, and with whom he finally falls in love with all the violence of his intense, ill-regulated nature. And the girl also "thinks herself emancipated, and is as strong in her conviction as most of us until Time has shown us our error." She too is the descendant of a race of bad men and condoning women, whose lives are none the cleaner because lived within the pale of human law. When fire touches tinder the result is a foregone conclusion; when a man and a woman intentionally loose their hold on life's anchor there can be nothing but shipwreck in sight. The relation between them is treated with unflinching delicacy, and its gradual lesson is portrayed with considerable art. It is later, in the description of the sudden ruin of the man's professional career, that the work falls off and becomes flurried, hurrying to an incomplete close. But not a page touches the commonplace, and it seems to be a real fellow-creature who confesses at last:

"Yes, I am beaten. I am a cur that the stones of mankind have beaten to death,"

and yet who gasps when dying:

"Give me half a chance and I'll be even with the world at last."

OLD DORSET. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

If Mr. Rogers's work were not noteworthy in any other respect, it would be remarkable for the unusual versatility revealed by his three books. His volume of verse, *The Wind in the Clearing and Other Poems*, with its moods drawn from the classics, its technical perfection, and its lyrical quality is strongly in contrast with his *Will o' the Wasp*, a breezy sea yarn

of the War of 1812. And now comes this new work, which, in its quiet, rustic simplicity, is as unlike the poem and the novel as they are unlike each other. It is described in the sub-title as being the chronicles of a New York countryside, and the sketches are from studies of long ago. Some go back as far as the time when persons yet living could remember slavery in the North. The author has not been fortunate in his attempts to reproduce either the dialect or the feelings of the negro. It would be interesting to hear what Mr. Paul Dunbar might have to say upon this point, he having come to stand as the first representative of his race in the world of letters. It may indeed be complained that there is too much dialect, of which the public has tired. The other sketches, notably "The Denison Venue" and "Madam Calender," are admirable work, good enough to bring the volume into the foremost ranks of the many recent collections of short stories.

A VIRGINIA CAVALIER. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The intimate feeling of this story of Washington's youth may be mainly attributed to the fact that Miss Seawell is herself a Virginian, born and bred within a stone's throw of Washington's home. Her realisation of his character may be too largely ideal; it seems scarcely possible that so faultless a specimen of humanity can ever have lived. Yet the presentation is so living and lovable, so unlike the icily null portraits painted by many impartial hands, that the reader accepts it with responsible unreserve as one listens to the praises of a beloved friend. It is in this way, as one speaks of a dear kinsman and near neighbour, that the author writes of Washington. The story opens with a visit by Lord Fairfax to Mrs. Washington at her house at Ferry Farm, and of his first meeting with Washington, over whom he was destined to exert a great and lasting influence.

"The full flood of the sun, now low in the heavens, poured through the western windows upon the figure of the boy standing in the doorway. The room was beginning to darken, and the ruddy firelight, too, fell glowingly upon him. The earl was instantly aroused, and could scarcely persuade himself that the boy before him was only fifteen; seventeen or even eighteen would have seemed nearer the mark, so tall and well developed was he. Like all creatures of the highest breeding, George looked handsomer the handsomer his dress; and although his costume was really simple enough, he had the splendid air that made him always appear to be in the highest fashion. . . . Never in all his life had the Earl of Fairfax seen so noble a boy. The sight of him smote the older man's heart; it flashed through him how easy it would be to exchange all his honours and titles for such a son. He arose and saluted him, as Madame Washington said in a tone that had pride in every accent:

"My lord, this is my son, Mr. Washington."

"George responded with one of those graceful inclinations which, years after, made the entrance of Colonel Washington at the Earl of Dunmore's levée at Williamsburg a lesson in grace and good breeding."

Invited to visit Lord Fairfax, George receives his first military instruction from an old soldier in the earl's employ, and when the house is attacked by Indians during the boy's visit he gets his first taste of fighting. With this as the starting-point of Washington's career, the narrative follows history through his appointment as midshipman, which he gave up at his mother's entreaty, through his experiences as surveyor, and on to his campaign against the Indians. The

story ends with a spirited description of Braddock's defeat, and although it is thus the boy rather than the man whom the work reveals, the book is by no means juvenile either in spirit or manner, and must make even stronger appeal to grown people than to children.

THE CAREER OF CANDIDA. By George Paxton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

A calmly confident manner carries far in fiction, as in most other matters, and the firm conviction of originality which is the first impression of this story has its full effect. But a very slight examination of the work shows the author to be mistaken. *Candida* is an entirely normal girl, who does not think or say or do anything that has not been thought and said and done by many other girls. Even in the matter of her choice of a career there is nothing unusual. Now that woman has entered every field of industry, she is no novice in athletics, although the author evidently believes *Candida* to be the pioneer. Nor is there anything out of the common in the further development of her career. The girl of this strenuous type usually marries the facile man. This instance of natural selection is, indeed, the one touch of nature in the book. Otherwise it is strained, far-fetched, untrue alike to nature and to art. Its style is scarcely better than its thought, and the work as a whole is so crude that it is difficult to believe that it has come from the author of *A Study in Prejudices*, and other well-written and able books.

A WOMAN'S COURIER. Being a Tale of the Famous Forty Conspiracy of 1696. By William Joseph Yeoman. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

Mr. Yeoman's name is unfamiliar, but his writing is not that of a novice; and in this story of adventure we find a decided gift at narrative which sustains our interest to the end. The tale is what the variety stage would call a "continuous performance;" it is a perpetual series of events connected with the conspiracy of the Jacobites against King William. One feels in reading of the hairbreadth escapes of Sir John Talbot, in whose person the story is told, that Mr. Yeoman is strongly under the influence of the great master of historical romance, Alexandre Dumas. Suggestions of the immortal D'Artagnan arise now and again in the triumphs and victories of Mr. Yeoman's hero, and of course by such a comparison the modern author suffers. But the plot is well worked out, the characters are possible if not probable, and the situations are not too incredible to seem plausible while we are reading. It seems almost cruel to judge of an intense, eager story like this in cold blood; and the highest tribute one can pay a book of this kind is to read it with interest and pleasure, and to be able to forget one's own century of criticism in reading of an age of heroism and romance. *A Woman's Courier* certainly enables us to do this; and if this volume may be taken as a pledge of other stories from the same pen—stories with perhaps a little more perfect coherence—then Mr. Stanley Weyman must look to his laurels, for a rival is entering the field armed with the same weapons—the lance and shield of the days of chivalry.

**A WRITER OF FICTION.** By Clive Holland. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.

It is no new tale that Mr. Holland has to tell—the story of an unsuccessful literary man who can scarcely earn enough money to provide food and shelter for his wife and children, and who reduces himself to a physical wreck by overwork, under-nourishment, and mental anxiety. After undergoing many times the disheartening experience of having manuscripts rejected—manuscripts which both he and his wife consider worthy of his best self—he retires into his closet and writes a book concerning which his wife is kept in ignorance. Just as it is completed he dies suddenly, and we are now made aware of the *raison d'être* of Mr. Holland's story. The heart-broken widow finds her husband's last novel in the publisher's hands. They are prepared to pay her a handsome price for it, and prophesy a huge financial success; but the novel is of the brutally frank end-of-the-century order—it "lays bare the sanctities of a woman's nature," and, rather than profit by money made by such unmoral means, the wife chooses poverty for herself and her children, and withdrawing the manuscript, burns it, thus leaving her husband's fair fame unsullied.

Mr. Holland is by no means without merit as a story-teller; there is much that is sincere, straightforward, and earnest in this little tale; but its whole tone is rather monotonous and dreary, and the pathos bores one more than it moves, for the characters are not flesh and blood; they have been made to order, not born. They seem to us pieces of literary mechanism which are introduced too obviously for the purpose of leading up to a climax of virtuous renunciation in the end. The story is unrelieved by any comedy touches, and a slight flavour of the tract in parts suggests that the author is lacking in a sense of humour, that salt of life which makes even misfortune almost palatable, and which puts men and things in their proper relation to the universe. In judging Mr. Holland by the standards of the highest art in fiction, and being fully conscious of certain literary qualities which he undeniably possesses, we cannot yet consider him quite a success in the title rôle of his new story.

**MISS ARMSTRONG'S AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES.** By John Davidson. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

John Davidson has been known hitherto mainly as a writer of verse, whose muse is urban rather than pas oral, whose inspiration is drawn from the pavement rather than from the soil.

Those who care nothing for stories without plots and poems without sweet sentiment will not value Mr. Davidson's contributions to literature; but those who have prized his strong, forceful verses cannot fail to welcome this volume of prose sketches, for they reveal the same qualities which impressed us in his songs and ballads. Mr. Davidson is modern of the moderns, but he differs from some of his compeers in being thoroughly virile and free from affectation. He goes to the heart of things, and then presents the result of his researches in quick, strong, impressionistic pictures. Many of the sketches in this little volume do not deserve to be called stories; they are without plot, with-

out any sequence of events, but always some character or characters stand out in bold relief from the blurred background of living sights and sounds. In Mr. Davidson's literary pictures we are generally conscious of London Bridge or St. Paul's in the distance to typify the complex civilisation of cities. In two of the sketches, "Miss Armstrong's Circumstances" and "Alison Hepburn's Exploit," we find types of the modern immature woman stretching out impotent hands toward the attainment of a proper clutch on life, and a true understanding of herself in relation to humanity. Both end by finding—or missing—the solution of life's perplexities by marriage with very normal average sort of men. These two stories are admirably done, and the characters are drawn definitely and strongly with a few strokes. The other sketches vary somewhat in excellence; the closing one, "The Interregnum in Fairyland," seeming to us less felicitous because less characteristic of the author's best qualities. Facts rather than fancies are what we care to hear of from Mr. Davidson, and his intimate knowledge of all sorts and conditions of men and women, and his talent for showing us the realities of life, of selecting the vital and the universal from the unimportant and exceptional, make him always an interesting guide through the intricate walks of life trodden by average humanity.

**THE CROWNING OF CANDACE.** By Katharine Pearson Woods. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

This little love-story is a delightful piece of realism. The characters are drawn with so firm and delicate a touch, and so natural are they that one feels at once not only acquainted, but interested. The didactic old rector, a little prosy, yet with a fine apprehension of the true meaning of art in its general sense; his son, the professor, and his daughter-in-law, the one devoted to Slavonic literature, the other equally devoted to her old gold and olive "Melodic" Parlour; Miss Laura Marks, the village dress-maker, who "owned freely to a good forty-five, but was older than we usually think we ought to be, nowadays, at that age;" Dr. Lansing, strong, rugged, "not so young as he had been," Candace's literary guide and mentor, and her lover; and "Sweet Candy" herself, a charming embodiment of cleverness and simplicity, all become old friends before the story is ended, and are parted from with regret. When the story in which Candace, with careful workmanship and utter forgetfulness of self, has chronicled the joys and sorrows—often tragedies—of the simple mining folk among whom she lives is accepted by a New York publisher, the whole community rejoices in her success. Was she not theirs? Had she not grown up among them?

Proud and astonished to discover that one who, as a child, had been trotted on their knee, had now "took to book writin'," they call at the rectory to gaze with awe at the new wonder, and to express congratulation, warning, and advice. Nor do they come empty-handed. *Godey's Lady's Books*, ancient in point of age, a bottle of blackberry brandy, which was good for "the stummick," and even "a settin' of aigs" are among the offerings.

Some of the "advantages" which the success of her book bring Candace are a visit to her brother, free access to the gold and olive parlour, and the society of the emphatic Mrs. Otterburne and the other social lights of the University town. Interviewed, flattered, photographed, besieged by publishers, the young authoress returns home very much impressed with the importance of one Candace Dering, and begins writing another book. Against the counsel of Dr. Lansing, who is still her truest friend, though she has become estranged from him, this new story is written in six weeks, finds a ready publisher, and is soon after given to the public. Then Candace learns a lesson, hard but salutary. The book proves a failure, as under the circumstances it was bound to be; adverse criticisms and cold indifference take the

place of glowing praise and fulsome adulation. But after a time of disappointment and sorrow the honest simplicity of her character, wherein lies her strength and charm, reasserts itself, and Candace is "crowned."

A comparison has been drawn between this story of Miss Woods and the work of Miss Yonge, but to our mind it is in style more crisp, and displaying a delicious humour not usual with the well-known English writer.

The *motif* of *The Crowning of Candace* is one which should be considered by those who are anxious to rush into print. It is epitomised in Dr. Dering's remark to Richard Lansing, "A book! Why, sir, a book ought to be the final expression of one's inmost personality, the quintessence, seven times distilled, of one's sweetest and most sacred experiences."

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LETTERS. Edited by D. O. Kellogg. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

This is a memoir of Byron Caldwell Smith, being letters written by him in the years 1868-72, while he was preparing himself in several European universities for a Greek professorship. They are the letters of a heaven-scaling, flute-playing youth of twenty, who thought nothing of reading through the entire Greek drama in a year, who could not hang up divine philosophy long enough to distinguish the eternal feminine from the human womanly, and died, after about three years of active life, regretting that he had not yet mastered the problems of political economy. The majority of these facts have been gleaned with some difficulty from the introductory matter furnished by Mr. Kellogg, whose rhetorical glow and apologetic tone have effectually blocked the reader's search for precise information, and whose comments trench, to an amusing degree, upon the humble province of the reviewer.

The conscience-stricken air of responsibility that marks these letters is of the nature of a shock to one who in recent years has whiled away his student days in the same haunts. "I have withstood every temptation," he wrote to his mother on the eve of his departure for home, "and grappled with every difficulty that I thought might conceal treasures for my life, that I might be worthy one day to return to your bosom as pure in body and soul as when I nestled there as at the fountain of my life." When his father, who was a journalist, asked him to contribute something to his paper, he replied that to "collect one's ideas for a newspaper article would derange one's temper for study to a sad degree." The folks at home liked his verses, which he forthwith made an end of with the remark, "How can I write poetry who never have occasion for a poetic emotion, save what comes second-hand through books!" His kingdom was a library. "The grand erudition of these laborious scholars," he averred, "has created for the earnest student a second world, one over and above that where we live. One learns to laugh at and pity the muddled notions of the mass of men from these

clear intellectual heights." Pantheism was to him "a religion of absolute love which penetrates all being with the ichor of divine significance." It "fills one's life with heroic cheerfulness." A plaintive religious note is struck in the words "The more comfortless the world appears—the hollower, colder, emptier of gods—the more we must cling together."

Some of the literary opinions scattered through this volume are strikingly original. Of Goethe he said: "I never could see that he made me master of a profounder sensibility toward any object of human love, nor can I recall any passage in his works which seems splendid with new light" as so frequently occurs in Shakespeare. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was, as he phrased it, a "piece of sublime, universal biography." He spoke of the "grand, sacred way of Swinburne."

Americans, he complained, had so much sense and so little imagination. They were devoid of a healthy sensuousness. This "great disharmony" in the national character must be cured before a great art could take root among us.

Rarely do his letters lapse into commonplace, as, for instance, when we read that "man is an organism." A youth of intense earnestness, to whom the future was a sealed mystery, he managed in his less serious moments to give us some interesting glimpses of his surroundings. At one time suffering from too much Berlin, he wrote, "All the spirit in a fellow threatens to go out under the gray, monotonous drizzle of city life." In a postscript he added: "My landlady in the next room is indulging in one of her Homeric, inextinguishable laughs."

WITH THE BAND. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

That the scattered regiments of our little army have not yet acclaimed their delight in Mr. Chambers's volume of barrack-room lyrics; that Fort Wingate, New Mexico, and Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and even Fortress Monroe and West Point are still to be heard from; that no one, in short, is particularly sure on the *prima facie* evidence of his verses that Mr. Chambers has ever heard the "whoop-whur-

roo!" of the "painted Sioux," or otherwise in any but a life-shirking manner learned in suffering what he now essays to teach in song, is going to react against the claims made for him by his friends. Few private citizens are as quick as the army to discern gold from tinsel. When they like a thing, they rise to their feet and shout their appreciation, differing in this respect from a first night New York audience, who are chary of their applause till they are told the play is good. It is true that a piece of writing has to be aggressively to the fore to please the Boys in Blue; and perhaps Mr. Chambers has sacrificed fibre and grasp to the bang-whang-whang of the drum and the tootle of the life. Like Rosalind, being but a moonish youth, he is first fantastical and then apish. (Shallowiness and inconstancy may come hereafter.) Abandoning the fresh vein he so happily hit upon in his stories, he here forces a comparison at every step with Mr. Kipling, who might feel flattered if the imitation were not so conscious and apparent. It is a pity that his verses cannot be viewed apart from the latter's graphic realism and craggy originality, which they resemble less than they do the nonsense jingles of Thackeray. They indicate, however, a healthy endeavour to pursue lines too infrequently cultivated in America. "The Gray Horse Troop" is stirring, and the Custer poem begins with a dash. "Eily Considine" is touched with tenderness and has a distinctly tragic undertone. "Mardi Grass" is neat and true—for a trifle. There is too much "Gawd" and other repetition in some of these poems, and the unversified "Shadows" with which the book is padded are out of value.

SCIENCE SKETCHES. By David Starr Jordan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

This new and enlarged collection of essays, some of which appeared originally in the *Popular Science Monthly*, evinces afresh the thoroughness, common-sense, minute observation, sly, unimaginative humour, and professional courtesy which are associated with the name of the well-known naturalist and educator. Some of the pages are pretty heavily loaded with Latin appellatives (as long as the Salmon family do not remonstrate, we will not dwell upon it), and occasionally one hears the voice of the professor. But in the main the book is readable, and it is calculated to arouse a purely scientific interest in subjects that, in the opinion of many, have latterly been handled, as for instance, by Sir John Lubbock, with an excessive regard to their interpretation in terms of human life and sentiment. One is relieved to learn that there are now only twenty-five distinct species of fresh-water catfishes, and that the dark specks on the skin of the tessellated darter are hereditary. The paper about "Agassiz at Penikese" is entertaining, and the fable of the *octroi* upon boots in the little French town of Issoire should be read by all who have not corked up and sealed their views concerning the tariff.

AUDIENCES. By Florence P. Holden. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

According to the sub-title of this book, the author has set out to give "a few suggestions to those who look and listen." The result is a rhetorical, didactic hodge-podge of the art-made-

easy variety, in which architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music, and even criticism are interlaced, within the limits of a couple of hundred pages, to point a moral. It would be exemplifying the seriousness we deplore in the writer to remark that she has underestimated the intelligence of her own audience. A quarter of a century ago, when some people were still debating whether a fine action was finer than a fine picture, it was inevitable that art and ethics should be enveloped in a flood of commonplace to their mutual confusion. But times have considerably changed since then, and there are now too many books that present the fine arts with technical precision as well as poetic appreciation for such a one as Miss Holden's to find the place which might once have been accorded to it. It is well printed and bound, and has several attractive pictures.

PURELY ORIGINAL VERSE. (Fifth volume.) By J. Gordon Coogler. Columbia, S. C.: Published by the Author. 50 cents.

We were going to write a rather lengthy review of this inimitable little volume; but the author has made such a thing practically impossible by reprinting in the Introduction a collection of the comment and commendations already bestowed upon his verse by the most eminent critics, from Bill Nye to the literary editor of *Munsey's*. These comments so perfectly anticipate all that we should ourselves have said as to make it needless for us to do more than subscribe to them as expressing our own sentiments exactly. Mr. Coogler is, in fact, the literary complement of Mrs. Mary A. Fry; for what she is in the epic, such is Mr. Coogler in the lyric and elegiac modes. Mrs. Fry blazes and thunders; Mr. Coogler melts and murmurs. When Mrs. Fry storms the Olympian heights, you feel like hiding in a cyclone-cellar; but when Mr. Coogler tenderly coogles, you want to take a trolley car to the nearest cemetery. We trust that this fifth volume of his verse may have many successors; and we are pretty sure that it will; for a little poem, which we cull from page 28, is fraught with golden promise for the future:

"You may as well try to change the course  
Of yonder sun  
To North and South,  
As to try to subdue by criticism  
This heart of verse  
Or close this mouth."

Mr. Coogler's love of brevity and also his modesty are well shown in a two-line poem on page 24:

"Alas for the South! Her books are few,—  
She never was given to literature."

Not pausing to comment on the fertility of resource which enables Mr. Coogler to force a rhyme by pronouncing the last word "litera-chew," we shall only make the very obvious remark that we cannot ourselves feel any sorrow over the South's alleged poverty in books. Surely it is not the mere number of books that gives distinction. A section that has in a single decade produced Mrs. Fry's immortal *Centennial Poem* and these five volumes of Mr. Coogler's can well afford to rest upon its literary laurels. In fact, we think that its legislators would be fully justified in suspending by legal enactment all further poetical production for at least a century.

## BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons send us *With the Trade Winds*, a very prettily printed book, in which Mr. Ira Nelson Morris tells of his wanderings among the West India Islands and Venezuela. He visited Santa Cruz, St. Kitt's, Antigua, St. Lucia, Martinique, and a number of other islands, and gives his general impressions in a manner of which the brevity is perhaps the most commendable characteristic; for Mr. Nelson does not know how to discriminate between the things that happened to be interesting to himself personally and the things that are of general interest to others. In other words, he writes like an amateur scribbling letters to his own family, and not like a practised observer such as is Mr. Richard Harding Davis. He is just a little too fond, also, of lugging in the names of his noble acquaintances—mostly of Spanish and French nativity—and this gives a slightly snobbish colour to his narrative. In fact, he dedicates the book to "My friend and travelling companion, the Marquis of Montelo." But that is wholly a matter of taste. The illustrations from photographs are very good.—Marie Corelli has been doing another book. This one is called *Ziska, the Problem of a Wicked Soul*, and it is dedicated "To the Present Living Re-incarnation of Araxes." There are people in it, as usual, who flash dark, disdainful glances, exhibit frequently a pained flush on their handsome faces, utter fierce oaths, and (when of the feminine gender) enamel their shoulders! Incidentally she lays out the Cook's tourists *en bloc*, which is all very well, though we really think their vileness is not quite so blue-black as here depicted. But she is a great hand at slapping on colour, is Marie Corelli! (Stone and Kimball. \$1.50.)—*Hygiene and Beauty*, of unknown authorship, is a very clearly written exposition of the things that one must do and also of the things which one must not do who wishes to attain a fair amount of beauty. It is really very convincing, and if we could we should take a month off and experiment, for we, too, should like to be beautiful. But alas! we haven't the time. (Harpers.)

*A Minion of the Moon*, by T. W. Speight, is a rattling story of a romantic highway robber, very well told and full of life. Some of the illustrations, while not especially commendable from an artistic point of view, are still rather good in their way and will excite in the mind that is fond of adventure, a strong desire to peruse the text. (New Amsterdam Book Company.)

*In the Land of Tolstoy* (Thomas Whittaker, \$2.00) throws a great light on the practical side of Tolstoy's life and gives us a close acquaintance with the philanthropist rather than the student, the active worker among destitution, disease and death in the Russian villages rather than with the writer and propagandist, in which capacity the author of *Anna Karénina* and *War and Peace* is better known to us. Jonas Stadling, the author, was the companion of Tolstoy, with whom he bore the fatigues of travel, and went in and out of plague and famine-stricken huts; and his experiences recounted in this book have been gathered by observation and from eye-witnesses and

reliable authorities. But the personal element is not lacking, for we have a chapter on "Tolstoy's Table Talk," and one on the author's "First Acquaintance with Count Tolstoy," besides much interesting memorabilia scattered through its pages. The book is one that appeals to the humanitarian, the philosopher, the sociologist, and the lover of travel. Picturesque in style, teeming with human interest, full of information gleaned at first hand, and glowing with imaginative colour and forcefulness of expression, *In the Land of Tolstoy* is one of the most invaluable human documents and indispensable records of research on the subject that have been published on the Russian social and religious problems. The work is beautifully and extensively illustrated; the illustrations deriving a higher value from the fact that they have been drawn by one of Sweden's foremost living artists from photographs taken by Herr Stadling during his sojourn in the country.

The increased interest taken in India has caused the publication lately of several volumes on different phases of life in that country, one of which, *Fifty Years' Reminiscences of India*, is a retrospect of travel, adventure, and sport, by Colonel Pollok, of the Madras Staff Corps, and is published by Mr. Edward Arnold. The love of hunting is strong in the Anglo-Saxon race, and a book of sport is always a welcome source of delight whether the reader be active in the field or merely an easy-chair hunter. "The jungle is the battlefield of play hours," wrote Thackeray, with India as a training ground for the future soldier in mind; "it leads straight to the Red Ribbon and the Victoria Cross." The author has had the good fortune to come in contact with several excellent sportsmen and travellers during his fifty years in India, and mingling with his own experiences are recollections of these brave men and of their adventures in various parts of the world. "It is better to do doughty deeds than to write about them," is an old Roman saying; but Colonel Pollok's bracing record of deeds of derring-do makes the writing of them of equal value and interest. (Price, \$4.00.)

Some new volumes have been recently added to several popular series in the course of publication. *Robert the Bruce* is the new volume in the admirable Heroes of the Nations Series, being published by the Messrs. Putnam; the new edition of Balzac made by Dent and published here by the Macmillan Company is augmented by the translation of *A Woman of Thirty* (\$1.50), and in the Illustrated Standard Novels Series, issued by the same firm, we have another volume of the works of Thomas Love Peacock, namely, *The Misfortunes of Elphin and Rhododaphne*, with an introduction by Professor Saintsbury and illustrations by F. H. Townsend. (\$1.50.)—Two seasonable books for the popularising of the science of birds and trees have been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, *The Story of the Birds* (illustrated), by J. N. Baskett, in Appleton's Home Reading Books; and *Familiar Trees and Their Leaves*, described and illustrated by F. Schuyler Mathews, the author of a very popular handbook on the familiar flowers of field and garden.

## AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

Librarians and all interested in the progress of libraries and of education have been much excited by the clause in the Dingley Bill which, as it originally stood, withdrew from libraries the right of free entry for books and similar matter. Numerous protests from many sources were sent to Washington, and the managers of the bill in the House were shamed into modifying the original draft, so that this right is, in some measure at least, restored. Some ambiguities in the bill make it less satisfactory than the provisions which have prevailed for many years.

What the fate of these sections of the bill will be in the Senate remains to be seen. Libraries have enjoyed the right of free entry for books and similar material since the beginning of the century, with the exception of the years from 1846 to 1848, when a duty of ten per cent. on their importation was laid, although the next Congress refunded the money thus collected, and during the period from 1864 to 1872, immediately after the war. Curious bits of barbarism crop out here and there at the end of the nineteenth century. The provisions of the Wilson Bill concerning the importation of books in languages other than English were entirely reasonable and sensible. It seems that under the present administration American scholars and investigators must pay twenty-five per cent. duty on the scientific works which they import to enable them to study in this country rather than to go abroad.

The essence of the protective system is the development and nurture of American industries and American institutions, to the end that the American producer in all fields should not suffer over against the foreign producer on account of the higher rates of wages and standard of living prevailing in this country. The development of American universities, and particularly of American libraries, is a very important step toward the attainment of this ideal, though possibly through different methods. A generation ago the historian, the scientist, or the investigator in any field requiring books was obliged to take his money and go to Europe and live abroad until he had gathered his material or finished his work. To-day, this is largely unnecessary, and in the near future the libraries of this country will furnish facilities unexcelled abroad. Students and scholars will remain at home, and the amount of money thus annually saved the country will amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The Massachusetts Library Club held its spring meeting at the Boston Public Library on April 22d, when the subject of the illustration of books was discussed in the forenoon, and the afternoon was devoted to a visit to the Riverside Press to examine the process of illustration.

The month of April usually sees the wanderings of the various library school classes. The Albany School sent a large contingent to New York, which spread itself over the city thoroughly and saw more libraries than most, and perhaps than any, librarian of the city of New

York has ever seen. The Pratt Institute Library Class is equally active, and leaves nothing unvisited. As these visits are a regular feature of the instruction in the library schools, they may be supposed to prove profitable. At any rate, they appear to be a source of pleasure to the visitors and to the libraries visited.

The Society Library in New York City is becoming uneasy at its old site in University Place, and desires to follow its readers uptown. This ancient institution was organized in 1754, and the librarian, Mr. Bigelow, says, "if any person believes that this home for books is not up to date there is no just cause for such belief."

The John Crerar Library in Chicago opened its temporary quarters in the Marshall, Field and Company Building, 87 Wabash Avenue, on April 1st. It is to be open henceforth daily from nine A.M. until six P.M. Its founder died on October 19th, 1889, and the administration of the estate was concluded in 1894, when the Library was incorporated. Its total endowment is something over \$2,500,000, and it has the nucleus of a building fund, apart from the income, exceeding \$100,000. It is being organized and developed in co-operation with the Chicago Public Library and the Newberry Library, the three libraries dividing between them, on broad lines, the world of books. The special field of the John Crerar Library will be the social sciences and the pure and applied sciences. It is proposed to make the library rich in scientific periodicals. This library starts out with about 20,000 volumes and a present and prospective periodical list of about 1200 numbers.

A new-comer in the field of library journalism is *Le Bibliographe Moderne, Courrier International des Archives et des Bibliothèques, publiée sous la direction de M. Henri Stein*. The publisher in his prospectus sheds a kindly tear on some of his predecessors that have perished, and says that he will devote his periodical to bibliographies and to news of libraries and museums.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Public Library, in its annual report, gives its number of volumes at 41,600, with additions during the past year of 4415, and states that its circulation is 556,312, while that of the previous year was 541,457. This growth in circulation was secured by the expenditure on the part of the city of \$21,600. The library management seem to derive comfort in comparing its circulation and expense with the circulation of the Boston Public Library of 850,000 volumes at an expense of \$175,000, that of the Cleveland Public Library with a circulation of 595,000 volumes at an expense of \$60,000, and that of St. Louis with a circulation of 331,000 volumes at an expense of \$60,000. It is to be hoped the statistics of the Los Angeles authorities are correct.

Work has been begun on the \$25,000 library building presented to Franklin and Marshall College in January by General J. Watts de Peyster of Tivoli, N. Y. This library is to receive \$10,000 from the will of the late Peter Kerlin of Franklin County, Penn.

The Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale of Flor-

once reports the use in the building, during the year 1896, of 80,063 volumes, loans out of the building of 5976 volumes and additions of 7631 volumes, and 23,698 pamphlets, 18,271 cards were added to its catalogue.

The New Jersey Library Association and the Pennsylvania Library Club had their first joint meeting at Atlantic City on Monday and Tuesday April 5th and 6th. A large number of members and friends were present, and there were papers and discussions which it is to be hoped were as permanently profitable as the whole outing was pleasant.

The Scranton Public Library, although young, is active, and it loaned during the year 1896, 159,174 volumes, an increase from the previous year. The library contains 25,294 volumes, of which 3157 were added in 1896.

The Columbia University Library has received from Mr. Charles H. Senff a magnificent collection of beautifully illustrated works on architecture, art, and especially on natural history. These volumes have a pecuniary value of many thousand dollars, and are a welcome supplement to the immense collections in the Avery Library. Among the volumes received is a copy of Granger's *Biographical History of England*, extra illustrated, with thousands of portraits, many of great rarity, and enlarged to nineteen volumes.

The last number of *The Library* issued in London contains a notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Guille of Guernsey, who founded there with a Mr. Allès the Guille-Allès Library. Mr. Guille made his money in New York City, and, going back to his native place, founded this library and some allied institutions, which together contain about 70,000 volumes.

The Royal Library in Copenhagen reports for the year 1896 an increase of 8604 volumes, including 1659 pamphlets; 39,558 volumes were used during the year, of which 12,282 were loaned out.

If the statistics of foreign libraries which from time to time appear in *THE BOOKMAN* be carefully considered and compared with available statistics of similar university and scholarly libraries in this country, it will be evident that the use as well as the development of libraries here is assuming much larger proportions than prevails abroad.

The Library of Political Science and Economics belonging to the late Professor Geffcken has been presented to the University Library at Strassburg.

It is perhaps not too late to record for *THE*

*BOOKMAN* the good fortune of the Providence Public Library Association in the gift, from Mr. John Nicholas Brown, of the sum of \$200,000 for the erection of a library building. The only condition is that the trustees raise \$100,000 in addition.

The Librarian of the University Library at Leyden, Dr. W. N. Du Rieu, recently died. He was well known for his bibliographical and palæographical works, and recently endeavoured to organize an international scheme for the reproduction by autotype process of valuable manuscripts.

The New York Public Library *Bulletin* is issuing in sections and by topics, lists of the periodicals contained in the united libraries and the Library of Columbia University. The sections of philology and mathematics have already appeared and are to be followed by astronomy and physics.

Mr. Cutter's second annual report as Librarian of the Forbes Library at Northampton shows additions during the year of 13,174 volumes bought at an average cost of \$1.16 per volume. Many important art works are included in the year's purchases, together with many other important sets and long series. The Library now contains about 44,000 volumes.

Mr. Charles K. Bolton, Librarian of the Brookline Public Library, has just published a *History of Brookline*. It may also be noted that Mr. Reuben A. Guild, Librarian Emeritus of Brown University, has just issued the *History of Brown University*, on which he has been working for so many years.

The Boston Public Library has nearly completed its list of periodicals currently received in the libraries of Boston and vicinity.

It is proposed to create at Harvard a Memorial Collection of English Literature, in memory of the late Professor Francis Child. A foundation of \$12,000 is being raised for this purpose.

The Library of the University of Texas has received as a gift from Mr. Swante Palm his valuable private library, said to amount to 25,000 volumes. Mr. Palm is a Swede by birth who has resided long in Texas.

The Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, whose founder died recently, reports additions for the past year of 12,840 volumes, making its total 176,329. Its loans were 653,731 volumes, and its expenses during the year were \$74,227.36, of which over \$20,000 were used in the establishment of a new branch.

George H. Baker.

## THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

### EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1897.

Trade on the whole during the past month has been quiet, particularly with the dealers. Library business has held its own somewhat better, the demands being mostly for the current fiction, although works of reference and

books on popular subjects of interest are in demand.

The month's publications have been quite numerous, and have included a number of novels already selling well, and several works likely to become prominent in other classes of literature. Undoubtedly the most notable book of the month has been *Farthest North*, by Dr.



Fridtjof Nansen. This was well received by both the trade and the public, and is especially acceptable to the libraries. *Trooper Peter Halket*, by Olive Schreiner, is a smaller book, dealing with a subject of the day, which is also very successful. In addition to the month's publications of a miscellaneous character and general interest may be mentioned *Memories of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Rose H. Lathrop; *The Mycenaean Age*, by C. Tsountas and J. I. Marnatt, and *Through Unknown African Countries*, by A. Donaldson Smith.

In the department of fiction, *Ziska*, by Marie Corelli, is starting off well, while one of the best selling books of the month has been *The Forge in the Forest*, by Charles G. D. Roberts.

The continued large sale of *Quo Vadis* is remarkable, this at present being undoubtedly the book most called for. *On the Face of the Waters* is also much sought after, while *Sentimental Tommy* seems to be selling better now than it did months ago.

In the sales of seasonable books at this time of the year may be included Easter literature; several new titles appropriate to the occasion have been issued, notable among them being *Easter Bells*, by Margaret Sangster. Out-of-door subjects are receiving attention, among the recent publications being *Upon the Tree Tops*, by Olive Thorn Miller, and *The Plant World*, by Frank Vincent, while *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, by Mrs. Dana, and *With the Wild Flowers*, by E. M. Hardinge, are selling readily.

The popularity of paper-bound books is a thing of the past, as illustrated by the remark overheard at a news-stand, that "everything of importance is now published in cloth binding." The publications in paper novels have been limited this month, *The Yellow Kid*, by E. W. Townsend, being the most successful.

*Tess of the D'Urbervilles* has, like some other popular novels, improved in sale upon dramatisation. *The Upper Room*, by Ian Maclaren, is having a renewed sale, comparing favourably with his titles in fiction. European guide books are in good demand, the new *Satchel Guide* for 1897 being among the month's publications.

*How to Live Longer* and *Why We Do not Live Longer*, by J. R. Hay, and *Beauty and Hygiene* are two small books likely to renew interest in the subject of health.

Books of travel have been published to a considerable extent recently, so that just at present this is one of the most popular features in the trade. In addition to the titles mentioned above, *Forty-one Years in India*, by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts; *Siam on the Meinam*, by Maxwell Sommerville, and *The Land of the Monuments*, by Joseph Pollard, are having a good sale.

The prominence of fiction has been a little less pronounced than usual, and in the following list of the month's best-selling books will be found a few titles outside of fiction:

*Quo Vadis*. By Henry L. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.

*On the Face of the Waters*. By Flora A. Steel. \$1.50.

*Sentimental Tommy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.

*The Seats of the Mighty*. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.

*Ziska*. By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.

*The Yellow Kid*. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cents.

*Trooper Peter Halket*. By Olive Schreiner. \$1.25.

*The Honourable Peter Stirling*. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.

*Under the Red Robe*. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

*Farthest North*. By F. Nansen. 2 vols. \$10.00.

*The Upper Room*. By Ian Maclaren. 50 cents.

*Forty-one Years in India*. By Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. 2 vols. \$12.00.

*The Forge in the Forest*. By C. G. D. Roberts. \$1.50.

## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, April 1, 1897.

March opened with business fairly brisk, and continued so during most of the month. Several temporary checks were encountered from time to time, which prevented the total amount of trade from exceeding the average of previous years; but despite these drawbacks, the month's business was as a whole quite encouraging. Nearly everything in the way of current books moved fast, and the popular favourites sold especially well.

*Farthest North* has monopolised most of the attention, and everything else was practically dwarfed by comparison. The success of this book is one of the most remarkable to be found in trade annals; it is not often that an expensive book of travel is to be seen outselling the popular novels.

Apart from the Nansen book the month was rich in new publications, of which the following novels were the most successful: *The Pomp of the Lavelettes*, by Gilbert Parker; *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, by Olive Schreiner; *Ziska*, by Marie Corelli; *The Spirit of an Illinois Town*, by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and *The Sign of the Spider*, by Bertram Mitford. In other classes, *The Middle Period*, in the American History Series; *Memories of Hawthorne*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and *Upon the Tree Tops*, by Olive Thorn Miller, were very popular.

Reports of trade from the Western coast conflict somewhat, but the majority of them are very hopeful. The general opinion seems to be that business in that section of the country is now, after a long period of inactivity, improving.

Eastern travelling booksellers made their annual trip to Chicago last month, and spoke well of the business done during the visit. The trade evidenced a good deal of interest in the samples shown of forthcoming publications, and some good orders were booked.

The number of first-class works, considered commercially, announced for early publication is surprisingly large, and the spring of 1897 bids fair to be remarkable for the richness of its literary output. The demand for new books, which is largely stimulated by the copious and extensive reviews and literary notices in the daily press and the monthly magazines, is increasing all the time, and a meritorious book is hailed gladly.

*Quo Vadis* is still growing in popularity, and each successive month shows an increase in its sales. The book is easily the first favourite among works of fiction at the present time.

An analysis of March sales shows that *On the Face of the Waters* and *Phroso* sold largely, while J. M. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* and *Sentimental Tommy* were again in the front rank. *On the Red Staircase* is having a remarkable run, and orders for this book from the trade are increasing in size. The *Hon. Peter Stirling* still sells well, as does also *The Seats of the Mighty*.

The extraordinary vogue of *Quo Vadis* has given quite an impetus to the sale of Sienkiewicz's other works, and especially to his famous *With Fire and Sword*.

The new Cambridge edition of Lowell's *Poetical Works* is being well received. The series is a popular one because of its being so well adapted to ordinary use. We would like to see it embrace all of our standard American poets.

The following books sold best last month :

- Farthest North. By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. 2 vols. \$10.00.  
*Quo Vadis*. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*On the Face of the Waters*. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. \$1.50.  
*On the Red Staircase*. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.  
*Phroso*. By Anthony Hope. \$1.75.  
*Margaret Ogilvy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.  
*Sentimental Tommy*. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.  
*Menticulture*. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.  
*Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.  
*Seats of the Mighty*. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.  
*A Singular Life*. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. \$1.25.  
*The Seven Seas*. By Rudyard Kipling. \$1.50.  
*Trooper Peter Halket*. By Olive Schreiner. \$1.25.  
*Kate Carnegie*. By Ian Maclaren. \$1.25.  
*King Noanett*. By F. J. Stimson. \$2.00.

#### ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, February 22 to March 20, 1897.

In spite of the commencement of the Lenten Season, which formerly put a check upon lighter reading, there has this year been a fair trade doing in all branches. If this is any guide this Church season does not appear to be so generally observed as formerly. Trade in the foreign and colonial departments has continued steady, there being a fair demand for all classes of literature.

The 6s. novel is as popular as ever. Each week brings considerable additions to this class. The leading publication in this form is *On the Face of the Waters*, followed closely by *The Sign of the Cross*. Large numbers of *Ziska* also have been sold.

The much-regretted death of Professor Drummond has directed attention to his works, especially *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*.

As might be expected, with the experience of the Jubilee Year as a guide, the present year will see a larger number than ever of books giving an account of the Queen's life and reign. Mr. Holmes's *Queen Victoria* is, of course, the

leading work, and a publishers' voucher for a copy of the Japanese paper edition is advertised for sale by auction. This is unique, as the book will not be ready for about a couple of months or so.

Less interest appears to be taken in South African affairs, to judge by the decreasing inquiries for literature bearing upon the subject. The Cretan question seems to have put the former in the shade.

Dr. Nansen's account of his Arctic journey has been required in such numbers that it has been, at times, impossible to meet the demand. Mr. Bain's *Reminiscences* of the famous traveller has also sold well. Books on out-door pursuits, especially on Gardening, are now to the front. It is a little early for Handbooks on Butterflies, Birds, and Wild Flowers, but they will no doubt be heard of in a few weeks.

There is little change to report in the magazine world. The old favourites still retain their hold on the public. The only notable feature is the ever-increasing output of Fashion periodicals.

Canon Gore's *Sermon on the Mount* is being sold very freely.

The issue of new books and new editions continues unabated. About 400 have appeared during the past month ; on one occasion thirty were issued in one day. There is no sign of abatement in this direction. Stocking a bookseller's shop has become a more difficult matter than ever, owing to the enormous selection of publications now available.

The list appended includes the most popular books of the moment.

- Farthest North. By Dr. Nansen. 2 vols. 42s. net.  
*Dr. Nansen*. By J. A. Bain. 6s.  
*On the Face of the Waters*. By F. A. Steel. 6s.  
*Margaret Ogilvy*. By J. M. Barrie. 5s.  
*Secrets of the Courts of Europe*. By A. Upward. 6s.  
*Trooper Peter Halket*. By O. Schreiner. 6s.  
*The Sign of the Cross*. By W. Barrett. 6s.  
*Lads' Love*. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.  
*Flames*. By R. Hichens. 6s.  
*Drummond's (Professor) Works*.  
*Loveice*. By Mrs. Hungerford. 6s.  
*Man of Straw*. By E. Pugh. 6s.  
*The Well-Beloved*. By T. Hardy. 6s.  
*The Babe, B.A.* By E. F. Benson. 6s.  
*Under the Red Robe*. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.  
*The Sorrows of Satan*. By Marie Corelli. 6s.  
*Phroso*. By A. Hope. 6s.  
*Sandar's Encyclopædia of Gardening*. 2s. 6d.  
*Story of an African Crisis*. By E. Garrett. 3s. 6d.  
*Manners for Men*. By Mrs. Humphry. 1s.  
*Whitaker's Directory of Titled Persons*. 2s. 6d.  
*Pioneers of Evolution*. By E. Clodd. 5s. net.  
*The Sermon on the Mount*. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.  
*A Pinchbeck Goddess*. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. 3s. 6d.  
*An Anxious Moment*. By Mrs. Hungerford. 3s. 6d.  
*Guesses at the Riddle of Existence*. By Goldwin Smith. 6s.  
*Hilda Strafford*. By B. Harraden. 3s. 6d.  
*Forty-one Years in India*. By Colonel Roberts. 2 vols. 36s.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between March 1, 1897, and April 1, 1897..

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

## NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ On Many Seas. By Williams. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Sentimental Tommy. By Barrie. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
- 6. Tess of the D'Urbervilles. By Hardy. \$1.50. (Harper.)

## NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 5. Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- 6. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. \$1.25. (Roberts Bros.)

## ALBANY, N. Y.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 3. Green Book. By Jokai. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- 6. A Pinchbeck Goddess. By Fleming. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

## ATLANTA, GA.

- 1. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.50. (Stokes.)
- 3. White Aprons. By Goodwin. \$1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- 5. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. \$1.25. (Roberts Bros.)
- 6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

## BALTIMORE, MD.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- 3. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- 6. That Affair Next Door. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)

## BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

## BOSTON, MASS.

- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On Many Seas. By Williams. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- ✓ Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)
- 5. Transatlantic Châtelaine. By Prince. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
- 6. Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

- 1. That Affair Next Door. By Green. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00. (Putnam.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)
- 5. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
- 6. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)

## CHICAGO, ILL.

- 1. Green Book. By Jokai. \$1.50. (Harper.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 4. Through Unknown African Countries. By Smith. \$5.00. (Arnold.)
- 5. Telepathy. By Mason. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- 6. Trooper Peter Halket. By Schreiner. \$1.25. (Roberts.)

## CHICAGO, ILL.

- ✓ Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 3. On the Red Staircase. By Taylor. \$1.25. (McClurg & Co.)
- ✓ On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
- 5. Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Margaret Ogilvy. By Barrie. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

## CINCINNATI, O.

- ✓ Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)
- ✓ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
- 3. The Optimist. By Gross. \$1.25. (The Robert Clarke Co.)
- 4. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
- ✓ Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)
- 6. The Well Beloved. By Hardy. \$1.50. (Harper.)

## CLEVELAND, O.

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# A LITERARY JOURNAL

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 3. Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)  
 4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 5. Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)  
 6. Spoils of Poynton. By James. \$1.25. (Houghton.)

## DENVER, COL.

4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
 3. Kate Carnegie. By Watson. \$1.50. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)  
 4. Jane. By Corelli. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)  
 5. King Noanett. By Stimson. \$2.00. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)  
 6. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

4. Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)  
 2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 3. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)  
 4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 6. The Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)

## ST. LOUIS, MO.

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 2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 3. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)  
 4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 6. The Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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 2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 3. A Guest at the Ludlow. By Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)  
 4. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 6. The Real Issue. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)

NOTE.—One store here, that of Mr. C. C. Parker, has made a special window display of 21 different editions of *The Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, ranging in price from 20 cts. to \$25, and has advertised the fact quite extensively in local papers, calling attention to the display. The result has been that within two months nearly 200 copies of the work have been sold, most of them, of course, being the cheaper editions—25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. Still quite a number of the higher priced ones were sold, including several of the *variorum* and also of the editions with Vedder's illustrations.

## LITERARY WORK.

1. *Phroso*. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)  
 2. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
 3. *A Guest at the Ludlow*. By Nye. \$1.25. (Bowen-Merrill.)  
 4. *On the Face of the Waters*. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 5. *Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 6. *The Real Issue*. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)

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 4. *On the Face of the Waters*. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
 5. *Hon. Peter Stirling*. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)  
 6. *The Real Issue*. By White. \$1.25. (Way & Williams.)

\* COLOR

NEW YORK

*THE BOOKMAN ADVERTISER*

But it surprises us still more that so eminent a man as Professor Lankester, easily the foremost authority in this especial field, and busy as he must be, could have been engaged to do this work for this Library, and that he should have done it with such evident care and in such a finished, excellent way. We shall look forward to his characterisation of Darwin's great disciple, Huxley, which is to appear in a succeeding volume, with unfeigned interest.

With this as an initial experience, it was less of a surprise, but not the less a pleasure, as we turned the pages of this same volume of the Library, to come upon Professor Charles Eliot Norton's fine article on Dante. It is no disrespect, we hope, to the great Italian to

that for our day, at least, a very  
 Pl. considerable part of his poetry has so  
 Qu. Brost the powerful effect it once had  
 Sower: merely grotesque.

4. On the ~~the~~ no easy matter to lead the gen-  
(Macmillan)
5. Forge in ~~in~~ back to the thirteenth cen-  
(Lamson), ~~in~~ him in touch with Dante's
6. Trooper ~~Peter~~ Peter as and fantastic cosmogonic  
(Roberts Bros.) in no other way can the

ALB be brought to gain en-  
critical appreciation of

1. Quo Vadis. By **Stanley J. Stein**. (Brown & Co.)
2. On the Face of the Earth. By **John J. Van Dine**. (Macmillan.)
3. Green Book. By **John J. Van Dine**.
4. Phroso. By **Hope**.
5. The Sowers. By **Me**.
6. A Pinchbeck Godder. (Appleton.)

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1. Prisoner of Zenda.
2. Phroso. By Hope.
3. White Aprons. By  
 (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Sowers. By Merritt.
5. Trooper Peter Halket.  
 (Roberts Bros.)
6. Seats of the Mighty.  
 (Appleton.)

BALTIMORE, MD. 1946

4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.<sup>2</sup> 40  
(Brown & Co.)
4. The Sowers. By Merriman.<sup>1</sup> 40  
pleto
3. King Noanett. By Sims.<sup>1</sup> 40  
son, Wolfe & Co.) MO.
4. On the Face of the Water.<sup>1</sup> 40  
(Macmillan.) ric.
4. Phroso. By Hope. 11.7.<sup>1</sup> 40  
3arrett.
6. That Affair Next Door.<sup>1</sup> 40  
(Putnam.)

BOSTON, Mrs. By St

✓ Quo Vadis. By Siekiewicze. \$1.25  
Brown & Co.)  
✓ On the Face of the Water. By Fernald  
(Macmillan.)

evidence of a work masterly alike in its splendid scope and the high quality of its execution.

Ambitious and vast as its plan and aim at first seems, we find that it does, in fact, present a survey, history, exposition and digest of the literatures of the world as has never before been made. It is not a dictionary, it is not an encyclopædia, it is not simply an epitome of the greatest work of the greatest writers—it is more than all of these, it is a *real library* and, moreover, it is *real literature*.

Of the theoretical value of a work which, within the limits of thirty convenient volumes, should in truth sum up and include in one broad, brilliant view the literatures and the writers of every age and of every race, it is needless for a moment to speak; the proposition is self-evident. We can award Charles Dudley Warner no higher meed of praise than to say he has reached the nearest approximation to a perfect realization of this splendid dream that is within the reach of human intelligence.

We say frankly that we regard this as the greatest purely literary enterprise of our time. It seems to us it has fallen to Mr. Warner's lot to perform a more valuable and more enduring service to the reading public of America, and for that matter, of the English-speaking world, than probably any other living man.

We should call attention to an important arrangement which has been made by the publishers with HARPER'S WEEKLY CLUB of 91 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, whereby it becomes possible to obtain this superb treasury of literature at a reduced price and upon very easy terms. For the purpose of introducing and advertising the Library, the publishers have arranged to furnish the Harper's Weekly Club with the first edition of the work, printed from the new, especially desired, and in view of the considerable saving which can be had in this way, we advise the readers of the magazine to write promptly to the Club now forming, and to take advantage of the opportunity once.

\* Co  
† Ca

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# THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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VOL. V.

JUNE, 1897.

No. 4.

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

*The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

The publication of Professor Wilkinson's second paper on Keats is unavoidably postponed to our July number. It will relate to the "Ode to a Nightingale." We are also compelled to hold over Mr. Bacon's second paper on "Old Boston Booksellers."



In view of what on the face of it might appear to be a charge of plagiarism against THE BOOKMAN in a recent paragraph in the *Evening Post*, on the ground that some matter appearing in these columns had already appeared in the *British Weekly*, we wish to state that Dr. Robertson Nicoll, whose name appears as English editor of THE BOOKMAN, is also editor of the *British Weekly*.



Mr. Howells has just finished for the American Book Company a volume entitled *Ohio Stories*, to make one of a series to which Mr. Frank Stockton is to contribute *New Jersey Stories*, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris *Georgia Stories*. Mr. Howells will then take up and complete the serial that was announced for this year in *Harper's Bazar*, but which will really be the leading serial in that periodical next year.



Last autumn the *Morning Post* of London sent to this country a young journalist, Mr. G. W. Steevens, who observed very carefully our political campaign and wrote to his paper some of the most brilliant and vivid letters that we have ever seen in a newspaper, and which at the time were quoted far and wide both in Europe and in this country. These letters form the basis of a book to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Com-

pany. It gives a most original and striking series of impressions not only of our political ways, but of the country and its life as seen by an original and unbiassed observer who has a remarkable gift of writing nervous, glowing English. His novel picture of Chicago is one of the most epic things that can be found in prose. Mr. Steevens is now acting as war correspondent in Greece for one of the London dailies.



We desire to call the attention of our readers to what we consider a very remarkable piece of literary work. When we heard, not long ago, that Mr. Le Gallienne had been making an independent verse-rendering of Omar Khayyám, we did not take the matter very seriously, having formed a pretty definite opinion of Mr. Le Gallienne's powers and apparent limitations. That opinion has now been shattered by this really astonishing performance. Though it seems a great deal to say, we are free to assert that, in our judgment, Fitzgerald's rendering of the *Rubáiyát* must hereafter take the second place as a paraphrase of the poet of wine, love, and roses. In Mr. Le Gallienne's quatrains there are not only a delicate and subtle charm of language and all the curious artifices of expression so characteristic of Oriental poetry, but also a subtly sensuous warmth and glow that are still more suggestive of the East, and that here even more than in Fitzgerald's reproduction permeate and enrich the whole. This poem, which has been secured by Mr. Walker of the *Cosmopolitan*, is published in the current number of that magazine, and will presently appear in book form. Both be-



cause interest in Omar is perennial and because of the remarkable beauty and felicity of Mr. Le Gallienne's verse, we especially advise a very careful reading of it.



M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who returned to France on the 8th of the present month, had a most flattering reception in this country, his lectures being crowded and the public interest in them very great. These lectures amounted to twenty-five in all, nine having been given at the Johns Hopkins University, six at Columbia University, three at Harvard, one at Yale, and the others singly in various places. They were not written out, but were delivered in an extemporaneous fashion from notes; yet they were extremely finished in their style and were uttered with all the ease and charm of an accomplished orator. It is understood that he will write out the substance of the nine lectures delivered at the Johns Hopkins University to make a book, which will be published at an early date. Before this volume appears, however, there will be published a work from his pen upon French literature extending to some 400 pages, the greater part of which, we understand, is already in type. This book will be ready early in the autumn and will appear simultaneously in French and English, the translation into English being now in preparation in this country.



Something was said in our last Paris Letter about the editorial conduct of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* during M. Brunetière's absence. We should imagine that the office of the gentleman who acted as his substitute was a good deal in the nature of a sinecure, inasmuch as before leaving France, M. Brunetière had made up four entire numbers of the *Revue*, and had actually read the proofs of them prior to his departure.



M. Brunetière stated to a friend during his visit in New York that he should himself write several articles for the *Revue*, giving his impressions of America and of American life. It is interesting to note that these impressions are singularly unlike those which M. Bourget has recorded in *Outre-Mer*. M.

Bourget was struck with the rush and turmoil and what he regarded as the half-ferocious commercial and material activity in our life. M. Brunetière, on the other hand, found nothing of the sort, but carried away an impression of refinement and repose which, we imagine, he had not expected to receive. We are inclined to think that his protracted stay in Baltimore and, in fact, the length of his visits in each city where he lectured are responsible for this truer and more pleasing view. Poor M. Bourget was rushed about the continent like a theatrical star, slammed through factories and hurried through stock yards, until his mind was probably stunned by the energy of his entertainers.



M. Brunetière had admirable opportunities during his stay in this country to hear all styles and varieties of American French, for he resolutely declined to express himself in spoken English. He passed through the ordeal nobly, and managed always to keep a perfectly straight face. His powers of repression must have been severely tested, however, during a short stay that he made in a college town, where he gave one or two lectures and where a certain Academic Potentate (as to whose sex we shall be silent) took him in tow and showed him all the local sights. The Potentate's French vocabulary was strictly limited, and consisted principally of the two words *cela—est*, uttered with a considerable hiatus between them. During the great critic's visit these two words were seriously overworked, for the Potentate would go about indicating everything, animate and inanimate, with a deictic forefinger, accompanied by the invariable formula, e.g., "Cela—est—le—hall—où—most of les professeurs qui are not mariés—live;" "Cela—est le—collège pump;" and "Cela—est le Professeur de Mathematics." It has been stated in a weekly journal of this city that M. Brunetière and his party made very merry over these and similar linguistic performances that were given for his benefit. But we may be sure that if they did so, they did it strictly in the privacy of their own apartments and not in the observation of the representative of this journal; for, in the first place, M. Brunetière is too thoroughly a gen-

tleman to ridicule the well-meant efforts of his entertainers, who, like the pianist in the mining camp, were at any rate doing their best; and in the second place, a Frenchman is always extremely appreciative of even the most seismic attempts to converse with him in his own tongue. And, moreover, it is likely that nearly all the French addressed to him was, at the very least, considerably better than his own English.

⊗

His last lecture in New York, which criticised so sharply M. Émile Zola and other naturalistic writers, has been very absurdly caught up by some of the French journals as the basis for charging him with lack of patriotism and of courtesy in attacking his fellow-countrymen before a foreign audience. In reality M. Brunetière's remarks were inspired by a very admirable patriotism—by a desire to show that these writers misrepresented France; that the low brutes of *La Terre* are not the real peasants of France; that the bestial scenes of *Germinal* are not such as are common in the French mining districts; that French life is falsified and slandered in *Pot Bouille* and *Nana* and *L'Assommoir*. In other words, he was really defending France with a noble ardour against attacks which were the more effective because delivered indirectly through literature, and because Frenchmen were themselves the authors. We commend these remarks to the unduly excited gentlemen of the Parisian press.

⊗

M. Brunetière is to write for an early number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The subject of his article will turn on a discussion of the racial difference in style which gives the French such a pre-eminence over the Anglo-Saxon in literature.

⊗

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has just finished a new novel entitled *Caleb West—Master Diver*. It will begin to appear serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, probably in October, and be published as a book in the spring of next year. Two of Mr. Smith's former characters, both heroes in their way, play important parts in this story: Captain Joe, the man who saved a Hoboken ferry-boat from sinking in midstream by forcing his body

into a gash left in the boat's side by a colliding tug; and Major Tom Slocombe of Poconoke, already known to us in *A Gentleman Vagabond*. The original of Captain Joe is, we believe, a famous wrecker and submarine engineer of New London, Conn. The scene of the story is laid on the Connecticut shore, and the interest is centred in the erection of a lighthouse situated some eight miles from the harbour. Mr. Smith's own intimate knowledge of lighthouse-building and his familiarity with the life of men working on the sea enable him to enter a field in which he is perfectly at home. But the strong contrasts of character and the central dramatic situation of the story give it a powerful attraction, independent of the wealth of local colour, if heightened by it. It will undoubtedly take rank as the best work that Mr. Smith has written. It goes with a verve and a swing that are irresistible; it is a story of every-day life, like *Tom Grogan*, and, like that, makes its appeal by dwelling on the romantic side of familiar things. *Tom Grogan*, published just a year ago, is now nearing its twentieth thousand; *Caleb West*, we believe, will outsell even that.

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Mr. Blackmore's new book, *Dariel*, which has been running through *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which is considered one of his best novels, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Blackwood in England, and in this country by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It was found impossible to publish the story in an American magazine, as the American magazines are more and more unwilling to print long serials—a fact which is exerting its influence in the reduction of the length of novels.

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One of the longest novels of the year will be Mr. Hall Caine's work, *The Christian*. Mr. Hall Caine, who has recently been in London, had some thought of publishing his book in July, but for various reasons it is probable that it will now be deferred till the autumn. The passages omitted in serial form are to be restored in the book, and there is no doubt that the novel will cause considerable discussion.

⊗

Ian Maclaren will not publish any

work of fiction during this year, but he will issue one, if not two, religious books before Christmas. The scene of his next volume of stories will be laid, in part at least, in America. He is making progress with his life of Christ, which will probably be entitled *The Life of the Master*, and which is to run serially through *McClure's Magazine* in America.



A new periodical entitled *The Journal of Germanic Philology* made its appearance on the first of April. Professor G. E. Karsten, the originator of the plan, is Professor of Germanic Philology in the University of Indiana, and he has begun the *Journal* on a basis that ought to assure it a flattering success. He is himself its editor-in-chief, and has associated with him, as co-editors, Professor George Holz of Leipzig, who will look after the European interests of the magazine, Professor A. S. Cook of Yale for the department of English, Dr. H. S. White of Cornell for the department of German Literature, and Dr. G. A. Hench of Michigan for the department of Germanic Grammar. Before beginning publication, Professor Karsten secured an adequate financial support in the patronage of seven very public-spirited gentlemen of Indianapolis. Although only articles by trained and competent experts will be admitted to its columns, the *Journal* is planned for the teacher of all grades and for the student of Germanics. By influencing teachers in academies, colleges, and high schools, it ought to establish a closer relation than has heretofore existed between pure and applied philology, between the study and the class-room. It will also open for American investigators a way to the attention of Germanists abroad.



The first number contains several strictly linguistic articles, and two that are devoted more especially to literature. The former were written by George Hempl, G. A. Hench of Michigan, O. B. Schuller of the Hartford High School, F. A. Blackburn of Chicago, G. E. Karsten, and H. Schmidt-Wartenberg of Chicago. Dr. Schmidt-Wartenberg's paper is the first in a series of phonetic studies carried on with the instrument used by Rousselot for meas-

uring and counting the vibrations caused by the organs of speech. In this study the writer discusses the labials in Finnic and Swedish, and also *r*-vibrations. The illustrations accompanying it will help one not acquainted with the method more easily to comprehend it. The literary article by Professor White reviews the numerous theories with regard to the birthplace of Walther von der Vogelweide, points out how they are inconclusive, and draws the inference that with the data now at hand no definite proof at all can be established with regard to the matter. Dr. E. P. Morton of Indiana investigates the stage-history of Shakespeare's plays in the seventeenth century, and shows that the critics of the time failed to appreciate the poet as he should have been appreciated. The department of reviews is in this number devoted to periodicals dealing with Germanics, and will serve to acquaint the readers with the nature and contents of several of the German periodicals of this class. The term "Germanic philology," accepted in the broad sense laid down in Paul's *Grundriss*, will, through the influence of the *Journal*, come to be more properly understood; and the narrow prejudices too often existing between the mere linguist and the student of literature will be diminished. The *Journal* is founded on so firm a basis that it cannot fail to be worthy of its name and worthy also of the respect and support of every serious scholar.



Miss Beatrice Harraden, whose story, *Hilda Strafford*, is reviewed on another page, is endeavouring to recuperate on the Continent, and was, when we last heard from her, staying at Lucerne.



Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in the autumn a new book of children's stories by Rafford Pyke, with illustrations of a very novel character by Mélanie Elisabeth Norton. Mr. James Bowden will publish the book, which is entitled *The Adventures of Mabel*, in England.



The well-known publishers of the complete edition of Jane Austen's works recently received a letter addressed to Miss Jane Austen, care of Messrs. Bentley and Sons. They are in some little perplexity as to the delivery!

Messrs. Copeland and Day have just put forth a collection of essays by Miss Guiney, which we announced a few months ago under the title of *Patrins*, to which is added, "an Inquiendo Into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty King Charles the Second." This latter appeared originally in the *Catholic World* for February, 1887, under the caption "A King of Shreds and Patches." It amused us a good deal the other day, when looking over Miss Guiney's copy for this book, to find it all made up of scraps of paper of every hue and colour and every size and shape. The publishers say there must have been about four million pieces! We reproduce a page from the original paper on Charles the Second with Miss Guiney's revisions for the book, which we were successful in purloining for the public eye.

Miss Guiney also stands sponsor for an edition of selected poems by James Clarence Mangan, which Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company are about to publish. This edition contains a portrait and a study of the poet by Miss Guiney. The dedication runs thus:

"Dear Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the new Mangan begs to be yours, partly for the gratification of its editor, one of the many who revere you; much more for the sake of the poor poet who helped to endear your distinguished name when he saluted it, fifty years ago, as that of his kindest friend. What the book has tried to be, you will know best. Far away, in your late southern sunshine, among distances, with the old clear-seeing mood ever upon you, may you read it gently!"



A PAGE OF MISS GUINEY'S MANUSCRIPT FOR "PATRINS."

It was stated by the press generally that Miss Guiney's *Lovers' Saint Ruth's*, published a year ago, was her first work in prose. This is a mistake, as she has published three tiny volumes: *Goosequill Papers*, published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers; *Monsieur Henri*, the story of Henri de la Rochejacque- lin and La Vendée; and *A Little English Gallery*, a collection of papers on Lady Danvers, the mother of George Herbert, on Henry Vaughan, George Farquhar, Topham Beauclerk and Ben-

net Langton, and on William Hazlitt. This, like *Monsieur Henri*, contains portraits from the past, dead men and a dead woman, whose memories are revived by the tender art and imagination of the writer. The preface of *Monsieur Henri*, with its obligations, reminds one somehow of Stevenson, putting up in "God's green caravanserai." Indeed, in its boyishness and charm the spirit of Miss Guiney's work is closely akin to that of the author of *Travels with a Donkey*.

It would be more correct to say that *Lovers' Saint Ruth's* was Miss Guiney's first attempt at story-telling in prose, and it is, we fear, to be viewed as accidental rather than as experimental. The genesis of this collection of stories will explain this. A long time ago Miss Guiney sent the title-story to her publishers in Boston, not with a view to publication, but, as is her wont, merely to show them something she had been writing. It was the relation of a dream, she says, from end to end—by no means an isolated experience among story-tellers. The publishers with rare discernment recognised the singular beauty and power of the story, and locked it up in their safe until Miss Guiney should in the course of time write some more, when they determined to make a book of them. The volume put before the public was the result; but Miss Guiney's achievement stopped short with the initial story, which by a strange anomaly surely she confesses to having reluctantly included. For were it not for this triumph of the book one would willingly turn away to her poetry again. But "*Lovers' Saint Ruth's*" bids the little volume linger and receive the honoured niche on the choice bookshelf.

Miss Guiney prefers her poetry to be judged by the volume entitled *A Roadside Harp*. "Miss Guiney," writes a friend from over the seas, "is in love with bygone things—with the wealth of beauty and art which a people old in civilisation has heaped up for itself. This is why she, the daughter of a distinguished Irish-American soldier, joins to her Celtic passion for beauty a great love of England. Reading her work, one is often reminded of her countryman Mr. Henry James's *Passionate Pilgrim*. Hers

is no New World inspiration for beauty vast and shapeless. She is fascinated by old abbeys, old graveyards, old castles and houses; English villages, red-roofed and embowered in trees; English landscapes, mellow with age and cultivation. . . . Old conventions of honour and chivalry, old simplicities and adornments of religion, appeal to her, as do the poets who are English classics."

Mr. Edward Arnold has just published a new book by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled *Thirty Strange Stories*, which will make delightful summer reading. Mr. Arnold will also publish in the autumn the serial of Mr. Wells now appearing in the *Cosmopolitan*, where it has attracted a good deal of attention. *The War of the Worlds* is a daring imaginative story describing the most gigantic conflict ever conceived—a conflict between the Martians and Terrestrials.

An amusing instance of the way in which titles will sometimes get jumbled up is afforded by the chronicler of "Literary Chat" in the May *Munsey's*, where Mr. Wells's *The Time Machine* and *The Wonderful Visit* are contorted into *The Time Visit* and *The Flying Machine*! We submit this to the remarkable inventive genius of the author; as just now, when the flying machine is so much in the air, Mr. Wells may be able to build on the mistake.

An interesting bit of history is that contained in General John M. Schofield's account in the *Century* of his share in securing the withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico in 1866. We hope that the time is near at hand when all the facts relating to this interesting Mexican episode may be fully and finally gathered together in a permanent form.

In turning the leaves of a scrap-book the other day—do any but those who have professional use for them now keep scrap-books, or write in diaries?—the eye lighted on an old newspaper clipping, one that told a story of general interest, a story worth repeating, with the omitted names and added details. It—the story, not the clipping—dated back to 1851, when the late Samuel McLean,

of Brooklyn, widely known as a racy raconteur of a long lifetime's experiences (just previous to his death at seventy-four he had crossed the Atlantic for the ninety-ninth time), was visiting London with his bride, who was Miss Chapman, of Hartford, Conn. It was the year in which the Crystal Palace was opened, an opening graced with the presence of royalties, great personages, and celebrities generally; but only holders of season tickets, costing £50 each, were admitted. The price seemed a little too steep for Mr. McLean, as he had seen pretty much everybody at one time or another, but he wanted Mrs. McLean to go. So he bought a season ticket for her and sent her with some English friends. Mrs. McLean was a short, slight woman, and when she reached the Crystal Palace on the day of the opening, the crowd completely hemmed her in. She could not catch a glimpse of a single royalty or celebrity. Tears of chagrin sprang to her eyes as she realised her disappointment and the price of it. A "distinguished-looking Englishman," as she afterward described him, who stood beside her, grasped the situation at a glance, and saying, "Permit me, madam," he closed his hands around her waist, and lifted her, as he would a child, above the crowd, holding her there as long as he could, and pointing out the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the other royalties and celebrities. After he had set her down and rested himself, he raised her again, and then a third time. When she thanked him, he said simply: "I am always glad to do a favour for an American." All that summer she tried in vain to identify her "distinguished Englishman," but finally came home without learning who he was. Years afterward in Plymouth Church, when the lecturer of the evening entered with Henry Ward Beecher, she turned to her husband and exclaimed, "That's my Englishman!" It was Thackeray, whom she met later and entertained at her home, recalling the incident to their mutual satisfaction. Who but the creator of Colonel Newcome could have dared to attempt so unconventional a kindness; or have done it with a quick tact and delicacy that gave no offence?



*The House of Dreams*, which was pub-

lished anonymously about a month ago, is, we believe, the work of Mr. W. J. Dawson, the author of *London Idylls* and *The Story of Hannah*. *The House of Dreams* is a vision launched by the imagination into the future state, and is a poetic argument for the immortality of the soul. It contains many passages of unusual beauty and eloquent power. By the way, we noticed that the New York *Press*, through a typographical slip, put over a review of this book the damning headline "A Vision of Immortality!"



*Hired Furnished*, "being certain economical housekeeping adventures in England," by Margaret B. Wright, is a contribution toward the solution of spending a holiday in England within moderate means. The book is full of practical plans intended to serve practical ends, being drawn from the experiences of the author and her son. "'Hired Furnished' has not been often tried by Americans in rural England. Two at least," says the writer, "of the small number of those who have tried it enthusiastically recommend the plan to those dreamers who are forever 'haunted by the horizon,' and for whom imagination gilds and refines into finer than palaces temporary homes in a foreign land that only ten or twenty dollars a month may hire furnished." It might be worth while for holiday-seekers to consult this timely little book. We understand that it will be published before the end of the month by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.



Quite recently the writer was asked twice in one day what he considered the best library edition of the complete works of Thomas Carlyle. The want evinced in these two instances is doubtless one that has been felt for many years by numerous readers and students of literature. This desideratum is now to be supplied by the Centenary Edition which the Messrs. Scribner, in conjunction with Messrs. Chapman and Hall of London, are issuing, six volumes of which are now before us. As the English publishers are the exclusive holders of the original copyrights, it may be expected that this edition of Carlyle's works will be reliable and satisfactory in every respect. It is under the super-

vision of Mr. H. D. Traill, D.C.L., who contributes a general introduction to the first volume, *Sartor Resartus*, and writes a short preface to the succeeding works. The text is that of the last edition collated and arranged by Carlyle himself; and to the works already collected and published in book form there will be added a volume of essays and minor writings hitherto uncollected and little known. The Centenary Edition, which is being published expressly to meet library needs, will be completed in thirty volumes; the composition and printing are in the hands of the Messrs. Constable, and, notwithstanding the great expenditure involved in using a new font of type printed on a special antique wove paper with illustrations consisting mainly of portraits, and in the case of the histories including maps and plans, the price is only \$1.25 per volume. The volumes, neatly and substantially bound, are delightful to handle, and in their clear, bold type are a joy to read. Although the Messrs. Scribner claim to be only importers of this edition, when taken with their excellent editions of Stevenson, Barrie, Field, Kipling, Harold Frederic and others, it will greatly strengthen their reputation for producing popular library editions combining substantial utility and artistic workmanship.



The surroundings of Mr. George Washington Cable, best known as the novelist of the Creoles, are very different to day from those of his early years, for he is a Southerner and spent the best part of his life in New Orleans, where he was for a long time engaged in business. The innumerable opportunities which the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana afford to the novelist were not missed by Mr. Cable, whose delicate art has enshrined the old Creole life in stories of which the North as well as the South may be justly proud. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, in company with Mr. Barrie, visited Mr. Cable in his home in the New England town of Northampton, when they were here last autumn, writes:

"We visited New Orleans and saw the French quarter, which, amid the many changes in other parts of the city, remains practically unaltered. There you may see the house of Madame Delphine, the haunted house, and the scenes of much besides in Mr. Cable's stories. There you may see the French life flowing beside the

American, and hardly mingling with it yet. Mr. Cable naturally took the side of the South, and when a mere boy was a Confederate soldier like his brother. They saw much of the war, and Mr. Cable was severely wounded. Among his most precious treasures is a collection of letters written by himself and his brother during the war. They are sure to be published some day and to take a prominent place in the literature of the subject."



As is well known, Mr. Cable was early tempted to portray the Creole character, but did not succeed in pleasing the Creoles. Dr. Nicoll had a talk at New Orleans with a lady of long Creole descent, who complained somewhat bitterly of this.

"I replied that to us it seemed that the Creoles Mr. Cable drew were perfectly delightful people, and that if he had underrated their merits they must be the very chosen of the world. She was somewhat propitiated by this, but remained still unsatisfied. A journalist told me that there was something effeminate about the Creole character which Mr. Cable had faithfully rendered, and that the Creoles did not like to have it pointed out. I should have said feminine rather than effeminate, but in any case there should be little reason for complaint. For delicate insight and unerring workmanship there are very few short stories in the English language that approach them. *The Grandissimes* is also a very gay, brilliant and tender book. *Dr. Sevier* is more of a novel with a purpose, but it, too, abounds in fine things, and there is a vein of sweet and serious thought through it all."



Mr. Cable is more than a novelist. He has been from the first an earnest philanthropist, deeply interested in the welfare of his kind. Among his recent undertakings has been the encouragement of home-culture clubs, and it was in behalf of this organisation that the unfortunate *Symposium*, which had a short-lived career, was started. These clubs have done a great deal in America, especially in the country districts, not only for culture, but for the bridging of the gulf between the rich and the poor. It has been already stated that Mr. Cable will visit England in the autumn and give readings from his works, as he has done for a long time in America. He interprets his own writings with consummate ability, and surely no American author is more entitled to, or more assured of, a cordial reception on the other side. Mr. Cable has lately assumed the editorship of *Current Literature*, in which he also conducts an editorial symposium.

With the exception of a book of short stories which he is now putting together, Mr. Cable has no immediate literary plans for the future. We understand that the Messrs. Scribner are preparing a holiday illustrated edition of *Old Creole Days* for next Christmas. An English edition of *The Grandissimes*, with an introduction by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is also being projected. Mr. Cable and Mr. Barrie met for the first time last autumn, although the latter had been an ardent admirer of Mr. Cable's work ever since he made the acquaintance of *Old Creole Days* some five or six years ago. A warm friendship has sprung up between the two men. The accompanying portrait is reproduced from a photograph taken on the occasion of Mr. Barrie's visit to Mr. Cable and has not been published before.



During a conversation which the writer had recently with Mr. James Lane Allen upon the literature of the South before and since the war, Mr. Allen expressed admiration for Mr. Cable's magnificent courage in presenting the darker side of slavery—as dark as ever portrayed by Mrs. Stowe. It was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he said, that evoked just after the war the moving and vividly picturesque stories dealing with the relations between master and slave. With the view of refuting this Northern novel, the Southern imagination in the main dwelt on the brighter, but no less true, aspects of the old institution. The South was under necessity thus to vindicate itself to the North and to the world. At the same time Southern writers have not flinched from facing the whole truth. "In such stories," said Mr. Allen, "as 'Free Joe and the



JAMES M. BARRIE AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

From a photograph taken at Northampton, Mass., last autumn.

'Rest of the World,' by Mr. Harris, and in the episode of Bras-Coupé in *The Grandissimes*, by Mr. Cable, there are boldly painted once more the gloom and the agony of slavery. And nothing in the literature of the subject—nothing that Mrs. Stowe wrote—has ever risen to the height of compressed tragedy, or been so touched with the vastness of grief, as the fate of Mr. Cable's princely captive and murdered lover. In this story that serene and delicate genius which is found embodied with the flawless grace of a Greek marble in 'Madame Delphine,' plays upon his subject as with the forked lightnings of immortal pity and denunciation." In *Dr. Sevier* Mr. Allen considers that certain larger movements of the war have been





JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

handled as nowhere else in American fiction. As Mr. Lecky acknowledges his reliance upon Fielding in his history of European morals, so, says Mr. Allen, will the future historian of the Civil War have to rely upon the story writers of the South for much of his material.



Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's charming book of poetry, entitled *A Child-World*, published last Christmas, is already in its thirtieth thousand. Mr. William Dean Howells has very pleasantly said of this volume: "No poet has shown such a passion for the homely and humble things of life, or has dared to portray them with such unshrinking fidelity, such fond and unpatronising tenderness. No one else has conceived so

truly, so kindly of children, or has been able to tell us so sweetly what they are. . . . There is no American poet who has done so much as James Whitcomb Riley to divine the familiar America of most Americans, or to reveal the heart of our common life in terms of such universal import and appeal." The portrait which we give of the Hoosier poet is taken from a new photograph, through the courtesy of his publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.



A correspondent writes inquiring if "Maxwell Gray" (Miss Mary E. Tuttiett) is dead. Miss Tuttiett has been for many years an invalid; but it was only the other day that we heard of some of her movements, so that she must still be in the land of the living. A portrait and some comments on her career appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* for March, 1896.



We are in receipt of a book catalogue from Mr. George Gregory, 5 Argyle Street, Bath, Eng., which contains the following startling announcement:

THE GREATEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED!!

Special clearance of about THREE TONS' WEIGHT OF

#### SURPLUS MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

Ancient and Modern, comprising Theology, Biography, Medical, Travels, Old Novels, Magazines, and Books in all Classes of Literature. As I am in urgent need of the ware-room in which this large quantity is at present stored, I have determined to clear them by weight, at following prices, securely packed and placed on rail free of charge (purchaser pays carriage),

1 cwt. for 20/, 5 cwt. for £4, or a sample half cwt. for 10/6.

*If not approved money returned.*

The original cost of these books must have been from 20 to 40 times this money. I can assure purchasers it is not *selling them* but *giving them away* at this price.

Owing to the large increase of my business in the purchase of libraries, I am enabled to sell with this collection heaps of books which many bookmen catalogue separately. There is no waste paper with this collection—all bound

books and in good second-hand condition. I will guarantee purchasers shall be satisfied.

Shipping Agents, Masters of Ships, etc., SHOULD SEIZE ON THIS OFFER WITH AVIDITY. Any Small Shopkeeper in country towns and villages would easily TREBLE THE MONEY spent on 5 cwt. of the above books and then have a lot left, which he could present to a Public Library!!

Comment is unnecessary.



The Frederick A. Stokes Company will publish at once a new novel entitled *The Eye of Istar*, by Mr. William Le Queux, author of *Zoraida*. Like his previous story, this new romance deals with an unexplored region in Africa, the plot being based upon a curious legend that has been current for centuries among the "veiled men," the Tuaregs, who are at the present moment a terror to all travellers in the Western Soudan. The author himself heard the legend related in the desert town of Insalah. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company have just published a novel of London life by Mr. Le Queux called *Devil's Dice*. The author is at present living in Nice, where he is engaged upon a new work dealing with the diplomatic circles of Paris and St. Petersburg, which is to bear the Biblical title *Whoso Findeth a Wife*. The fourteenth edition of this writer's *Great War in England in 1897* has just been issued in England. The accompanying portrait is taken from his latest photograph.



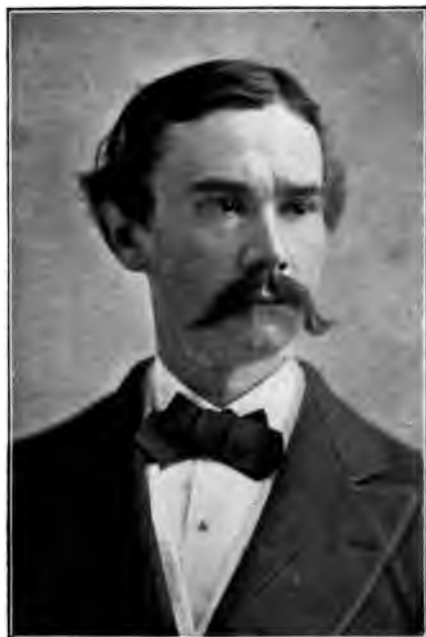
Many seem to have heard only yesterday for the first time of the existence of



Your very sincerely  
William Le Queux

such a person as Maurus Jókai, and yet he has written some hundred and fifty novels during the last half century in Hungary, where he occupies an enviable position in the eyes of his countrymen. His fame there has been largely augmented through gratitude for his political services and admiration for his unflinching intellectual vigour. Although some of his romances found their way into English through the cheap pirated press some years ago, it was only last year

that Messrs. Harper and Brothers published *Black Diamonds* in a creditable book form (in the Odd Number Series), and now they have just issued in uniform style *The Green Book*. The Messrs. Putnam have also published in their Hudson Li-



COLONEL HAY IN 1871

brary a translation of *Eyes Like the Sea*, with a brief preface by the translator, Mr. R. Nisbet Bain. Jókai has begun to be interviewed by English journalists, and articles are appearing dealing with his career in literature and politics, so that we shall soon have further translations of this voluminous romancer, rivalled in fertility by none save Dumas.

A correspondent has sent us a copy of the first edition of Colonel John Hay's *Pike County Ballads*, which he had the good fortune to pick up in a bookstore recently. On the back of the title-page of this volume there is pasted an unmounted photograph of Colonel Hay as he probably appeared when this book was published by Messrs. James R. Os-good and Company, in 1871. We reproduce the photograph, which will no doubt be interesting to many of our readers at the present time.

Speaking of Colonel John Hay, Mrs.

Moulton told the writer the other day that her poem, "The House of Death," originated in a passage which occurs in Colonel Hay's *Castilian Days*. The author describes how in Spain it is a prevalent custom for people, when one of the family dies, to close up the house, leaving their beloved dead alone until the time of interment, the only person usually visiting the house during this period being the chief mourner. Mrs. Moulton's poem has been quoted so often and is so well known that a reference need only be made to it to show how exquisitely she has wrought this theme into one of the most beautiful poems she has ever written.



That striking and picturesque arraignment of the powers that be, entitled *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*, by Coulson Kernahan, reached its fiftieth thousand in England last month.



After two years' soaring and singing, Mr. Gelett Burgess has abandoned what has proved to be, from a literary point of view, one of the most interesting and readable of the "fad" magazines, and has gone into the publishing business in company with his colleague, Mr. Bruce Porter. Some account of the *Lark* and a portrait of Mr. Burgess appeared in these columns last September. We understand that Mr. Burgess intends visiting New York very soon. Mr. Burgess has shown great sagacity in stopping the *Lark* just in time, for the nature of the publication was like that of the lark itself, unforced and spontaneous, and as soon as it threatened to become a bit of legitimate journalism its doom was sealed. While on this topic we may say that when Mr. Bliss Carman in conjunction with Mr. Stone originated the *Chap-Book* it did not enter into the plan of the former to continue the publication of that magazine for longer than a year. Had this been done the *Chap-Book* would have become a rare prize for collectors, and would not have lived long enough to lose its original interest and become merged in the ordinary ranks of journalism.



There is a sort of fame that comes to an author in having some of his say-

ings quoted in the work of another. It is no fly in the amber we have in mind, but the nonsense verse that made the first number of the *Lark* far-famed within a few weeks of its publication :

" I never saw a purple cow,  
I never hope to see one ;  
But this I'll tell you, anyhow,  
I'd rather see than be one."

One of the characters in *The Descendant*, a novel of unusual power and characterisation recently published by the Harpers, is made to quote these lines with a grave humour to the accompaniment of "an almost inaudible tattoo upon the window-pane with the fingers of one hand." A few pages further on in the same book the "descendant" himself buys a copy of *The King in Yellow*, by Mr. Robert Chambers, and the following words staring at him from the page of one of the stories—

" He said : ' For whom do you wait ? '  
" And I answered : ' When she comes I shall know her.' "

are used to " stagger him with the suddenness of a blow," and to arouse him to a sense of manhood. But the funny part of it all is that by one of those tricks of mental aberration, which the absorption of one idea to the exclusion of all sense of time will sometimes beget, the story moves on at least eight years after this has happened. Now the *Lark* is only two years old, and *The King in Yellow* was published just three years ago !

⊗

Nowadays when successful novels are being turned into popular plays, we are surprised that so far no rumour has reached us of any intention to dramatise *The Sowers*. Upon reading it over again the other day, it struck us with more force than ever that here was a novel that not only yielded distinct characterisation and thrilling dramatic situations, but which in the hands of a dramatist like Sardou would make a play of a very high order. The part of the Princess Alexis is admirably suited to the art of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Indeed, as one reads one gets the impression of a play with its successive curtain climaxes working up to a grand *dénouement*. *The Sowers* is undoubtedly one of the most dramatic novels that have been written in some years.

Professor William P. Trent, whose *Southern Statesmen* was reviewed in our last issue, was born at Richmond, Va., in 1862, and was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1884. He attended the Johns Hopkins University in



WILLIAM P. TRENT.

1887-88, and was elected Professor of English and History at the University of the South in 1888, becoming its Dean in 1894. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner chose him as a Southern critic to write the life of William Gilmore Simms for the American Men of Letters Series. His scholarly and readable biography appeared in 1892, and in the same year Professor Trent started the quarterly *Sewanee Review*. He has also edited Milton's minor poems for Longman's "English Classics" and several essays of Macaulay for the Riverside Literature Series. He is understood to have a volume of literary and political essays in preparation for publication next winter.

⊗

About two years ago we had occasion to welcome a new writer, Mr. S. Levett

Yeats, as the author of *The Honour of Savelli*, which, in spite of its romantic interest—tantamount to that of *A Gentleman of France*, which indeed it resembles, though written (but not published) earlier—has failed to receive a recog-



S. LEVETT YEATS.

nition worthy of its merits. Messrs. D. Appleton and Company have just published a new book of his containing two Indian stories whose appearance is timely, in view of the interest in India reawakened by Mrs. Steel's novel. That Mr. Yeats, like Mrs. Steel and Mr. Kipling, is qualified to write of Indian life from personal observation and experience is attested by the fact that he is a lieutenant in the Punjab Light Horse, and his father fills a government position in Bombay. The title of the book is *A Galahad of the Creeks*, the other story is called "The Widow Lamport."



Messrs. Service and Paton of London are preparing a new edition of Hawthorne's romances, which will contain

introductions by Mr. Moncure D. Conway. The edition will be printed by the Messrs. Constable, and will be profusely illustrated, and very beautifully bound. It will be the handsomest edition of Hawthorne that has appeared in England. It is expected that the first volume will be published immediately.



We hear on good authority that the new selection of poems by Mr. George Meredith will contain some hitherto unpublished pieces. He has been writing some lines about Napoleon, for whom Mr. Meredith's friends say that he entertains a great enthusiasm.



Miss Mary E. Wilkins's famous story "A Humble Romance" was dramatised by Mrs. George Macdonald, the wife of the distinguished novelist, under the name of *Arcadia in a Tin-cart*, and acted in Bordighera during Easter week by members of the Macdonald family and others. Dr. George Macdonald read some of Browning's lyrics between the acts. His new novel, *Salted with Fire*, which was recently announced to appear from the press of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will not be published until the autumn. It takes the reader back to those earlier scenes and characters of Scottish life that made the author so popular as a novelist.



*The Beauties of Marie Corelli!* This is the title of a volume of extracts from Miss Corelli's published writings which has been prepared by one of her admirers and, having received the sanction of the author, has just been published by Mr. George Redway of London.



Within a few days Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe and Company will publish an historical novel by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The title, *A Son of the Old Dominion*, indicates at once the subject matter; and it is with a curious interest that we await the work of one in this field who is descended from the colonial stock of the Fairfax and Cary families, and whose sources in this novel, we understand, are largely old family documents. *A Son of the Old Dominion* covers the period of

the birth of the Republic in 1774, and also the episode in Virginia known as Lord Dunmore's War. A little over two years ago the writer, in the course of a chat with Mrs. Harrison, received a darkling hint of her purpose—indeed the novel has been long projected and nursed by the author. We recall the fact, too, that Mrs. Harrison's historical sketches of Virginian affairs, notably "A Centennial Lady," contributed to the *Century Magazine*, mark the beginning of her literary career. From an interesting paper of reminiscences which Mrs. Harrison contributed to *THE BOOKMAN* in April, 1895, called "A Visit to Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie," we reprint a few extracts, which not only enlighten us regarding the sources of Mrs. Harrison's inspiration and material, but also throw some light on the genesis of *The Virginians*.

"In a chat about *The Virginians*, I told Mrs. Ritchie that, upon coming to the age to appreciate certain old tawny manuscripts belonging to family records, I had been haunted by the feeling that, before writing his history of George and Harry Warrington, their dear old grandfather and the fiery little mother, Mr. Thackeray must in some way have acquired the contents of those sheets. But this, I knew, could not have been the case, and so I continued to be perplexed until, in conversation in 1868 with the late William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, Thackeray's dear friend, Mr. Reed said he could himself throw some light upon the subject.

"This gentleman, an accomplished historiographer and *littérateur*, who wrote one of the most charming of the published reminiscences of Thackeray, was thoroughly imbued with the romantic and picturesque aspects of the relations some Virginian families long bore to England before and after our Revolutionary War. He mentioned the Fairfaxes as conspicuous examples, and cited the coming of the sixth Lord Fairfax from England, after a disappointment in love, to end his days in the Virginian wilderness, where, after the surrender of Cornwall-



Constanta Cary Harrison

is at Yorktown, he died loyal to the Crown, but still on affectionate terms with his friend George Washington. He spoke particularly of the return to England in 1775, to take possession of patrimonial acres in Yorkshire, of young George William Fairfax, who married Sally Cary, of Virginia, and had been bred on the plantation upon the Potomac, where George Washington was his comrade in an intimacy not interrupted even by the war itself; and he recalled various other bits of Fairfax and Cary family history and of old-time gossip that lend colour to Thackeray's romance.

"Of these, with many other details of American life in colonial and Revolutionary times, Mr. Reed said he had repeatedly talked with Thackeray, as they sat over their wine on occasions during the latter's visit to the United States, when *The Virginians* was conceived. Mr. Reed added that although the author, with his quick eye for dramatic effect, had selected the incident of the crossed swords in Mr. Prescott's study in Boston as the immediate inspiring cause of the story, he loved to think Thackeray had also taken some of the material for one of his most successful novels from those friendly chats with him."

## A NOTE ON MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.



*James Lane Allen*

"Kentucky," wrote Mr. Allen of his native State some six years ago, "has little or no literature." But in these words was an augury of hope and promise. Silently and without observation there stole above the horizon a new light, a light that made the darkness visible to itself, but which heralded the dawn. "When afar you rose" was there

"one man saw you,  
Knew you, and named a star?"

The slumbering reverberations of the accumulated years during which man had been engaged in the fierce conflict with Nature in the wilderness of Kentucky, wresting from the forest a foothold for that civilisation which has been reared on the common hunting ground

of savage man and beast, fell unheeded on dull ears, until, passing into the parson's magic flute, they were made to reissue as music, and life was all retouched again. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." As if in that plaint of the poet, "Kentucky has little or no literature," the disembodied soul of the historic past had caught the accent of invitation and had found a shrine where the spirit of poesy is at home, there floated into the silence the silvery sweet and penetrating notes of *Flute and Violin*, which "haunt the heart and will not let it rest," with a piercing cadence of immemorial pain like Ariel crying to the winds out of the compression of the pine tree. The "choir invisible" of Kentucky had at last found a voice in literature.

Very significant and indicative of the development of the au-

thor's own work in this initial volume is the description, kissed as it were by the zephyrs of dawn, of those first low, peculiar notes which the parson blew on his flute—

"such as a kind and faithful shepherd might blow at nightfall as an invitation for his scattered wandering sheep to gather home about him. . . . Perhaps it was a way he had of calling in the disordered flock of his faculties:"

And when they have all answered to his musical roll-call, and have taken their due places within the fold of his brain, obedient, attentive, the flute is laid aside; the student has entered upon his long labours. When we come next in succession to Mr. Allen's work we find in it an easy mastery, an airy free-

dom, a waywardness of movement as of one who is now at ease in Zion, who is

"Past Thymiaterion in calméd bays."

In *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* the coy spirit of genius has been wooed and won, she has become "mine own familiar friend." Here, too, the shyness of the passionate lover of Nature has worn off, the artist does not stand aloof from his work, but is more in sympathy with it, and has gained confidence to bare his passion to the world, albeit with a tender, reverential feeling. "The simple, rural key-note of life is still the sweetest," he had written in the opening pages of *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky*; and it is this note which, played on the pipes of Pan in ever-recurring and fresh variations, yields the sweetest music, and touched with the breath of his passion for Nature is transmuted into those "invisible flowers of sound" which lie pressed between his pages.

In *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, which are related as the first and second parts of one book, though published separately, we see also the tide of human life begin to flow; it surges and foams with rocking passion in *Summer in Arcady*, his next book; and in his newly published work, *The Choir Invisible*, the waters sleep at flood, while the tumult of passion and pain rushes hither and thither among the undercurrents. That mystic, ascetic ideality which casts a pallor of glory over the ghost of the past in *Flute and Violin* is flushed with warm life, and becomes intimate in the company of flesh and blood in his successive books; truth, still poetic in its imaginative handling, is divested of its cloistral robes and is carried alive into the heart by passion. Poetry, "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," according to Wordsworth, "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science"—that poetry, irrespective of rhyme and metrical arrangement which is as immortal as the heart of man, is distinctive in Mr. Allen's work from the first written page. Like Minerva issuing full-formed from the head of Jove, Mr. Allen issues from his long years of silence and seclusion a perfect master of his art—unfailing in its inspiration, unfaltering in its classic accent. What toil and discipline of mind and heart are hidden in

those preparatory years we know but little: we do know that not until the bright wand of the ideal which transfigures life and shames it out of its ordinariness was within his firm grasp, did he allow his work to go abroad. But more than art does life need the gift of waiting; art may tell the tale to posterity, but it is the years that furnish the substance, and shoot the soul into the perfectly moulded form. The waters of life rise slowly on their banks, swelling with the great tides of emotion that flow in from the sea of human experience, lying on the confines of eternity, and fretted by the shores of time. So that when we arrive at *The Choir Invisible* we find there a ripeness of matured thought, an insight into the moral depths of passion, an entrance into the larger, deeper movements of life, a realising power, a broader sense of humour, as well as humour itself, a concentrated and universal human interest; all of which is not so much the result of finer art as of a greater absorption of life, which comes not from more knowledge, but from more wisdom. *The Choir Invisible* is like an inward realisation of the "Domain of Arnheim!" More than in his other books there rests upon this work that unembarrassed calm, where truth sits Jove-like "on the quiet seats above the thunder," where the spirit is dignified, is priestlike and inspired, where beauty dwells in a harmony of thought and expression that subdues and haunts us. In short, in *The Choir Invisible* Mr. Allen has come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty burn as one fire, shine as one light, which, as Sidney Lanier has demonstrated, denotes the great artist. *The Choir Invisible* undeniably places its author among the foremost in American letters. Indeed, we venture to say that it would be difficult to recall any other novel since *The Scarlet Letter* that has touched the same note of greatness, or given to one section of our national life, as Hawthorne's classic did to another, a voice that is far beyond singing.

A word, however, about Mr. Allen's *Summer in Arcady* which precedes this, and was published a year ago subsequent to *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*. In these two books Nature was interwoven benignantly with the human



nature resting on her bosom, leading her lover, Adam Moss, with gentle influences to the human lover, and when bereft of human love, receiving him back into her healing arms. Not so in *Summer in Arcady*; the sunlight that brooded in calm over the forces of Nature that nursed Adam Moss's latent powers of loving into domestic serenity, rouses the fierce claw and tooth of Nature to drag Hilary and Daphne down to her level. As clearly as the poet saw that "all's Love, yet all's Law," so clearly is the same truth held in these stories with their divergent ends. The lawlessness of Nature is the lawlessness of man, untempered and ungoverned by that principle of chastity which is the law of love; and again Nature, lawless in herself, becomes beneficent, law-abiding, when controlled by that higher law of instinct in man which is the seal and sign of the Divine upon his soul. Without moralising, a moral principle is at work in *Summer in Arcady*; it is its vital distinction that over the whole action reigns a moral simplicity which, like sunlight, licks up the foetid, the exciting, the sickening, uncertain torch-flames of passion. And in order to point the way to a full justification of the author's sincerity and moral purpose against the charge of pandering to a decadent taste for the "downward-tending" fiction of the hour, it will be sufficient to show that the plea for the Divine supremacy of goodness, and for an unfallen purity in man and woman,

has never been more strongly urged in modern fiction than in *The Choir Invisible*. If in *Summer in Arcady* there were readers who were troubled by the summer lightning of passion that incessantly fluttered in its bosom and threatened a bolt from the blue, their fears will be laid to rest in the contemplation of Mr. Allen's new work which is pervaded by an intense summer calm—the brooding calm of the Country of the Spirit—but which does not preclude, rather is reached through, the fierce fightings of the human spirit for victory over the evil passions of human nature—the fiercest struggle that can rend asunder the human breast, that of holding fast the integrity and purity of manhood and womanhood, at any cost. And as Emerson says, "Wherever there are outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger, and woe, and love—there is Beauty."

The following passage from a paper by Mr. Allen on "The Gentleman in American Fiction," which appeared in these pages some months ago, may fitly bring this note on his work to a close:

"A writer stands to his work as a mason to his wall: they keep the same level; they rise together. True, a man may be far above the plane of his characters and write down to them; but he cannot be far below the plane of his characters and write up to them."

Or, as Browning puts it,

"Measure the mind's height by the shadow it casts."

James MacArthur.

## AUGURY.

Before the dawn, 'tis light,  
If Hope the vigil keep;  
Before the noontide, night,  
If Woe, despairing, weep:  
The Future 'tis that shows  
What now the Present knows.

John B. Tabb.

## A NOVEL OF FEMININE PSYCHOLOGY.\*

M. Marcel Prévost is a very interesting figure in the contemporaneous records of French literature. Making his first appearance as an author only seven or eight years ago with two not very successful books, he has since then reached the position of a writer whose popularity places him among the very first of Parisian novelists. His books run into forty, fifty, or sixty editions within a few months of their first publication; and they have at last become a topic of discussion in England, where Mr. Andrew Lang has lately been considering their author's merits; while the only one that has as yet been rendered into English was published in this country a little more than a year ago.

M. Prévost did not have long to wait for critical recognition—a fact that in itself bears striking testimony to the character of his literary workmanship; for in a country where the level of artistic excellence is so very high and where the critics, as a matter of duty, look coldly upon the productions of a young and aspiring writer who has still to show that he possesses something more than superficial cleverness and certain interesting tricks of style, it is not easy to attract the serious notice of a literary Rhadamanthus. M. Prévost's third novel, however, *Mlle. Jaufre*, which appeared in 1890, gained at once the attention of no less an authority than Jules Lemaitre, who praised the book most warmly in his *Impressions Littéraires*; while *La Confession d'un Amant*, which was published in the following year, broke through even the austere reserve with which M. Ferdinand Brunetière regards contemporary writers, and forced from him a cautiously uttered though very genuine note of admiration. *L'Automne d'une Femme*, a subtle study of the woman whose *grande passion* comes to her only after the age of thirty years, deepened the impression made by its immediate predecessors. Then followed M. Prévost's first great popular success in two volumes of short stories, entitled respectively *Lettres de*

*Femmes* and *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes*, which had an immense and instantaneous vogue, as did a somewhat similar collection entitled *Notre Compagne*, whose fortieth edition was announced within three months after the volume first saw the light.

A writer who in eight short years has won alike the commendation of the critics and the attention of the public is certainly deserving of some serious consideration. His own countrymen have compared him with George Sand and with M. Paul Bourget; and there are, indeed, some striking points of close resemblance in his work to that of these two writers; but in each case the comparison, in part at least, does something less than justice to M. Prévost. His style, indeed, has much in common with the style of Mme. Dudevant. It has her great facility and charm; and, too, her literary watchword "idealise, idealise," is also his, as he himself declared not very long ago: but with him this fluency does not, as hers did, pass into fluidity, while the touch of ideality is never for an instant suffered to obscure that clear impression of the actual which is as well sustained by him as by the stoutest champions of realism. For his conception of idealism makes it to be not so much a thing apart from real life and quite beyond it, as an essential feature of that life itself. Thus, in a paper on Romanticism, he asserts for the Romantic a lasting place in the sum of human life, a place in close association with the sphere of the emotions, of the passions, and of the imagination. And in this he is far wiser than Mr. Howells for instance, who, while kindly granting to the Romantic an actual existence in our psychical and even in our material experience, does hold it to be so utterly exceptional as to rule it out of literary use and make it only the rouge and raddle of a meretricious art—a view of which, we think, each human life, if fully known, could prove the falsity.

No less injustice is, in our opinion, done by any hard and fast comparison of M. Prévost's work with that of M. Paul Bourget. Both writers are extremely psychological, but with a dif-

\* *Le Jardin Secret*. Par Marcel Prévost. 51ème édition. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre. Fr. 3.50.

ference. M. Bourget is psychological and little else. His novels, while their exposition of conflicting motives is most curiously keen, and while he can pursue it through all its convolutions and tortuous complications, are nevertheless, or rather for this very reason, at times distinctly tedious. They often seem almost to have the character of laboratory demonstrations, and one's head often aches as he labours through their fine-spun mazes of analysis. But M. Prévost, while also very subtle, does not make his psychological studies so portentous nor spin them out to such a grievous length. He rather, by a few masterly and incisive touches, throws a vivid light into the very heart of a situation, reveals as by a flash a mental attitude, and thus accomplishes whatever M. Bourget can accomplish with all his slow accumulation of detail. It may be that M. Bourget's psychology is more profound; but it is certain that M. Prévost's is much better held in hand, and that his use of it is far more consonant with literary art. It helps, in other words, his purpose; it does not constitute that purpose. It is with him a means and not an end.

In fact, if we were asked to name a modern writer as being one to whom M. Prévost is in his workmanship most closely kin, we should unhesitatingly choose Guy de Maupassant. M. Prévost possesses the same swift, definite, and unerring manner, the same compactness, the same muscular grasp upon his material, the same deft touch and lucid presentation. Yet here, again, one must at once begin to qualify. In spite of a most striking superficial likeness, the spirit of the two is not the same. M. de Maupassant was saturated with the joyless pessimism of modern France. His cynical acceptance of the darkest side of life as wholly normal, his torturing, agonising hopelessness, the moral gloom of his horizon, the grim despair that, as one reads his work, sinks down upon the heart like an overpowering weight—all these are alien to the pages of Marcel Prévost. For he is not, in many of his moods, a Frenchman of the modern school, but rather a reversion to an earlier type, the Frenchman of the sixteenth century, the *gaillard*, the gay adventurer, witty and gallant, convinced that he is wholly irresistible, and with a roguish eye wide open for some *bonne*

*fortune*. This spirit is most clearly seen in his short stories, than which no better illustration of the *esprit Gaulois* can be found; and here the temperamental contrast and also the stylistic likeness are most readily observed. Nor can one say, in opposition to this view, that Maupassant has also lighter moods and even moments of true tenderness, as shown respectively in *La Patronne*, that most audacious story of a young *étudiant de droit*, and in *Le Père de Simon*. For the difference lies just here: when Maupassant is simply droll or simply tender, he is not really at his best, while Prévost is. The finest work of Maupassant is never seen in tales like these, but in such bits of concentrated cynicism as *Un Sage* and *Boule de Suif*; while Prévost's genius is most happy in those witty and ingenious tales of which *La Médaille* and *La Nuit de Raymonde* are typical illustrations; and when he takes a turn at cynicism he is distinctly ill at ease and less artistic.

A critical comparison of the novels of the two will lead one to the same conclusion. Take, for example, Maupassant's powerful but quite repulsive *Bel Ami* and read it side by side with Prévost's *L'Automne d'une Femme*. In *Bel Ami* is shown a world of absolute and utter baseness, a world of prostitutes and scoundrels. Not one of all its characters is anything but vile, from the hero of the book (a sorry hero) to the nymphomaniac Clotilde de Marelle, and Mme. Walter, and her sly, precocious daughter Suzanne. This unrelieved depravity, as Mr. Henry James has pointed out, is really inartistic; for the very effect which the writer apparently desires to produce would have been more strikingly attained had he availed himself of the aid of contrast and drawn his darkest figures on a lighter background; and furthermore, the mind instinctively revolts from the inherent falsity of such a picture, feeling at once that if mankind and womankind had really sunk so low as this, society could not be held together for a single day.

Far different is the moral and artistic attitude of M. Prévost in *L'Automne d'une Femme*. It may be said that this fine novel, by far the best its author has produced, is one whose story is extremely sad; and this is true. But sadness is a thing far different from horror and despair; and neither horror

nor despair finds any place in the melancholy half-light of this searching study. It tells, to summarise it very briefly, of a charming and pure-minded woman, Julie Surgère, married, or rather sold, as a young girl to a repellent brute who presently is stricken by a strange disease that makes of him a living corpse. The years go on, and at last the son of one of her husband's partners, Maurice Artoy, a young man, crosses her path. She nurses him through an illness, and insensibly drifts into a tender and self-sacrificing love for him, a love that is her first. But she is older than he, and in time he is attracted by the fresher beauty of a young girl, Claire Esquier, the daughter of another partner, and an inmate of her own home. The elder woman, who is fond of Claire, and who sees that Maurice every day is growing colder, renounces him and all her dreams of happiness, and lets him marry her unconscious rival, while she herself suffers in silence and looks forward to a life of sorrow and self-abnegation. The treatment of this theme is the antithesis of anything that can be found in Maupassant. The hero of the book, Maurice Artoy, is, to be sure, as disagreeable as any of Maupassant's creations. He is a sentimental sensualist, and, if possible, is more repulsive even than Georges Duroy in *Bel Ami*—Duroy the thorough-paced blackguard, the sublimation of a type that finds its genesis in the *maquereau* of the Faubourg St. Antoine. But Artoy's baseness and his selfishness serve only to bring out in strong relief the truth and beauty of the other characters—of Claire, the innocent young girl, her father Jean Esquier, the soul of honour and fidelity, and Julie Surgère herself, loving wrongfully, indeed, but with a love which is more than half maternal, and whose sacrifice consigns her to a life of sorrow that expiates her fault. There is passion here, and there is sin; but there are also remorse and repentance and an infinite tenderness. Nothing could be more admirable than the self-restraint with which M. Prévost has managed the development of the theme, and nothing more delicate than the art that finds expression in this novel, which as the study of a love outworn need not avoid comparison with George Sand's great masterpiece *Lucrezia Floriani*.

From what has now been said it can be readily inferred what are the leading qualities that give M. Prévost his marked distinction: a nearly perfect style, a very subtle insight into all the workings of the human mind, and a touch of idealism that differentiates his work from that of the uncompromising realists who ignore the one thing that is wanting to breathe life into their creations and make them truly vital and convincing. His minor literary virtues are equally conspicuous. Some one has said of the modern pessimistic school in fiction, whose foremost representative to-day is Gabriele D'Annunzio, that they are afraid to be amusing; and to this generalisation M. Prévost is a most agreeable exception. A rare and irresistible drollery abounds in nearly all his lesser fiction; and even his most cynical tales are lightened and relieved by a brilliant wit that is very far to seek in most of his contemporaries. His ingenuity and intellectual dexterity are also most surprising; so that one's breath is often taken quite away by the unexpectedness and audacity of his invention. Sometimes, again, he touches on the sphere of the mysterious and occult, and then his art recalls the art of Poe, as in *La Demoiselle au Chat d'Or*, a translation of which by the present writer was published in THE BOOKMAN last December.

It must, of course, be understood that what has just been said of M. Prévost's work is said of what is best in all that work. He has undoubtedly at times sunk far below his higher level, and has put his name to things that bear the marks of unadulterated mediocrity. Two general criticisms have been levelled at him and may very briefly be considered here. The first is one that equally applies to Maupassant and many others of the writers of French fiction. The very French and, to an Anglo-Saxon mind, unpardonable freedom that he often gives himself in his selection of a theme, makes many of his works, and nearly all his shorter stories, quite impossible for any but a Frenchman to admire without a qualm. With him the *conte leste* touches on the very limits of audacity and unreserve; and even the most hardened reader of contemporary continental fiction is sometimes startled by the unexpected daring of his fancy.

Yet this much may at least be said in his behalf. He never, like M. de Mau-

passant, descends to any coarseness or offensiveness of phrase, but writes invariably in language whose discretion and extraordinary delicacy in part redeem his subject from that grossness and offensiveness which in the hands of any purely naturalistic writer it would certainly possess. In all that he has published, not a single page exists so thoroughly detestable as Maupassant's *La Femme de Paul*, of which the hideous brutality is fitly matched by its inartistic crudity of treatment. In Prévost's little story called *Au Cabaret* the same theme is just touched upon, yet the difference in the handling is remarkable. The underlying thought is one that no Anglo-Saxon would ever for a moment dream of using as the basis of a story; but in Prévost's hands it is a mere suggestion rather than a boldly voiced *motif*; and the tale itself, in spite of its essential impropriety, leaves on the mind no lingering taint, but rather, by the artful use of contrast, a strong impression of the power of innocence and of the lurking good that lingers somewhere even in the loathliest. And so in all his work there can be found a glimpse, a hint, of something better, a certain humanity and warmth that save the writer and the reader, too, from an unmitigated cynicism. Nor should one fail to note that some of his most perfect writing is morally impeccable. He has written several short stories that are as pure in thought as they are exquisite in literary finish, and these display, as in a drop of crystal, all his finest gifts—his power of compression, his unerring insight into character, his humour, his sympathy, and his moving pathos.

Besides the censure of the moralist, however, M. Prévost has often had to meet another criticism which, from the artistic point of view, is far more serious. Not long ago the present writer said to a distinguished critic who had spoken rather slightly of Prévost's work:

"What is the real reason for your prejudice against Prévost? Why will you not admit his right to rank with Maupassant?"

And he replied:

"Because I feel that Maupassant is quite sincere and that Prévost is not."

This confident assertion of his "insincerity" is rather common among the critics of Prévost, though less, we think,

in France than in this country, where it has almost become a formula. It rests, in our opinion, wholly on a desultory and imperfect knowledge of his writings. In the case of the critic who has just been quoted, a further conversation showed that he had never read a single one of Prévost's longer novels, nor even all his shorter stories; and he very frankly said that his opinion was very largely the result of some casual conversation with Prévost himself. How thoroughly unfair is any judgment formed in such a fashion, one scarcely needs to say. As a matter of fact, this unfavourable opinion in general is chiefly due to the bad impression produced by a single novel of Prévost's, *Les Demi-Vierges*. It is, indeed, unfortunate that of all his writings this is the only one that has been rendered into English. It is still more unfortunate that he ever wrote it at all; for it is entirely unworthy of his genius. A bit of pure sensationalism and distorted psychology, untrue to life and quite offensive in its treatment, it shows the writer at his very worst and strikes a thoroughly discordant note. Whoever judges him by this may readily be pardoned for ranking him with writers like Adolphe Belot and Paul Ginisty; but surely no serious criticism of a literary artist ought ever to be made to rest upon the reading of a single book.

The latest novel that M. Prévost has written has a very special interest. Of all his works this is the one that from the very moment of its publication met a perfectly respectful treatment at the critics' hands, and it may, we think, be styled the most important work of fiction that the French have given us this year. It had in France, of course, the great advantage of being the first long novel written by its author since his literary gifts were generally recognised; but quite apart from this, it well deserves a careful study; and we think that from some points of view its interest is even greater for an English or an American reader than for the fellow-countrymen of its creator.

Its story is narrated by one Mme. Marthe Lecoudrier, who is its central figure. She is the wife of Jean Lecoudrier, the head of a department in a banking-house, Le Crédit Commercial, and hence the story has to do with the life and the environment of the *bour-*

*geoisie médiocre*. At the commencement of the novel, M. Lecoudrier has left her for a few days' visit to his early home, Ingrandes, where his uncle has just died and willed him a small property. The wife, sitting alone throughout the evening, in her apartment, with her little daughter sleeping quietly in an adjoining room, falls into a reminiscent mood, and for the first time in many years begins to summon up the recollections of her girlhood, of *la Marthe d'autrefois*, a girl ambitious, eager for a brilliant career, hopeful of a literary, and ultimately of a social, triumph. As she recalls her past, she smiles at the contrast afforded by her present life, the life of a *bonne bourgeoise*, satisfied with a humdrum existence and with long, uneventful days of peace and commonplace contentment. Presently her eye falls upon a drawer of her husband's desk from which a bunch of keys projects. Without much purpose she opens it and half mechanically turns over a packet of papers which the drawer contains. At once her attention is arrested. With a beating heart she unties the packet and finds in it the evidence of a secret whose existence she had never dreamed of. It holds a number of photographs, a bunch of artificial flowers from a woman's hat, letters signed with the names of women quite unknown to her, a child's portrait, and finally a bundle of government securities to the value of thirty thousand francs or more, from which the coupons have been regularly cut. A careful reading of the letters and an examination of the other articles lead her irresistibly to certain definite conclusions: that her husband has been for years untrue to her, that he has somewhere another child, and that unknown to her he has set apart a sum of money whose income is devoted to the purposes of the other life that he has lived apart from her. But there is even more to be inferred than this. A number of letters from Ingrandes, written apparently by a confidential servant, give her reasons for believing that her husband's family is one afflicted by a tendency to epilepsy; and she recalls with a thrill of horror certain mysterious seizures that he has sometimes suffered from, and that have once or twice already appeared in her own young child. Her heart dies within her as she sits down to consider the revelation that has come

to her. She has been deceived in every possible way in which a woman can be duped, and for the moment she is stunned. A terrible feeling of despair comes over her, followed by a flaming fever of indignation. Yet may she not be quite mistaken? May there not be, after all, an explanation possible that will be quite consistent with her husband's truth and constancy? When morning comes she hurries to an agency which gives *renseignements intimes particuliers dans l'intérêt des familles*—in other words, a sort of private detective-bureau. To its chief she confides the compromising packet and asks for *informations discrètes*. An immediate and absolute divorce is in her mind, and she waits in a state of almost unendurable impatience for the confirmation of the apparent facts, and for the evidence that will set her free from a man so stained with treachery. For the moment a dumb, helpless rage inspires her—a passionate longing for revenge. Soon, however, when another day has dragged along, a strong reaction comes upon her, a physical lassitude, a sort of moral cowardice resulting from an exhausting waste of energy.

"I feel like letting everything just go, without taking the trouble to set matters right, without saying a word to my husband, without doing a single thing. . . . For a woman nearly forty years of age to leave her home like one of Ibsen's heroines, just because she has been deceived—this really seems to me, at three o'clock in the afternoon, somewhat absurd. For the first time I consider the question of remaining, with all the conscious superiority which my knowledge of Jean's secrets would give me—remaining, in fact, for my revenge. A sort of nerveless indecision has got hold of me. The thing is wholly in my hands—the household need not be upset; nothing need be changed in what Goethe's Egmont calls 'the amicable habits of one's life.' And, after all, this life with Jean would be endurable."

For the first time she begins to realise how wonderfully close, how almost irrefragable are the ties which years of married life can weave; how all the little incidents and intimacies of the home, the myriad interests that man and wife possess in common, the very sight of one another day after day for years, establish a powerful habit, and constitute a bond almost impossible to break.

"And, therefore, even the association of two beings who are quite indifferent to one another may come to be with the help of time an affectionate and lasting union of two souls united in reality. . . . For it is not the words of the marriage service that constitute the essence of true

marriage, nor is it even mutual love, when that exists; for words are only of the lips, and love may really be the negation of a marriage. A man and a woman are truly married only when they have become, through the influence of their life together, *kindred*, as when two persons are allied by blood. When the wife has become to the husband that sister of whom the Canticle makes mention, then only is the marriage truly consummated. This mystical process lies in a gradual transformation of which neither of the pair has any consciousness until it has been actually wrought. No matter, then, how the laws may at any future time transform and modify its legal basis, so long as the life together and the community of interests remain, for just so long will marriage, as we understand it now, continue to exist."

Nevertheless, she gets from the detective-bureau facts which show that all her fears are true; that all her wrongs are very real; and they include names and dates and information as to places which make all further doubt impossible. But in the meantime something else has come to her. The reminiscent mood that had begun upon the very evening of her terrible discovery returns. In judging her husband and condemning him as false to her, she calls to mind her own past years of life. She knows his secrets; she has entered into that retreat which he had thought secure against invasion. But has she not herself some carefully secluded *jardin secret* of memory which could he likewise enter he would find as eloquent of treachery to him? The question deeply moves her, and her secret consciousness makes her shrink and shudder at the thought. Can she pronounce a judgment upon him and be herself quite free from condemnation? She meets the question, at first evasively, and at last unflinchingly. She will summon up her past and judge it just as mercilessly as she judged her husband's.

She goes back to her years of girlhood and its varied incidents. She remembers how her father, a *chef de gare*, had misappropriated money to waste it at the gaming-table and in other forms of dissipation. She brings to mind his pitiful disgrace, his conviction and imprisonment as a felon, her later years of shabbiness and squalor. She recalls how, after he had died, she had become a sort of governess, and then had met in her employer's family the son of a rich Belgian manufacturer and had loved him. She thinks once more of

how she used to meet him secretly, and how these meetings, though quite innocent, were broken off when he was ordered by his parents to end the undesirable entanglement, and how her lover had obeyed because he feared to jeopardise for a woman's sake his hope of fortune. She thinks of how, when she was still tormented by the agony and shame of this rejection, a lady who was interested in her had proposed to bring about her marriage with M. Lecoudrier, whom she had never met, and of whom she knew no more than that he was reported fairly prosperous and of good repute. After a meeting or two she had accepted him, and a *mariage de convenance* had been arranged. Her mind reverts to her thirteen years of married life. She remembers how, at first, the novelty of her surroundings, the comparative ease of her environment, her pleasure in being mistress of her husband's house and in the kindness and consideration with which he always treated her, had satisfied her mind and gradually tranquilised her. The birth of a daughter had bound her still more closely to her husband. But there came a time when all these things had palled upon her, when her home and all its duties had become unspeakably monotonous, when even her child had ceased to interest her, and when the prospect of a humdrum life of *bourgeois* dulness had become intolerable. Her old-time restlessness and craving for excitement were again awakened, and its satisfaction took the form of gallantry. She recalls how she began to accept and even seek the notice of those men about her who were young and easily *toqués*. Then came a period of flirtation, of sentimental friendships such as certain types of men and women frequently affect—professedly Platonic *liaisons* in which the vocabulary of friendship is consciously substituted for the language of love, and in which the pressure of hands, the *solitude à deux*, and the *valse significative* play an important part. But as Platonic friendships seldom fill up all the blanks in the *carte tendre* of a woman's life, it was not long before a much more serious affair occurred, when a certain Captain Landouzie became a frequent visitor in her drawing-room. This person, representing *le type buffle*, forceful, violent, and a good deal of a brute, was the sort of

man who always has a singular attraction for women of the sensitive, imaginative, half-neurotic temperament, who seem to find in the presence of a nature so completely physical something that rests their nerves and roughly overrides their finical hesitations. And it was so in this case; for, as she now remembers but too well, in no long time Landouzie had completely dominated Marthe Lecoudrier; and she was saved from taking the final step only by an unexpected incident that called him hastily to join his regiment. A long and serious illness followed; and at its end her period of storm and stress was over. From that time down to the discovery of her husband's secret she had lived contentedly the life that once had seemed quite unendurable.

She thinks of all these episodes, and as she thinks of them she feels that it is not for her to sit in judgment on her husband. She took him in the beginning without asking any questions, just as he took her. If he concealed the physical taint that rested on his race, so had she equally concealed the social taint that her father's crime had fastened on herself. If her husband came to her with the memory of other loves in mind, so had she come to him distracted by the loss of the only man she ever cared for, and one of whom the recollection still made any thought of marriage with another seem detestable. Her husband had professed no love for her, and she had equally professed no love for him. And after marriage, if she now knew that he had not lived for her alone, her conscience told her that she had not truly lived for him; and that while she had never actually broken any vows as he had done, she still was morally as bad as he, since circumstances, rather than her will, had saved her. Recalling all her past and weighing it against his secret, she hesitates no more. His faults are balanced by her own, and henceforth she will banish both forever from her memory and live with this thought always in her mind, that "from to-day, and only from to-day, I am in very truth a wife."

Such is the outline of the story upon which Marcel Prévost has built his latest novel. So far as it possesses any moral, it appears to be intended to assert that every woman of thirty years of age or more, who will look carefully

into the souvenirs of her past, will find among the fruits of her experience quite enough to make her charitable in her judgment of the other sex who have temptations such as she is largely shielded from. To this assertion many readers will very naturally demur; and as for M. Prévost's view that every human being, man or woman, has his or her *jardin secret*, this thought is hardly new enough to justify the writing of a novel to expound it; for, indeed, it was set forth by Thackeray many years ago in one of his most striking passages. The interest of the book for M. Prévost's countrymen will, therefore, probably be found in the skill and subtlety of its literary workmanship and in the innumerable touches that show so rare an understanding of the working of a woman's mind.

But to the American and the English reader this novel has an interest of a very different sort. These will perceive in it not only an entertaining story, a work of literary charm, another lucid and elaborate study of the *ewig Weibliche*; but, more than this, a document containing very valuable evidence as to the physiological and psychic basis of the *mariage de convenance*. Than this there is perhaps no social institution that more deeply interests the Anglo-Saxon student of French manners, as there is none more utterly at variance with Anglo-Saxon sentiment and prejudice. To find a keen observer, therefore, like M. Prévost, unconsciously affording us so accurate a demonstration of its practical results, is marvellously interesting; nor should one pass this demonstration by without at least a general indication of what seems to be its obvious teaching.

The French assert, in explaining and defending their peculiar institution, that in the long run the happiness of marriage depends far more upon material considerations and upon environment than upon an actual affinity of two persons at the time of marriage. Given any conceivable amount of love between the two, this still must wane in time; and sooner or later the union must rest upon a different basis from that of sentiment alone. Therefore, in the *mariage de convenance*, this basis is most carefully arranged beforehand by the family council, viewing with practical and unromantic eyes the permanent interests of both the principals. It is



essential, for example, that both should be of equal, or of nearly equal, social rank ; that there should be no great disparity in age ; that character and temperament should be considered ; and that the united incomes of the two should be sufficient to assure them all the comforts to which they have been hitherto accustomed, and to guarantee a suitable provision for the presumptive responsibilities of the future. A second proposition which relates to the sentimental side of marriage is accepted as essentially complementary to the first. As love is, in its very last analysis, held to be a purely physical affair, and as it is inspired by mere proximity, its evocation may be safely counted on as an inevitable incident of any properly considered marriage. That is to say, if the young girl be educated in seclusion, so that no attachment for another has come to her before her marriage, the purely emotional side of her nature will at marriage be still a *tabula rasa*, a fair white page, on which her husband may inscribe his name and win the affection which among ill-regulated Teutonic peoples he seeks to do as a preliminary to betrothal. Then, when in course of time the married pair adjust themselves to the relation that is to end at death alone, the wife has no remembrance of any other attachment to impair a single-minded interest in her husband ; and with a comfortable environment and an assured provision, both go through life's long journey hand in hand, untroubled by unforeseen anxieties, serene and confident, and with that complete tranquillity which is the most secure of all foundations for mutual affection and esteem. The scheme is beautifully logical ; it possesses the lucidity, completeness and simplicity that are so characteristic of all French theory ; it is based upon that intensely material view of life which in France has come to be a national possession ; and it has about it something of the impenetrable hardness which, with all their superficial sentiment, remains the one eternally and profoundly significant trait that underlies French character.

But the Anglo-Saxon, who is never infatuated with any theory whatever merely because it is logical and lucid, and who has a most uncomfortable way of looking at its practical application, entertains some definite objections to

this view of marriage ; and two of these may be restated here, because this book of M. Prévost seems to shed some light upon the questions they involve. Assuming (which is a good deal to assume) that these business-like and scientific marriages are really so extremely well arranged that women are never sacrificed to brutes, and that men are never tricked into a union with women whom they would not think of choosing for themselves, what is the actual relation of all these arrangements to the woman's happiness ? When a young and innocent girl, brought up in a conventual seclusion, is handed over to a man whom she has scarcely ever seen and for whom she can have no particular prepossession, what, one may ask, are probably her feelings ? It may be true, as Mr. Howells very delicately puts it, that man is still imperfectly monogamous ; but it is also true that woman is essentially monandrous ; and this implies the right of choice, since it is a negation of the masculine promiscuity. Does she then, in fact, so very readily adjust herself to a situation which to her is quite unique ? Does she not, when roughly thrust into the intimacy of married life, feel a revolt so strong as to make her husband more or less an object of repulsion to her ? This very natural inquiry gets a sort of answer from M. Prévost. We give his dictum in the very words that he has placed in the mouth of Marthe Lecoudrier :

" Comment font toutes les autres, qui n'ont même pas cette aide, petites bourgeoises quelconques que l'on marie comme on m'a mariée ? Passent-elles outre les répugnances, grâce à leur naturelle inertie, à une vague et bestiale curiosité, ou simplement au désir naïf d'avoir un ménage, d'être 'Madame' ? Au fond, je crois que chez beaucoup de jeunes filles la peur de l'homme inconnu n'est pas telle que le bruit en court, et que se l'imaginer le petit nombre de celles que résident au sommet de l'échelle des êtres sensitifs. Beaucoup de jeunes filles n'ont aucune vraie pudeur. La pudeur leur est apprise, suggérée, comme un principe de sage économie générale : à savoir, qu'une femme perd un avantage à se donner. Mais elles n'éprouvent nulle gêne à s'étendre à côté d'un homme, du moment que la perte est régulièrement compensée, que l'usage social est respecté, qu'elles-mêmes sont sûres de faire 'comme tout le monde.' . . . Oui, il faut l'avouer ! ces pauvres raisons suffisent à l'immense majorité des jeunes épouses ! On fait 'comme tout le monde,' dans une circonstance où la vraie noblesse d'âme commanderait de faire comme soi-même, comme soi seul."

This surely is a very cynical defence,

for it resolves itself into an expansion of the famous line of Pope that "every woman is at heart a rake," a saying which, by the way, was not original with Pope, but was drawn by him from a quite Gallic epigram of Jehan de Meung. Yet M. Prévost thoroughly believes in it; for in this very novel his account of the early days of the Lecoudriers' *lune de miel* is but a concrete illustration of the same idea, recalling an extremely curious passage in Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* where that adventurous young woman in her male disguise spends the first night of her freedom in a rustic inn. The Anglo-Saxon with his greater reverence for women will not find such an apologia conclusive.

But something far more subtle and more vitally important still remains. M. Prévost depicts his heroine when, by the accepted theory of the *mariage de convenance*, she should have reached the period of tranquillity as a true *bourgeoise soumise*, suddenly becoming restless, bored, *ennuyée*, eager for excitement, and ready to seek it elsewhere than at home. Why is this so? It seems to vitiate the principle laid down by all the social philosophers who defend the view of marriage which prevails in France. M. Prévost explains it by a reference to what he styles *la crise*. Again we give his very words:

"Il y a un moment où une femme qui jusqu'à été satisfaite par le mariage, arrive à souhaiter autre chose. . . . Quand le régime conjugal est enfin établi, quand l'accoutumance est complète, aussitôt l'épouse sent que ce trouble délicieux, ce trouble antérieur lui manque. Regret du passé chez l'honnête femme, désir de l'aventure chez les autres; combien éprouvent le besoin d'un *nouveau mariage*, où tout ce qu'il y eut d'exquis dans la première initiation se recommence!"

These very frank statements will seem to the Anglo-Saxon reader an unconscious condemnation of the whole theory of marriage which prevails in France, and to support by implication the Teutonic view. For the Teutonic view assumes that the love on which alone a happy marriage can be based, so far from being allied solely with the senses, is a far more spiritual thing—an exaltation arising, first of all, from certain psychical affinities between two persons whose temperament exactly fits them for each other. It has in it, on the one side, an element

of maternal affection, and on the other something of the self-devotion and disinterestedness involved in ties of blood relationship. It cannot be called forth indifferently by one person as well as by another, but must spring from an instinctive recognition of the subtle fitness of two natures for each other; and it is based, therefore, upon that principle of selection which is one of the most profound and universal of all natural laws. When, moreover, it is thus evoked, it so completely moulds and masters every faculty of mind and body as to preclude the possibility of any other similar and coexistent sentiment. In its fullest and most perfect evocation it appears but once in any human life; and that it should be thus permitted to appear is both a physiological and a psychological necessity. The nature that through special circumstances has never known it has been cheated of its rights; and the whole being, whether consciously or unconsciously, will sooner or later rise up in revolt. Thus, as M. Huysmans in *En Route* declares (and we have heard the statement vouched for by very eminent ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church), even in the cloister there comes a time in the life of the most devoted *religieuse* when she finds with dismay that her existence is becoming quite intolerable, when her best-loved duties fail to interest her, and when a mysterious lassitude creeps over mind and body. She, in her inexperience, does not understand its meaning, but her superiors do. They know it to be the *crise*, the mighty instinct of womanhood crying out within her, and they dread the outcome; for with many nuns it assumes the form of physical decline and ends in early death.

Now, in the *mariage de convenance*, which takes into account the physiological phase alone, and disregards a very vital psychic truth, the *crise* still lingers in the background to be reckoned with hereafter. It has not necessarily been coincident with marriage, but it may still occur at any time to overturn the scientifically accurate arrangements of the *conseil de famille* and to provide the writers of French fiction with the particular sort of incident which forms the staple of their literary studies. In the Teutonic marriage, on the other hand, the *crise* is not a factor in the later matrimonial problem, for it has been

synchronous with the marriage rite. Nature, which is mightier than Art, has had her due; and henceforth there exists in the mind of the wife no lingering dissatisfaction, no vaguely curious yearning after what M. Prévost calls *l'homme providentiel*. The basis for a lasting sympathy has been securely laid; and man and wife live out their days together, bound fast by ties that do not gall, and that are infinitely stronger than those imposed in selfish bargaining and nice consideration of the *dot*—by ties, in fact, which will survive external shock, and which adversity itself will only knit more closely in bringing out through

sacrifice of self the pure devotion and eternal tenderness that blend two hearts in one and constitute the sacramental mystery of marriage.

However superficially the two opposing views may have been here set forth, these are the assumptions that will be found respectively to underlie them; and it is because they are so frequently the subject of discussion that we think *Le Jardin Secret* will, outside of France at least, be read less for its purely literary merits than for the light it throws upon a very difficult and very interesting social question.

Harry Thurston Peck.

## LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

### III.—EMILIA PARDO BÁZAN.

An American writer, flitting through Spain, expressed his surprise at finding in the person of Señora Bazán "a Spanish woman who could write." This was to speak from preconception rather than knowledge, as scores of Spanish women write and get their names into accessible biographical dictionaries. The quality of their writing is another affair. If we may trust that lively critic, Leopoldo Alas, "In Spain, it must be confessed, the ladies who publish verse and prose commonly turn out a very poor article. Now, women who write badly are not pleasant; though the same is also true of men who write badly. But unfortunately most of the ladies who are writing for the public to-day are only so many calamities of literature, in spite of which I am their most humble servant." Señor Alas, however, expressly exempts Señora Bazán from the necessity of pleading the privilege of her sex, and affirms of her that, with her command of five or six living languages, her profound studies in history and philosophy, her published works of criticism, to say nothing of her brilliant novels, she is entitled to be judged as an intellect, not as a woman.

But while this is true, Señora Bazán is so striking a figure in the history of the modern intellectual emancipation of Spanish women that reference to it is essential in order to put her achievements in their proper setting. She herself has shown how the movement has

been only a reversion. "At the time of the Renaissance," she writes,

"Spanish women, whose learning equalled their piety, far from contenting themselves with no education, or with only a superficial one, held professorships of rhetoric and Latin, like Isabel Galindo, or widened the domain of philosophic speculation, like Oliva Sabuco. In the eighteenth century these traditions were so utterly lost that it was considered dangerous to teach girls the alphabet, on the ground that if they were able to read and write, they might correspond with their sweethearts. I have heard it told of a great-grandmother of mine, of noble family (grandeas, in fact), that she was obliged to learn to write by herself, copying the letters from a printed book with a pointed stick for pen and mulberry juice for ink."

This agrees very well with what Valera says in his novel *El Comendador Mendoza*:

"I suspect that our grandfathers, weary of the female bachelors of arts, and the Latin-speaking, pedantic ladies painted for us by Quevedo, Tirso and Calderón, had fallen into the opposite extreme of taking pains that their women should learn nothing. Learning in a woman was to be considered as a spring of evil. Thus it happened that in the provinces well-to-do and noble families educated their girls simply to be very active and systematic housekeepers. They learned to sew, to embroider and to knit; many were good cooks, not a few ironed beautifully; but almost always care was taken that they should not learn to write, and they were taught little more than to read fairly well in *The Christian Year* or some other pious book."

From that Spain to the Spain which counts the literary fame of Emilia Pardo Bazán among her modern glories is a long way. She and the other women

who have asserted the right of Eve to approach the tree of knowledge have maintained, as we have seen, that they were only laying claim to their ancient heritage; but their struggle to make good their title to it has been long and arduous. They have won their case, however, even in Spain. Señora Bazán writes, lectures, addresses the leading literary club of Madrid as freely as any man, and a great deal better than most men. She has even been brought forward as a candidate for membership in the sacred and awful Academia Española; but, up to the present, the dread of having to hear the rustle of skirts in the solemn precincts has prevented her election.

A glance at Doña Emilia's personal history must also be had in order to a clear understanding of the position she has won and holds. Here we have only to follow the charming autobiographical sketch which she published as a preface to her novel *Los Pazos de Ulloa*. Born in 1852, in Coruña, of one of the oldest noble families of Galicia, her childhood was one of those happy ones whose earliest memory is of being allowed to tumble freely about a library. Her father, partly by deliberate intention and partly from preoccupation with other matters, allowed her free range among most of his books—she speedily helped herself to the forbidden ones. This was the real beginning of her education, which, however, had to be broken into and ruined as far as possible by a course in a fashionable French boarding-school in Madrid. Happily escaped from this destroyer of the mind, she was for a time put under private tutors. She begged to be allowed to study Latin instead of taking lessons on the piano; but this was too wild a thing to ask even of her open-minded father. The result was to give her a fierce hatred of the piano, which endures to this day. Scarcely had she got into long dresses when, in 1868, she was married. Her husband's name is Don José Quiroga, and three children have been born of the marriage. The Revolution of 1868 resulted in her father's political eclipse and in practical exile from Spain. With him she travelled in France and the south of Europe, making herself mistress of the French and Italian languages and literatures. On her return to Spain she gave some years to study of German and to deep reading in philosophy and



*Emilia Pardo Bazán*

history. All this was without conscious preparation for her literary career, which practically began in 1880, and has gone on in the way that everybody knows. Since 1888, when her father died, she has been entitled as his sole heir to call herself a countess; but she does not. "Who would know me as a countess?" she asks. "I shall be simply Pardo Bazán as long as I live."

Better known out of Spain as a novelist than as a critic, Señora Bazán has produced critical writing of great variety and value. It is not necessary to contend that she is the first critic of Spain to-day. In some branches of literary history at least, Menéndez y Pelayo has an authority to which she makes no pretence; Valera's acute judgment and delicate style have wrought results unapproached in their way; Leopoldo Alas (better known by his pseudonym of "Clarín") has an incisiveness and an easy mastery all his own. But it may be doubted, after all, if Señora Bazán's critical work has not had a more positive influence than that of any of them. She has been so sensitive to the currents of contemporary literature, has thrown herself into the discussion of vital ques-

tions with so much vivacity, learning, and wit that she has made herself the most throbbing and felt, if not actually the weightiest, personality in the Spanish literary world of to-day. As she herself has written :

"Our criticism of contemporary literature bears no relation to our productiveness in literature, nor to our historical and retrospective criticism. In this branch we seem a youthful people of small culture, not yet arrived at the period of reflection; even the Portuguese surpass us in this particular. Not long ago a foreigner asked me in what book he should study the personality of our modern Spanish novelists, and get a general idea of our fiction; and I had, with much mortification, to reply to him, 'There is no such book.'"

Señora Bazán's chief distinction as a critic is that she has done so much to make good the lack pointed out in the remark of hers just quoted. Not that she has neglected the past. Her first extensive critical work was her *Estudio Crítico de las Obras del P. Feijóo*, the famous Dominican writer of her own Galicia. She has done two solid volumes on *The Epic Christian Poets*. She has even dared greatly in writing a book called *Studies in Darwinism*. Her volume on *Saint Francis of Assisi* is really a study of civilisation in the thirteenth century. But all these and her other elaborated works of "retrospective criticism," to use her phrase, have not the significance or special value of the critical writing she has done with her eye on her contemporaries. The main body of this is to be found in what Mr. Howells has called her "athletic" essay, *The Burning Question* (*La Cuestión Palpitante*), and in the successive monthly numbers of her *Nuevo Teatro Crítico*. This last undertaking of hers was sufficiently formidable—108 octavo pages a month for two years, consisting of a short story, a critical study, notes on books, dramatic criticism, social comment, educational discussion. For one pen to have produced these 2400 pages in 24 months, in addition to other writing, and to have done it with such grace, such learning, such unflagging sprightliness, is a feat which makes it easier to believe in the miracles of Lope de Vega's productiveness.

*The Burning Question* was the question of realism in fiction. Señora Bazán plunged into the discussion which had been excited by an address of the distinguished Spanish novelist and Academician, the late Pedro Antonio de Alarcón. He had rather sweepingly and

contemptuously dismissed the whole realistic movement in France and Russia, then beginning to invade Spain (this was in 1882), as simply what he called "the dirty hand of literature." Thereupon, as Clarín said, the learned and literary world of Madrid was greatly amazed to see "a white and lovely hand, of the kind that does not offend even when it gives you a smart tap," seize a pen and begin to write upon the subject in debate with a wit and knowledge and vigour which left Alarcón and all the rest gasping. What Doña Emilia did in the weekly letters which were afterward collected into her book was to display the inner working and historical evolution of French and Spanish fiction with the air and grasp of a master, illustrating her thesis by frequent references to the English novel (though she confessed her knowledge of this to be, by comparison, limited), and to point out the philosophy, the bounds, the artistic and moral justification of realism in fiction with a swift and sure judgment beyond all praise. The book is a great landmark in Spanish contemporary criticism; it is as notable a contribution to the discussion of realism in fiction as any modern literature can boast.

As we have Sainte-Beuve's word for it that an example is always the best definition, some specimens of Señora Bazán's critical manner may be offered as better than any further general remarks about it. The warning is painfully necessary, however, that the sparkle of her style disappointingly escapes when decanted into a translation. In a brilliant study of Zola and Tolstoy (*Teatro Crítico*, No. 5) she dwells as follows upon what she calls the "extraordinary commercial foresight of the Frenchman":

"A proof," she writes,

"that Zola is guided by a profound and complicated spirit of calculation may be seen in the incredible patience and docility required for the carrying out of his plans, formed long ago and pursued without deflection. To determine to write one novel about the clergy, and then another about the middle class, and then another, and another, and another, about peasants, and mines, and railroads, and the army, and the Bourse; to execute this project step by step, with ox-like tenacity, never to draw back, never to lose heart, to apply the same intensity and the same artistic devotion to every part of the machine—all this reveals an indifference as regards the subject and an absorption in the work itself which perhaps no one but a Frenchman could display. Paris, considered as a vast or-

ganism, works just as Zola does. No form of labour is despised in Paris, and none fails to yield a profit. . . . This commercial spirit, this humble submission to work, this artistic zeal wreaked upon drudgery, Zola has in a high degree, though he is none the less a great writer, a creative talent, and in many respects an independent and innovating intelligence. Other novelists cannot bring themselves to describe or even to study that which does not allure or excite their imagination; but Zola, with that double instinct of his which we may call the epic-mercantile, has absolutely no preferences, no chosen world."

A few pages farther on comes a comparison between Zola and Tolstoy. In the latter, says Señora Bazán, it is necessary

"to distinguish between the artist and the apostle. The artist is a great and lofty genius, far more instinctive and spontaneous than Zola, and therefore far more admirable. In Tolstoy there leaps to view the fire, the impetuous rush, the divine freshness of inspiration. But for this very reason his work is more uneven than Zola's. The products of industrial art, the result of combinations a thousand times attempted with happy result, have the greater homogeneity; those of instinctive art are irregular, sometimes feeble, sometimes magnificent. Not that I affirm the mechanical spirit to be dominant in Zola; he is an artist, and he has his muse; all I assert is that the unconscious sovereignty which, in certain moments, we see massing every faculty of the artist to give off the electric spark of inspiration, Tolstoy possesses in the greatest measure; in Zola we see the man of a trade, the writer by profession. Tolstoy sometimes writes feebly; but, when he is at his best, how deep the imprint left by his lion's paw!"

In close connection with the foregoing may be given Señora Bazán's account of what she calls "the capital vice of the naturalistic aesthetic." The passage is from *La Cuestión Palpitante*:

"To subject thought and passion to the same laws that determine the fall of a stone; to take into consideration solely physical and chemical forces, rigorously ruling out individual spontaneity, is what naturalism proposes, and is what Zola calls demonstrating and explaining the human beast. As a logical consequence, naturalism is forced to breathe only in touch with matter, to discover the springs of the drama of human life only in blind instinct and unbridled lust. A writer who strictly adheres to the method advocated by Zola is obliged to make a sort of selection among the motives which may determine the human will, but is bound always to choose the external and tangible, and to pass over those which are moral, intimate, and delicate. Now this, besides destroying the reality, is a purely artificial method, and easily runs into the grossest absurdities, as when a heroine finds a measure of the warmth of her love in the degrees of heat shown by a thermometer applied to the soles of her feet!"

The temptation to cite Señora Bazán at length may perhaps be best escaped

by tapering off with a few scattered and minor quotations. She does not hold the true critic's function cheap.

"Of all the forms of literature, I believe that criticism, in its latest developments and with the new demands made upon it, is perhaps the most difficult of all. I protest against the saying of Destouches: '*La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile*;' for criticism is itself an art, and one which requires the wings of inspiration as well as the ballast of learning. In our day, when criticism has lost the schoolmaster's ferule, it is obliged to dissect, but not as a cold anatomist, rather as an impassioned sculptor who seeks in the human form for the divine law of harmony and beauty."

Here are the qualities of the critic's style which Señora Bazán, speaking of Father Feijóo, says she would desire for herself (they were hers without asking):

"Energy in setting forth the truth, limpid clearness, the charm of variety, smiling and unfailing courtesy."

"In our time," she says elsewhere, "criticism applies itself to the great writers, past and present, and defines them, not as they ought to be in the opinion of the teacher, but as they really have manifested themselves. Thus the independent artist who defies arbitrary classification has no reason to rise in insurrection against the new criticism, whose office it is not to correct and rap over the knuckles, but to study and to endeavour to comprehend what exists."

But one must stop somewhere. If it is said that what has here been written gives no summary account of Señora Bazán's literary and critical creed, the reply is that nothing of the kind was attempted. She is of the creed of all sensible critics, and what that is the sensible critic does not tell. The only aim has been to give a faint impression of a rich and expansive nature, a powerful mind playing freely and with delight on the material of literature and the phenomena of life. Such a large personality cannot be compressed into an exact formula. One has to frame a roomy definition for Señora Bazán; and it is given, or at least suggested, in what she herself has written in characterisation of the literature of the last half of the nineteenth century:

"It is prolific, varied, complex, yet it has its characteristic features. It is reflective, nourished on fact, positive and scientific, based on observation of the individual and of society. It both professes and practises the worship of artistic form, not with the serene simplicity of the classics, but with richness and complexity. If it is realistic it is also refined; and as no details are hidden from its acute analysis, it gives them to the world in profusion, while chiselling and polishing its style."

Rollo Ogden.

## AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

V.—WILLIS, HALLECK, AND DRAKE.

In the *Letters from Under a Bridge*, by N. P. Willis, which is to-day perhaps the most readable of his many volumes, this excellent passage occurs :

"In what is the judgment of posterity better than that of contemporaries? Simply in that the author is seen from a distance—his personal qualities lost to the eye and his literary stature seen in proper relief and proportion."

Having thus delivered himself, Willis proceeds to assert, on the very next page, "Rufus Dawes is a poet if God ever created one." It is as if the evil genius of consistency had guided Willis's pen into writing the very words which should best prove the worthlessness of contemporary opinion, for Rufus Dawes lives to-day—if it can be called living—only in dusty anthologies and in the pages which Poe devoted to an unmerciful exposure of his inanities. Willis himself cannot be said to have any vital importance for our generation, yet he cut a prodigious figure in his own time; and while he was extolling the beauties of Dawes, Poe would probably have been glad to take the place which a few years later he filled for a time as Willis's office assistant. Now that Willis's fleet of books is fastened almost as securely to "Lethe wharf" as the works of Dawes himself, it is not without suggestion to recall and contrast the esteem in which he and Poe were held by the reading public of the thirties and forties. Poe's "literary stature" had not begun to be seen "in proper relief and proportion." Willis's was of the sort which, from its very adaptation to the taste and themes of the day, had all its greatness then, and now has dwindled almost out of being. It will not be possible to note all the contrasts between his career and Poe's, but they can hardly fail to present themselves to minds familiar with the more tragic story of the writer whose fame has not died.

Nathaniel Parker Willis came of a family that had printer's ink in its veins. His grandfather, whose ancestors were among the earliest English emigrants to Massachusetts, conducted a patriotic journal in Boston during the Revolution, and afterward established

newspapers in Virginia and Ohio. His son Nathaniel, who is recalled in Boston still as "Deacon Willis" of the Park Street Church, founded the *Boston Recorder*, which he declared to be the first religious newspaper in the world, and the *Youth's Companion*, which, beginning as a distinctly religious journal for children, was probably also the pioneer in its field. Deacon Willis's wife was Hannah Parker, and to the piety which she shared with her husband her brighter spirit added the quality of gaiety which their son, Nathaniel Parker, the second of nine children, could not possibly have inherited from his rigorous father. This boy, the Willis with whom we are now concerned, was born in Portland, Me., on January 20th, 1806, about a year before Longfellow's birth in the same town.

From the strict orthodoxy of his father's household it was natural that the son should be sent first to the school at Andover and then to Yale College. At Andover he took an active part in a religious revival, of which it would be hard to find the parallel in a modern boarding-school. "Prayer ascends continually," wrote Willis at seventeen to his father,

"sinners are repenting, and I am as proud as Lucifer. . . . Oh, pray that I may have humility! It is and must be the burden of my supplications."

Of Yale at the time Willis was in college he subsequently wrote that the student was

"committed to the sincere zealots of Connecticut . . . to learn Latin and Greek, if it pleased Heaven, but the mysteries of 'election and free grace,' whether or no."

Before Willis had been long under this system of instruction he found that there were many other things to learn. The name he won for himself while still a collegian, by writing a few of his most popular scriptural poems and other verses of an interest more strictly local, rendered him something of a lion in undergraduate society, and his good looks and attractive manners made it easily possible for him to play his part with success and satisfaction. Accord-

ingly, without developing any tendencies that could be called dangerous, he soon found himself leading a life of social pleasure which placed him in his father's eyes among "the world's people," and made Willis himself conscious of what he called an "enduring conviction of sin." Yet the conviction was not overpowering, and indeed could not have been exactly "enduring," for the Willis of these college days, concerned with the less serious side of life, pleased with the bright colour of things, and never probing too deep below the surface, was the Willis of the later years.

For four years after leaving college—that is, from 1827–31—he was an inmate of his father's house in Boston. Here he served the editorial apprenticeship which prepared him for most of his work in the world. He edited the annuals *The Legendary* and *The Token* for S. G. Goodrich, "Peter Parley," and attempted a magazine, the *American Monthly*, on his own account. Already he showed himself essentially a journalist. Annual, monthly and daily periodicals were his inevitable mediums of expression, and to know the nature of the periodical literature of his time it is only necessary to know Willis, and *vice versa*. It was the period of steel engraving in illustrative art; and the greater part of Willis's work, then and later, seems now to bear about the same relation to life as these pictures of skies in which thunder storms were always gathering, and persons through whose faces either blandness or malignity was sure to shine. No poems that Willis ever wrote attained a greater popularity than those upon scriptural themes. The generation that first read them knew not even what the word realism meant; yet re-



From an engraving of the portrait by S. Lawrence, 1837.

membering how well they knew their Bibles, it is somewhat hard to understand now why they did not even ask for truth. The poem of "Absalom," once vastly popular, is a fair specimen of Willis's best scriptural verse, which Lowell was shrewd enough to designate as "inspiration and water;" and if the modern reader cares to trouble himself with comparing Willis's dilution of the Absalom story with its original, he will not need to be reminded of the difference between the old and new ways of doing things.

While Willis was establishing himself as a religious poet, he was also producing a goodly quantity of secular prose, ephemeral pictures of life, especially in its lighter aspects. Indeed, his relations with the world were not those which his early training should have produced.



Home Journal office  
Nov 12.

My dear Poe

I could not find time possibly to go to the concert, but why did you not send the paragraph yourself. You knew of course that it would go in.

I had a letter, not long since, from your sister Enquiring where you were, & supposing you had moved, I could not inform her. You seem as neglectful of your sister as I am of mine, but private letters are "the last ounce that breaks the camel's back" of a literary man.

Yours very truly

W. D. Wells

FAC-SIMILE LETTER FROM WILLIS TO POE.

From "The Life of Edgar Allan Poe," by William F. Gill, 1877.

He figured to some extent in the more fashionable society of Boston, gave great care to his dress and personal appearance, and drove a high-stepping bay horse which he named Thalaba. For frequenting the theatre and neglecting his duties in Park Street he was excommunicated from the church. George William Curtis has left a picturesque reminiscence, of which the chronology must not be scrutinised too closely, but the glimpse it gives of Willis is suggestive and probably faithful. Curtis as a boy was present at a Harvard commencement, and stood watching the arrival of the carriages that brought the governor and other dignitaries to Cambridge. "The last vehicle in the procession," he says,

"and as if a part of it, contained Willis, seated alone in his gig, dressed in a green frock-coat, white waistcoat, buff-coloured nankeen trousers, all supremely fine; his broad-brimmed Leghorn hat lay on the seat by his side. With an air of supreme nonchalance he tossed his reins to a hostler who stood there waiting for such chances, put a quarter into the man's hand and told him to take Thalaba to a certain livery-stable. He then passed up the broad aisle in the wake of the procession, and if he did not ascend the stage and seat himself among the dignitaries it must have been because there was no room."

Neither Willis nor his undertakings were very successful in Boston. His magazine was a failure, and the family of a young lady to whom he was engaged forbade the alliance. At a later



N. P. WILLIS.

Philadelphia, in the autumn of 1831, on a brig bound for Havre. He was not yet twenty-six years old, and all the world lay before him. He had seen much of it before his return nearly five years later.

Like most young tourists, Willis began his letter-writing on board ship. From Paris, where the American Minister paid him the useful compliment of attaching him to the legation, from Italy, from the Mediterranean and the Levant, from Switzerland and England, he continued to write his "Pencilings by the Way," until they had reached the number of one hundred and thirty-nine, and his time for returning home was near. In America, where "First Impressions of Europe," as he described the "Pencilings" in a sub-title, were far less common then than now, they were read with eagerness. General Morris declared that they were copied into five hundred newspapers. It has been well said that Willis was the progenitor of the Special Correspondents of our time,

day he wrote of his fellow-townsmen :

"They have denied me patronage, abused me, misrepresented me, refused me both character and genius, and I feel that I owe them nothing. . . . The mines of Golconda would not tempt me to return and live in Boston."

It was with little regret, therefore, that in 1831 he joined his fortunes with those of the New York *Mirror*, into which his *American Monthly* was also merged. It was a weekly literary journal, with its aim carefully directed to the mark of popular taste. It was soon decided that a regular letter from Willis in Europe would ensure the certainty of this aim, and with difficulty the sum of \$500 was raised to start him on his travels. With this sum in his pocket and the promise of ten dollars for each letter he should write, he set sail from



WILLIS IN LATER LIFE.



" EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN POETS. "

From an engraving copied from original portraits by James Eddy, Boston, for the *New York Mirror*, in 1827.

and when the letters had a personal flavour, of the modern interviewer. The qualities which gave him success in these departments of journalism were in a large measure the qualities of his prose in general, for he was always more a

journalist than a man of letters, as the distinction is commonly understood. But his prose belonged to a far more florid journalism than that which is most approved to-day. He had a feminine eye for the millinery of nature and



Yours very truly  
Fitz-Greene Halleck

From an engraving made for the *New York Mirror* in 1836.

life. He declared frankly, "the *ornamental* is my vocation," and a clever old lady is quoted by his admirable biographer, Professor Henry A. Beers, as having once said of him, "Nat Willis ought to go about in spring in sky-blue breeches with a rose-coloured bellows to blow the buds open." When he gave the freest rein to his fancy and his affectations, the result was something which to-day seems little less than silly and tiresome; but taken at his best, in descriptions and

playfully imaginative sketches of life, he is still a winning writer whose vogue in his own time is an easy thing to comprehend. Moreover it is to be remembered of Willis, as of others whose fame still seems more secure, that there is a wide difference between coming first and alone to any field and occupying it later with many companions.

The more personal aspect of Willis's experience in Europe has an amusing element which James Parton has summed

G. S. Comstock  
 May 18<sup>th</sup> '38  
 H. C. Hall  
 I have received from  
 you of the 15<sup>th</sup> inst. your letter  
 the honor to ask for a specimen  
 of my handwriting. In that  
 handwriting, I beg to inform you that  
 I am very grateful for your kind  
 notice to propose a volume of  
 mine. I remain, dear H. C. Hall,  
 Obediently Yours  
 F. H. Greene Halleck  
 H. C. Hall

FAC-SIMILE OF AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF HALLECK'S RESPONDING TO  
A REQUEST FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

up in these words well worthy of quotation :

"At this day it has something of the interest of a histrionic performance, which is highly comic to me who has been behind the scenes. Here was a young American, rubbing along through Europe on the slenderest resources, eking out his weekly revenue by an occasional poem or story, but always in mortal fear of coming to the bottom of his purse, and all the time he wrote in the tone and style of a young prince, conveying the impression that castles and palaces, chariots and horses, and all the splendours of aristocratic life, were just as familiar to him as the air he breathed."

In England especially, where he came armed with excellent letters of introduc-

tion, he was observed to be "on exceedingly good terms with himself and with the *élite* of the best society." Lady Blessington and other persons of less notoriety and perhaps a surer position took him up and made much of him. To women particularly, and often to older women, he was here, as elsewhere, very attractive. He received the *entrée* of the best clubs, and found it as easy as it had been in New Haven to make himself agreeable to everybody. No, not everybody, for when his "Pencilings" were reprinted in England there were those who took him roundly to task for some of the things he had said. Lockhart attacked him in the *Quarterly*, and he was even called out by the truculent Captain Marryat, who could not bear to read that his "gross trash sells immensely about Wapping and Portsmouth, and brings him five or six hundred the book, but that can scarce be called literature." The "hostile meeting"

actually took place, but the seconds did their part so well on the very field of conflict that bloodshed was avoided. Willis made many warm friends, however, in England, and when he sailed for home in May of 1836 he was accompanied by a young English wife, the daughter of General Stace of the British army.

By this time Willis had shown very clearly what he could do in prose and verse, and the remainder of his life was devoted, with greater and less success, to doing it. His outward circumstances had the variations that are the common lot of man. At the country home of Glenmary, at Owego, N. Y., where he



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

lived for several years after his return from England, he seems, if one may judge from the very agreeable *Letters from Under a Bridge*, to have been as near to happiness as he ever came. But bereavements and losses befell him. After a second journey to England he had to give up Glenmary, and not long afterward his wife died. There was then a third visit to England, and a search on the Continent for escaped health. In 1846 he was married again, to Miss Cornelia Grinnell of New Bedford. It was a curious circumstance that Greenough, the sculptor, many years before had carved a statue of her as a little girl in Florence, and from a remnant of the same stone had wrought a bust of Willis. It was in 1846 also that the *Home Journal* was born, as the last and most prosperous descendant of the *Mirror*, which, under Willis and his constant

friend Morris, had passed through various stages of evolution. As editor and contributor in New York and at his second country-place, Idlewild, on the Hudson, Willis toiled faithfully for this periodical through the twenty-one years of life that remained to him. They were years from which trouble was not absent. One of the forms it took was the publication in 1854 of the story *Ruth Hall*, by Willis's sister, "Fanny Fern," who chose the method of caricature in the guise of fiction for exploiting a family quarrel over her rejected contributions to the *Home Journal*. Another distress was the part he had to take in the famous Edwin Forrest divorce suit. The actor seems to have sought tragedy in daily life, and, in playing the rôle of Othello, knocked Willis down in the street one day, and involved him in the suit against his wife, which resulted disastrously for his private reputation and triumphantly for hers. When the war came, Willis, of all men, undertook to be the *Home Journal's* correspondent in Washington. "He dropped his light plummet of observation," as Professor Beers well says, "into the boil-



HALLECK IN LATER LIFE.



*J. Rodman Drake*

From an engraving of which the Bradford Club, in its edition of the "Croaker Papers," printed 150 copies in 1860.

ing sea of the Civil War, where it was tossed about at no great depth below the surface." His health was already much enfeebled, yet the falling off of the *Journal's* Southern subscribers and the death of General Morris made it seem imperative that he should give all the energies of a younger, stronger man to his work. These failing days and years of men whose pen is their support, days so often clouded by the fear of want and the necessity of work of which they are really incapable, provide the saddest pages of literary biography. The spectacle of Willis, whom Lowell had truly called "the topmost bright bubble on the wave of The Town," fighting at the end against the heavy odds of need and illness is one upon which it is unnecessary to dwell. His disease was found to be epilepsy, and finally took the form of paralysis and softening of the brain. The end came at Idlewild on January 20th, 1867, his sixty-first birthday.

There was a deep-rooted element of dandyism in Willis and almost everything he did, and he probably had this to thank for what might be called his

personal unpopularity in print. His biographer declares that it was second only to that of Cooper among American writers; and it is the less easily understood because Willis's heart was really of the kindest and most human. Furthermore, he was not only prompt with words of praise for promising beginners, but seems to have been almost without literary jealousies. The truth must be that our countrymen were less tolerant fifty years ago of anything that seemed frivolous or flippant. Willis evidently did not take himself too seriously, and if one should seek high and low for terms to define his work, no words more suggestive of its true character could be found than those which he chose as titles for some of his own books. Besides the *Pencillings by the Way*, there are *Inklings of Adventure*, *Loiterings of Travel*, *Hurry-graphs*, and *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil*. Indeed, he was incessantly dashing at life with a free pencil, and just because this was what he did there is little to show for it fifty years after the best of it was done. With his prose, most of his verse, even the once universally known "Love in a Cottage," has ceased to be read. In a few such poems as "Unseen Spirits" and the "Lines on Leaving Europe," the best of Willis is to be found to-day.

In one of his "Letters from Idlewild" Willis wrote these characteristic words:

"With such advantages of physiognomy and manners, so winning a look and voice, how is it that Fitz-Greene Halleck has never let himself be known to audiences? . . . What a pity that so admirably formed a creature should die (as he is likely to!) without the eye and ear homage for which Nature gifted him!"

Willis could no more have understood Halleck's objections to publicity than his venturing to stake his fame upon a very few poems—a venture in which Drake, through his early death, stood by Halleck's side. The contrast between Willis and Poe, in the nature of the men and of their work, is sufficiently striking; yet Willis in many ways is separated no less distinctly from the two men whose names are always combined in American literary annals, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. Willis does not seem to have known that it was better to live by one poem than to die with many books; at least there is not one thing he wrote which is now even as well known as his name. On the other hand, "Marco Bozzaris" is familiar to thousands who

know little or nothing about Halleck, and "The Culprit Fay" and "The American Flag" ("When Freedom from her mountain height") are eminently living specimens of our national poetry.

Halleck outlived Willis by about ten months, though he was born sixteen years before him, on July 8th, 1790, in Guilford, Conn. Drake was Halleck's junior by five years, August 7th, 1795, being the time of his birth, and New York City the place. Like Willis, they were both of old New England stock. To New York Halleck came in 1811. He had received all his schooling in Guilford, and had served his apprenticeship at trade in the village store. Because "he couldn't help it," as one of his schoolmates said, he had written more than the usual number of boyish verses, which his biographer, General James Grant Wilson, has done him the doubtful kindness to ex-hume. In New York he entered a mercantile office, and had not long been living his new life when he made the acquaintance of young Drake, then a student of medicine. The story is told that one afternoon, in the spring of 1813, the two friends, not yet intimate, were sailing in New York Bay and discussing the delights of a future

### *Abelard to Eloise*

Wep on - wep on - we wail the dead -  
Now by those humid lids I swear,  
For every tear of woe they shed  
My heart shall bleed a drop as dear.  
Oh! torturing last convulsive sigh!  
Oh! all the pangs that wring the bow  
When souls of fault despairing die;  
Woe heaven to what I suffer now.

Nay! look not thus - wert thou but blest,  
Breast of calm my soul could bear  
To prison in this aching breast  
The writhings of its own despair -  
The flame that bears my burning brand  
Should never force one stifled groan,  
If I might take thy load of pain  
And bear its weary weight alone

Yet when our calm & dullest gloom  
Oblivious waveless stream shall roll,  
A sun shall beam beyond the tomb  
To light the hope abandoned soul.  
Soon may that orb of peace arise,  
That we may seek a purer sphere,  
And taste that bliss in yonder skies  
Dry man & fate denied us here.

— S. R. M. and Drake  


FAC-SIMILE OF MANUSCRIPT OF DRAKE'S POEM, "ABELARD TO ELOISE."  
From "Bryant and his Friends," by J. Grant Wilson.



world. "It would be heaven," said Halleck, "to lounge upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell." The thought is said to have appealed so strongly to Drake's young sympathies that their intimacy began upon the spot.

About three years after this occurrence Drake produced his masterpiece, "The Culpit Fay." Its origin was not unlike that of *Precaution* and *The Pilot*, which Cooper produced to surpass respectively an English novel writer in interest and Scott in truth to sea life. Drake, in a similar spirit, refused one day to admit the contention of Cooper and Halleck that our American rivers would not lend themselves, like the Scottish streams, to poetic treatment. To prove the truth of his position, and to give the Hudson its due, he wrote "The Culpit Fay" in the space of three days, in the summer of 1816.

Halleck could not look with any satisfaction upon Drake's marriage, in 1817, to the daughter of a rich shipbuilder. He thought Drake "the handsomest man in New York—a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo," and "well knew that his person was the true index of his mind." Though he acted as a groomsman at the wedding, he evidently feared the alliance of genius with wealth. Yet their intimacy suffered as little abatement as possible when matrimony steps between bachelor friends. From Europe, travelling with his wife, Dr. Drake, as he was then called, wrote clever epistles in rhyme to his friend at home, and soon after his return they began to contribute to the *Post* the verses, printed over the names of Croaker, Croaker Jr., and Croaker & Co., which set all New York laughing and talking.

These Croaker verses were undoubtedly witty and penetrating skits on the social and political life of the town, and probably give as clear an idea of the year 1819 in New York as anything to which one can turn. Yet the importance with which they were then invested seems somewhat curious now that they are almost forgotten. Halleck's biographer tells us of the anxiety of Coleman, the editor of the *Post*, to know who his mysterious correspondents were. They made up their minds one night to go to his house and reveal themselves.

"They were ushered into the parlour; the

editor soon entered, the young poets expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and the door being closed and locked, Dr. Drake said: 'I am Croaker, and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker junior.' Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment, at length exclaiming, 'My God! I had no idea that we had such talents in America!'"

This, by the way, seems to have been a favourite idea with editors of the time; only two years before Richard H. Dana had found it impossible to believe that "Thanatopsis" was not from an English pen. There is something equally refreshing and youthful in the tale that Drake, after reading the proof of one of the Croaker verses, "laid his cheek down upon the lines he had written, and looking at his fellow-poet with beaming eyes, said, 'O Halleck, isn't this happiness!'" One sees the pair the more clearly for Coleman's report to Bryant of the momentous Croaker interview:

"Drake looked the poet; you saw the stamp of genius in every feature. Halleck had the aspect of a satirist."

In this year of 1819 Drake wrote his ringing lines, "The American Flag," for which Halleck supplied the conclusion, and in the next year he died. As Halleck returned from the funeral, he said to their common friend De Kay, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone." On the day of Drake's death he had written the elegy beginning with the lines, perhaps more familiar than any others from his pen:

"Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise."

Halleck lived a lifetime of nearly half a century after his friend's death, but it was on the work that he did between 1817 and 1827, when his *Alnwick Castle, with Other Poems*, was published anonymously, that his fame must chiefly rest. In 1819 his *Fanny* had appeared, full of brightness and local hits at persons to whom he made reparation many years later in an edition with notes. So great was the favour in which it was held that Brevoort, the friend of Irving, said to Halleck in 1820, "that he should be prouder of being the author of *Fanny* than of any poetical work ever written in America." Such words as these help

us to remember the condition of the American Parnassus at the time. Halleck's volume of 1827 showed that an improvement had begun, for it contained "Marco Bozzaris," "Burns," and most of the other poems on the strength of which Poe, in 1846, gave him the second place among American poets. This is the arrangement of Poe's list :

"Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Sprague, Longfellow, Willis, and so on, Halleck coming second in the series, but holding, in fact, a rank in the public opinion quite equal to that of Bryant."

A little later he makes himself surer of his ground by saying

"that Mr. Halleck, in the apparent public estimate, maintains a somewhat better position than that to which, on absolute grounds, he is entitled."

Be that as it may, the "public estimate" ranked him very high in spite of the fact that he wrote practically nothing from 1827 until 1864, when he brought forth "Young America," a poem, or succession of lyrics, which seem to have been due equally to the war and to the enterprising Bonner of the *Ledger*. His fame to-day and in the future, as in the past, will stand or fall without the aid of this evening song.

Halleck's life was about as uneventful as the visits of his Muse were infrequent. He held positions in several business offices before he became the confidential clerk of John Jacob Astor. Once he went abroad, but he evidently cared more for seeing places than people, and the record of his travels is mainly a long, commercial-looking list of the towns at which he stopped. His deafness, due to the discharge of a drunken militiaman's gun by his ear when he was a child, made his part in the society of New York a little less prominent than it might otherwise have been, for his wit and charm, which have been defined as Gallic, won him many friends, and in spite of his disability and shyness the demand for his company in the world almost always exceeded his willingness to supply it. Lowell felt in Halleck's work the effect of his life,

"In a world of back-offices, ledgers and stoves," and in that "Fable for Critics" which possesses the quality almost unique in contemporary criticism of not passing "out of date," frankly expressed a regret

"That so much of a man has been peddled away."

Halleck never married, though if one saying of a "superior woman" may be believed, he could not have been without his attractions. This lady is reported to have declared, "If I were on my way to church to be married, yes, even if I were walking up the aisle, and Halleck were to offer himself, *I'd leave the man I had promised to marry and take him!*" To this perhaps should be joined his epigram written for a young lady who asked for his autograph :

"There wanted but this drop to fill  
The wifeless poet's cup of fame.  
Hurrah ! there lives a lady still  
Willing to take his name."

His deference to the opposite sex is recalled in this final anecdote. In 1821 he was travelling as the only passenger in a stage-coach in the Wyoming Valley. He had lighted a capital cigar, when the coach stopped and an elderly woman got in. True to his principles, he immediately threw away the cigar, which, unhappily, was his last, when, to his horror, the woman produced a pipe and for fifteen miles puffed forth the smoke of her wretched tobacco. "I shall on my deathbed," said Halleck afterward, "undoubtedly recall with horror, as I do at the present moment, that fearful pipe and its smoker."

The poet was a conservative to the core. It was characteristic of him, when he went to hear Thackeray lecture on George IV., to get up and leave the hall. The king who invented a shoe-buckle was still to him "the first gentleman in Europe," and of Thackeray he could only say, "I can't listen any longer to his abuse of a better man than himself." It was also like him when Mr. Astor died, and left him \$200 a year—a bequest which Mr. William B. Astor afterward increased by the gift of \$10,000—to retire in 1849 to his native town of Guilford, and with the sister who was his lifelong friend to pass the rest of his days in quiet. Here he died on November 19th, 1867. Since his niche in the pantheon of our earlier writers had been assigned to him, a troop of younger men had come upon the scene, and most of the Knickerbocker figures had lost something of their first distinction. Yet if his place was never so glittering as that

of Willis, nor so vividly won as Drake's, it was all his own, as theirs belonged to them. The memory of these three, if not their written word, speaks one thing clearly to us still, that fame is not a plant which "in broad rumour lies," except in so far as posterity has a voice in it. But who shall say that it would be better for creators or critics to have the power of projecting themselves fifty

or seventy-five years into the future? One result of such a power would surely be that much less would be written and much less said about it.

*M. A. DeWolfe Howe.*

*The subjects of the next paper in the series of "American Bookmen" will be "Prescott, Parkman, and other Historians." It will appear in the July number.*

### A LOST GARDEN.

There were such secrets hid between  
The apple blossoms rose and white,  
And in the young leaves gold and green,  
And in the lily's cup of light.

Where the gold rose swung on the bough  
Undreamt-of sweets lay hid and close;  
No honey-bee shall find them now,  
Nor the June wind that robs the rose.

The garden slopes upon a hill  
Down to the fields, the little path  
Between grass-borders wanders still  
Where I was friends with Love and Death.

The trees were hung with bridal bloom,  
The grass was star-sewn and empearled,  
Once where a bride came to her groom,  
And there was no death in the world.

The little feet we dreamt should run  
Down the small pathway, where are they?  
In a sweet land beyond the sun;  
A mothering angel guides their way.

O garden, that I loved and left,  
And shall not see in many a year,  
And garden that I weep bereft,  
The wound our parting made is here.

If there were no death in the world!  
The garden holds our secret still,  
Closes those young hearts yet uncurled  
On snowdrops or the daffodil.

*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

## CHAPTER X.

## THE CITY OF DISCONTENT.

"En paroles ou en actions, être discret, c'est s'abstenir."

"There is," observed Frederick Conyngham to himself, as he climbed into the saddle in the gray dawn of the following morning—"there is a certain picturesqueness about these proceedings which pleases me."

Concepcion Vara, indeed, supplied a portion of this romantic atmosphere, for he was dressed in the height of contrabandista fashion, with a bright-coloured handkerchief folded round his head underneath his black hat, a scarlet waistcloth, a spotless shirt, and a flower in the ribbon of his hat.

He was dignified and leisurely, but so far forgot himself as to sing as he threw his leg across his horse. A dark-eyed maiden had come as far as the corner of the Calle Veija, and stood there watching him with mournful eyes. He waved her salutation as he passed.

"It is the waiting-maid at the *venta* where I stay in Ronda. What will you?" he explained to Conyngham with a modest air, as he cocked his hat further on one side.

The sun rose as they emerged from the narrow streets into the open country that borders the road to Bobadilla. A pastoral country this, where the land needs little care to make it give more than man requires for his daily food. The evergreen oak studded over the whole plain supplies food for countless pigs, and shade, where the herdsmen may dream away the sunny days. The rich soil would yield two or even three crops in the year were the necessary seed and labour forthcoming. Underground the mineral wealth outvies the richness of the surface, but national indolence leaves it unexplored.

"Before General Vincente one could not explain one's self," said Concepcion, urging his horse to keep pace with the trot of Conyngham's mount.

"Ah!"

"No," pursued Concepcion; "and yet it is simple. In Algeciras I have a wife. It is well that a man should travel at times. So"—he paused and bowed toward his companion with a gesture of infinite condescension—"so we take the road together."

"As long as you are pleased, Señor Vara," said Conyngham, "I am sure I can but feel honoured. You know I have no money."

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders.

"What matter?" he said—"what matter? We can keep an account—a mere piece of paper—so, Concepcion Vara, of Algeciras, in account current with F. Conyngham, Englishman. One month's wages at one hundred pesetas. It is simple."

"Very," acquiesced Conyngham; "it is only when pay-day comes that things will get complicated."

Concepcion laughed.

"You are a *caballero* after my own heart," he said. "We shall enjoy ourselves in Madrid. I see that."

Conyngham did not answer. He had remembered the letter and Julia Barena's danger. He rose in his stirrups and looked behind him. Ronda was already hidden by intervening hills, and the bare line of the roadway was unbroken by the form of any other traveller.

"We are not going to Madrid yet," said Conyngham; "we are going to Xeres, where I have business. Do you know the road to Xeres?"

"As well that as any other, excellency."

"What do you mean?"

"I know no roads north of Ronda. I am of Andalusia, I," replied Concepcion easily, and he looked round about him with an air of interest which was more to the credit of his intelligence as a traveller than his reliability as a guide.

"But you engaged to guide me to Madrid."

"Yes, excellency, by asking the

way," replied Concepcion with an easy laugh, and he struck a sulphur match on the neck of his horse to light a fresh cigarette.

Thus with an easy heart Frederick Conyngham set out on his journey, having for companion one as irresponsible as himself. He had determined to go to Xeres, though that town of ill-repute lay far to the westward of his road toward the capital. It would have been simple enough to destroy the letter entrusted to him by Julia Barenna, a stranger whom he was likely never to see again—simple enough and infinitely safer, as he suspected, for the billet-doux of Mr. Larralde smelt of grimmer things than love. But Julia Barenna, wittingly or in all innocence, appealed to that sense of chivalry which is essentially the quality of lonely men who have never had sisters, and Conyngham was ready to help Julia where he would have refused his assistance to a man, however hard pressed.

"Cannot leave the girl in a hole," he had said to himself, and proceeded to act upon this resolution with a steadiness of purpose for which some may blame him.

It was evening when the two travellers reached Xeres, after some weary hours of monotonous progress through the vine-clad plains of this country.

"It is no wonder," said Concepcion, "that the men of Xeres are malcontents when they live in a country as flat as the palm of my hand."

It happened to be a fête day, which in Spain, as in other countries farther North, is synonymous with mischief. The men of Xeres had taken advantage of this holiday to demonstrate their desire for more. They had marched through the streets with banner and song, arrayed in their best clothes, fostering their worst thoughts. They had consumed marvellous quantities of that small *amontillado*, which is, as it were, as thin fire to the blood, heating and degenerating at once. They had talked much nonsense and listened to more. Carlist or Christino, it was all the same to them so long as they had a change of some sort. In the mean time they had a desire to break something, if only to assert their liberty.

A few minutes before Conyngham and his guide rode into the market-place, which in Xeres is as long as a street,

some of the free sons of Spain had thought fit to shout insulting remarks to a passer-by. With a fire too bright for his years, this old gentleman, with fierce white moustache and imperial, had turned on them, calling them good-for nothings and sons of pigs.

Conyngham rode up just in time to see the ruffians rise as one man and rush at the victim of their humour. The old man with his back to the wall beat back his assailants with a sort of fierce joy in his attitude which betokened the old soldier.

"Come on, Concepcion," cried Conyngham, with a dig of the spurs that made his tired horse leap into the air. He charged down upon the gathering crowd, which scattered right and left before the wild onslaught; but he saw the flash of steel, and knew that it was too late. The old man, with an oath and a gasp of pain, sank against the wall with the blood trickling through the fingers clasped against his breast. Conyngham would have reined in, but Concepcion on his heels gave the charger a cut with his heavy whip that made him bound forward, and would have unseated a short-stirruped rider.

"Go on!" cried the Spaniard; "it is no business of ours. The police are behind."

And Conyngham, remembering the letter in his pocket, rode on without looking back. In the day of which the present narrative treats the streets of Xeres were but ill-paved, and the dust lay on them to the depth of many inches, serving to deaden the sound of footsteps and facilitate the commission of such deeds of violence as were at this time of daily occurrence in Spain. Riding on at random, Conyngham and his companion soon lost their way in the narrow streets, and were able to satisfy themselves that none had followed them. Here, in a quiet alley, Conyngham read again the address of the letter of which he earnestly desired to rid himself without more ado.

It was addressed to Colonel Monreal, at No. 84 Plaza de Cadiz.

"Let his excellency stay here and drink a glass of wine at this *venta*," said Concepcion. "Alone, I shall be able to get information without attracting attention. And then in the name of the saints let us shake the dust of Xeres off our feet. The first thing we see is

steel, and I do not like it. I have a wife in Algeciras, to whom I am much attached, and I am afraid—yes, afraid. A gentleman need never hesitate to say so."

He shook his head forebodingly as he loosened his girths and called for water for the horses.

"I could eat a *cocida*," he went on, sniffing the odours of a neighbouring kitchen, "with plenty of onions and all the mutton as becomes the springtime, young and tender. *Dios!* this quick travelling and an empty stomach, it kills one."

"When I have delivered my letter," replied Conyngham, "we shall eat with a lighter heart."

Concepcion went away in a pessimistic humour. He was one of those men who are brave enough on good wine and victuals, but lack the stamina to fight when hungry. He returned presently with the required information. The Plaza de Cadiz was, it appeared, quite close. Indeed, the town of Xeres is not large, though the intricacies of its narrow streets may well puzzle a newcomer. No. 84 was the house of the barber, and on his first floor lived Colonel Monreal, a retired veteran who had fought with the English against Napoleon's armies.

During his servant's absence Conyngham had written a short note in French, conveying in terms which she would understand the news that Julia Barena doubtless awaited with impatience—namely, that her letter had been delivered to him whose address it bore.

"I have ordered your *cocida* and some good wine," he said to Concepcion. "Your horse also is feeding. Make good use of your time, for when I return I shall want you to take the road again at once. You must make ten miles before sleep to-night, and then an early start in the morning."

"For where, señor?"

• "For Ronda."

Concepcion shrugged his shoulders. His life had been spent upon the road, his wardrobe since childhood had been contained in a saddle-bag, and Spaniards, above all people, have the curse of Ishmael. They are a homeless race, and lay them down to sleep when fatigue overtakes them under a tree or in the shade of a stone wall. It often happens that a worker in the fields will content himself with the lee side of a hay-

stack for his resting-place, when his home is only a few hundred yards up the mountain-side.

"And his excellency?" inquired Concepcion.

"I shall sleep here to-night and proceed to Madrid to-morrow by way of Cordova, where I will wait for you. I have a letter here which you must deliver to the Señorita Barena, at Ronda, without the knowledge of any one. It will be well that neither General Vincente nor any other who knows you should catch sight of you in the streets of Ronda."

Concepcion nodded his head with much philosophy.

"Ah! these women," he said, turning to the steaming dish of mutton and vegetables, which is almost universal in the South—"these women, what shoe leather they cost us!"

Leaving his servant thus profitably employed, Conyngham set out to find the barber's shop in the Plaza de Cadiz. This he did without difficulty, but on informing himself at the door of Colonel Monreal's apartment learnt that that gentleman was out.

"But," added the servant, "the colonel is a man of regular habits. He will return within the next fifteen minutes, for he dines at five."

Conyngham paused. He had no desire to make Colonel Monreal's acquaintance; indeed, preferred to remain without it, for he rightly judged that Señor Larralde was engaged in affairs best left alone.

"I have a letter for the colonel," he said to the servant, a man of stupid countenance. "I will place it here upon his table, and can, no doubt, trust you to see that he gets it."

"That you can, excellency," replied the man, with a palm already half extended to receive a gratuity.

"If the colonel fails to receive the letter I shall certainly know it," said Conyngham, stumbling down the dark staircase and well pleased to have accomplished his mission.

He returned with all speed to the inn in the quiet alley, where he had elected to pass the night, and found Concepcion still at table.

"In half an hour I take the road," said the Spaniard; "the time for a cup of coffee, and I am ready to ride all night."

Having eaten, Concepcion was in a better frame of mind, and now cheerfully undertook to carry out his master's instructions. In little more than half an hour he was in the saddle again, and waved an airy adieu to Conyngham as he passed under the swinging oil-lamps that hung at the corner of the street.

It was yet early in the evening, and Conyngham, having dined, set out to explore the streets of Xeres, which were quiet enough now, as the cafés were gay and safer than the gloomy thoroughfares, where a foe might be in every doorway. In the market-place, between rows of booths and tents, a dense crowd walked backward and forward, with that steady sense of promenading which the Spaniard understands above all other men. The dealers in coloured handkerchiefs from Barcelona or mantillas from Seville were driving a great trade, and the majority of them had long since shouted themselves hoarse. A few quack dentists were operating upon their victims under the friendly covert of a big drum and a bassoon. Dealers in wonderful drugs and herbs were haranguing the crowd, easily gaining the attention of the simple peasants by handling a live snake or a crocodile, which they allowed to crawl upon their shoulders.

Conyngham mingled in the crowd, which was orderly enough, and amused himself by noting the credulity of the country folk, until his attention was attracted by a solemn procession passing up the market-place behind the tents. He inquired of a bystander what this might be.

"It is the police carrying to his *appartement* the body of Colonel Monreal, who was murdered this afternoon in the Plaza Major," was the answer.

Conyngham made his way between two tents to the deserted side of the market-place, and running past the procession, reached the barber's shop before it. In answer to his summons a girl came to the door of the colonel's *appartement*. She was weeping and moaning in great mental distress.

Without explanation Conyngham pushed past her into the room where he had deposited the letter. The room was in disorder, and no letter lay upon the table.

"It is," sobbed the girl, "my husband, who, having heard that the good

colonel had been murdered, stole all his valuables and papers, and has run away from me."

## CHAPTER XI.

### A TANGLED WEB.

"Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true to be true."

"And would you believe it, there are soldiers in the house, at the very door of Julia's apartments." Señora Barena, who made this remark, heaved a sigh and sat back in her cane-work chair with that jerkiness of action which in elderly ladies usually betokens impatience with the ways of young people.

"Policemen—policemen, not soldiers," corrected Father Concha patiently, as if it did not matter much. They were sitting in the broad, vine-clad veranda of the Casa Barena, that grim old house on the Bobadilla road, two miles from Ronda. The priest had walked thither, as the dust on his square-toed shoes and black stockings would testify. He had laid aside his mournful old hat, long since brown and discoloured, and was wiping his forehead with a cheap pocket-handkerchief of colour and pattern rather loud for his station in life.

"Well, they have swords," persisted the lady.

"Policemen," said Father Concha, in a stern and final voice, which caused Señora Barena to cast her eyes upward with an air of resigned martyrdom.

"Ah, that *alcalde*!" she whispered between her teeth.

"A little dog when it is afraid growls," said Concha philosophically. "The *alcalde* is a very small dog, and he is at his wits' end. Such a thing has not occurred in Ronda before, and the *alcalde*'s world is Ronda. He does not know whether his office permits him to inspect young ladies' love-letters or not."

"Love-letters!" ejaculated Señora Barena. She evidently had a keen sense of the romantic, and hoped for something more tragic than a mere flirtation begotten of idleness at sea.

"Yes," said Concha, crossing his legs and looking at his companion with a queer cynicism; "young people mostly pass that way."

He had had a tragedy, this old man,

one of those grim tragedies of the cassock which English people rarely understand. And his tragedy sat beside him on the cane chair, stout and eminently worldly, while he had journeyed on the road of life with all his illusions, all his half-fledged aspirations untouched by the cold finger of reality. He despised the woman now. The contempt lurked in his cynical smile, but he clung with a half-mocking, open-eyed sarcasm to his memories.

"But," he said reassuringly, "Julia is a match for the *alcalde*, you may rest assured of that."

*Señora Barenna* turned with a gesture of her plump hands indicative of bewilderment.

"I do not understand her. She laughs at the soldiers—the policemen I mean. She laughs at me. She laughs at everything."

"Yes; it is the hollow hearts that make most noise in the world," said *Concha*, folding his handkerchief upon his knee. He was deadly poor, and had a theory that a folded handkerchief remains longer clean. His whole existence was an effort to do without those things that make life worth having.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked.

"But to advise me, to help me. I have been all my life cast upon the world alone—no one to help me, no one to understand. No one knows what I have suffered. . . . My husband—"

"Was one of the best and most patient of mortals, and is assuredly in heaven, where, I hope, there are a few mansions reserved for men only."

*Señora Barenna* fetched one of her deepest sighs. She had a few lurking at the depths of her capacious being reserved for such occasions as this. It was, it seemed, no more than her life had led her to expect.

"You have had," went on her spiritual adviser, "a life of ease and luxury, a husband who denied you nothing. You have never lost a child by death, which, I understand, is . . . one of the greatest sorrows that God sends to women. You are an ungrateful female."

*Señora Barenna*, whose face would have graced one of the very earliest of the martyrs, sat with folded hands waiting until the storm should pass.

"Do you wish me to see Julia?" asked *Concha* abruptly.

"Yes, yes; and persuade her to conciliate the *alcalde*, to tell him some story or another. It does not surely matter if it be not the strict truth—anything to get these men out of the house. My maid, *Maria*, is so flighty! Ah, those young people! What a trial, my dear padre—what a trial!"

"Of course," said *Father Concha*; "but what a dull world it would be if our neighbour knew how to manage his own affairs. Shall we go to Julia?"

The perturbed lady preferred that the priest should see her daughter alone. A military-looking individual in white trousers and a dark green tunic stood guard over the door of Julia's apartment, seeking by his attitude and the curl of his moustache to magnify his office in the eyes of a maid who happened to have an unusual amount of cleaning to do in that particular corridor.

"Ah!" said *Father Concha*, by no means abashed by the sentinel's sword—"ah, it is you, *Manuel*. Your wife tells me you have objections to the christening of that last boy of yours—No. 5, I think. Bring No. 5 on Sunday, after Vespers—eh? You understand, and a little something for the poor. It is pay-day on Saturday. And no more nonsense about religion. *Manuel*—eh?"

He shook his lean finger in the official's face and walked on unchallenged.

"May I come in?" he said, tapping at the door, and Julia's voice bade him enter.

He closed the door behind him and laid aside his hat. Then he stood upright, and slowly rubbing his hands together, looked at Julia with the humorous twinkle in his eye and its companion dimple twitching in his lean cheek. Then he began to feel his pockets, passing his hands down his worn cassock.

"Let me see, I had a love-letter. . . . Was it from *Don Carlos*? At all events, I have lost it!"

He laughed, made a perfunctory sign of the cross, and gave her his blessing. Then, his face having become suddenly grave, as if by machinery, at the sound of the solemn Latin benediction, he sat down.

Julia looked worn and eager. Her eyes seemed to search his face for news.

"Yes, my dear child," he said, "politics are all very well as a career,



but without a distinct profit they are worth the attention of few men, and never the attention of a woman."

He looked at her keenly, and she turned to the window, which was open to admit the breath of violets and other flowers of the spring. She shrugged her shoulders and gave a sharp sigh.

"See here, my child," said Padre Concha abruptly, "for reasons which concern no one I take a great interest in your happiness; you resemble some one whose welfare was once more important to me than my own. That was long ago, and I now consider myself first, as all wise men should. I am your friend, Julia, and much too old to be over-scrupulous. I peep and pry into my neighbour's affairs, and I am uneasy about you, my child."

He shook his head and drummed upon the table with his dirty fingers.

"Thank you," answered the girl, with her defiant little laugh; "but I can manage my own affairs."

The priest nodded reflectively.

"Yes," he said; "it is natural that you should say that. One of the chief blessings of youth is self-confidence. Heaven forbid that I should shake yours. But, you see, there are several people who happen to be anxious that this little affair should blow over and be forgotten. The *alcalde* is a mule, we know that; and anything that serves to magnify himself and his office is likely to be prolonged. Do not play into his hand. On the other side, there are some who wish to forget this incident, and one of them is coming to see you this afternoon."

"Ah!" said the girl indifferently.

"General Vincente."

Julia changed colour, and her eyelids flickered for a moment as she looked out of the open window.

"A good friend," continued Concha, "but . . ."

He finished the phrase with an eloquent little gesture of the hand. At this moment they both heard the sound of an approaching carriage.

"He is coming now," said Concha; "he is driving, so Estella is with him."

"Estella is, of course, jealous."

The priest looked at her with a slow, wise smile, and said nothing.

"She," began Julia, and then closed her lips, true to that *esprit de sexe* which has ruled through all the ages. Then

Julia Barenna gave a sharp sigh as her mind reverted from Estella's affairs to her own.

Sitting there in silence, the two occupants of the quiet room heard the approach of steps and the clink of spurs in the corridor.

"It is the reverendo who visits the *señorita*," they heard the voice of the sentinel explain deprecatingly.

The priest rose and went to the door, which he opened.

"Only as a friend," he said. "Come in, general."

General Vincente entered the room, followed by Estella. He nodded to Concha and kissed his niece affectionately.

"Still obdurate?" he said, with a semi-playful tap on her shoulder—"still obdurate? My dear Julia, in peace and war the greatest quality in the strong is mercy. You have proved yourself strong—you have worsted that unfortunate *alcalde*—be merciful to him now, and let this incident finish."

He drew forward a chair, the others being seated, and laid aside his gloves. The sword, which he held upright between his knees, with his two hands resting on the hilt, looked incongruously large, and reached the level of his eyes. He gave a little chuckling laugh.

"I saw him last night at the *Café Real*. The poor man had the air of a funeral, and took his wine as if it were sour. Ah! these civilians, they amuse one; they take life so seriously."

He laughed and looked round on those assembled, as if inviting them to join him in a gayer and easier view of existence. The padre's furrowed face answered the summons in a sudden smile, but it was with grave eyes that he looked searchingly at the most powerful man in Andalusia, for General Vincente's word was law south of the Tagus.

The two men sat side by side in strong contrast. Fate, indeed, seems to shake men together in a bag and cast them out upon the world, heedless where they may fall; for here was a soldier in the priest's habit, and one carrying a sword who had the keen heart and sure sympathy for joy or sorrow that should ever be found within a black coat if the Master's work is to be well done.

General Vincente smiled at Estella

with *sang froid* and an unruffled good nature, while the Padre Concha, whose place it surely was to take the lead in such woman's work as this, slowly rubbed his bony hands together at a loss and incompetent to meet the urgency of the moment.

"Our guest left us yesterday morning," said the general, "and of course the alcalde placed no hindrance on his departure."

He did not look at Julia, who drew a deep breath and glanced at Estella.

"I do not know if Señor Conyngham left any message for you with Estella, to me he said nothing," continued Estella's father; and that young lady shook her head.

"No," she put in composedly.

"Then it remains for us to close this foolish incident, my dear Julia, and for me to remind you, seeing you are fatherless, that there are in Spain many adventurers who come here seeking the sport of love or war, who will ride away when they have had their fill of either."

He ceased speaking with a tolerant laugh, as one who, being a soldier himself, would beg indulgence for the failings of his comrades, examined the hilt of his sword, and then looked blandly round on three faces which refused to class the absent Englishman in this category.

"It remains, my dear niece, to satisfy the alcalde, a mere glance at the letter . . . sufficient to satisfy him as to the nature of its contents."

"I have no letter," said Julia quietly, with her level red lips set firmly.

"Not in your possession, but perhaps concealed in some place at hand, unless it is destroyed."

"I have destroyed no letter, I have concealed no letter, and I have no letter," said the girl quietly.

Estella moved uneasily in her chair. Her face was colourless and her eyes shone. She watched her cousin's face intently, and beneath his shaggy brows the old priest's eyes went from one fair countenance to the other.

"Then," cried the general, rising to his feet with an air of relief, "you have but to assure the alcalde of this, and the whole incident is terminated—blown over, my dear Concha—blown over."

He tapped the priest on the shoulder with great good-nature. Indeed, the

world seemed sunny enough and free from cares when General Vincente had to deal with it.

"Yes, yes," said the padre, snuff-box in hand; "blown over, of course."

"Then I may send the alcalde to you, Julia, and you will tell him what you have told us. He cannot but take the word of a lady."

"Yes, if you like," answered Julia.

The general's joy knew no bounds.

"That is well," he cried. "I knew we could rely upon your good sense. Kiss me, Julia; that is well. Come, Estella, we must not keep the horses waiting."

With a laugh and a nod he went toward the door.

"Blown over, my dear Concha," he said, over his shoulder.

A few minutes later the priest walked down the avenue of walnut-trees alone. The bell was ringing for Vespers, but the padre was an autocratic shepherd, and did not hurry toward his flock. The sun had set, and in the hollows of the distant mountains the shades of night already lay like a blue veil.

The priest walked on and presently reached the high road.

A single figure was upon it, the figure of a man sitting in the shadow of an ilex-tree, half a mile up the road toward Bobadilla. The man crouched low against a heap of stones, and had the air of a wanderer. His face was concealed in the folds of his cloak.

"Blown over," muttered the padre, as he turned his back upon Bobadilla and went on toward his church—"blown over, of course, but what is Concepcion Vara doing in the neighborhood of Ronda to-night?"

## CHAPTER XII.

### ON THE TOLEDO ROAD.

"Une bonne intention est une échelle trop courte."

Conyngham made his way without difficulty or incident from Xeres to Cordova, riding for the most part in front of the clumsy *diligencia*, wherein he had bestowed his luggage. The road was wearisome enough, and the last stages, through the fertile plains bordering the Guadalquivir, dusty and monotonous.

At Cordova the traveller found comfortable quarters in an old inn overlook-

ing the river. The ancient city was then, as it is now, a great military centre, and the headquarters of the picturesque corps of horsetamers, the *Remonta*, who are responsible for the mounting of a cavalry and the artillery of Spain. Conyngham had, at the suggestion of General Vincente, made such small changes in his costume as would serve to allay curiosity and prevent that gossip of the stable and kitchen which may follow a traveller to his hurt from one side of a continent to the other.

"Wherever you may go, learn your way in and out of every town, and you will thus store up knowledge most useful to a soldier," the general had said in his easy way.

"See you," Concepcion had observed, wagging his head over a cigarette, "to go about the world with the eyes open is to conquer the world."

From his guide, moreover, whose methods were those that nature teaches to men who live their daily lives in her company, Conyngham learnt much of that road-craft which had raised Concepcion Vara to such a proud eminence among the rascals of Andalusia. Cordova was a good object upon which to practise, for Roman and Goth, Moor and Christian have combined to make its tortuous streets well-nigh incomprehensible to the traveller's mind.

Here Conyngham wandered, or else he sat somnolently on a seat in the Paseo del Gran Capitan, in the shade of the orange-trees, awaiting the arrival of Concepcion Vara. He made a few acquaintances, as every traveller who is not a bear must needs do in a country where politeness and hospitality and a grave good-fellowship are the natural habit of high and low alike. A bull-fighter or two, who beguiled the long winter months when the rings are closed by a little innocent horse-dealing, joined him quietly in the streets, and offered him a horse, as between gentlemen of undoubted honour, at a price much below the current value. Or it was, perhaps, a beggar who came to him on the old yellow marble seat under the orange-trees, and chatted affably about his business as being bad in these times of war. Once, indeed, it was a white-haired gentleman who spoke in English, and asked some very natural questions as to the affairs that brought an Englishman to the

town of Cordova. This sweet-spoken old man explained that strangers would do well to avoid all questions of politics and religion, which he classed together in one dangerous whole. Nevertheless, Conyngham thought that he perceived his ancient friend the same evening hurrying up the steps of the Jesuit College of La Campania.

Two days elapsed and Concepcion Vara made neither appearance nor sign. On the second evening Conyngham decided to go on alone, prosecuting his journey through the sparsely populated valley of the Alcadia to Ciudad Real, Toledo, and Madrid.

"You will ride," the innkeeper told him, "from the Guadalquivir to the Guadiana, and if there is rain you may be a month upon the road."

Conyngham set out in the early morning, and as he threw his leg across the saddle the sun rose over the far misty hills of Ronda, and Concepcion Vara awoke from his night's rest under the wall of an olive terrace above the Bobadilla road, to begin another day of patient waiting and watching to get speech with the maid or the mistress, for he had already inaugurated what he lightly called "an affair" with Julia's flighty attendant. The sun rose also over the plains of Xeres, and lighted up the picturesque form of Esteban Larralde, in the saddle this hour and more, having learnt that Colonel Monreal's death took place an hour before Conyngham's arrival in the town of Xeres de la Frontera. The letter, therefore, had not been delivered to Colonel Monreal, and was still in Conyngham's possession.

Larralde bestrode a shocking steed, and had but an indifferent seat in the saddle, but the dust rose beneath his horse's feet, and his spurs flashed in the sunlight as this man of many parts hurried on toward Utera and Cordova.

In the old Moorish palace in Ronda, General Vincente, summoned to a great council of war at Madrid, was making curt military preparations for his journey and the conveyance of his household to the capital. Señora Barena was for the moment forgetful of her nerves in the excitement of despatching servants in advance to Toledo, where she owned a summer residence. Julia was nervously anxious to be on the road again, and showed by every word and action that restlessness of spirit which

is the inheritance of hungry hearts. Estella, quiet and self-contained, attended to the details of moving a vast and formal household with a certain eagerness, which in no way resembled Julia's feverish haste. Estella seemed to be one of those happy people who know what they want.

Thus Frederick Conyngham, riding Northward alone, seemed to be but a pilot to all those persons, into whose lives he had suddenly stepped as from a side issue, for they were one and all making ready to follow him to the colder plains of Castile, where existence was full of strife and ambition, of war and those inner wheels that ever jar and grind where politicians contend together for the mastery of a moment.

As he rode on, Conyngham left a message from time to time for his self-appointed servant. At the offices of the *diligencias* in various towns on the great road from Cordova to Madrid he left word for Concepcion Vara to follow, should the spirit of travel be still upon him, knowing that at these places, where travellers were ever passing, the tittle-tattle of the road was on the tongue of every hostler and stable help. And truly enough there followed one who made careful inquiries as to the movements of the Englishman, and heard his messages with a grim smile; but this was not Concepcion Vara.

It was late one evening when Conyngham, who had quitted Toledo in the morning, began to hunger for the sight of the towers and steeples of Madrid. He had ridden all day through the bare country of Cervantes, where to this day Spain rears her wittiest men and plainest women. The sun had just set behind the distant hills of old Castile, and from the east, over Aranjuez, where the great river cuts Spain in two parts, from its centre to the sea, a gray cloud—a very shade of night—was slowly rising. The aspect of the brown plains was dismal, and on the horizon the rolling, unbroken land seemed to melt away into eternity and infinite space.

Conyngham reined in and looked around him. So far as eye could reach no house arose to testify to the presence of man. No labourer toiled home to his lonely hut, for in this country of many wars and interminable strife it has, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, been the custom of the people to congregate

in villages and small townships, where a common danger secured some protection against a lawless foe. The road rose and fell in a straight line across the tableland without tree or hedge, and Madrid seemed to belong to another world, for the horizon, which was distant enough, bore no sign of cathedral spire or castled height.

Conyngham turned in his saddle to look back, and there, not a mile away, the form of a hurrying horseman broke the bare line of the dusty road. There was something weird and disturbing in this figure, a suggestion of pursuit in every line, for this was not Concepcion Vara. Conyngham would have known him at once. This was one wearing a better coat; indeed, Concepcion preferred to face life and the chances of the road in shirt-sleeves.

Conyngham sat in his saddle awaiting the newcomer. To meet on such a road in Spain without pausing to exchange a salutation would be a gratuitous insult; to ride in solitude within hail of another traveller were to excite or betray the deepest distrust. It was characteristic of Conyngham that he already waved his hand in salutation, and was prepared to hail the newcomer as the jolliest companion in the world.

Esteban Larralde, seeing the salutation, gave a short laugh, and jerked the reins of his tired horse. He himself wore a weary look, as if the flight he had in hand were an uphill one. He had long recognised Conyngham; indeed, the chase had been one of little excitement, but rather an exercise of patience and dogged perseverance. He raised his hat to indicate that the Englishman's gay salutations were perceived, and pulled the wide brim well forward again.

"He will change his attitude when it becomes apparent who I am," he muttered.

But Conyngham's first word would appear to suggest that Esteban Larralde was a much less impressive person than he considered himself.

"Why, it's the devout lover!" he cried. "Señor Larralde, you remember me—Algeciras—and your pink love-letter. Deuced fishy love-letter that. Nearly got me into a devil of a row, I can tell you. How are you—eh?"

And the Englishman rode forward with a jolly laugh and his hand held

out. Larralde took it without enthusiasm. It was rather difficult to pick a picturesque quarrel with such a person as this. Moreover, the true conspirator never believes in another man's honesty.

"Who would have expected to meet you here?" went on Conyngham.

"It is not so surprising as you think."

"Ah!"

There was no mistaking Larralde's manner, and the Englishman's gay, blue eyes hardened suddenly and rather surprisingly.

"No; I have followed you. I want that letter."

"Well, as it happens, Señor Larralde, I have not got your letter, and if I had I am not quite sure that I would give it to you. Your conduct in the matter has not been over-nice; and to tell the truth, I don't think much of a man who gets strangers and women to do his dirty work for him."

Larralde stroked his moustache with a half-furtive air of contempt.

"I should have given the confounded letter to the alcalde of Ronda if it had not been that a lady would have suffered for it, and let you take your chance, Señor Larralde."

Larralde shrugged his shoulders.

"You would not have given it to the alcalde of Ronda," he said in a sneering voice, "because you want it yourself. You require it in order to make your peace with Estella Vincente."

"We are not going to talk of Señorita Vincente," said Conyngham quietly. "You say you followed me because you wanted that letter. It is not in my possession. I left it in the house of Colonel Monreal at Xeres. If you are going on to Madrid, I think I will sit down here and have a cigarette. If, on the other hand, you propose resting here, I shall proceed, as it is getting late."

Conyngham looked at his companion with a nod and a smile, which was not in the least friendly and at the same time quite cheerful. He seemed to recognise the necessity of quarrelling, but proposed to do so as light-heartedly as possible. They were both on horseback in the middle of the road, Larralde a few paces in the direction of Madrid.

Conyngham indicated the road with an inviting wave of the hand.

"Will you go on?" he asked.

Larralde sat looking at him with glittering eyes and said nothing.

"Then I will continue my journey," said the Englishman, touching his horse lightly with the spur. The horse moved on and passed within a yard of the other. At this moment Larralde rose in his stirrups and flung himself on one side.

Conyngham gave a sharp cry of pain and threw back his head. Larralde had stabbed him in the back.

The Englishman swayed in the saddle, as if trying to balance himself; his legs bent back from the knee in the sharpness of a biting pain. The heavy stirrups swung free. Then, slowly, Conyngham toppled forward and rolled out of the saddle, falling on to the road with a thud.

Larralde watched him with a white face and staring eyes. Then he looked quickly round over the darkening landscape. There was no one in sight. This was one of the waste places of the world. Larralde seemed to remember the Eye that seeth even there, and crossed himself as he slipped from the saddle to the ground. He was shaking all over. His face was ashen, for it is a terrible thing to kill a man and be left alone with him.

Conyngham's eyes were closed. There was blood on his lips. With hands that shook like leaves Esteban Larralde searched the Englishman, found nothing, and cursed his ill-fortune. Then he stood upright, and in the dim light his face shone as if he had dipped it in water. He crept into the saddle, and rode on toward Madrid.

It was quite dark when Conyngham recovered consciousness. In turning him over to search his pockets Larralde had perhaps, unwittingly, saved his life by placing him in a position that checked the internal hemorrhage. What served to bring back the Englishman's wandering senses was the rumbling of heavy wheels and the crack of a great whip, as a cart laden with hay and drawn by six mules approached him from the direction of Toledo.

The driver of the team was an old soldier, as indeed were most of the Castilians at this time, and knew how to handle wounded men. With great care and a multitude of oaths he lifted Conyngham on to his cart and proceeded with him to Madrid.

*(To be continued.)*

## PARIS LETTER.

*Ab Jove principium!* Two mortals have this month been raised to immortality by decree of the French Academy, but they are not men of letters pure and simple; both owe their fame to politics more than to literature, and of one of them it must even be said that all his literary baggage consists of his political utterances; we allude to the Comte de Mun, the celebrated orator of the Catholic party, who will occupy in the Academy the chair vacated by Jules Simon. The other election was that of our young Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, who succeeds the late Challemlacour. The Comte de Mun had as a competitor a man of letters of the best type, Ferdinand Fabre, the well-known author of *L'Abbé Tigrane*, and of other descriptions of clerical life, and yet he was elected without any difficulty on the first ballot. M. Hanotaux had *no competitor*, and yet came near being defeated! It took four ballots to elect him by the narrow margin of 18 votes to 16. Hereby hangs a tale. In fact, there are two tales instead of one, and both of them are true.

For a few weeks before the election it was an open secret that although M. Hanotaux's election seemed to be a foregone conclusion, a few blank ballots would be cast as a protest against his pro-Turkish foreign policy. MM. Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France, among others, were loud in their denunciations of the author of the *Histoire de Richelieu*. At the last moment the ranks of the opposition were unexpectedly reinforced on account of news from—Abyssinia! War—at least a war of words—had broken out between the two quondam friends, M. Gabriel Bonvalot, who is at the head of an official mission, and Prince Henri d'Orléans, who travels on his own account; and the French Minister of Foreign Affairs had sided with the former. At once the personal friends of the Duc d'Aumale in the French Academy, but not the Duc himself, determined to retaliate with blank ballots. Had the Duc led his friends himself, M. Hanotaux would have been defeated, though unopposed. An odd result!

I may here notice that at the very moment when M. Hanotaux enters the

Academy, the firm of Delagrave and Company publishes for the first time the political speeches of his predecessor, Challemlacour. It will be a treat for the lovers of pure, straightforward, clean cut French.

I must state also that the membership of the French Academy is now complete—a very rare occurrence. And, by the way, the *doyen* of the Academy, the venerable Ernest Legouvé, who was born in February, 1807, enjoys also another and a very curious distinction. He still occupies now as a tenant, in the Rue Saint-Marc, the same apartment in which he was born ninety years ago, while it was tenanted by his father, also a member of the French Academy, and he never deserted it. I doubt whether any tenant in any city in the world can show such a record of faithfulness. And yet people will go on talking of French fickleness!

Nor do the French seem to be forgetful either, judging by the results of the first efforts made by a committee to raise funds for the erection of a monument to Dumas *filis*. The first list of subscriptions amounts to over 17,000 francs. The monument will be erected in one of the prettiest small parks in Paris, the Square Malesherbes, where the elder Dumas already has his statue, and where the statue of General Alexandre Dumas, the mulatto friend and companion of Bonaparte, will soon look over the effigies of his son and grandson. There is very little doubt that the name of the square, which, by the way, is overlooked by the house in which Meissonier had his studio, will then be changed to Square Alexandre Dumas.

The subscription for a monument to Verlaine does not succeed so well; only 2200 francs have been raised thus far, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on the part of the poet's most fervent admirers.

The Goncourt sales are now nearly completed. All that has yet to be sold consists of the eighteenth century prints, the sale of which begins on the 26th instant, the modern prints, and then some not very valuable modern furniture. Daudet declares himself well satisfied, although the amount received is still far short of the sum needed to

give immediate existence to the new Academy. Its ultimate establishment, however, seems now practically assured. I understand that there will be less trouble on the part of relatives than was feared some time ago. A curious item concerning one of the last sales is that a collection made by Edmond de Goncourt of all the press utterances caused by his brother Jules' death brought in no less than 2300 francs.

The Bibliothèque Nationale has just been the recipient of a gift of the highest interest. Émile Ollivier, the too famous minister of Napoleon III., who now lives in quiet retirement in a small hôtel in the Rue Desbordes-Valmore, in Passy, was appointed a few years ago her executor by Mlle. Valentine de Lamartine, the niece and sole heiress of the poet. He thus came in the possession of all of Lamartine's manuscripts, and he has decided to give them to the National Library, where they have now been deposited. They consist of sixty-two pencil-written books of rather small size, of which thirty-eight contain all the poetical productions of Lamartine; the rest are filled with the prose works. It must be said, however, that of the latter a great deal is missing. Only a small part of the *Girondins* is there; the whole of the *Cours Familier de Littérature* is missing; so is the *Histoire de la Restauration*, and the same applies to a few other works of minor importance; but *Graciosa* is there, with *Raphaël*, the rest of the *Confidences* and the *Voyage en Orient*; and as Lamartine was essentially a poet, the gift contains, perhaps, all that his sincerest worshippers will desire to handle, and also all that the literary workers of the future will desire to consult. Care will be taken, by the way, that the manuscripts do not suffer on account of being in pencil, and the writing will be "fixed" by chemical process. It is well known that Hugo's manuscripts, which were kept by him in a much better condition, are now already the property of the Library, and that the manuscripts of his posthumous works are added to the stock as soon as these are published. Our great literary repository will thus possess in their original form the productions of the two greatest French poets. It is to be hoped that the Musset family may add thereto all the manuscripts of the poet of the *Nuits*.

From the dead poets to the living. A number of French theatres are now in the habit of presenting to the public, during Holy Week, plays of a religious character. It is a kind of revival of the mediæval Mysteries and miracle plays. These plays are of very unequal literary merit. This year we have had one which is the work of a true poet, *La Samaritaine*, by Eugène Rostaud, which was performed at the Renaissance by Sarah Bernhardt and her company, and published in the *Revue de Paris*. The play is described as a "gospel in three acts." Whether the religiously inclined will be entirely satisfied, or whether they will not be even somewhat shocked, may be questioned, but there can be no doubt as to the beauty and sweetness of M. Rostaud's Alexandrians. It may be noticed here that some of the innovations of the poets of the new school, the most reasonable ones, have been admitted by M. Rostaud in his versification. I think that he is the first to do so in a dramatic work intended for the public at large. His success has been very great.

While the *Revue de Paris* was giving us this poetical treat, for literary criticism we had to turn to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where Émile Faguet publishes a great, or rather a long, article on Sainte-Beuve. What strikes him most in Sainte-Beuve is that he was homely and sensuous. His antipathy against the great critic appears everywhere in the article—one of the most heavily written that has come from even his ponderous pen. Anyone who compares Faguet's style with Sainte-Beuve's will easily understand the reason of the former's dislike of the latter. But Sainte-Beuve can stand it. A much better piece of work is André Hallays' *Beaumarchais* in Jusserand's *Collection des Grands Écrivains Français*. It is thoughtful, accurate, and pointedly written, somewhat marred, however, by too strong a dislike of the author for the subject of the sketch.

One of the successes of the month is Albert Lavignac's *Voyage Artistique à Bayreuth*. It is a book that was needed, and one in which the lover of Wagner's music finds about all he needs to know of the master and his works. Though essentially a musician, the author writes in a very readable and at times even an attractive style. The book bids fair to be a French pendant to Mr. Krehbiel's

*How to Listen to Music.* It is intelligently illustrated.

Léo Taxil has laid bare the Diana Vaughan mystery ; it is, just as was surmised by all reasonable people, that Diana was invented by Léo, who, moreover, announces that all his life, since his pretended conversion, has been nothing but a huge joke. Let us hope that this is the last we shall ever hear of him. How anybody could take him seriously has always passed my comprehension.

Both of our Salons are now open ; there is not very much in them that is especially interesting from the stand-

point of literary life ; in the Champs Élysées, Joseph Bertrand's portrait by Bonnat, the bust of Sardou by Sarah Bernhardt, and the model by Raoul Verlet of poor Guy de Maupassant's monument, a charming inspiration. In the Champ de Mars we have in painting the decorative panels for "Gyp's" library by Couty and Carrier Belleuse ; in sculpture, Rodin's masterly composition, Victor Hugo listening to the Voices of the Sea. It is simply superb.

*Alfred Manière.*

PARIS, May 1, 1897.

## THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

As all the letters noticed in this number were left over from last month, it is unnecessary to make any preliminary remarks, but we proceed at once to get down to the work that is cut out for us.

### I.

In the April number of *THE BOOKMAN* one of our reviewers, in noticing a collection of Miss Magruder's stories, states that "it is hardly probable that a Virginia girl who had never before been out of her State would use the word 'clever' in its ordinary English sense." On this point we have received an interesting letter from Professor Thomas R. Price of Columbia University, in which he says :

"In this your reviewer is herself in error. That use of the word 'clever' which is recognised in English dictionaries as the only correct use is the one use that is known in Virginia. So, if Miss Magruder makes her Virginia girl employ the word in this sense, she happens to be in full accord both with the Virginia mode of speech and with the English language."

What makes Professor Price's criticism the more interesting is the fact that the reviewer in question is herself a native of the South, though not of Virginia.

### II.

This came on a postal-card from Worcester, Massachusetts :

"'Six thousand words *is* too much.' 'Three thousand words *is* his form.' The above expressions occur in the article on 'How to Write a Short Story,' by Harold Frederic in *THE*

*BOOKMAN* for March. Is this use of a plural noun with a singular verb defensible?"

We presume that Mr. Frederic regards "six thousand words" as being what Educationists call a singular concept, and hence his use of it with a verb in the singular is quite defensible. Take something else than words, for instance : "Ten thousand dollars is a good bit of money." That is a natural way of speaking, for one thinks of the dollars as constituting a lump sum, an entity, an amount—in other words, something that in its effect upon the mind is singular rather than plural. See our remarks about "the United States *is*," a year or more ago.

### III.

A correspondent criticises the writer of our Paris Letter for using the expression "quite a while," and asks if it is correct. We answer that it certainly is. If reference be made to the passage in question it will be apparent that the words "a while" there perform the part of a temporal adverb, and as such may be modified by the other adverb "quite."

### IV.

The last two criticisms lead us to remark that again and again our correspondents pick out solecisms and linguistic infelicities of various sorts from the contributed articles in *THE BOOKMAN*, and ask whether we disclaim all responsibility for them. One gentleman who writes from Philadelphia puts it in this way :



"I would like to ask, assuming that the matters herein pointed out are errors, is it not the province of an editor to correct them? I ask this, not in a critical spirit as to your part, but simply because I wish to have your views, as the question has a practical bearing on my own daily work."

On this point we have to answer that we do not feel a very strict responsibility for the locutions of writers who attach their names to what they write. They are literary folk of reputation, and we assume that our readers enjoy observing not only what these persons say, but how they say it; and so, in general, we leave the responsibility with them, inasmuch as they are perfectly able to fight their own battles. Anything that is evidently due to pure carelessness, however, we alter, and we likewise pull them up when they run counter to our especial prejudices. Thus, if an archangel were to send us a communication containing a split infinitive we should unsplit it with great promptitude, nor should we allow him to use an apparent object after the passive verb. Otherwise, we just stand on one side and remain neutral.

## V.

This same gentleman asks us some other questions which we condense slightly, and then answer:

(1) "Mr. Brander Matthews writes 'we had best.' While it is true that 'had better, had best, had rather' are, as Webster says, 'well-established idiomatic forms,' yet is it not also true that they are not grammatically correct? Is it not true that the better form is 'would better,' etc.?"

Yes; but there is no use objecting to an idiom that is a century or two old, and that does not violate the essential spirit of language as does such a sentence as "he was given a dinner."

(2) "You say, in your January issue (p. 404), 'Mr. Le Gallienne . . . has not had justice done him.' Is not this sailing dangerously near the rocks of the 'loathsome' passive voice construction?"

Not at all. In this sentence "him" is the dative, and not the objective (accusative) case.

(3) "Your reply to Mr. Sage's criticism of 'there *has* been a number' seems very unsatisfactory."

Awfully sorry.

## VI.

Two gentlemen in San Diego, California, have had a controversy over the

correctness of a sentence, and they very politely say that they will accept our decision as final. One of them writes:

"Is the following sentence grammatically correct: 'To-day is Thursday; yesterday, to-morrow was Thursday; to-day, to-morrow is Friday; and to-morrow, to-morrow will be Saturday?'"

We reply that the sentence is both grammatically and psychologically correct. To-morrow, as such and in its essential to-morrowness, has no objective existence, but must be always a purely mental conception; for when the time thought of as "to-morrow" actually comes around, it is no longer "to-morrow" but "to-day." Hence it can exist only in the present, and one should always say "to-morrow *is* so-and-so," and not "to-morrow *will be* so-and-so"—for it won't. This question is often debated; but it is really as simple as can be. By the way, the sentence submitted to us is very cleverly constructed to bring out the idea.

## VII.

A correspondent in New Orleans writes:

"In the study in hexameters entitled 'Money,' which appeared in your issue for March, I was rather struck by the episode of the Roman emperor. Can you tell me whether it is a purely imaginary creation or has it some historical basis? I am quite a reader of the classics, but do not recall anything of the sort in my reading."

In its details it is purely imaginary, but it was suggested by the following sentence in the life of the emperor Caligula, written by Suetonius (ch. 42), which we translate from the Latin:

"Finally, being mastered by an overwhelming desire to feel money, he took off his slippers, walked again and again over great heaps of gold coins that were spread over the spacious floor, and at last, lying down, he rolled his whole body in the gold over and over again."

## VIII.

A lady writes as follows from Phelps, New York:

"Will you kindly tell me through your columns whether Mr. I. Zangwill's name is 'Israel' or 'Isaac,' and can you give authority to convince the unbelieving?"

We have spoken of Mr. Zangwill as "Israel" because we observe that he is so spoken of by the English papers, whose editors ought to know. But we don't vouch for it. We are getting so wary of late that we don't vouch for anything. After all, Israel and Isaac are both

fine names, and each of them has a lot of history connected with it.

## IX.

Here is a querulous soul wailing in the remoteness of Topeka, Kansas :

"In the department of THE BOOKMAN'S Letter-Box, why do you say so much about yourselves?"

Because of our natural egotism. We

should think that this explanation would have occurred to anybody at once. But it should be remembered also that this is necessarily the egotistical department of the magazine. Most of the letters are letters containing direct criticisms of our theories, our language, and our opinions ; and we can't very well reply to them without saying something about ourselves. Now can we ?

## NEW BOOKS.

## CAPTAIN MAHAN'S "LIFE OF NELSON."\*

From Captain Mahan much has been expected, and he has more than met the expectation. In point of workmanship his *Life of Nelson* is, on the whole, the best book that he has yet written ; and in one way it was undoubtedly the most difficult for him to write. It does not mark a new epoch in naval writing, as did his first volume on Sea Power, for it is not possible in a biography, however excellent, to do what Captain Mahan did when he first showed what many preceding writers—what very many statesmen—had felt more or less dimly, but what none had fairly formulated—that is, the overwhelming importance of sea power in the growth of the nations for the last two thousand years. But the very fact that it was not possible to make this volume remarkable by for the first time clearly formulating a principle of transcendent importance, the very fact that Captain Mahan is writing again a life that has already been written many times, that he is making a book on a subject for which it was not possible to find new material, makes his success all the more noteworthy. It is not usually safe to prophesy, but in this case there is small risk in saying that at last, and for all time, the life history of the greatest of all sea fighters has been written, by the one man able to write it as it should be written. There are two kinds of historians : one, the delver, the bricklayer, the man who laboriously gathers together bare facts ; and the other, the builder, the architect, who out of these facts makes the great edifice of history. Both are indispensable ; but it is only the latter who can be

called an historian in the highest sense. Without a thorough and full knowledge of the details, generalisation is mere folly, and the man who tries to generalise on insufficient or misunderstood data is many degrees worse than the man who does not try to generalise at all, but merely gathers data. Nevertheless it is the generaliser really able to handle the subject who does the permanent work.

Captain Mahan has met the requirements necessary for an historian of the first class. He knows all the minute details of the subject so well that he can with an unsparing hand exercise the all-important right of rejection. Out of the immense mass of trivialities he selects the essential, and the essential only. Nelson lived and died in a light as fierce and brilliant as any that ever beat upon a throne, and there is not a single fact of importance in reference to his career now left to be gathered by the most industrious gleaner in the stubble of historical literature. All the facts of importance are practically uncontested. In consequence Captain Mahan has been able almost entirely to discard foot-notes, the necessary bane of the ordinary historian even of the first rank. The facts with which he deals are uncontested ; but the power and vividness with which he sets them forth, and the unerring sagacity of his deductions from them, are new, and are all his own. He writes with careful self-restraint, and with careful suppression of all that is in any way redundant, or aside from his main theme. His style is concise and clear ; it is simple, and yet it rises level to the needs of the feats of wonderful heroism which he describes. In short, the book has the vigour and the simplicity that mark the classic in any tongue. Biography, like

\* The Life of Nelson. By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D. 2 vols. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. \$8.00.

portrait painting, is perhaps the most difficult branch of the art of which it is a part ; and Captain Mahan has written the best of all naval biographies, about the greatest of all sea captains, the man who was himself the embodiment of sea power in action.

Nelson's personality has always been strangely fascinating. He was one of those great men whose qualities are by no means such as we commonly associate with the national character of his people. The great English land commanders, the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons, have been men essentially English in their ways of action and habits of thought. Nelson loved England with that intensity of patriotism which marks every man of the highest stamp, and he hated the French with lifelong and hereditary hatred. But when we pass below those mighty powers of the soul which are possessed by the great commanders of every race and every time, we find in Nelson the traits which in popular estimation go to make up a French rather than an English type of character. In the little, shrivelled, active man, never in robust health, hating field sports, not fond of country life, with the words "glory and honour" ever on his lips and in his heart, unfaithful to his wife and faithful to his mistress, loyal to his subordinates, courteous, kindly, effusive and nervous, full of simple vanity, bitterly mortified by censure or sneers—whether of friends or enemies—and possessed of a valour so headlong and impetuous as always to balance the chance of great success against the chance of great failure, we see the very opposite of men like the Duke of Wellington, cold, cautious, self-contained, indifferent to the opinion of others, incapable of behaving with generosity or of being drawn into any feat of reckless daring. The Nelson type is far more nearly akin to that of Napoleon's marshals, far more nearly akin to the type of the Bailli de Suffren. Among warriors Nelson differs as widely from so characteristically English a type as Wellington, as among poets Shelley differs from an English type like Wordsworth.

By this it is not meant in the least to imply that he was merely a brilliant, fiery, dashing fighter, incapable of cool forethought, and trusting merely to pluck and luck in his battles. His courage was as steadfast as it was daring.

His genius shone as brightly when year in and year out he kept the sea with weather-shattered ships, watching the blockaded fleet of his foes, as in the supreme hour of glorious and triumphant battle. He could dare greatly, and he possessed the splendid and noble bravery that accepts risks and fronts the possibilities of defeat in the effort to wrest from hostile fortune those victories that are yielded only to the great masters of war ; but no man was ever more unwearying in preparing for battle, no man ever planned more carefully to secure for his own side the advantage of material and tactical odds. He knew with what opponents it was best to manoeuvre carefully, and with what others it was best to throw aside manoeuvring and trust merely to hard pounding. He was ever ready in time of need to face heavy odds with a fine indifference, begotten not merely of confidence in the prowess of himself and his captains, but of lofty adherence to a high ideal of duty. Nevertheless, he sought whenever possible to have the odds on his side and so to use his force as to crush in battle a less skilful adversary. In his own phrase, he knew that though a victory may be gained by an inferior body, only numbers can annihilate ; that at least an equality, and if possible a superiority of force, is needed in most cases to turn defeat into an overwhelming and irretrievable catastrophe.

The key to Nelson's character is to be found in his steady following of glory and honour, his eager desire for the fame which comes to those who win honour ; "honour" which, as Captain Mahan finely puts it, "is to glory what character is to reputation." In this age of material prosperity, when the average man is prone to forget that material prosperity may be only a curse if unaccompanied by moral greatness, it is well for any one to study the life of such a man as Nelson. He was incapable, not merely of the baseness of material corruption into which men like Marlborough sink, but of the meanness which would balance money against the really great prizes of life. Like all noble and lofty natures, he saw that glory and honour give what riches can never give. The architects of a nation's material prosperity do much, but they can never do as much as the men who build up the structure of glorious memories and traditions which forms the rare in-

heritance of a mighty and masterful people. The victories of peace are great, but the victories of war are greater. No merchant, no banker, no railroad magnate, no inventor of improved industrial processes, can do for any nation what can be done for it by its great fighting men. No triumph of peace can equal the armed triumph over malice domestic or foreign levy. No qualities called out by a purely peaceful life stand on a level with those stern and virile virtues which move the men of stout heart and strong hand who uphold the honour of their flag in battle. It is better for a nation to produce one Grant or one Farragut than a thousand shrewd manufacturers or successful speculators.

Nelson possessed that extremely nervous temperament which men of simple wit and dull perception are apt to look down upon ; but, like many other nervous men, his nervousness disappeared, or rather took the form of dauntless and fiery energy, when once in battle ; and it was accompanied by the most steadfast and resolute endurance. Like many other brave men, who not merely disregard danger and death, but, what is far harder, are able to endure unshaken the heaviest responsibility, he had his weaknesses. This mighty sea captain, this cripple whose name struck terror to all people who fought upon the ocean, this admiral who met his death unflinchingly in the greatest of all naval victories, was distinctly afraid of horses, and was uncomfortable even when driven.

His generosity was as marked as his valour. He appreciated, and showed that he appreciated, every deed of those who fought under him, and he made the welfare of the seamen who served in his ships his first study. In consequence he was rewarded with an enthusiasm of devotion which few men have ever deserved or obtained. He was a self-willed man, not unfrequently in trouble with his superiors, and sometimes guilty of a flagrant disobedience which would have been fatal to a man of less genius. In this, as in other respects, he was a bad man to imitate. A great soldier may disregard rules which must be binding upon all save those of transcendent ability. Nelson's occasional disobediences, like his occasional disregard of manœuvring, were traits which mean destruction if copied by men of less heroic mould.

Nelson possessed in the highest degree the combination of mental and moral power which must go to the make-up of all very great commanders. He possessed that forethought in preparation, that instant insight in a great crisis, which are indispensable ; he possessed and exercised strategic and tactical skill of the highest order ; and he possessed also that willingness, and indeed eager desire, for fierce and desperate fighting, the lack of which cannot be made up by any superiority of skill or tactics. Mere dogged courage can never conquer if pitted against equal courage and superior skill or superior material force. But the timid and skilful tactician will generally be beaten by the less skilful man who is able to give and take heavy punishment ; and mere superiority of force avails nothing when the opponent is superior in both skill and resolution. Nelson's victories were generally won against odds in point of force. At Copenhagen this was not so ; and the defeated Danes there fought fully as bravely as their victorious antagonists ; but at Copenhagen the natural obstacles to be overcome were so great that it was in some ways the most striking of all of Nelson's triumphs. At the battle of Cape St. Vincent he showed the quality of the true military genius, for instead of merely doing his duty, he saw a chance which no one else saw, and in taking it dared to do what no one else would have dared. At the Nile and at Trafalgar he led an inferior force against a superior, and in each case the weaker side won an overwhelming triumph, because it was handled with far greater skill, and with far greater energy and resolution. Nowadays, when the naval architects of all countries strive year by year to outstrip one another in the race for more perfect guns and more perfect armour, men who ponder the lessons taught by the victories of Nelson will remember that though everything possible should be done to procure superiority in force and equipment, yet that—as with Tegetthoff at Lissa—the victory will lie with the bravest and most skilful captain even against a superior opponent, if this opponent displays any lack of nerve or of address.

There is no space in a review of this nature to try to follow even in outline Nelson's campaigns. They were the greatest of all campaigns fought upon the sea ; they took place in what was, on the

whole, the greatest of all wars ; they were waged by the greatest of all sea captains ; and in Captain Mahan they have found the best of all possible historians.

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

#### THROUGH UNKNOWN AFRICAN COUNTRIES.\*

This is a book to read rather than to review, unless, indeed, one belongs to the Condensed Milk, or Liebig Extract, School of book reviewers, of whom Mr. Mayo W. Hazeltine is the most conspicuous representative, and whose method it is to squeeze out everything of interest that a book contains and boil it down into a three-column notice, after reading which no one but a person with money to burn will ever think it necessary to purchase the book itself. We are not going to do anything so unfair to Dr. Donaldson Smith and to his publisher ; for we want every one to read this particular book in its original form and to enjoy it as much as we have.

Whoever reads it at all is, in fact, bound to enjoy it ; in the first place because of the way in which Dr. Donaldson Smith writes, and in the second place because he had such very interesting things to write about. And these two factors of an interesting book of travel and adventure are by no means often found in combination. It is really surprising how thoroughly tedious much good material can be made by one who has the gift of dulness. But Dr. Donaldson Smith is never dull. He writes away as though he really enjoys it, and not a bit academically, but in a good, wholesome, lively, conversational style, exactly as though he were sitting by your side and talking, which is the very best of all possible styles for a traveller's narrative. And what he has to tell is in itself worthy of so agreeable a literary setting. Dr. Donaldson Smith roved around certain regions of Africa in a most princely and sumptuous way and quite regardless of expense, having a retinue of some seventy or eighty "boys," a train of over a hundred camels, and every possible concomitant, from scientific apparatus to cigarettes. Nevertheless, he was told,

when he started out, that he would surely be slaughtered by the Gallas or other dusky folk who had acquired a strong prejudice against white men because of the manner in which certain Italian explorers had treated them a short time before ; and he was urged to take a larger force—in fact, a small army. But he had a strong belief in the virtue of tact, even in Darkest Africa, and so he started off with true American optimism and a special camel-load of gimcracks to be given to such natives as were willing to be good. How he succeeded and what he managed to accomplish make up the contents of this most entertaining book.

Perhaps the most conspicuous quality of the narrative is the way in which he turns on all sorts of side-lights that give one very fascinating glimpses into the conditions of domestic life among the natives. He never wastes any space in this, but in a few words casually hits off some curious phase or custom that shows how keen an observer he is and how full are his experience and knowledge. This makes his book a model for others who too often neglect these things as beneath the dignity of a five-hundred-page narrative, whereas they are just the very matters that one likes to know about. For instance, any one might have mentioned, as he does (p. 219), how he was waked up in the night by the squalling of a pickaninny ; but scarcely any one would have added the amusing bit of information that the aforesaid pickaninny was promptly spanked into repose with a goat's-leg bone, which is the substitute for a rod with the Solomons of the Amara. Dr. Donaldson Smith's observations on the various African ladies whom he met are very good reading. Their continual tooth-brushing, their doubt as to whether white men are really good-looking or whether they are not repulsive ; their general curiosity and the rather embarrassing way in which they sometimes showed it ; their naive attempts at flirtation, and their very reprehensible behaviour when he showed them a porcelain doll (p. 77), are all chronicled in a lively manner. Dr. Donaldson Smith saw a prospective bride and groom making love to one another by exchanging pinches (kissing being unknown in this part of Africa), and subsequently asked the lady what sort of a ceremony she would have to go through

\* Through Unknown African Countries. By A. Donaldson Smith, M.D., F.R.G.S. New York : Edward Arnold. \$4.00.

with on her wedding day ; to which she cheerfully answered that there was no ceremony of a religious nature at all, but that she would first have to fight the bridegroom's other wives ! There seems to be a superfluity of women in this interesting country ; for many a native chief, after inquiring of the travellers why they hadn't brought their wives along, generously offered to give them two or three of his own if they wanted them, an offer that was the easier to decline because of the local feminine custom of staining the gums blue, shaving off the eyebrows, and tattooing crescents on the forehead as a substitute.

Dr. Donaldson Smith confirms the truth of the statement, which is as old as the time of James Bruce, that the Abyssinians gorge themselves with raw meat torn from the still quivering body of the slain animal ; but they rush off with it to a secluded spot to devour it, and in general do not like to be seen eating and drinking ; for it is good form to hold a cloth before the face when dining in company. Honey seems to enter largely into African dietetics, as do meal, goat's flesh, and a drink called *darde*, which is described as a safe beverage, not unlike the Mexican *pulque* in its taste, though not so insidious as one of our raw American diplomats found the latter some time ago. Game is very abundant, and in spite of our author's complaining about the dirt which the natives appear to have used as a seasoning, and in spite also of a species of ladybug that frequently introduced itself into the cooking, we cannot help thinking that African travel, when done in style, has a good many ameliorations. For instance, on Christmas Day, Dr. Donaldson Smith fell in with a certain Russian Prince Boris, who was also doing some exploration on his own account, and the two parties combined their culinary resources for a Christmas dinner. This was in the wildest part of unexplored Africa ; yet they sat down in a large tent carpeted with zebra-skins and adorned with flowers, at a table beautified with a large floral centre-piece and supplied with a banquet consisting of oryx soup, *filet de bœuf*, grouse, *croquettes de cervelle*, strawberry tarts, peaches, champagne, brandy-and-soda, and cigarettes. When the Fourth of July came around, Dr. Donaldson Smith, like a good American, celebrated it with another civil-

ised dinner, displayed the Stars and Stripes, fired numerous salvoes from his rifles, and wound up at night with a special salute from his elephant-gun.

The natives in general behaved very well, and Dr. Donaldson Smith's tact, plus his presents worked like a charm. There was some fighting, and the doctor and his boys gave a good account of themselves, so that the Arbore who attacked them conceived a very wholesome respect for the repeating rifles, which they had at first contemptuously styled "water-throwers," evidently taking them for squirts. The book contains some very amusing accounts of the present-giving. One set of natives, the dwarfish Dume, were conciliated with sheets of tin, which they cut up into disks for their noses, and with jelly, which they relished greatly, though they thought it was a preparation of blood—a notion which enhanced its attractiveness for them. All sorts and conditions of Africans were immensely interested and astonished by the sight of picture-books in colours ; and the porcelain doll already mentioned, which was tinted, delighted them so much that at the sight of it they hugged each other and danced about in glee. A very diverting incident happened to one of the party who had gone off hunting without taking any presents with him, and who met a party of Aulihans and deemed it politic to propitiate them. After racking his brain for a happy thought, it suddenly occurred to him to soak off the pink label from a jam-pot and stick it on the forehead of their chief man. Probably nothing that the party ever gave in the way of a present was so complete a success ; for the recipient stalked about, exulting in its magnificence, until the giver had departed amid universal applause and gratitude.

We have said nothing about the scientific side of Dr. Donaldson Smith's observations. The value of these has been so widely recognised, both in this country and in England, as to make it scarcely necessary here to do more than mention them. Suffice it to say that his geographical notices are very full and very informing, and that his collections, which are now on view at the University of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, contain a number of new and interesting species, and are also very complete in other ways. The sportsman, also, will

find much to attract him in the narrative, for the author bagged game of every kind, big and little, from elephants, rhinoceroses, and zebras, to grouse and quail. Some very significant information is also given at first hand about the military organisation, local government, and general civilisation of the Abyssinians, which, in view of the important part which these people have lately played in Africa and indirectly in European politics, will prove highly instructive to the student of contemporary history.

A word should be said in especial commendation of the illustrations, which are very numerous and admirably executed. They compare most favourably with those in *Farthest North*, which is the other book of travel now before the public mind. Looking casually over the pages of Dr. Nansen's two volumes, one gets the impression that he must have devoted all his time while in the North to taking pictures of the *Fram's* crew at their meals. First you have a photograph of the crew at breakfast; then you find a photograph of the crew at luncheon; then a photograph of the crew at dinner; then a photograph of the crew enjoying a late supper; with minor views of the crew taking a bite between meals, and of the dog-watch getting up in the night to eat some more. This is, of course, quite reassuring in a way, for it shows that they really had enough to eat, and it prevents your feelings from getting harrowed up by the thought that perhaps the poor fellows were obliged to go hungry. Indeed, it creates something of a suspicion in one's mind that they never did anything else but eat. Yet the scientific value of these gustatory scenes is not entirely obvious to the ordinary observer; for after making a careful study of the text and of the supplementary diagrams, we cannot learn that the crew of the *Fram* did their eating in any novel hyperboreal way; but their manner of eating—their *modus edendi*—at the North Pole was precisely what it would have been at the South Pole, or in Larissa or Weehawken. In fact, they just ate. But the illustrations in this work of Dr. Donaldson Smith really illustrate. They are instructive, spirited, or entertaining, as the case may be, and they give additional interest to a volume that is, to our mind, the most valuable book of travel

that has been published so far during the present year.

H. T. Peck.

#### A GALAHAD OF KENTUCKY.\*

"No woman," says Gertrude Atherton, "can be interested in a man of the Sir Galahad type, as she must always regard him merely as an elongated male infant." On the other hand, we have it of John Gray, Mr. Allen's Sir Galahad, whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure," that

"over and above all other things, it was the effect of the unfallen in him, of the highest keeping itself above assault, of his first youth never yet brushed away as a bloom, that constituted to her his distinction among the men she had known."

The wide moral divergence of these two points of view marks the vital difference between what has been called the literature of disillusion and the literature that serves ideal ends. It is the difference between the ball-room and the homestead: the one all sparkling and irritating and superficial and dangerous; the other all profound and calm and healthful and mighty. In a recent novel belonging to the former class it is written of one of the characters, as he plunges into vicious pleasure, that, like the diver, he had a sacred passion for the depths. In striking antithesis to this it may be said that, like the Alpine climber, Mr. Allen has with John Gray, as he strives to reach the shining peaks of goodness, a sacred passion for the heights. That religious purity of John Gray's nature which rested upon him as a mantle visible to all eyes, but invisible to him, lies upon every page of *The Choir Invisible*, holding it aloof from the exciting, the insinuating, the cynical in our *fin de siècle* literature, and constituting its most powerful attraction—

"the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion evermore intense."

*The Choir Invisible* bears upon its front that unspeakable repose, that unhurried haste which is the hall-mark of literature; it is alive with the passion of beauty and of pain; it vibrates with that incommunicable thrill which Stevenson called the tuning-fork of art. It is distinguished by a sweet and noble serious-

\* *The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

ness through which there strains the sunny light of a glancing humour, a wayward fancy, like sunbeams stealing into a cathedral close through stained-glass windows. Mr. Allen never touches life but to transform it; nothing is left common or unclean. *The Choir Invisible* comes down to us from a mount of transfiguration.

There is something very impressive in the opening overture, about which there goes a hum of expectancy as out of the gloom and silence of the forest there passes, like a bright memory issuing from the stillness of the past, the gay, lightsome figure of Amy Falconer, "perhaps the first beautiful girl of aristocratic birth ever seen in Kentucky, and the first of the famous train of those who for a hundred years since have wrecked or saved the lives of the men." It is with her entrance that "one of those trifles happens that contain the history of our lives." A chord is struck which, mingling with the voices of that choir invisible of a hundred years ago made audible, works in discord and touches all the harmony to finer issues of tragic passion. One by one the voices of the past join the general chorus—the deep vibrations of history, the unrest of the times, "life tense with martial passion," the struggle for conquest in the westward march of civilisation—which sweeps through us as it did through John Gray, "arousing him as the marshalling storm cloud, the rush of winds, and sunlight flickering into gloom kindle the sense of the high, the mighty, the sublime."

But from out that choir invisible, whose voices, now mute, once resounded in the green wilderness of Kentucky a century ago, there wander down to us the imperishable strains of an old melody that is ever new:

"Life, with all it yields of joy and woe  
And hope and fear, . . .  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning  
love."

And in learning love to learn also the greatest of all lessons: how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong! This is the burden of the melody that issues from the life story of John Gray and Mrs. Falconer, sung as it has been by men and women since the morning stars sang together; sometimes faltering and failing in a tragic defeat that troubles life's harmonies, sometimes rising and triumphing in a tragic vic-

tory whose "music is the gladness of the world."

John Gray's entire character rested on the noiseless conviction that he was a man and a gentleman.

"A fighter in the world he would always be. . . . But as he grew older, and the world in part conquered him as it conquers so many of us, would he go into his later battles as he had entered his earlier ones—to the measure of a sacred chant? Beneath the sweat and wounds of all his victories would he carry the white lustre of conscience, burning untarnished in him to the end."

That is the problem in which patience is the touchstone of our virtue. How does John Gray stand the test? Through a young man's egotistic affection for Amy, the niece of Mrs. Falconer, John Gray had been strongly attracted to the latter, whom he held in great reverence. When Amy jilts him, the schoolmaster meets with his first defeat and tragedy in life. There is a graphic description of a fight which takes place between John Gray and a cougar or "painter" in the schoolhouse. For days after this encounter he has to lie abed nursing his wounds. Mrs. Falconer visits him and tends him—this big, rude young Westerner whose rough log cabin is brightened for the first time by a woman's presence and transforming touch. Then she brings him that "old Bible of manhood," a copy of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and out of all these things there comes to him the first great awakening of his life in a love that is forbidden.

"He upbraided himself the more bitterly for the influence of the book because it was she who had placed both the good and the evil in his hand, with perfect confidence that he would lay hold on the one and remain unsoiled by the other. She had remained spirit-proof herself against the influences that tormented him; out of her own purity she had judged him."

Then begins the tempest for John Gray. Like Sir Bedivere with Arthur on his shoulders, he hears the deep behind him, and a cry before, his own thought drives him like a goad—Love, with its "almighty justification," calling with a voice new, irresistible, to the deep meadows, strewn with passion flowers—the voice of conscience intoning its muffled, insistent appeal on the great wistful height of Silence. But up the steep he struggles, rising and falling, until the crest is gained in that last interview with Mrs. Falconer, when "Beauty sprang from the breast of pain, and the sight



let the nobler passions play." This chapter in which John Gray climbs to the great watershed of his life is not only singular for its beauty and quiet power in a book that is remarkable for these qualities; it will go on record as one of the singularly beautiful chapters in the literature of modern fiction.

John's subsequent career will meet with varying judgment. The unrelenting irony of circumstance that pursues him goes too sorely against the tyranny of our common desire for happiness to be accepted with complacency. There is a daring audacity about it which we can only understand when we come to remember what the book as a whole stands for. John's conduct was the logical outcome of his character, of his rightful habits of mind, and the old beautiful submission of himself to the established laws of the world. "Always be a good man," had been Mrs. Falconer's last words to him. Goodness is the dominant chord to which the whole action is keyed; goodness, as an end in itself of the highest satisfaction, and not as a means of self-denying ordinance leading to a state of self-complacent happiness. Nevertheless, while John Gray will win universal admiration and sympathy, few will perhaps absolve him utterly. But where shall we find a flaw in Mrs. Falconer? In the beginning of her acquaintance with John Gray there was that characteristic manhood about him which, during his wooing of Amy, she thought, gave her the right to indulge a friendship for him such as she had never felt for any other man. She was one of the women who accept what life has brought them, although it has brought nothing for which they care; "her wifehood might be her martyrdom, but it was martyrdom inviolate." Her unsullied purity of heart and life, and her indestructible trust in John Gray, all through their friendship, are vindicated on that night when "with the loosening of her tears came the loosening of her hold upon what she had never acknowledged to herself—her love of him, the belief that he had loved her." The tragedy of their life deepens like a river as it seeks the sea, with unutterable passion, with pathos that heals while it rends the heart, but over its close there falls the hush of an infinite peace. Like Rossetti's "Dante and Beatrice in Paradise," these two pilgrims of love also pass into our remem-

brance as dwelling in coloured calm, above all pain, all passion, and all pride.

"The most that we can do," says the Rev. James Moore, who reappears with his flute, "is to begin a strain that will swell the general volume and last on after we have perished." No one who reads *The Choir Invisible* will doubt that Mr. Allen has begun an undying strain that will continue to scatter its music "in minds made better by its presence" in the years to come. He has given us something strong, deep, reverential, that will teach us how to live. "We are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also" as was Stevenson's prayer.

*James MacArthur.*

#### DR. VAN DYKE'S VERSE.\*

This slender book of verse bears on every page a transparent sincerity; it was written to ease the heart, to give imagination play. It is a transcription of experiences, aspirations, friendships, affection. There is a distinct note of personality running through it all; as if the verse had come to the writer and not the writer to the verse. Only once or twice is the reader aware of a kind of secondary relation to the form; only once or twice does he feel, as one so often feels in reading contemporary verse, that the poet may be experimenting with a metre or trying his cunning with rhyme. From first to last the verse is sincere, frank, veracious in thought and feeling—that is to say, there is behind the form reality of experience and emotion, not mere skill and facility. It is the work of a man whose lucidity of expression is rooted in essential simplicity of aim and honesty of intention. Dr. van Dyke has in a very uncommon degree that feeling for nature and for experience which translates the one and interprets the other into the language of the imagination; but he never rests content with moods; he always strives for ideas as well as impressions. It is this moral vitality in his nature which makes it impossible for him to be primarily an impressionist; he gets at the truth of atmosphere, but he

\* *The Builders and Other Poems.* By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

must rest in the truth of structure. He has a tune in his head before he touches the keys.

He is, for this reason, less facile and flowing than many of his contemporaries among verse writers in this country; but he strikes a more distinct and resonant note; he produces a deeper impression of reality. He approaches his themes more directly and goes to their heart with a singleness of intention and device which disclose something more individual and unconscious than poetic intelligence; which disclose nothing less than poetic instinct. This faculty of condensing and compressing the sentiment of a great event and bringing the imagination face to face on a sudden with its full significance is illustrated in the lines on Tennyson; distinctly the best among a number of notable tributes to the memory of the great singer from his fellow-craftsmen; and the best because, by very simple means, the passing of the Laureate is made to assume as much importance to the larger world to which he passed as to the smaller world from which he vanished. There is in this fine poem a reticence and restraint full of poetic feeling—a reticence and restraint which, by the instinct of the artist, spare the imagination all details of emotion in order that a single noble idea may possess it wholly.

All real poetry deals with experience, with nature and events as they touch the poet; for it is not until we come to close quarters with happenings and conditions that the imagination plays freely upon them. The work of poets whose sense of moral responsibility is of the faintest is, in this sense, as distinctly moralised as the work of those to whom all things make inevitably for good or ill. Paul Verlaine moralises whatever he touches as definitely as Tennyson; he could not do otherwise; no true poet can get away from the order of life, however he may strive to reject or ignore it. Dr. van Dyke not only recognises it, but is inspired by it. He is not afraid that his verse will suffer because there is faith behind it; nor is he concerned to suppress spiritual aspiration, and the response which he finds to his own sense of loneliness and sorrow, because these may in some way take him out of the region of poetry into that of religion. He understands that religion is the deepest of all the springs of poetry

—as Tennyson and Browning taught for so many years in noble antiphonal song—and that nothing allies itself so deeply and fruitfully with the processes of the imagination as a true and constantly feeling for the mystery and wonder of life, and an abiding consciousness of rest in the power behind it. The touches of didacticism in this volume are few; the vision of faith through the imagination rests on many of these poems. They are free from the catch-words of piety; they are not skilful improvisations in a religious mood; they are full of devoutness, reverence, and the spirit of sacrifice.

It is often said that one must be genuinely serious to fully enjoy and understand humour; it may also be said that a poet must bring to a true sympathy with nature a deep feeling for her mystery and majesty. Dr. van Dyke strikes, in many of these poems, the happy line between intimacy and familiarity. He is on such terms with nature that he can trust himself to feel at home with her without the risk of being too much at ease with the vast order which is at once our friend and our teacher. In *Little Rivers* there was a fine note of comradeship; a sense of the largeness and freedom of the world which the paddle and the long tramp open up. In this slender book there is the same ample out-of-doors atmosphere; the same responsive fellowship. Dr. van Dyke has whipped mountain streams to good purpose, for he has really learned the lore of the woods and the songs of the birds. These songs, like the tones of those swift brooks which Dr. van Dyke has so often heard making their delicious gurgle over rocks and down gentle cascades, cannot be rendered in imitative sounds; they must be suggested to the imagination in such a way as to evoke them from the memory. No American poet has done this with truer recollection or deeper feeling than the author of "The Song Sparrow," "The Maryland Yellow-throat," "The Whip-poor-will," and "The Veery," a group of poems which will find place, one is sure, with the poems which will be repeated when the inevitable hush has fallen upon all the singing voices of to-day. These verses, like all verses of their quality, get their magic from that skill of the heart which is born of true observation, sincere feeling, and entire absence not only of all strain to produce striking

effects, but of all thought of artifice. When Wordsworth wrote the lines on the Cuckoo, the Daffodil, and the Skylark his art was as simple and transparent as nature; and Dr. van Dyke has studied in the same school.

Academic celebrations are not often successful in their appeal to the poets whom they call to their aid; but Princeton made a happy choice when she asked Dr. van Dyke to interpret her century and a half of history in a song. "The Builders" is a true academic ode in its dignity, its impressive tone, its largeness of movement; but it is by no means exclusively an academic poem; it has larger relations and it has had a wider audience than such efforts usually sustain or secure. It happily met two very different requirements: it was admirably fitted to the day when it was read with such striking effect in Alexander Hall, and now that the occasion has passed, it has an interest independent of it. There is a progression of thought through it as through all true odes; and this thought deepens and widens as the strophes follow each other in an order which is structural as well as formal. The spiritual history and significance of the university has rarely been interpreted with such insight and in a form at once so free and so carefully modulated by technical necessities. The elevation and range of this fine ode bring the reader to the highest level of a gift which is both spontaneous and trained; a talent rooted in the unconsciousness of a poetic nature, but reinforced by meditation and guided by knowledge.

*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

#### THE JESUIT RELATIONS.\*

The beginnings of European exploration and settlement in North America are peculiarly rich in picturesque incident and heroic action. Civilisation was engaged upon a totally new venture. It had to establish for itself new precedents.

Its record under these novel conditions is largely contained in those letters and reports which the Jesuit missionaries forwarded from the wilderness

to their superiors at home. Rarely, indeed, have the raw materials of history been gathered with such competence and fulness as in these narratives. As a rule the makers of history have been men of action purely. They have too often lacked the power of accurate observation, as well as the literary faculty of fitly recording what they saw and what they did. But the authors of the Jesuit relations were men trained to minute observation and right deductions. They were versed in the knowledge of the day. They were not without literary skill. If they had not been sent out as evangelisers and martyrs, they might well have been sent in the interests of scientific exploration.

In character these men were set apart by the possession of greatly heroic virtues, often combined with exasperating defects. In peace, in the securer settlements, they were stirrers of strife, jealous of precedence, forever intriguing in the interests of their order. But in peril they became magnificent. Their record among the savages is one of imperishable glory. When souls were to be saved they lost all thought of self. They thrust themselves among the most hostile tribes. They endured filth and ignominy. They shrank not from the anguish of strange torture. They went rejoicing to the cruelest forms of death. However the institution of Loyola may have laid itself open to criticism, it proved itself, in this time of trial, the breeder of saints and heroes.

For a period of one hundred and eighty years these men kept recording their experiences and observations in Latin, French, or Italian, and sending the narratives to Paris or Rome. Such of these invaluable documents as were accessible in the archives and libraries have supplied the matter for every historian of the French *régime* in North America. Some of them have been printed. A few have been translated into English. But never until now have they been gathered into a complete collection.

Such a complete collection is now being issued by the Burrows Brothers Company of Cleveland. It consists of the original French, Latin, and Italian texts, reprinted *verbatim et literatim*, with page for page English translations, and full annotations; and it is illustrated by portraits, maps, and fac-similes. The editor is Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secre-

\* The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company. \$3.50 net per volume.

tary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and the author of several works on colonial history, whose accepted excellence is a sufficient guarantee of his fitness for the undertaking. He is assisted by a staff of six editors and translators. The edition is limited to seven hundred and fifty numbered sets, of about sixty volumes, five of which are now published. The editor's general introduction summarises very adequately and suggestively the work of the Jesuit missionaries in their several fields. It also gives a succinct account of these Relations, with a judicial estimate of their historic value. In the notes appear brief biographies of the authors of the narratives—often the only biographies yet written of these tireless forerunners of civilisation.

Of the five volumes before me three are devoted to Acadia, from 1610-16; Vol. IV. is devoted to Acadia and Quebec; and Vol. V. to Quebec alone. These five volumes afford ample material for a judgment of the manner in which the work is being conducted.

In the first place, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of the work to historical students. It amounts to nothing less than a public benefaction. The value of the matter contained has been already indicated. Here it is systematised and presented with a competency of scholarship and a painstaking accuracy of detail which leave nothing to be desired. The translations are exact. The notes are discreet and interpretative, and frequently throw an unexpected light upon events that have long been obscure. In all mechanical details, such as type, proportion of page, quality of paper, dignity of binding, the work is a model of bookmaking.

The first volume opens fitly with Marc Lescarbot's account of the Sieur de Poutrincourt's voyage to Acadia and the conversion of certain Acadian savages in the year 1610. This narrative, with its shrewdness, sanity of view, and discreet humour, is of lively interest not only to the student, but to the reader who reads to be entertained. As much may be said of many of the narratives. The earlier Fathers frequently display an amusing naïveté of judgment. Many of them were men of a broad humanity—men of the world, indeed, except where their faith or their Order was concerned. Father Joseph Jouveny's re-

port on "The Country and Customs of the Canadians" is as entertaining as if it were not a document for scholars, but a story for the Sunday newspapers. At first these priests saw the life about them with the wide-open eyes of children, and their stories are full of fresh enthusiasm. By and by, when tragedies and the daily shadow of martyrdom came to press upon them, this bright quality disappeared. But in the majority of cases the narratives are admirable reading for their own sake, without regard to their importance from the scholar's point of view. They are apt to be free from long-winded platitudes and uninteresting details. Now that they have been made accessible to the general reader, it is probable that their influence will speedily appear in the pages of contemporary fiction.

When a monumental work like this is so adequately executed, the critic has no choice but to become the eulogist. It seems to me impossible to suggest any important point in which these five volumes might be bettered. In view of this fact, and of the consideration that no human work can expect to achieve absolute flawlessness, it will perhaps not seem like hypercriticism if I call attention to one or two quite unimportant slips.

On page 147, Vol. I., Father Biard speaks of the "Azores of the Great Bank," off the coast of Newfoundland; and this expression is made the occasion of note 38, which says:

"This is an interesting and, we believe, a unique statement of Biard, that the islands off the Gulf of St. Lawrence were once called the 'Azores of the Great Bank.'"

As a matter of fact, there are no islands at the place indicated in Biard's narrative. A little further on he says:

"Now, upon the border of this Great Bank, for the space of three or four leagues, the waves are generally very high, and these three or four leagues are called the Azores."

On page 253, of the same volume, Father Jouveny says:

"In the huge gulf into which the river Saint Lawrence flows may be seen a small island, or, rather, a double rock; they call it the Isle of Birds."

Note 69, referring to this, says:

"Authorities disagree in locating the Bird Island of Cartier's first voyage."

But authorities are now agreed that the Bird Islands referred to by Cartier

were two in number—one of them what is now called Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, and the other Bird Rock, off Isle Bryon, one of the Magdalen group in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The point is definitely cleared up in Dr. Howley's paper on Cartier's voyage, in Vol. XII. of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada.

Another small inaccuracy is to be found in the admirable map at the end of Vol. I. There the Bay of Fundy is called "B. de François." But its name, given by the Sieur de Monts, was "La Baye Française."

Of this very trifling character are the only flaws which the critic is called upon to notice in a work which offers abundant opportunity for errors of a more serious nature.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

#### MISS HARRADEN'S NEW STORY.\*

The clash or amalgamation of races as it is depicted by Kipling or Bourget is a fictional theme which, in point of modernity, is only equalled by the adjustment of representatives of one race to a new environment. The latter has received comparatively little attention from story-tellers, and in attempting to picture the acclimatisation of a young Englishwoman in California, with none but Englishmen about her to relieve the monotony of a fruit ranch, Miss Harraden has very simply and forcefully, albeit unwittingly, broached a question of world-wide interest. Is there any home which has lost the power of caring how great a strain love will stand under uncongenial geographical conditions?

But you will say that this is not a fair epitome of *Hilda Strafford*. From the first Hilda failed to exhibit a genuine affection. Innately selfish, she liked to receive Robert's yearning letters because they involved no effort on her part and flattered her self-love. When she did join him against the wishes of her relatives and friends, she was actuated by a conventional sense of duty and—a fondness for travel and novelty. "One of the strong ones of the earth," she was devoid of sympathy and helpfulness, and required the stimulus of admiration to give a conscious worth to her life.

\* *Hilda Strafford*. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Many, indeed, will say that she didn't love the man she married, and ask pettishly why she hadn't the sense to stay at home—the gift of hindsight in some readers is so pronounced. Of course there is here a nice question involving a definition of love itself. Is love merely the strongest attachment of which the individual is capable, or is it a height to which the unselfish alone can attain, differing not only in degree but in kind from that which is vulgarly called love? We have it from Miss Harraden that Hilda loved Robert as well as she could love any one. Shall we, then, infer that love such as hers is supportable only in a land of theatres and books, or that they were merely mismated—he needing a helpmeet rather than a figurehead, and she a stronger, less introspective, and, if one may judge from a rather broad hint dropped within the last half dozen pages, a more passionate husband? Her bounding health counted for nothing except to arouse a kind of physical jealousy in the man who loved her. She did not write a novel in the fashion of the quaintly murdered *Delicia*, nor, until she had wearied her poor husband out of life, did she find any one whom she could love to desperation. Unsympathetic herself, she fails to win our sympathy; and yet we feel that she was not wholly to blame.

Quite as good a case, theoretically, might be made against Robert. He long since had had misgivings, founded on a knowledge of California as a land for men, not for women. He should have headed her off, you would say, knowing that only in the most favourable circumstances could such an ambitious creature believe in one who, under the plea of ill health, had failed to make a niche for himself in England. Granting that she must needs have come to California, he should have behaved far differently when she came. "A terrible fellow at taking things to heart," he reproached himself bitterly for having urged her to share his lot. On one very trying occasion he said, self-disparagingly, "How do you like having married a man who has failed in everything?" Again, he dug up the fact that a "barren life, a worn-out worker, and a ruined ranch" were "not a particularly sumptuous marriage portion." Cheerful, wasn't it? He had no sense of humour—in truth, was inclined to melodrama. He helped to make scenes

when he should have been philosophic. Why didn't he invite her to walk out with the pointer Nellie before the cultivator, for the encouragement of her husband in his labour of turning up the chocolate-brown soil? That would have mended or marred matters with a vengeance. As it was, from her seat on the veranda she gazed at the distant mountains, and "the foot-hills nestling up to them as children to their parents," with no æsthetic appreciation of their beauty, but rather with hatred—the hatred of the bored. Robert lived, as he died, "like a tired child." Fancy such an invalid the running mate of a bouncing, impulsive ne'er-be-ill, who allowed music to stir her to the pitch of petulant derision! He should have known that the girls who take their *nocturnes* seriously are the very ones to take life frivolously; and, above all, he should have bestowed less attention upon the arrangement of the furniture and the effect of table-cloth and lamp-shade, put on some circus clothes, mounted his broncho, and given her a large chance to use the side-saddle he had presented her. She was a woman who needed broad, firm strokes, not finesse, and plenty of exercise. Without the latter she was vaguely unhappy and alternately perplexed and repentant.

A third character, Ben Overleigh, commands our admiration. He was a staunch Western friend to Robert, "mothering him in his own manly, tender fashion;" and Hilda liked him because he told her all her faults. He had a neighbourly way of dropping in to smoke a pipe when things were indigo blue, and an original and courteous manner of swearing, very artfully made cognisant but nowhere exemplified. He was a bluff, upright, true fellow, who would not be out of place in one of Bret Harte's romances. He is the most consistent personage in the story, and deserves to rank with Miss Harraden's excellent sketch of the "Disagreeable Man."

The telling is natural and adequate. Aside from the sudden death of Robert, its most serious artistic defect is the intrusion of the author in certain descriptive passages. The only other ground for criticism I see in this little book is a tendency—shared by almost all feminine writers and by Mr. Barrie among the *illustrissimi*—to sacrifice one massive effect to a multiplicity of varied

effects. Miss Harraden has a number of good things to tell about everybody, and depends for her impression upon incidents and their condensation into epithets rather than upon a powerful welding of all the parts together. The deaf old lady who mounted to the house-top, and through an opera-glass watched the laziness of those whom she employed to work on her ranch; shy Mr. Holles, who during a three weeks' illness made nine wills and wrote six farewell letters; Ben, twirling his great mustaches and softly swearing, are picturesquely endeared to memory. That with her wistful, pathetic vein Miss Harraden blends a gentle humour cannot be denied. Her humour has a breadth—we were about to say a westernism—which, while it is refreshing, occasionally tempts her to repetition and suffuses the human comedy which she has observed, with her own evident enjoyment of it.

There are several thrilling situations; the Californian setting is everywhere felt but not obtruded; the writer has an earnest spirit, untainted by cynicism, and possesses a sustained simplicity of style that leaves very little to the imagination. On the whole, it may be said that while her range is limited, her expression within that range is admirable. Without admitting a single American to her story, she has delineated a distinctly American situation with a sincerity and clearness that cannot fail to attract. A delicately artistic feature of the story is the suspense of the first fifty pages, whereby we are inspired with a curiosity to see Hilda, half wondering if, like the Woman of Arles, she is to be kept forever out of sight. Nor would it be just to close this review without noting the tragedy of the *Heimweh* which lies back of the characterisation, and indeed gives the story its motive power and lifts it above a relentless realism.

George Merriam Hyde.

#### BURGESS'S "THE MIDDLE PERIOD."\*

Professor Burgess has given us an excellent first-hand sketch of our constitutional history during his assigned period. The chief characteristics of his book are a thorough-going independence which is overstressed at times, and a clear-

\* The Middle Period: 1817-1858. By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. [American History Series.] New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sighted conservatism which occasionally degenerates into recalcitrancy. These characteristics make their appearance from the start in his preface, where he rightly maintains that there can be no political union worthy of the name between North and South until they have attained some common standing-ground from which they can view the past intelligently. This standing-ground he endeavours to furnish in his treatise, and candour compels one to say that his success has been remarkable, if necessarily incomplete. He will not, of course, satisfy the typical States-rights Southerner, for he maintains the essential justice of the Northern cause. He will not satisfy the more radical of his Northern readers, for he has little sympathy with the Abolitionists, does not condemn Webster's Seventh of March speech, and actually speaks of Calhoun with constant respect and of John Brown with consistent reprobation. What will certain honest people say of a professor in a great Northern institution of learning who dares to affirm that Jefferson Davis was "personally and officially . . . a remarkably upright man," and that John Brown and his followers were "cutthroats and highwaymen," who engaged in "common crime of the blackest and most villainous sort"? I think that I can, out of my own personal experience, predict to Professor Burgess some of the things they will say; but I shall content myself with assuring him that all moderate men who desire the truth to prevail will thank him for the fairness and bravery conspicuous on every page of his book. They may not agree with this or that specific proposition, but they will be bound to confess that he has thrown new light upon many a dark place, and that he has not hesitated to stand forth as the champion of men and measures that have long been the objects of cheap and uninformed abuse.

But although Professor Burgess is certain to win the applause of many readers for his political moderation, there are others who will justly complain that politics are not the sole business of men and nations, and that a book which is merely a constitutional history should be so denominated on its title-page. The fact is that our author has ignored the claims of culture-history so frankly as almost to provoke a smile. He men-

tions Dr. Emerson, the owner of Dred Scott, but has not a word for Ralph Waldo. The Abolitionists appear often enough, and in no favourable light, but Whittier wrote in vain, so far as our historian is concerned. Even New England Transcendentalism is a subject that has no charms for him, and the nation's gradual emergence from provincialism fails to receive his grateful recognition. This is not strange, however, for the dyer's hand is always subdued to what it works in, and Professor Burgess has long been known as a political philosopher. It is a little strange, however, to find a constitutional historian devoting the merest fag-end of a paragraph to the Know Nothing movement, omitting all reference to the Anti-Masons, and having not a word to say about the long list of Southern commercial conventions with their plans for reopening the foreign slave trade.

But as Professor Burgess has consciously, or unconsciously, narrowed the scope of his work, it remains for the critic to accept the limitations imposed and to judge the book with reference to the standards of the class to which it belongs. Such a careful analysis would, of course, be possible only in a technical historical magazine, but a few points of interest may be noted here. Professor Burgess has told the story of the Kansas troubles in a strikingly forcible way; indeed, I am inclined to think that his two chapters on this subject are the best, though not, perhaps, the most impartial in his book. He does not, it is true, pay sufficient attention to the fanatical element in John Brown's character, but this is, on the whole, a slight fault. His account of the acquisition of Florida is excellent; but some people will not relish his criticism of Dr. Von Holst, who, by the way, does not appear to be his favourite historian. The chapter on slavery before 1820 is also good, and so too is that on the Missouri Compromise, particularly toward the close. The other great compromise of 1850 is clearly and succinctly described, and the Dred Scott case is more correctly presented than is usual with our historians. As for minor points that demand approbation they are too numerous to mention. It may be remarked, however, that their frequent occurrence often serves to disabuse the reader's mind of the notion that he is reading an abridgment of the *Annals of*

*Congress* and the *Congressional Globe* rather than an ordered and comprehensive history.

Much as I admire many portions of his book, however, I cannot quite accept without a protest some of Professor Burgess's philosophical and constitutional disquisitions, or his treatment of one or two phases of our national history. It seems to me that sometimes the lawyer gets the better of the historian, and that there is a little too much disposition to undervalue the really important services to the world of that political philosophy which we owe to France. I think also that exception can be taken to Dr. Burgess's treatment of the whole Mexican War period, especially to his endeavour to exculpate Calhoun and Tyler in the matter of the joint resolution. Smaller points of objection could be easily multiplied. The influence of John Randolph upon Southern leaders, particularly upon Calhoun, is not noticed, while the position of the Southern Whigs, like Stephens and Toombs, is not made sufficiently clear, or the demise of the party fully explained; but these are trifles.

Not so trifling, however, are two objections that must be urged against our author and his book even at the risk of bringing to an unfavourable close a review that is intended to eulogise an able and conscientious work. It is not, it seems to me, in the interests of true scholarship for an author of Professor Burgess's standing to emphasize the fact that he has not regarded the work of other scholars as worthy of his attention. It is well enough to go to the sources, but it is equally important to know what other men, presumably well equipped, have brought from those sources. Yet Professor Burgess tells us explicitly that he has "made it an invariable rule to use no secondary material," which is the same thing as telling us that unchecked individualism ought to be the rule in all scholarly pursuits. Equally detrimental to the interests of true culture is the indifference to the claims of form and style which Professor Burgess constantly displays. I am indeed sorry that he lends the weight of his name to that fast-growing school of historians who seem to hold that the better a man writes, the less history he is likely to know.

W. P. Trent.

#### PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.\*

Sincerity should perhaps be named as the first if not the finest trait of everything written by Mrs. Barr; for, no matter how far from our own conviction the motive of her fiction may be, there is never a doubt of its honesty. And certainly to convince of conscientiousness opposed to our own beliefs is to do something fine in literature as well as in life.

This the author has done in many earnest stories, and in none more notably than in her latest novel. The work seems, on the first glance, to lie wholly behind modern sympathies. Its environment is alien and repellent. Its scenes, set in the Shetland Islands, show strange and far off through the mists of the mighty sagas. Its types are of the last rather than of the present generation, and its feeling belongs to the dark age of Calvinism, to that now inconceivable era of spiritual bondage in which intelligent human beings cast themselves before the Juggernaut of a monstrous faith.

Yet the pagans embodying the logical outcome of this most inhuman form of Christianity are eminently human. They represent, it is true, types rather than individuals, and the two generations represented produce a single effect. But there is nevertheless an impression of reality; and father and son stand out from the environing myths living men bowed under humanity's common burden, the curse of heredity. For what man ever was or ever can be delivered from his ancestors?

"Such as we be made of, such we be." Liot Borson and his son David, counting their forefathers through an unbroken line of sea-fighters and sea-fishers back to the great Norwegian Bor, are as distinctively descendants as any of Ibsen's latter-day types. The Borsons have been christened for nearly eight hundred years, yet paganism rules the race, and it is more natural for Liot and David to order their lives according to the inexorable personal vengeance enjoined by Odin rather than by the mercy taught by the Saviour. The same grim faith, the same strong passions rule Kalen and Nanna, women of the same race. For in Shetland, as in the rest of

\* Prisoners of Conscience. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: The Century Co. \$1.50.



Nance Chrystie, although the eldest daughter of Peter Chrystie, miser, tyrant, elder, toddy-drinker, and sanctimonious humbug, makes in the end a very attached sweetheart, and no doubt also a good wife to Dr. Alec McQuharr of Dumquhat. But when the "magerful" rather than masterful Alec asks her and her sisters for a kiss in the good old Galloway citadel-storming style, she breaks out after the fashion of the Daughter of Madame Angot :

"Oh ye gorb, ye worm, ye fathom o' pump-water on end, I wish I were a man but for five minutes to throw ye head-foremost oot o' the window—comin' here to fear three bits o' sjlasses. Ye may weel be prood o' yoursel', ye ffeckless scullion. Gi'e the like o' you a kiss—theith no, though you waited till the Day of Judgment, and there wasna a man nearer than the stars that shine midway the lift o' heaven."

This, it may be said, is vulgar, and sheer castrawailing in the first stage of anger and scratch. But it is true to Scotland and to Galloway rural life, and that is all that concerns me. The plot of *Lads' Love* is nothing to speak of. The dark side of the "cannie hour" love-making—the story of the poor "Hoolet" and her blackguardly packman, which ends in an improbable Scotch marriage, and very early in suicide and murder—is conventionally sensational and galleryish. When Nance becomes an actress and plays an Irishwoman, Mr. Crockett simply makes Miss Ellen Terry try to play one of her. I deroguish parts on a Galloway moor. I do not like the Lady Sophronia interlude. It is stage "business," and artificial. But I do thoroughly enjoy the life of Nether Neuk, with the three lasses, Nance and Grace and above all the tomboyish but loyal Hempie. I like the fun of the boozey lairds, and the practical-joking lads, and the peppery pellet-shooting father. It is all genial and hearty. It is as real as, say, the fun in the Fairport post-office, and Mr. Crockett has reproduced it without any intrusion of that "under God" element, for introducing which he has in some quarters been severely rather than justly criticised. What is more, nobody else has reproduced it. In this respect *Lads' Love* is more original, more of a human document than any of its predecessors.

William Wallace.

#### THE VERSATILE MR. FORD.\*

Mr. Ford's versatility would seem to know no bounds. As a deliver among old legal and literary documents, as an editor of rare and interesting Americana, as the author of the steadily popular novel, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, as the historiographer of *The True George Washington*, as a playwright, as the delicate and graceful delineator of the tender passion in *The Story of an Untold Love*, appearing serially in the *Atlantic*, and now as the delightful raconteur of an up-to-date story, peppered with a spice of mystery and wild and woolly westernism, he has successively and successfully entertained and edified the American public to a bewildering extent. One would not be surprised should Mr. Ford's next literary venture turn out to be an historical romance. Indeed, it will meet all demands of the imagination to say at once that one would not be surprised at anything Mr. Ford may choose to give us. He has prepared us already for surprises in almost every form.

*The Great K. & A. Train Robbery* is what the summer girl would call "an awfully jolly hammocky story;" indeed, it was lying supine in a hammock on a sultry afternoon that we first read it when it appeared originally in *Lippincott's* last summer. And if we are prone to fall into a breezy, free-and-easy manner of description, it is largely because Mr. Ford has set the fashion. The tale is told in an informal, colloquial style, free from affectations of speech and unadorned by literary floristry. The declaration is stoutly and honestly made at the start: "Any one who hopes to find in what is here written a work of literature had better lay it aside unread." Yet we venture to say that even in so slight a story as this Mr. Ford has exemplified that dramatic power of presentation which has enabled him to play so many rôles. From start to finish the narrative of Dick Gordon is not once marred by a false note or trait; it is the Yale student with more inclination for the football field than for the classroom, turned mechanic and eventually becoming superintendent of the Kansas and Arizona Railroad, who wins upon

\* *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.



doubtless be considered the most unique. "Are the Dead Dead?" is more powerfully written, and takes hold on the imagination and clings to the memory as the other does not. It is a singular mixture of scepticism and romance, telling of a girl who goes in a spirit of thoughtless mischief to investigate the secret of a haunted house, knowing that other investigators will also be there, and who meets the ghost, taking him to be one of the jesting party.

"'I could not,' she says, 'take my eyes off this man. Dazed I looked at him. . . . Who was he? One of this crazy club. . . . Where had I known him? I seemed flooded by a tidal wave of memories—of what? bits of dreams—sleeping or waking ones? Was it a tide of inherited memories surging through my veins with the hot blood of some ancestors who had, like me now, loved at first sight one like him, this man of graceful movement and head like an antique bust? Who could tell? I gazed at him, mad with vague, keen longing and remembrance, excited as with wine by the new, piquant charm of his overwhelming presence, yet seeing him wholly unaware of it, and even shy.'"

She envies the girls in the Arabian Nights "who could always send an old woman to tell a young man he was loved and bring him;" and she "longs for the freedom of the birds of the air who are not held in check by the straight-jacket of custom, which keeps us from kisses at sight." But she doesn't pine long in silence, and manages—as a woman can manage when she tries—to make herself understood without saying much. His non-committal response is "again" and "once more," and the irreverent might take the remark as a reference to former experiences in love affairs. For a second ghost forthwith puts in an appearance, to the great discomfort of the girl, who does not recognise her as such.

"A woman I had not yet seen with the club looked in at the open door, surprise, doubt and scorn in her intent face. A woman more to be feared than a ghost, I thought, as I marked her evil look. She paused in amaze at sight of us. . . . A jealous woman I judged—all the more as she drew back before he could turn to find the cause of my changed looks. . . . He grew if possible more bloodless than ever. . . . I could see him tremble. Dread and dismay in his face, and a hunted look came into his eyes. With a look of triumph at me she beckoned him. Making a motion toward me, as of mingled farewell and warning, he slowly went after her, although often turning to look back."

One point in favour of this story is that it is not disappointed by so much irrelevant poetry as dislocates the others. When it is mentioned that seventy-eight lines of verse are interjected haphazard into the first story, which occupies only about twenty pages, while "Singed Moths," which is very little longer, is swamped under nearly two hundred lines that ramble about almost everything except the subject of the story. It would be easier to treat the work with justice were the prose separated from the poetry, and there would be a great literary gain were the poetry left out altogether. "The Second Card Wins" is in certain respects the ablest of the stories, but that it also is marred by a poetic outburst divided into subheads and running over four pages. Moreover, it seems somewhat out of place in this collection of ghostly lore, since it does not deal with the supernatural.

TROOPER PETER HALKET OF MASHONALAND.  
By Olive Schreiner. Boston: Robert Bros. \$1.25.

He revealed Himself unto babes. Separated from his company, and lost in the great veldt,

Trooper Peter Halket dreams by his fire of the fortune he is going to make before he leaves South Africa. He does not know how, but others have done it before him, out of the Mashonas and Matabeles, or in some other vague way. His mother had had a hard struggle, but when riches come she shall have the best of times. A tall, dark man clad in a loose linen garment joins him, sits with him by the fire, and Peter, getting the better of his awe, questions the stranger, and not understanding who He may be, pours out his own history, and his crude views on white men and black. The visionary interview is bold, but it is reverent and earnest. The effect produced on readers by Jesus Christ discussing South African politics will certainly be various. Perhaps it is enough for us to acknowledge the serious purpose of this first part. The second, which describes Halket's application of his vision to the circumstances attendant on his service as trooper actively engaged against the blacks, is far stronger, and far more sympathetic. The last scenes of Halket, trooper and martyr, ignorant fool, and yet, under the influence of the light just shed on him, a saint, reckless of earthly fate, are described with a calm, restrained power which marks the highest point the writer's powers have reached as yet.

TATTERLEY. By Tom Gallon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

We have here a story so kindly, so pathetic, so able in its presentment of a difficult, some might even say, an impossible situation, that we linger over it as we do over very few of the books that pass before us. The inspiration is from Dickens, though there is no direct imitation. Caleb Fry, the skinflint, money-grabbing old bachelor, has to be taught that his miserable cynicism, his arid, unblest life, is not human existence as it need be; that beyond the pursuit of wealth there is a bright something which his heart is not too dead to treasure. The means of his conversion we have no right to disclose. It is very original, a little improbable, some may say; it brings Caleb into contact with life as he had never been brought before, and makes the old bitter curmudgeon the kindly sympathiser with a charming young romance. Mr. Gallon is no weak sentimentalist, and he boldly takes the responsibility of his plot. Caleb has sacrificed much for a desperate freak of curiosity. He cannot get his fortune back, and he dies a poverty-stricken old man. Only he has made his discovery, and at his death he is not alone.

CHUN TI-KUNG. By Claude A. Rees. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

On the title-page of his book, Mr. Rees explains that *Chun Ti-Kung* is a novel, but though there is some slight thread of story running through it, the interest and value of the book lie entirely in the carefully considered and detailed pictures of Chinese life that it presents. Mr. Rees is doing for China what several writers have already done for Japan; that is, weaving complications of outward and alien views into an exceedingly valuable and interesting account of Chinese habits and customs. Doubtless to specialists and learned people the book would prove elementary enough, but not many people are sufficiently advanced to read

Dr. Martin with profit, and to them *Chun Ti-Kung* will be welcome, for although Mr. Rees imparts information in every line, and we are always hearing something new, his book is not one which, in the obvious effort to "combine amusement with instruction," fails either to amuse or teach. The English girl who is married to the hero, and who commits suicide when she hears that he has already a native wife, is sketched with considerable skill; but when Mr. Rees tries to be facetious and describe the missionary's wife, he goes quite wrong, and degenerates into caricature.

LO-TO-KAH. By Vernon Z. Reed. New York: Continental Publishing Company. \$1.00.

With this little bundle of charming tales a rival seems to have entered the field of Mr. Owen Wister, who has recently been the only writer having much to say of the Indians of Mexico and the Far Southwest. These new stories reveal little if any of the literary quality distinguishing Mr. Wister's work—the author's statement in the preface that they have been hastily written was rather unnecessary—but they glow with such warmth, tenderness and exaltation that they are full of charm. Mr. Reed idealises the types which Mr. Wister realises; his Indians are as purely imaginary as *Hia-watha* and *Laughing Water*, whereas Mr. Wister's are drawn from life and true to the line. But realism is dying! Long live idealism! and may we speedily come to believe that the finest makes the strongest and longest appeal; that the highest ideals must always stand for man universal. It seems to be a perception of this, conscious or otherwise, which lifts these somewhat crude romances of Indian life high above the commonplace. *Lo-to-Kah*, the uncivilised, typifies the noblest traits of manhood as impersonally as *Sir Galahad* and is as distinctively a representative of chivalry as *Don Quixote*. The probabilities do not enter into consideration; one is swept along by the rush of the wild horses on which the red lovers fly through the first tale as unquestioningly as one follows the fortune of *Launcelot's* lance when it does battle for *Guinevere*. In the second story the supernatural is taken into account and continues throughout the rest of the work to dominate the stories as it does the life of the Indians. The belief in the reincarnation of the soul is part of their religion, and the power of sending the spirit away from the living body temporarily is also an article of their faith, as well as the possibility of holding communion with the spirits of the dead. Out of all this the author has woven half a dozen notably readable romances, most of which are made all the more effective by being told in the first person by *Lo-to-Kah* himself, with a poetic fervour that makes all unreal things seem half true and all true things half unreal.

ONE MAN WHO WAS CONTENT. By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

The departure of a well-known writer in a new direction is always an interesting event. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has written heretofore almost exclusively of architecture and art, so that it seems a notable change to find this little volume dealing with the erection of a noble life

upon wrecked hopes; and with nature—human nature—in its least artificial aspect. The work can hardly be described as fiction. The first paper is too profound, too finished, and, most of all, too impersonal to be called a character sketch; for the struggle of the man is the struggle of mankind, no harder, bitterer, nor grimmer; and the great commandment to him is the great commandment to all, not to be cowardly, not to be reasonless; to refuse to be defeated, and to refuse to let aught that remains of good in the world slip through a nerveless hand. To stand firm against desperation and despair.

"Who, indeed, can decide which is more awful—a hell of intermittent flames, or one that is sheathed in steadily grinding ice? No man—not even the man who has gone down for the time into the heart of the one and the other."

The three sketches which complete the collection are stories certainly, but scarcely fiction, since they seem unmistakable studies of real life. "Mary" makes pathetic revelation of the loneliness and isolation that wealth cannot prevent, of the powerlessness of riches to buy the love that can alone bring happiness to age. "The Lustigs" and "Corinna's Piametta" also sound the note of the universal, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer's work is apt to do. And much humour of a delicious quality mingles with the melancholy of both these last named stories, making them the most memorable as well as the most notable of all.

THE MERRY MAID OF ARCADY. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Company. \$1.50.

As an exponent of social ethics from the distinctively American standpoint Mrs. Harrison has never had a rival, and this new volume shows increased ability to hold her own. Most of the stories—all, indeed, with the single exception of "The Secret of San Juan"—follow the familiar trend with more spirit and humour than have appeared in the author's recent work. And with this restoration comes a new element which enlarges these fine etchings, giving them softness and beauty as well as keenness and truth. Several of the sketches, notably the first, the third, and the seventh, sound depths far beyond the shallows that usually bound such themes. The appealing tenderness of "The Merry Maid of Arcady" makes the heart swell while the lips smile. A feeling of the sadness of life stirs tremulously beneath the "Leaves from the Diary," notwithstanding the surface attention to the social whirl. But farther and deeper than any reaches "The Stranger within Thy Gates," the arraignment that we must all face, sooner or later, in one form or another; that not even madame in her silken and scented boudoir may hope to escape, if a conscience ache behind her jewels. The pitiful little story brings a sting, too, as well as an ache, and sets one to wondering how much of the world's philanthropy is reality and how much is pose; and whether there are not almost as many unthinking followers of religious as of temporal modes. The author does not preach about it; she simply tells the story of a fashionable woman who is so absorbed in the theoretical betterment of women that she has no time, and scarcely an inclination to hold her own

housemaid away from the gulf. We have all seen the philanthropist urging the idea while ignoring the individual. The spectacle is not, unfortunately, a rare one, especially to those who have studied organisations of women. But it cannot be pointed out too often, and the serving of such strong meat with Mrs. Harrison's social syllabub gives her work new importance.

A WILLING TRANSGRESSOR. By A. G. Plympton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.

The story which gives title to the book is the longest as well as the best of the six composing the collection. It is written with little apparent perception of the artistic effects of which the incidents of the tale are especially susceptible, yet the author has somehow brought her characters before the reader with singular distinctness. Without any striking originality they are nevertheless very real—so real, indeed, that we seem to have met them often before, to have known them intimately a long time. But this being true of the characterisation in the main, there are also bright touches that give freshness to the work, as in the description of the little old maid, who looks in her brown dress with white spots "like a guinea-hen," and who shows her most discreditable thoughts with a naïve "you-know-how-it-is air" that forces you to step down from your pedestal of superhuman virtue. The second story, "The Scandal of Scarborough," is notable chiefly in its using the Mind Cure and Christian Science as synonymous terms. The two may seem to the outsider to mean much the same thing, but the initiated knows how indignantly any such suggestion is spurned by both, and how vital are the superiorities urged by each. "A Case of Conscience" has little merit as a story, but it sparkles with bright thought. Most of us have realised the feelings of the girl who suffers from another's idle, eager curiosity, until she thinks she "must have little holes all over her skin, like the bark of a tree that has been bored by a woodpecker." The same charm holds in the last three stories, the epigrammatic quality of the work offsetting the weakness of its structure, so that the book is really more readable than a great deal of much better writing.

A CHANCECHILD. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.00.

This volume of four stories, of which the titular tale is the first and the most important—if any may be called important—will add nothing to the reputation which the author has won by other work. *Told in the Hills* especially promised a good deal, and *A Pagan of the Alleghanies* also struck a strong, fresh note, but none of the traits which made these stories notable appear in the new book. The first story deals with a subject that must always appeal to sympathy—the position of those unfortunates who have no legal right to existence; but the pathos with which this subject is necessarily invested becomes bathos under the treatment of the author. Characterisation has never been among the strong points of her most successful work, and the characters figuring in these stories are the merest shadows. There is no distinct impression of this chance child, with her "bronze-ringleted head," and indeed the

compound adjective is about the most distinctive feature of the entire tale. And after the titular story there seems to be no purpose in the tales beyond a general tendency toward the morbid, while the effect as a whole is singularly incongruous. It is hard to keep one's bearings, to remember whether one is reading of life in the Old or New World; for it requires a long leap of the imagination to go with the turning of a leaf from Sweden to South Carolina, from an Old World tragedy to a New World farce. But a still greater effort will be required—on the part of Southerners at least—to understand how a "black mammy" could possibly say of a young white lady, "I've nursed her an' tended her sence she was a little pickaninny." Since pickaninnies are small negroes, the only explanation would seem to be that for once an Ethiopian had changed her skin.

PALLADIA. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The charm of *The Brown Ambassador* ensures a hearing for the author's new book, but although it has the anticipated excellence, it is so unlike the foregoing work in motive, manner, and spirit, that it might well be the work of another pen. Whereas *The Brown Ambassador* is a fascinating and rather light portrayal of the adventures of a brilliant cat and an enterprising dog, the human element being entirely subordinated, *Palladia* is a grave and even strenuous presentation of the tragic aspect of human life. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to imagine more tragic literary material than may be found in lives passed within the awful shadow of the White Tsar's throne, and it is here that the scene of the story is laid. The environment and the types are distinctively of the Russian court. The two central figures are a princess and a grand duke, and the wretchedness arising from the reluctant marriage into which they are urged by the obligations of their rank furnishes the motive of the tale. The work is firm and intimate in tone, thus producing a realistic effect, especially in the descriptive portions; and the feeling of the story throughout is of the profoundest pessimism, which faith does not brighten.

"Each day's journey is as the walking of a narrow plank in great darkness over chasms that sink out of sight, and the heart is like to sink there, too, out of loneliness on that deathly way, and there is no warm hand-clasp at the slippery places, no dear companion trying the hard steps first, and calling cheerily that all is well and the lights are in sight. A bitter march from dawn to night, with no tried mate to share the rough shanty and the traveller's bread when the day's march is done. Only far away beyond the jagged peaks and the cruel passes and the mist-blind moorland, so far that thousands of days of wayfaring lie between us and it—the still, white radiance that dies not in the sunlight nor strengthens in the starlight, shows where the beloved left the door open into peace when he passed through. And the foolish ones playing on the southern slopes warm with the fires beneath, they who seek new sins and sell them dear to one another in their hunger for hell, look up to us on the cold passes and cry mocking, 'Behold such an one, he believes there is a light over the hills! That he will find his dead beyond! Hi! Poor fool! Thy heaven is space, thy hope is a lie! Self is real and sin is sweet. Come down and be warm with us!'"

WHITE SAND. By M. C. Balfour. New York: The Merriam Co. \$1.25.

The central idea of this story is that everlasting thesis which appears entirely tenable to most men, and absolutely untenable to most

women—the complete divisibility and the coexistence of a man's love for a good woman and for a bad woman. It cannot be claimed that the author, whom the point of view seems to reveal as a woman, offers any solution of this heretofore insoluble problem, nor can it be conceded that she has grasped the situation with even the average firmness and power. Yet the subject, however clumsily approached, catches and fixes the attention, holding, as it always has held and doubtless always must hold, a place of vital importance in a reasonably complete knowledge and understanding of human nature.

"'Yes,' he sighed hopelessly; 'and I love you in spite of it. I love you; but it's no use telling you that, it's an insult—from me. . . . Perhaps you might not have guessed, and I need not have told you. . . . But I could not bear that there should be anything between us, even the smallest lie—and, at least, I have told you the truth.'"

He does not see—man rarely sees—that it is this very truth-telling that she most bitterly resents, because it forces her to a decision which she would rather ignore—a decision which either way must be a fatal blow to her happiness, since forgiveness she knows will lower her in the estimation of the transgressor. And this woman voices the feeling that most women are afraid to put into words.

"'I think,' she said aloud, 'that there is much to be said for a well-dressed lie. Truth is so—disgustingly—naked.'"

And then, driving her to the wall, he goes blindly on to say that he cannot promise that he will not fall again.

"'It disgusts me to look back on it. But at the same time—I—it amuses me—abominably. Don't misunderstand that. I want you to know my utter degradation. It amuses me—damnable.'"

Turning at bay, she flashes out the secret thought that has often lain silent in the heart of the purest of women:

"'I don't see why I shouldn't be damnable amusing too.'"

Another love-story of a more conventional kind runs through the book, and it was apparently the intention of the author to make it the leading one, but this thesis soon becomes the central idea.

- MR. BILLY BUTTONS. By Walter Lecky. New York: Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

Mr. Lecky has evidently not as yet become completely conscious of the importance of the title of a book, for otherwise he would never have made doubtful the commercial success of the present volume by giving it a name which instantly arouses prejudice in the mind of the prospective buyer. When *Mr. Billy Buttons* came to us we refrained from opening it for several weeks, being certain that it must be just another mess of cheap mechanical wit such as one finds, for example, in the productions of Mr. Hayden Carruth; and in this way we unconsciously did the book a great injustice; but Mr. Lecky has himself to blame in having handicapped his really admirable volume when he named it. *Mr. Billy Buttons* is a collection of stories linked together by the fact that they are told by a single narrator, and by the fact that, taken as a whole, they give a compact and

sympathetic picture of a little Adirondack village near the Canadian border. Mr. Lecky knows his ground very thoroughly; he has keen observation, a quick eye for the picturesque, and an exceptional command of the sources alike of pathos and of humour; and hence the book is thoroughly good reading from end to end. The odd types in so isolated a community are well and truly sketched—some of them, such as the good Père Monnier, the weird little Jenny Sauvé, and Mr. Billy Buttons himself, a typical Adirondack guide, being persons to remember. We rather regret that the publishers have thought fit to style the series in which this book appears "The Catholic Series;" for what have "Catholic" and "Protestant" to do with literature as such? And even more than the title of the volume itself, this label, smacking as it does of the *odium theologicum*, must limit the circulation of a book that deserves from every lover of good writing a cordial welcome.

- A SINGER'S HEART. By Anna Farquhar. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.25.

This story seems to have the value that attaches to an actual human experience aside from any artistic considerations. The very absence of art may have something to do with the autobiographical feeling of the work. And, since a book should as nearly as possible be judged for what it is, not for what it might or ought to be, this must be called good of its kind. The awkward earnestness of the opening pages carries conviction. The first awakening of an artist soul imprisoned within domestic environment has been less vividly described by many better writers. The ruthless haste with which every fettering obstacle, no matter how sacred, is thrust aside is true to the cruelty of genius, if false to literary art. The instinctive rush of the artistic temperament toward erotic experience—not so much for love's sake as in the desire for the power that passion is assumed to give art—makes an apparently unconscious revelation of an aspect of genius that the ungifted would rather not see. The singer too readily takes it for granted that the fiddler is unmarried, and becomes too promptly conscious that the atmosphere surrounding them thrills with the "feeling of a day when electrical storm clouds are looming." Perhaps it is true, as the singer says, that the artist must feel to be great. But it can hardly be true that real love, such as moves the deep nature of the soul, comes or goes by invitation, either on or off the stage. By proving such a possibility the author would become a great benefactor of the human race, greater far than the greatest writer or the greatest singer that has ever lived. The sidelights thrown on the artistic point of view by this phase of the story are not edifying. They arouse suspicion of the integrity of feeling which is regarded as stock in trade. Nor does the early and easy transfer of the singer's affections in any wise lessen this impression. On the contrary, it gathers strength to the end of the story up to the very last paragraph, in which the tragic death of this latest lover is casually commented upon mainly as having "developed the tears and the dramatic quality" of the singer's voice. The cruelty of genius and its faithlessness to everything but itself has rarely had such a merciless showing as in this crude work.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

CUBA IN WAR TIME. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. New York: R. H. Russell. \$1.25.

We have this to say of Mr. Davis's book: that of all that has been written and printed regarding Cuba since the present war began, this gives one the clearest and most intelligent understanding of what is actually going on in that unhappy island. To read it is to be on the spot, and perhaps it makes the situation rather less obscure to us than if we actually were on the spot; for not every one has Mr. Davis's gift—the gift of a heaven-born observer—to extricate the essential facts from the mass of confusing detail and set them before the mind with vividness and insight. When we finish this volume of some 150 pages, we have been in the field and at the trocha, have marched with the Spanish troops and witnessed the marauding which they call war, and have seen with our own eyes exactly what is happening. Mr. Davis writes in a direct, straightforward fashion, with no attempt at rhetoric, but the narrative is full of absorbing interest because he knows just what things to pick out, and thus he makes us read on and on till the last page has been reached. We have seen the book taken up by persons who, curiously enough, had no especial interest in Mr. Davis, and who had scarcely heard that there is a war in Cuba, and they have invariably sat down to finish the volume at a reading. We might, as usual in Mr. Davis's writing, select instances of inaccurate English and faulty style; but when a person can force you to read him in spite of yourself, he can very well afford to let the niceties of usage and the pedantry of purists all go hang. As to Mr. Remington's drawings, they have a certain interest, but it is a very mild one, and they are nothing to be proud of.

SOME MASTERS OF LITHOGRAPHY. By Ather-ton Curtis. With 22 photogravure plates after representative lithographs. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$12.00.

When so luxurious a piece of bookmaking as the present volume comes along, it helps to refute the charge commonly brought against publishers nowadays of simply truckling to use and wont, caring nothing for art and beauty and intrinsic worth, seeking only that which will further the ends of sordid gain. The sale of a book like this is very limited, as its appeal is mainly to genuine art-lovers; and it is, therefore, all the more creditable to the publishers who have undertaken its publication. The edition consists of only 750 copies, and to those who can appreciate the literary value of the work, the fine artistic execution of the lithographs reproduced in photogravure, the excellence of the bookmaking, the price will appear very moderate indeed. The plan of the author has been to select a few of the greatest lithographers for the purpose of showing what has been done in an art which for many years has been sadly neglected. To this end he has wisely made such selections as shall best illustrate the artist's work, and, above all, the qualities in which he excelled. Regarding the illustrations, they give a good idea of

the originals, and are, on the whole, remarkably successful reproductions. And while the reader must not take these photogravures as substitutes for the original lithographs, he would be surprised to see how fairly the general effects of the prints have been reproduced and retained. Indeed, in many cases these illustrations give a better idea of the style of the artists, and present a fairer view of the original results than can be had from worn impressions from the original stones. Etching can do things unknown to lithography, just as burin-engraving can do things impossible in either of them; but as Mr. Curtis admonishes us in his preface:

"While admiring the great works produced by the burin and the etching needle let us not forget that lithography, too, has had its great masters—men who can stand beside the Dürers, the Rembrandts, and the Meryons with no fear of suffering by comparison. If that ideal time ever comes when works of art are appreciated for their own merits, when collecting is no longer governed by fashion, but turns to everything that is good, regardless of the medium by which it is done, then the great masters of lithography will take the place they deserve among the immortals. As we marvel now at the ages that could ignore the greatness of Rembrandt, so surely will the time come when people will wonder at the ignorance that failed to understand the genius of Gavarni and Raffet."

Mr. Curtis's thorough mastery and scientific grasp of the subject proves him to be a patient and careful student, gifted with insight and imagination trained to exact appreciation and soundness of judgment. Nor is he lacking in those qualities of the mind which irradiate the technicalities of art and make them luminous to the uninitiated. The work is a highly creditable performance both to author and publishers.

THE STORY OF JANE AUSTEN'S LIFE. By Oscar Fay Adams. Second edition. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$2.00.

A CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES; OR, THE STORY OF A BOOK. By Curtis Guild. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

In these two books before us we have demonstrated two very different methods, that of Mr. Adams illustrating the literary method, and that of Mr. Guild the journalistic method. *The Story of Jane Austen's Life* was originally published in 1891, the particular reason for its production in addition to those in existence being set forth by the author as "a desire to place Jaffe Austen before the world as the winsome, delightful woman that she was, and thus dispel the unattractive, not to say forbidding, mental picture which so many have formed of her." This new edition has been revised, extended, and made especially interesting by the addition of eighteen illustrations from photographs of places associated with Miss Austen and her novels. The biography is adequate and reliable, and the story is told with sustained interest.

As the title of Mr. Guild's book at once indicates, it belongs to the class made up of gleanings in a field already reaped and garnered. Reminiscences, recollections, anecdotes, observations, and personalities galore are scattered over 300 pages about all sorts and kinds of celebrities, from Tennyson to Tom Thumb. It makes



a very good book for those who like to get their stories and jests about celebrated people at second hand, and has therefore a certain value. It is the sort of thing that only a journalist could furnish, as the peculiarly favourable nature of his occupation brings him into direct and constant contact with notable people. Mr. Guild's "chats" are drawn from a journalistic career of fifty years.

**THE COLONIAL TAVERN: A Glimpse of New England Town Life in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.** By Edward Field. Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Not if you live in the nineteenth century. You take your ease in a hotel sumptuously planned for the comfort and luxury of "families" without children, or in a club where you may seclude yourself from undesirable company; or if these are unattainable and your tastes lie that way, in a "saloon."

The old-fashioned tavern, with its simple, often rude, always democratic mingling of neighbours and strangers, is a thing of the past. Such a study as this of Mr. Field is highly entertaining in itself and historically important. It gives a peep into an unfamiliar phase of early New England life. Among other things, the dissipations of our staid Puritan forefathers are disclosed. It may seem shocking, but it is apparently a fact that they were careful to have the tavern built close to the "meeting house," so that between the double

hour-glass sermons delivered in a freezing atmosphere, worshippers might have a place to warm themselves and means for the spirituous as well as spiritual refreshment of the inner man. In those ante railroad days, those days of genuine village life, the tavern was a factor whose importance has been scarcely appreciated, and this handsomely printed and pleasantly written volume deserves a place in the studies of the social aspects of New England life during the colonial period.

**HOW TO LIVE LONGER.** By J. R. Hayes, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Dr. Hayes, who is Medical Examiner to the Bureau of Pensions, has written at once a very sensible and a very readable book. How sensible it is, any one who has any practical knowledge of dietetics and hygiene can see at a glance; and everybody will find it interesting. It resembles the talk of an exceedingly well informed and well-balanced physician, who points his advice with concrete illustrations and enlivens it with apt quotation. Some of his citations, indeed, show a rather remarkable eclecticism, inasmuch as they range from Pythagoras and Bichat and Browning to Dr. T. De Witt Talmage and Mrs. Frank Leslie; but this is a minor detail. If the average man would only read this book and remember its very plain and simple suggestions, he would presently become more cheerful in mind, more healthy in body, and better assured of a longer and more useful life.

## THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

### EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1897.

Sales for the past month have continued rather light, although the publications have been numerous, including many works by popular authors of the day. The output, however, seems to be in excess of the demand, as even the largest dealers find it difficult in many instances to dispose of the quantities which have to be taken to secure bottom rates.

Among the most prominent of the month's publications may be mentioned *Lads' Love*, by S. R. Crockett; *Miss Archer Archer*, by Clara Louise Burnham; *Prisoners of Conscience*, by Amelia E. Barr, and *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, by William Dean Howells, while the demand for *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, by Paul Leicester Ford, and *Hilda Strafford*, by Beatrice Harraden, has been especially great. In addition there are new novels by Rosa N. Carey, Robert Barr, Henry James, Frank R. Stockton, and Margaret Deland.

Several new titles have been added to the list on out-door subjects, notably *Lawns and Gardens*, by N. Johnson-Rose; *The Procession of the Flowers*, by T. W. Higginson, and *Nature in a City Yard*, by C. M. Skinner.

Another feature of recent publications has been the numerous memoirs and biographies, including *The Life of Nelson*, by Captain

A. T. Mahan; *Memoirs of Baron Lejeune*, and *Martha Washington*, by Anna H. Wharton. This class of literature, with a few exceptions, is hardly expected to reach any considerable sale.

The temporary suppression of *The Triumph of Death*, by Gabriele D'Annunzio, created a decided demand for this book and a call for some other books of a questionable character.

This spring's publications generally have been noticeable for their attractive appearance; the variety of colours in the cloth bindings, the cleverness displayed in the side stamps and the deckle edge of the paper are features very pronounced and much admired. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have been particularly fortunate in these respects with their recent publications.

*Cap and Gown*, second series, by F. L. Knowles, is the continuation of a selection of college poetry popular for the College Commencement time, and *Life's Comedy*, first series, selections from life, are likely to meet with a considerable sale.

Among religious subjects there are the *Presbyterian Book of Common Prayer*, by C. W. Shields; *Religion in History and Modern Life*, by A. M. Fairbairn; *The Spiritual Development of St. Paul*, by G. Matheson, and two small books by Mrs. Ballington Booth.

Notwithstanding the reputation of the au-



thors represented in the publications for April, we find some of the older books still in large demand. *Quo Vadis* has continued to lead in point of sale, with *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *Phroso*, *Ziska*, and *On the Face of the Waters* well to the fore. *Farthest North*, *Forty-one Years in India*, and books of travel generally, have also sold readily.

Although the season for paper-bound stock is now at hand, there is little of importance to offer. The Riverside Paper Series, containing many titles by well-known authors, is again being issued in a new and tasteful binding, and other lines are published regularly, but are not selling to any extent.

Announced for instant publication are *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen; *A Rose of Yesterday*, by F. Marion Crawford, and *In the Tideway*, by Flora A. Steel; and also new books by Dean Farrar, Octave Thanet, Opie Read, and "Ouida."

Sales for the past month indicate the following books in order of popularity:

*Quo Vadis*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
The Triumph of Death. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. \$1.50.

On the Face of the Waters. By Flora A. Steel. \$1.50.

Bob Covington. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.25.

Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. \$1.25.

Ziska. By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.

The Quest of the Golden Girl. By Richard Le Gallienne. \$1.50.

The Pomp of the Lavillettes. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.25.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.

Titus. By Florence M. Kingsley. Paper, 5 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

The Wrestler of Philippi. By Fannie E. Newberry. Paper, 5 cents; cloth, 20 cents.

That Affair Next Door. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Miss Archer Archer. By Clara Louise Burnham. \$1.25.

The Wisdom of Fools. By Margaret Deland. \$1.25.

The Green Book. By Maurus Jokai. \$1.50.

## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1897.

April trade was fairly good during the first half of the month, but fell off somewhat toward the latter end. The average, however, was far from being a bad one. The demand for new books was again a marked feature of the business done, the latest spring books going especially well. Trade has been very even in its miscellaneous aspect so far this year, the demand having been right along very regular and general.

Easter trade was never at any time particularly lively, and at times was almost dull. As a whole it does not compare very well with previous years, but probably the lateness of Easter this year may account for it. *Easter Bells*, by

Margaret E. Sangster, sold very well, as also did Irene Jerome's *Seven Glad Days*.

Mr. Mabie's various books of essays are good stock and always sell readily, but the sale of his latest volume, *Books and Culture*, has been quite remarkable. Although published some six months ago, and meeting with an exceptional demand during the holidays, the work is still selling almost as freely as when it first came out.

Sales of sixteenmos are particularly good, considering the time of the year, the Phoenix Series especially being in good demand.

April added quite a number of good selling books to the spring list, the best of them being *Miss Archer Archer*, by Clara Louise Burnham; *Lads' Love*, by S. R. Crockett; *A Story-Teller's Pack*, by F. R. Stockton; *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, by W. D. Howells; *The Mutable Many*, by Robert Barr; *Hilda Strafford*, by Beatrice Harraden; *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, by Paul Leicester Ford, all of which belong to the domain of fiction. In other classes, Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* was more than favourably received, while Donald G. Mitchell's *American Lands and Letters* is having a large sale.

Sales of Walt Whitman's poems and Whitmaniana generally have greatly increased lately. Perhaps a Whitman cult is arising.

Out-door books are in lively demand now, especially those on farming, gardening, and similar pursuits; the sale of these last month being especially good.

Sales of electrical books and works relating to technical science in all of its branches have been very good indeed since the new year opened. The field for this class of books is widening all the time.

*Eating and Drinking*, by Dr. Albert H. Hoy, which tells, among other things, how life may be prolonged, had quite a good call last month. From the avidity with which works of this kind are bought, it would appear that even if suicides are increasing, the majority still desire a longer innings. *How to Live Longer*, by J. R. Hayes, is also very popular.

*Quo Vadis* still keeps up its wonderful run, its sale being more than double that of anything else last month. *Farthest North* met with a good, steady demand, and the sale of *The Honourable Peter Stirling* is still moving upward. *On the Red Staircase* did very well; but most of the other popular favourites show a slight decrease in the sales record. This, of course, is only what may be expected at this time of the year.

*Cuba in War Time*, by Richard Harding Davis, is having a good reception, the pictures by Remington being quite a feature of the book.

The favourite books of the month as indicated by their sales are:

*Quo Vadis*. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.

On the Face of the Waters. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. \$1.50.

Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.

Farthest North. By Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. 2 vols. \$10.00.

On the Red Staircase. By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.

Margaret Ogilvie. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.

Phroso. By Anthony Hope. \$1.75.

Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.  
 Ziska. By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.  
 The Pomp of the Lavillettes. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.25.  
 Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.  
 Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.  
 Flames. By Robert Hitchens. \$1.50.  
 Hilda Strafford. By Beatrice Harraden. \$1.25.  
 The Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.25.  
 American Lands and Letters. By Donald G. Mitchell. \$2.50.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 22 to April 17, 1897.

Lent is always a quiet time with the bookseller, and the present season has not been an exception, but the volume of trade has been so far satisfactory. There has not been quite so much Lent literature sold as is usual, at least so far as the wholesale trade is concerned. Orders from abroad are coming in in fair numbers and volume.

The war in the East is directing attention to books on the countries involved, noticeably Miller's *The Balkans*, and works of a like nature.

The 6s. novel is still the staple article of commerce in the trade. The leaders in their order of merit are, *The Massarenes*, *The Sign of the Cross*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *Phroso*, and *Flames*. A few 3s. 6d. novels have appeared, but the 6s. form still holds its own, and that it may long continue to do so is the ardent wish of the bookseller.

The approach of the "Diamond Jubilee" has revived the "Jubilee" lives of the Queen and stories of the Queen's reign, but little that is new has appeared. The exception is *Sixty Years a Queen*, issued in parts. Tens of thousands of the first number have been sold. A curiosity of the former class of book was published a week or two since, which seriously states on the title-page that it is *revised to June, 1897*. Rather prophetic this! There is a slight revival of interest in South African affairs. Garrett's *African Crisis* and Trooper Peter Halket are now selling freely.

With the return of spring, books dealing with gardening and out-door pursuits generally are noticeable on the orders received daily from all parts.

The bookseller has been chosen as the medium for distributing the stamps (1s. and 2s. 6d.) of the Prince of Wales Hospital Fund. Here is a chance of a little extra business for the bookseller, who should not overlook it. It is expected that the demand will be enormous, while the issue is limited.

The Nansen boom is subsiding, but it has been a good one while it lasted. A good-selling two-guinea book is always welcome.

A little book on etiquette by Mrs. Humphry, entitled *Manners for Men*, is very popular. A glance at its contents and style will at once account for this.

Mention must be made of Whitaker's *Directory of Titled Persons*. It is still in demand, and seems to be just the book that was wanted.

The sale of Canon Gore's *Sermon on the Mount* is still very good, and so also is that of Goldwin Smith's *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence*. In the case of the latter, the supply has at times been inadequate to the demand.

Since last month's article was in type, it has been ascertained that the number of new books and new editions issued during the month of March was close upon 600. It may be that publishers are pushing their new books forward in anticipation of the reaction which is sure to follow the Jubilee celebration.

Appended is a list of books which may be taken as a fair index to the public taste. Works of a more serious or scientific character appear for the moment to be neglected.

The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.  
 The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.  
 On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.

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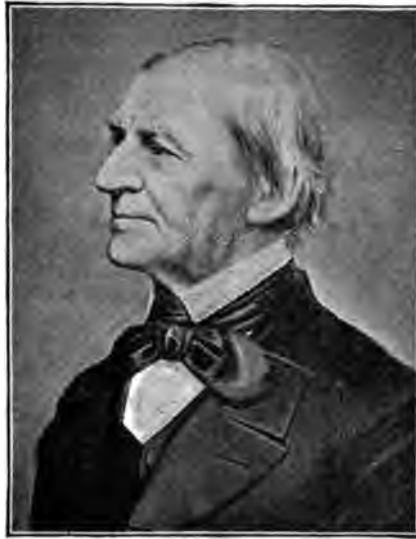
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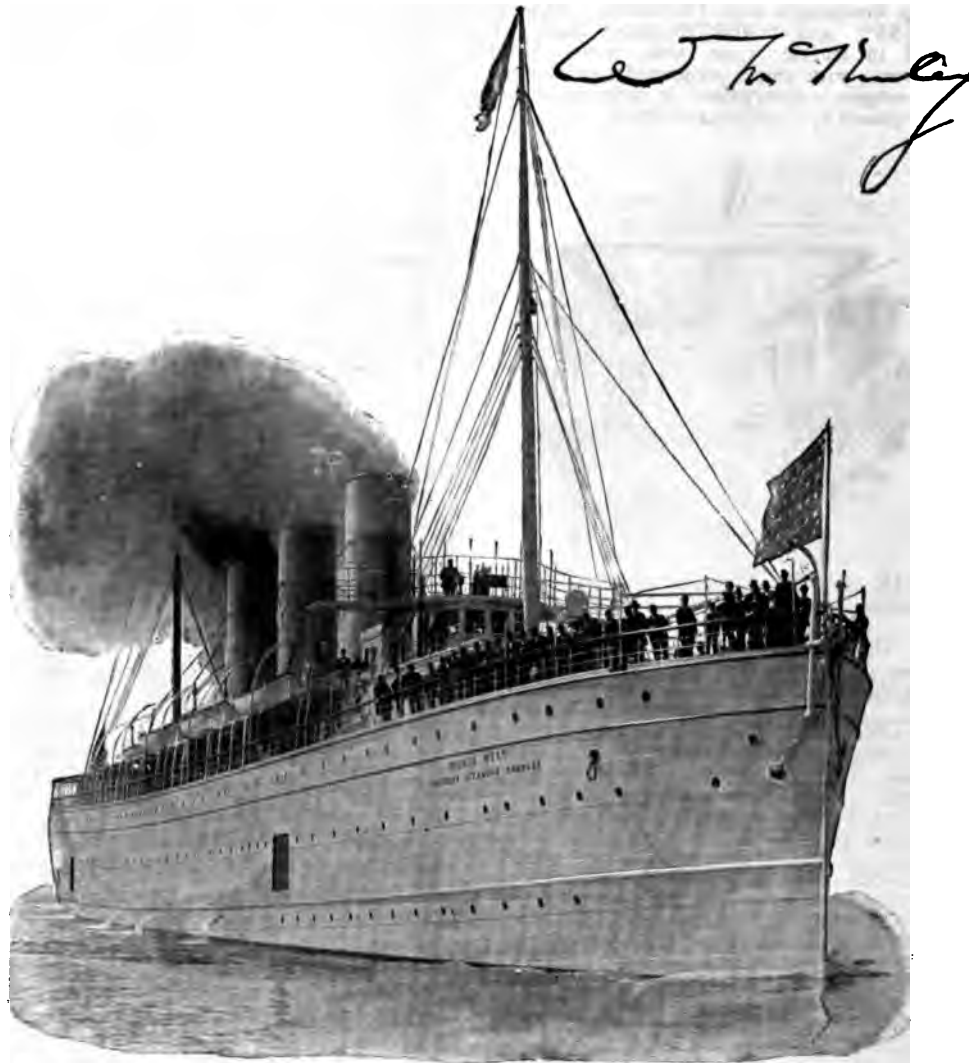
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A LITERARY JOURNAL.

JULY

VOL. V.

JULY, 1897.

No. 5.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

*The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

We congratulate the University of Cambridge upon its wisely conservative action regarding the proposed admission of women to candidacy for its degrees.



Reminiscence of the Brunetière Lectures.—*Lady (reading her lecture-card just before the lecturer enters).* Well, that's queer ! *Roman.* Roman what ? Why doesn't it tell us ? Is it Roman History or Roman Literature ? Literature, I suppose. (*Her neighbour explains.*) Oh, yes, of course ! *Her Neighbour (after the lecture has begun).* Wouldn't you like to sit nearer the front of the box, so that you can hear him better ? *The Lady.* Oh, dear no ! Thanks very much, but I'm so perfectly familiar with French that I can understand every word right where I am !



Messrs. Meyer Brothers of this city have just published a volume of selections from Marcel Prévost's *Lettres de Femmes* and *Nouvelles Lettres de Femmes*, translated by Mr. Arthur Hornblow. M. Prévost has just finished a third volume entitled *Dernières Lettres de Femmes*. They will be copyrighted in England and in this country.



A French version of Mr. Meredith's *Essay on Comedy* is in preparation. It will be published by *Le Mercure de France*.



The English serial story which commences in the June number of *Cosmopolis* is by Mr. Joseph Conrad, the author of *Almayer's Folly* and *An Outcast of the*

*Islands*. It is entitled *An Outpost of Civilisation*.



We should like to ask why *Cosmopolis*, which professes to be an international magazine in the widest sense of the word, has never yet published a line by an American writer, and does not mention the name of any such in its announcements for the future ? It should get a new title more truly descriptive of its editorial attitude. How would *The Parish* do ?



Among forthcoming volumes the *Educator* announces *The Choir Divisible (sic)*, by James Lane Allen.



Headlines from the literary column of a Kentucky newspaper :

### RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The Author of "Quo Vadis," "Spring-Time Prose" and "Stories of the West."



We hear that Mr. Anthony Hope's successful novel, *Phroso*, is to be dramatised by Mr. Edward Rose in collaboration with Mr. H. V. Esmond, and that Mr. Charles Frohman has already acquired an interest in the play which these two dramatists are to produce.



Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, *The Swallow*, will be published in this country and in England by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, subsequent to serial publication on both sides of the Atlantic and in the colonies.



Drawn by S. H. Sime.

In order to explain the significance of the accompanying clever drawing, which we reproduce from the *Sketch*, to those of our readers who have not yet been captivated by Marie Corelli, we would say that Ziska, the heroine of Miss Corelli's new book, is the reincarnation of a dancing-girl of ancient Egypt, while the hero is a cynical Parisian artist named Gervase, who also turns out to be a reincarnation of a warrior of old time, Araxes by name. When we say that these two had been lovers in their former state, it can be seen at a glance that the situation conjured up by the author leads to some harrowing *contretemps*. By the way, does Miss Corelli intend to define the class that forms the majority of her readers when at a certain stage of this book she considers it necessary to explain certain topographical details "for the benefit of those among the untravelled English who have not yet broken a soda-water bottle against the Sphinx, or eaten sandwiches to the immortal memory of Cheops"? Rather an abrupt and severe way of sizing up one's public, surely!

We wish that people who send us books for review or manuscripts for publication would stop sending at the same time printed or type-written copies of commendatory remarks made about their work by reviewers and other literary authorities. In the first place, we never read any of these, and if we did they wouldn't have any weight. We like to form our own opinions for ourselves, and not to get them second-hand. Furthermore, when we find so much unanimity of opinion as to the transcendent merits of a book, we feel that there can't possibly be anything left for us to say on that head, and so we are obliged, as a matter of conscience, to find all the fault we can, and show up the other side. As a matter of fact, any one, apparently, can get any sort of an opinion from eminent writers if he will only bore them long enough to make them reckless. There was a book of verses that came to us last Christmas, the sort of verses that our office-boy could write by the mile if he wasn't afraid of losing his place; and in it came a printed slip with remarks more or less eulogistic from seven of the most eminent authors in this country. We should like to have these gentlemen obliged to write a formal and critical explanation of just why they found this verse so fine.

⊗

A personal letter from London notes that during the past month the number of books taken out from Mudie's is the smallest ever known for any similar period in the history of this famous library. Cause—the Jubilee.

⊗

The address which the Hon. John Hay delivered at the unveiling of the Memorial Bust of Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey, on May 21st, will be published in a few days by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Hay justified his presence in connection with a ceremony in which Scot-

land is so much interested on the ground that he was for the time being the representative of a part of Sir Walter Scott's immense constituency. His father had told him that when Sir Walter was at the height of his fame men in the backwoods of Kentucky used to ride many miles to the nearest post-town in order to get the latest novel by the author of *Waverley*. Mr. Hay told of the delight with which the inhabitants of the young country read tales of romantic castles. His remark recalls Mr. Ruskin's jocose declaration that he could not endure to live in a country where there were no castles. Notwithstanding Sir Walter Scott's undoubted mental powers, Mr. Hay thought that his moral influence was still greater, for his ideals were lofty and pure.

In an address on "The Art of Being Human," recently delivered before Miss Hersey's school in Boston by Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University, some sound doctrine about literature was propounded from this text taken from Bagehot: "The rarest sort of a book is a book to read, and the knack in style is to write like a human being." Professor Wilson has made this doctrine peculiarly his own, enforcing it with geniality and apt illustration. He is one of the few men who are doing an invaluable service toward a proper understanding of the true function of literature at a time when the philologists and other literary anatomists are treating the work of the masters as mere raw material for their investigations. We learn that this interesting address will be published at an early date in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

We understand that Mr. Thomas Hardy, who has been discouraged by the persistent misconception of many readers and critics, intends to abandon the problems raised in his later novels, and to revert to his earlier manner. His new work is now nearly completed, but it will not be published for some time.

Mrs. Patmore, the widow of Coventry Patmore, had requested Mr. F. G. Stephens to write his biography, but it has been arranged that Mrs. Patmore

shall herself write the book, with the co-operation of Mr. Frederick Greenwood and Mr. Champneys.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has just completed the manuscript of a new short story dealing with Indian life, entitled "The Tomb of His Ancestors." The story will, we hear, first see the light in this country in the Christmas number of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Kipling has also recently completed the manuscript of a new poem, entitled "The Feet of the Young Men."

Mr. Richard le Gallienne will publish in the autumn a volume of poems entitled *London's Love*. Mr. Le Gallienne's next work in prose will be another book of a fanciful type, bearing the title *The Worshipper of the Image*. His rendering of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Kháyyám, which was announced by us to appear in the *Cosmopolitan* for June, was withheld at the last moment, but it is expected that it will be printed in the current number of that magazine.

Under the list of the six best selling books of the month at Los Angeles, Cal., published in our May issue, there was an interesting footnote stating that within two months nearly two hundred copies of the *Rubaiyat* had been sold at one store. This was caused principally by a special window display in one of the book-shops of the town of various editions ranging from 25 cents to \$25.00, and, needless to add, most of the sales were of the cheaper editions. We have since received a copy of the twenty five-cent edition, which is published by the Dodge Book and Stationery Company of San Francisco. The translation is that of Fitzgerald's fourth edition, and there is also his life of Omar and an appendix of notes. It is very tastefully printed and bound in pamphlet form; and fine paper and clear type are used. The same firm promises a successor for 1898 to Mr. Swinnerton's Bear Calendar, which has attracted a good deal of attention and which we noticed in these columns at the beginning of the year.

On another page of this number there



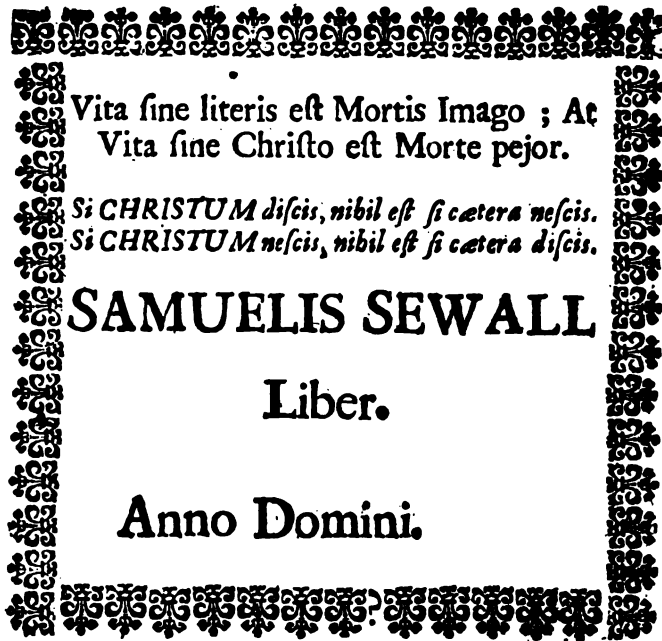
appears a review of a new book about Judge Samuel Sewall, the "New England Pepys," which Mrs. Alice Morse Earle describes in a personal letter as "truly the best picture of Puritan life of that day that has yet been written." In an old volume long unnoticed in a private library in Rhode Island, Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, our esteemed contributor, has recently come upon the

We understand that, at the request of the relatives and friends of the late Professor Henry Drummond, his biography has been undertaken by Professor George Adam Smith. Any persons having letters of Professor Drummond or other matters of interest connected with his work are invited to send the same either to Professor Smith, 22 Sardinia Terrace, Glasgow; to Mr. James W. Drummond, Stirling, Scotland; or to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, London, England. In all cases letters forwarded to them for perusal will be returned. Professor Smith will not be able to begin work sooner than October of this year.



A feature of Professor Drummond's character, which has been missed by many who have given an estimate of the man, was his humour. There was a stately gravity about him which kept outsiders from seeing the playful side of his nature, yet he was fond of little practical jokes, and could hoax

his friends to perfection. An old student friend of his relates that the last time he saw him was at a dinner to which they had been invited to meet a London celebrity who was to address a meeting afterward. Drummond came over to his friend and whispered, "Do you want to go to this meeting?" He shook his head a little sadly, feeling that there was no help for it, and then said with a touch of mischief in his eye, "We'll run." They took an early opportunity, when everybody was attending to the celebrity, to slip out, and went along to Drummond's house with the glee of two schoolboys playing truant. Drummond enjoyed the escape hugely, and chuckled with glee over the joke they had played on the celebrated man. They had got his honey, he said, without his sting.



BOOK-PLATE OF SAMUEL SEWALL.

book-plate which is herewith reproduced. The book which contains it has been identified as undoubtedly the property at one time of Judge Sewall. It is a collection of sermons and discourses in English and Latin, and is marked with marginal notes in a handwriting identical with that of Sewall in the original copy of his diary preserved in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston, and at the conclusion of four sermons, all of them long, "An Holy Panegyrick," "Repentance not to be Repented Of," "The Faithful Subject," "Jacob's Well," the date, August 27th, 1703, is inscribed in Sewall's hand. The curious may try to discover whether this was a Sunday, and if so decide whether the sermons were a substitute for the usual exercises of the day, or an afternoon recreation.

The handsome edition of the works of Francis Parkman, which we announced some months ago as in preparation by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, is about ready for publication. There will be two editions: a superb *édition de luxe*, limited to 308 numbered sets, with an introduction especially prepared for this edition by the eminent historian, Dr. John Fiske. This set will consist of 20 volumes, octavo, and will contain 120 photogravure plates and 4 water-colour fac-similes by Goupil of Paris, and in addition there will be 20 maps and plates printed on Japan paper. The Champlain edition of Parkman will also contain 120 photogravure illustrations, and be published in 20 volumes, consisting of 1225 numbered sets. The price of the *édition de luxe* is \$10 00 a volume; that of the Champlain edition \$3.50. Both editions will be issued by subscription only. The portraits of Parkman which we publish in this number in connection with our "American Bookmen" article on "The Historians, especially Prescott and Parkman," are reproduced from the originals to be used in the new edition of Parkman's works, by permission of the publishers.

We learn from the London *Academy* that *Esther Waters* has recently found an enthusiastic advocate in Tolstoy, who is presenting copies of the novel to his friends, and has written to Mr. George Moore congratulating him on the work. The same number of the *Academy* furnishes us with a new story of De Quincy, which it gleans from the *Scots Pictorial*, a new illustrated paper devoted to the exploitation of Caledonia. In 1851 De Quincy, then living at Lasswade, had to fill up a census paper. It puzzled him considerably. After much thought he entered his occupation as "writer to the magazines," and then his troubles began again over the occupation of his three daughters. After another period of thought he put a ring around their names and wrote: "These are like the lilies of the field; they toil not neither do they spin."

The London *Globe* commenting upon Mr. George Moore's recent article on Stevenson, which has given high offence to Stevenson lovers, says that one of

these persons in offering severe criticism of Mr. George Moore's standard, finished his strictures by remarking, "But, after all, I have no right to talk about Mr. Moore, for I have not read anything he has written, not even his *Lalla Rookh*!" Mr. George Moore, in his article on Stevenson, incidentally makes the admission that he cannot say anything about Montaigne because he has never read him; and Mr. Edmund Gosse, after writing at some length on the popular Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz, winds up by admitting that he has not yet read *Quo Vadis*.

The New York *Life* announces that Ian Maclaren's writings are being translated into English! In juxtaposition to this we learn that an enterprising Glasgow firm of publishers are about to publish a Scottish version of the *Song of Solomon*. The following verses quoted from a specimen sheet afford an example of the work:

"6. Set me as the seal upo' thine hairt, as the seal upo' thy airm; for luv' is strang as deith; jealousy as cruel as the grave: the coals theero' are coals o' fire bleezin' wi' a maist awfu' lowe.  
"7. Mony waters canna slocken luv', neither can the spates droon it; gin a man wad gie a' the haudin's o' his hoose for luv', they wad be atehither scorned."

A customer dropped into a bookseller's the other day and asked for a copy of *The Lady of the Aroostook*. The clerk seemed to be in some doubt about the title, but after a moment's consultation with another salesman he came forward and said blandly, "So sorry we haven't got *The Lady or the Rooster*, but we can give you *The Lady or the Tiger*."

The publication of *The Choir Invisible* marks an important epoch in its author's career. It is the first book of his to be eagerly looked for, and instantaneously noticed by the press throughout the country. It is also his first work to be published simultaneously in America and England, and to command recognition in England. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll devotes nearly two columns to a review of the book in the *British Weekly*, in which he says that one may safely apply to Mr. Allen what Philip Gilbert Hamerton said of Robert Louis Stevenson in the old days, that he is one of the very

few living men who may yet produce something which will be held classical. "To begin with," says Dr. Nicoll,

"Mr. Allen is a man of deep feeling. He understands tragedy—outward and inward—the hidden defeats of the soul as well as the conquests that are counted on the battlefield when the winning and the losing are reckoned. He has a rich, beautiful, and highly cultivated style, bordering often on poetry and very rarely trespassing on forbidden ground. He is steeped in the lore of Kentucky, in its history, in its scenery, in the spirit of its brave men and beautiful women. His sense of religion is very true and entirely catholic. He strives—strives too hard sometimes—to lay his stories on an ethical basis and conduct them to an ethical issue. Every instructed reader feels at once that he is in the company of a man who writes because he must, who has something to say, whose conscience has gone into his work, whose defects, whatever they may be, never come from carelessness and indifference, but rather from a too serious sense of his function. I know very few writers on either side of the Atlantic who give the same impression of fidelity and ardour in all they write."

Then follows an analysis of the story, after which Dr. Nicoll concludes,

"I am conscious that I have done no justice at all to the delicacy and fineness of Mr. Allen's touch, to his careful elaboration, to his honest endeavour to extenuate nothing. . . . Certainly this is no commonplace book, and I have failed to do justice to its beauty, its picturesqueness, its style, its frequent nobility of feeling, and its large, patient charity."

⊗

Mr. George Gissing, who has been by no means well lately, is at present taking a rest from work and recruiting his strength. He says that he spent a great deal more pains on his last book, *The Whirlpool*, than on any of its predecessors, and he thinks that it is the best bit of work he has done as yet. We notice that the book has been widely reviewed in England, but it has not yet appeared in this country. We have just received a copy of the English edition, which will be reviewed in an early number.

⊗

Here's richness! A writer in *Temple Bar*, in an article on "The Birds of Tennyson," brings this poet into contrast with Bryant in the following amusing manner:

"Bryant, a poet of by no means contemptible taste and expression, wrote in his 'Death of the Flowers':

"The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
And from the woodtop calls the crow through all the gloomy day."

Tennyson would never have gathered up two such different notes as those of the jay and the crow in one verb, still less would he have sanctioned the reading of 'caws' for 'calls,' as Bryant is reported to have done. Jays, as a wonderful appreciation of the bird by America's famous humourist will not let us forget, do not 'caw' but laugh."

Now, it appears to us that any boy or girl with a common grammar-school education could tell at a glance that Bryant in this couplet does no such thing as gather up the notes of the jay and the crow in one verb, for the jay has already flown off with the robin and the wren. This question of punctuation reminds us of the construction put on a certain line in Shakespeare's *Richard III.* by a Western scholar, who said that when Clarence exclaims,

"As I am a Christian, faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,"

what he said was,

"As I am a Christian,—faithful man! [addressing Brakenbury]  
I would not spend another such a night."

We submit this to Mr. Locke Richardson.

⊗

We notice that in England Maurus Jókai's popular novel, *The Green Book*, has reached its sixth edition. The Messrs. Harper also report a lively demand for the book on this side.

⊗

We understand that the Doubleday-McClure Company have secured a new book from Mr. Stephen Crane. The date of publication, however, is still uncertain. Some of Mr. Crane's recent work has disconcerted his friendly critics, but after reading his descriptive sketch, entitled "The Open Boat," in the June *Scribner's*, they may have reason to feel that their hopes for his future are not quite groundless.

⊗

Sir Walter Besant is to contribute the principal part of the reading matter in the splendid special Jubilee number of the *Illustrated London News*. He has also written an appropriate article for publication in the ordinary number of the *Queen*, to be issued on or about Jubilee Day.

⊗

The title of Mr. Robert Barr's new novel is *The Countess Tekla*. It will be published serially, both here and in

England, prior to its being issued in book form.



The June number of the *International Studio*, now admitted to be the finest of all the art magazines (John Lane, New York and London), contains an article on the work of Miss Ethel Reed. A number of drawings and sketches representative of Miss Reed's various methods are given, one of which is herewith reproduced. The drawing belongs to a series of *Pierrots* as yet unpublished. No one, says the writer of this article, has depicted the delightfully conceived hero of the *fin de siècle* with finer insight into the character. The *Pierrot* of Miss Reed is psychically akin to the *Punchinello* of Andersen, as you find him preserved in the popular drawing-room song. Her delicious studies of the white-clothed sprite, we are told, are not unworthy to be remembered by the side of Willette's wonderful *Duel* series, *Les Pierrots* (to Melandri's verses), or the *Farandole des Pierrots* (by Émile Vitta), all treasured for the sake of airy fancies that illustrate them. This critic agrees with us in considering Miss Reed's illustrations to the volume of child's verses, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton (Copeland and Day), as the most pleasing and popular work she has yet done. This estimate of Miss Reed's artistic work shows by far a more discriminating and intelligent appreciation than we have seen anywhere else. "It is too early yet," the writer says justly, after recognising the novel character of her work, "to forecast her future, but it is not too early to recognise that whether she may go on to far greater things, or never do more than equal her early successes, she has achieved that which dozens of most admirable decorators have failed to discover—namely, a unique way of expressing distinctly personal impressions of beauty. The very



TEMPTATION.

From a drawing by Miss Ethel Reed.

inequality of her work, so far, is its most hopeful sign. For it shows she has not yet passed the stage of experiment, and is quite willing to adventure new, even if some may prove disastrous, flights, for in art a satisfied mannerism is the close prelude of mediocrity." Miss Reed is still residing in London.



Messrs. Curtis and Cameron, of Bos-

ton, have favoured us with a copy of their *Handbook of the New Library of Congress in Washington*, which we can heartily recommend to the curious. It is compiled by Mr. Herbert Small, who prepared a similar successful *Handbook of the Boston Public Library* over a year ago. There are essays on the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the library by Mr. Charles Caffin, and one on the function of a national library by Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford. The fine half-tone illustrations, of which there are over a hundred, are an especially interesting feature of the work. It comes in paper covers at thirty cents, and in cloth at fifty cents.

Mr. Hall Caine is so uniformly harrowing and depressing when he writes, that we feel we are doing him a good turn by quoting the following frivolous remarks from a speech which he made at the ladies' dinner of the New Vagabond Club, held on May 11th in London :

"The first part of my speech, ladies, you will please understand is addressed to you only (the noble, disinterested, and magnanimous being, man, having nothing to do with it except to applaud your praises), and at the outset I ask you to realise by your presence here to-night how nearly a Vagabond is akin in taste and sentiment to a poet you are all bound in loyalty to love, Byron, when he said, 'I always feel in better humour with myself and everything else if there is a woman within ken.' In fact, a Vagabond has so far improved upon Byron that he has amended the greatest line of Byron's greatest master, Pope, and made it to read, 'The proper study of mankind is—woman.' I think you will agree that the study is a sufficiently varied one, and that Dumas was right when he said that there was 'nothing so unlike a woman as—another woman.' There are terrible and irredeemable old bachelors among us, though naturally there are none of them in this hall. Into a place so radiant with beautiful faces that kind comes not forth but with prayer and fasting. I have, however, sometimes met such specimens, and heard their extraordinary pronouncements on the subject of woman, and one of them is that 'Woman is a good idea—spoiled.' Another, that, whether a man does marry or doesn't marry, he is sure to regret it—an argument whereof the logic and the conduct based on it recall the schoolboy's essay on pins: 'Pins is queer things. If you swallows them they will kill you, but they have saved many thousands of lives.' 'Why, how's that, Tommy?' said the teacher. 'How do you mean?' 'By people *not* swallerin' of 'em,' said Tommy. One of these curious persons—I mean the bachelors—tells me that he has been reading Scripture, and finds that man is everywhere enjoined to prepare for a future state, but he also finds that there is to be no marry-

ing there nor giving in marriage, so he wants to know, if that is to be the case, what the women are going to find to do. Another person says he reads that woman was taken out of the side of man, so he supposes she isn't to be blamed if she likes to go back to her old quarters."

Mr. William H. Rideing retires on July 1st from the associate editorship of the *North American Review*, to which he was appointed by Allan Thorndyke Rice nine years ago. His work has been divided between that periodical and the *Youth's Companion*, with which his relationship begun twenty-seven years ago, will continue.

We have good authority for contradicting the statement made recently that Messrs. Harper and Brothers had secured the American rights of the forthcoming life of the late Lord Tennyson by his son. We understand that the Macmillan Company, the authorised publishers of the works of Tennyson, will bring out the book in this country, and that it will appear in the late autumn. From what we hear of the work, it promises to be a biography of exceeding great interest; and will contain a number of the late Laureate's poems hitherto unpublished.

The identification of the author of *The Descendant* with Miss Ellen Glasgow will come as a surprise to those who have read the book. Not since Miss Katharine Pearson Woods published her first story, *Metzerott Shoemaker*, about eight years ago, in the same manner, have we had in this country an anonymous novel which by its masculine force and vigour in characterisation, and in its treatment of certain phases of life, was so deceptive as to the sex of its author. In both cases we can trace back some of the influences that operated in producing such striking and remarkable effects in these initial performances to heredity and education. Miss Glasgow was born in Richmond, Va., just twenty-two years ago. She is sprung from an old and prominent Virginian family, and is of Scotch-Irish descent. During the last six years she has pursued the study of physical science and political economy with unremitting ardour, and her familiars in the book-world are Spencer, Darwin,

Haeckel, Huxley, Romanes, Mill, Bagehot, Clifford, and Weissmann. This has given her imaginative work a scientific basis, and has developed her poetic sense of things into a concreteness of form that rarely is found in the work of women. George Eliot is the grand exception, and it is this tendency in Miss Glasgow which presumably has caused some of her loving friends to advertise her rashly in the same category. She will be wise not to heed such indiscriminate praise, but to be faithful to her own ideal. There is sufficient power and originality together with a love of beauty in her first book to lift it above the ordinary, and to make us look forward with eagerness for her next work in fiction. It is certainly difficult to explain the marked sympathy with the mystery of pain and the tragedy of failure in the work of one so young and adolescent. Such deep sympathy comes from intuition rather than from knowledge, and betokens the possession of that high order of mind which we call genius, but which often lacks staying power. If Miss Glasgow will nurse her powers carefully and work conscientiously, without haste or pressure from without, we shall hope for something from her pen which may justify the unusual promise of *The Descendant*. But if publishers and editors constrain her, she is lost.



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A fig-tree bearing olive berries would have been no greater surprise than the writing of a novel was to Miss Glasgow's friends. Her singular reticence deceived even the members of her own family, who were left in the dark until *The Descendant* was ready for publication. This refreshing feminine idiosyncrasy carries us back to the days of Jane Austen and Dr. Johnson. We believe Miss Glasgow sent her manuscript forth with a very faint heart and fainter hopes of its success, but as a matter of

*Truly yours,  
Ellen Glasgow,*

fact, there was no doubt of its being published from the time it passed through the hands of the Messrs. Harper's first reader. In less than a year after it was



A. CONAN DOYLE.

From his latest photograph.

finished *The Descendant* was before the public. The kind reception which has been awarded to Miss Glasgow's first literary effort has given her courage to go on with another novel, and also to prepare a little volume of poems, which will probably be published in the autumn.



Dr. A. Conan Doyle, whose new book, *Uncle Bernac*, a "Memory of the Empire," has just been published, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859. He is the grandson of John Doyle, the famous political caricaturist, known as "H. B." Dr. Doyle's education began in England and Germany, where his literary bent showed itself in the editorship of school magazines. In 1876 he commenced to study medicine at the University of Edinburgh, where he remained for four years. He took to writing at seventeen, and at the age of nine-

teen wrote a story, which was published in *Chambers's Journal*. Had it been rejected, he says that he should not have gone on writing. For ten years he wrote anonymously, producing in that time forty or fifty short stories. Dr. Doyle's heart is in his historical novels, of which the most notable are *The White Company* (in the preparation of which he read no less than a hundred and fifty books), *Micah Clarke* and *The Refugees*. Since *The Refugees* Dr. Doyle has written little that does more than rank him well above the average, and with his gifts his ambition ought certainly to be higher. Dr. Doyle believes in the historical novel. He said once, "I would say that a man, to write such books, must have an enthusiasm for the age about which he is writing. He must think it a great one, and then he must go deliberately

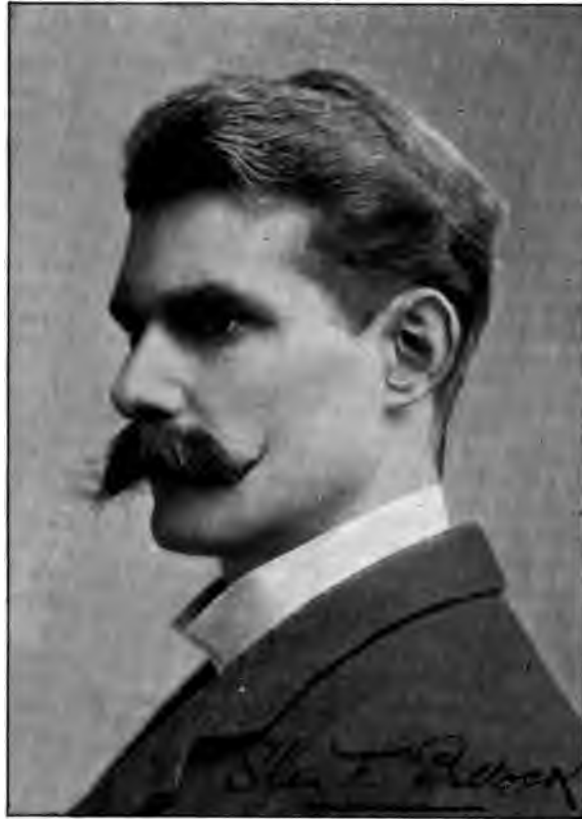
to work to reconstruct it. Then his is a splendid joy." This was written five years ago, when the author was in the midst of writing *The Refugees*. Has his enthusiasm waned, or has he failed to find an age in the world's history which would arouse his enthusiasm?



Dr. Conan Doyle's education as a student of medicine taught him to observe, and his practice, both as a general practitioner and a specialist, has been a splendid training for a man such as he is, gifted with eyes, memory, and imagination. It was while studying medicine that he got the idea for Sherlock Holmes, which is his greatest success in fiction, in spite of his own *caveat*. "I know nothing," he said once, "about detective work, but theoretically it has always had a great charm for me. The great defect in the detective of fiction

is that he obtains results without any obvious reason. That is not fair, it is not art." Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Doyle has told us, "is the literary embodiment, if I may so express it, of my memory of a professor of medicine at Edinburgh University, who would sit in the patients' waiting-room with a face like a Red Indian and diagnose the people as they came in, before even they had opened their mouths. He would tell them their symptoms, he would give them details of their lives, and he would hardly ever make a mistake. 'Gentlemen,' he would say to us students standing around, 'I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight *callus*, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other.' His great faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. 'Ah!' he would say to another man, 'you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now how did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly room. He was a soldier. A slight authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was a non-commissioned officer. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda, and subject to a certain rash known only there.' " Many letters have come to Dr. Doyle from all over the world about Sherlock Holmes, sometimes from schoolboys, sometimes from commercial travellers, who are great readers, sometimes from lawyers pointing out mistakes in his law. One letter actually contained a request for portraits of Sherlock Holmes at different periods of his life. Probably this was wanted by *McClure's Magazine* for its Human Document Series!

Among the newcomers into Irish fiction, notably Jane Barlow, Emily Lawless, and Katharine Tynan Hinkson, the



SHAN F. BULLOCK.

latest to call for recognition is Mr. Shan F. Bullock, whose Irish novel, *By Thrasna River*, was described by the *Athenæum* as containing the "best description of Irish rural life" which its reviewer had ever read. Some months ago we called attention to this, his first book, published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, and in this number we print a review of *By Thrasna River* and his latest work *Ring o' Rushes*, recently published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball. Mr. Bullock is quite a young man, having been born in 1865 at Crom, on the shores of Lough Erne, in Fermanagh, Ireland. This is the scenery which he describes in *By Thrasna River*. He was educated at Westmeath, and while there he made so close a study of the Bible that he had almost the whole of it by heart. His new book, entitled *The Charmer: A Seaside Comedy*, is now appearing serially in England in *The Young Man*, and will be published later by Mr. James Bowden. Mr. Bowden, who



was until recently associated with the English house of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden, has made a good start in business for himself with Mr. Coulson Kernahan as his literary adviser.



There is talk about a revival of Charles Lever in England. Messrs. Downey and Company are preparing a new edition of his works under the editorship of the novelist's daughter, Mrs. Nevill, with whose aid Lever had arranged to revise his novels during his last visit to England when death interrupted his scheme. It was reported to this firm that a gentleman who has much to do with the direction of an English library had sought for Lever, but could not get his novels in a form very easy to read, and this projected new edition is the result. In America this difficulty has been overcome by the fine library edition, the best yet published, which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have made accessible to readers. Lever was an indefatigable worker, and though often his splendid imagination failed him, his gift of narration seldom forsook him. As a story-teller of pure, rollicking fun and adventure, and hearty, wholesome lovemaking he ranks high; and the true gift of humour is surely to be found in one whom, as some one has said of Lever, you could not waken without finding him laughing. Charles Lever holds a place apart from the more modern Irish writers, as George MacDonald occupies a unique position between Sir Walter Scott and the latest authors of Scottish idylls and stories, notwithstanding the charge brought against these latter writers by a recent correspondent in the *Critic* of defrauding Dr. MacDonald of the right to stand as the head of the new Scottish school of fiction.



Messrs. Downey and Company are the English publishers of the late H. C. Bunner's last volume of stories entitled *Love in Old Clothes*. An English reviewer treats the book as a firstling, and concludes his notice by remarking that in one of the stories "there is a faint gleam of humour, which gives us some hope for the author's future (!) despite the manifold crudities of this book."

Last month we took occasion to speak favourably of Mr. S. Levett Yeats in connection with the publication of *A Galahad of the Creeks*, by the Messrs. Appleton. A portrait of the author was also given. We are now able to announce that Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company will publish at once the new novel by Mr. Yeats, for which we have been eagerly waiting since *The Honour of Savelli* appeared about two years ago. *The Chevalier d'Auriac* confirms the impression made by its predecessor that Mr. Yeats is a worthy rival of Mr. Stanley Weyman in the field of historical romance. Nothing so stirring and exciting has come to us since *A Gentleman of France* or *Under the Red Robe*. We notice that an English contemporary says of his *Galahad of the Creeks*, that the "Eastern colour is not unworthy of Mr. Kipling, who seems to have suggested both the *motif* and the manner of this very clever story. It has hardly a dull page, and reaches its climax without any of that unpleasant flavour which taints certain of the *Plain Tales from the Hills*."



The New Amsterdam Book Company has just published a delightful anthology of romance containing a collection of the best short stories of all ages and countries. Some of the best examples of English story literature have been gathered into *A Garden of Romance*, by the able editor, Mr. Ernest Rhys. The same firm has published a volume of travel in the East, entitled *Glimpses of Sunny Lands*, by R. W. W. Cryan, dealing with many of the beautiful resorts of the modern tourist, and containing numerous illustrations from photographs. Another book recently published by this firm has been causing some sensation—namely, *The Devil-Tree of El Dorado*, by Frank Aubrey—in which the famous legend of El Dorado has found its way into a romance of a highly seasoned flavour.



George Du Maurier's last novel, *The Martian*, which has been appearing serially in *Harper's Magazine*, will be published in book form at the beginning of the month.

## OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS.

## II.

Augustus Flagg, Alexander Williams, William Crosby, Joshua Lincoln, and William Lee, old Boston booksellers still living, look back to the book-trade of the thirties and forties, and to that period when Boston was pronounced to be "notoriously the literary metropolis of the Union." The first two of this group have been for some years in retirement enjoying comfortable fortunes acquired in bookselling; William Crosby has long been engaged in other activities; the others are still busy in the trade.

When Augustus Flagg came to Boston in 1838 and began as a clerk with Charles C. Little and James Brown, the house of Little and Brown had been established but a single year. Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company, with whom they had been associated, were publishing and selling school and college textbooks. Messrs. Munroe and Francis, Messrs. Crocker and Brewster, T. H. Carter, Charles J. Hendee, Messrs. Weeks, Jordan and Company in their "Literary Rooms," Benjamin B. Mussey, Messrs. Perkins and Marvin, Messrs. Whipple and Damrell, Charles Williams, and O. C. Greenleaf, in the "Navy Bookstore," were near neighbours in the book quarter. Messrs. Otis, Broaders and Company, the first publishers of the *North American Review*, were just broadening out into the general publishing and wholesale trade.

W. D. Ticknor was the sole owner of the Old Corner Bookstore, with James T. Fields, a clerk at the counter, to become the next year a partner. S. G. Goodrich was publishing his own works, issuing *The Token*, one of the brood of "Annuals" which flourished so extensively in that day, and making fame and money with his "Peter Parley" books. Alexander Williams had just ventured into trade on his own account, combining healing-salve with periodical literature. William Crosby had just launched the firm of William Crosby and Company, inviting the Unitarian trade. Joshua Lincoln was junior partner in the new firm of Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, successors by one remove of Messrs. Lincoln and Edmunds, who had

been the leading Baptist booksellers and publishers through the first third of the century. William Lee was a boy in Samuel G. Drake's antiquarian book shop, working hopefully for a dollar a week.

Augustus Flagg was born in Worcester, and served his apprenticeship at bookselling there. This was as boy, then



*James Brown*

clerk in the book-shop of Clarendon Harris, a son of the revered Dr. Thaddeus Mason Harris, minister for forty-three years of the ancient First Parish of Dorchester. At twenty-one, seeking a broader field, Mr. Flagg came to Boston with letters from Mr. Harris to several of the booksellers here, among them Mr. Little. No opening at the moment being found, he journeyed to New York, and after a little persistent effort obtained a clerkship in the store of Messrs. Robinson and Franklin. He had been thus employed for about a fortnight only, when he received a wel-

come note from Mr. Brown offering him a place if he would come back to Boston at once. He responded with alacrity, and so began his connection with the Boston house, with which he was identified for nearly half a century. In 1846 he was admitted to partnership. After the death of Mr. Brown, in 1855, he became the purchaser abroad of foreign books for the house. From 1869, when Mr. Little died, to the time of his



*Yours very truly  
Aug. Flag -*

retirement from business, in 1884, he was the managing partner.

Mr. Flag fell naturally into the line which the founders of the house established at the beginning. They were to carry forward the law and foreign book-trade developed by the old firm of Cummings, Hilliard and Company, of which they were practically the successors; and to sell and to publish standard works of a high grade—books of a grave, solid, and substantial character. For this he had a marked aptitude,

which was early disclosed. Of him it could with equal truth be said, as George S. Hillard said of James Brown, that he possessed "the tastes of a scholar, the manners of a gentleman, and the habits of a man of business." In the development of the house he had no small share. Its founders made it the chief importing and publishing house of "useful and valuable works in every class of literature" in their day, and the foremost law-book concern in the country; and this reputation he successfully sustained and broadened.

Both Mr. Little and Mr. Brown came to their business with an intimate knowledge of its requirements. Both had been directly or indirectly connected with the earlier concern of Cummings, Hilliard and Company, and partners in the firm immediately succeeding it. Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard and Company had kept "The Boston Bookstore" for half a century and were the earlier law and classical booksellers in the town. Their customers included members of the bench and bar, colleges and schools, and the cultivated folk purchasing for private libraries. Charles Little, coming to Boston from Maine when a youth, had begun as clerk in "The Boston Bookstore," and afterward became a member of the firm of Hilliard, Gray, Little and Wilkins (William Hilliard, Harrison Gray, John H. Wilkins, widely known names in the trade of that period), which first succeeded the old firm, subsequently changing to Hilliard, Gray and Company. James Brown, born on a farm at Acton, Mass., in 1800, the son of a Revolutionary soldier, began at eighteen as a clerk and general assistant in William Hilliard's Cambridge bookstore, recommended by Professor Hedge of Harvard, in whose family he had been living. He was but twenty-six when he was made a partner. Five years later, he became connected with Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company, and at about the same time, a copartnership being formed between Lemuel Shattuck on the one part, and Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company on the other, the charge of the Cambridge store fell to him. He was a good seller of books, and won the best trade of the bookish university town. He remained a partner in the firm of Hilliard, Gray and Company until 1837, when the partnership with Mr. Little was

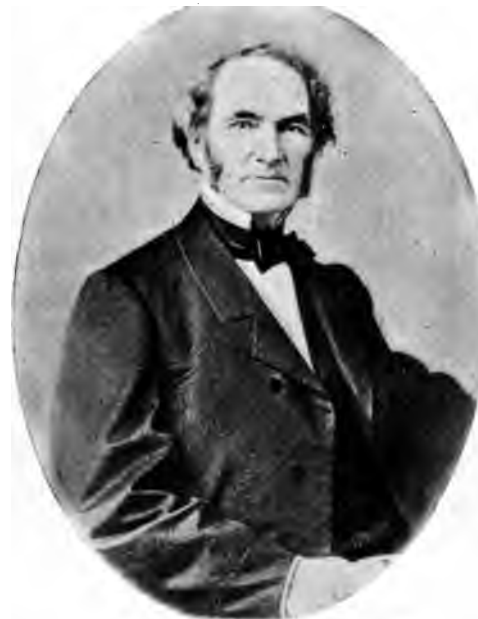
formed. The new firm took the law and foreign books of Messrs. Hilliard, Gray and Company, the latter retaining the school and college text-books branch of the business.

In their sales of law books, Messrs. Little and Brown were the first—so averred George S. Hillard, than whom there is no better authority—to apply "that well-known rule in political economy that in articles of permanent demand the increase of purchasers is greater, in proportion, than the increase in price." The result justified their enterprise. They were also among the earliest, if not the first, to import the best English standard and new works and place them on the market here at moderate prices, applying the same rule in this as in their law-book trade. Proceeding on the theory, as another has said, that if English publishers could be induced to sell a quantity of copies of a work at a little above the cost of manufacture and paper, a widening American market would open for such books, they sought directly the stocks of London booksellers, and brought to Boston tempting lots of "standards," which they offered at prices less than were asked in London.

A glance at the first catalogues of the firm reveals the character and extent of these early importations. They made a stir in the cultured little town. Mr. Flagg recalls, with pleasant reminiscence, the eagerness with which the arrival of fresh lots was awaited by the book collectors of that day, and the animated scenes in the store upon the unpacking. They announced additions to their stock "by every steamboat from England of such new books published there as are thought to be of value, and also from Paris and Brussels by the monthly packets from Havre." The firm soon began the republication with their own imprint of choice foreign works. In the year when Mr. Flagg became a partner they brought out their edition of Edmund Spenser in five dainty volumes, duodecimo, edited by George S. Hillard, the publication of which marked a literary epoch. Then followed the remarkable succession of law publications—Story, Greenleaf, Kent, and so on; the notable line of historical works beginning with Prescott and Bancroft, the Collection of British Poets, and the speeches and papers of orators and

statesmen, which steadily widened the firm's name. In 1847 they became the American agents of MM. Firmin Didot Frères. In 1852 they were the first importers of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and for years had the exclusive sale of it in this country.

The house early became the resort of the legal lights of the Massachusetts bar, of the group of historians and historical writers who made Boston their workshop, the Harvard "clique," the solider of Boston *literati*. It was Webster's favourite browsing place when in town. Everett found delight among



CHARLES LITTLE.

the foreign importations. Choate frequently dropped in, and was a free buyer of rich works. For a number of years a little informal club met in Mr. Brown's office daily, as often as the noon returned, to talk of literary things and to discuss the merits of new publications.

In the division of duties each partner had his distinct sphere, and all worked together harmoniously. In the earlier years Mr. Little had control of the law book department, Mr. Brown of the foreign importations, while Mr. Flagg was at the front among the customers, and especially concerned in filling pri-

vate libraries. He came to have a wide acquaintance with book-buyers of distinction, and a keen judgment of the selling qualities of new ventures. Of Mr. Brown's successive trips abroad in the forties and early fifties, interesting records are preserved in his letters and journals. On his first trip, in 1841, he made the acquaintance of John Murray, who treated him with "a cordial and hospitable kindness;" and he named his youngest son, now the senior member of the present firm of Little, Brown and Company, after the eminent publisher. On his second visit, in 1845, he drank old port and talked of old books with Pickering, in his rooms over the shop in Piccadilly, who, he writes, "understood the value of both." He also met Rogers, the banker poet, and Wordsworth, and the sons of Burns. Mr. Flagg, as the foreign book-buyer for the house, made seven visits to England and the Continent. In addition to the purchase of new works, he constantly sought rarities, early imprints, fine editions of the classics and the Elizabethan dramatists, and fine bindings.

The present firm name of Little, Brown and Company was adopted upon Mr. Flagg's admission to partnership, prior to which the style was Charles C. Little and James Brown. During the period of Mr. Flagg's direction of affairs as managing partner he had associated with him at different periods Messrs. Benjamin S. Heywood, William J. Parsons, Henry T. Miles, John Bartlett of *Familiar Quotations* fame, Thomas W. Deland, John Murray Brown, and his brother George Flagg. Charles C. Little died at the age of seventy years, and James Brown at fifty-five. Both, beginning as booksellers' clerks and entering the trade with small capital earned in bookselling, left ample fortunes. Both were cultivated booksellers, under-

standing books as bibliographers as well as tradesmen. Mr. Brown made generous presents to the libraries of Harvard College and of the Boston Athenæum. Mr. Little was liberal in advancing literary undertakings.

In the present firm are associated John Murray Brown, Charles W. Allen, Hulings C. Brown, and James W. McIntyre. Although retired, Augustus Flagg keeps in touch with his old associations. In a quiet corner of a comfortable room over the store, looking out upon the busy back street, he still keeps his desk: and here he is regularly found between stated hours every day, as if he were still a man of business and in its active pursuit.

The house has occupied its present stand from the beginning—the present building, erected by Harvard College, being the second on the site. For a few years in the early forties Messrs. Phillips, Samson and Company, then young in the trade as a firm, occupied the second floor of the first building. Early in the century, on or near this site, was the little "Pamphlet Shop" of Nat Coverly, the walls of which were nearly covered with ballads on broadsides. Coverly had graduated from the printer's shop to publishing. His imprint has been found as early as 1774. He published mainly small story-books, ballads, and miscellaneous pamphlets. His most ambitious work was *An Impartial History of the War in America between Great Britain and the United States, from its Commencement to the End of the War*, "illustrated with beautiful copper plates," in two volumes, brought out in 1781-83 with the imprint of Coverly and Hodge. The plates were by J. Norman, one of the early Boston engravers, and have been accurately characterised as atrocious specimens of the engraver's "art."

*Edwin M. Bacon.*

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## THE POET.

Nature he painted with a subtle grace,  
And snared the lights of sunset and of dawn:  
Yet lay upon his soul a shadow wan  
Until Love taught him how to paint her face.

*Robert Adger Bowen.*

## TWO ODES OF KEATS'S.

## II.

## ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

If when two months ago I praised Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," I felt that, in making certain discriminations and reserves, I did a venturesome thing, what should be now my sense of risk in avowing the opinion that, whereas in the poem just named we have a piece on the whole beautiful, with some flaws, we have in the "Ode to a Nightingale" a piece on the whole not happy—with exceptions, indeed, of beauty that go far toward retrieving, but that cannot retrieve, the hopeless fortune of the poem?

The present poem, instead of being, as entitled, "An Ode to a Nightingale," is better described to consist of certain incoherent musings, in which the nightingale plays a quite unnecessary part as absurdly purporting to suggest them, they really being in the main singularly inapposite to any sentiment that the nightingale can properly be supposed to inspire, nay, even irreconcilable with such sentiment. What more alien from the true sentiment of the nightingale than praise of wine and sigh for the effect that wine produces? Yet such is the substance and such the spirit of the two stanzas following the first; and the fourth stanza then proceeds to dismiss the notion as suddenly found unfit. But take the first stanza, and see what a futile labour of expression is expended in it to no result at all but absolute, ungrammatical nonsense. Four lines are wasted in a wearisomely improgressive and repetitious, even at points self-contradictory, description of a subjective state in the poet which probably did not exist, but which, if it did exist, had no business to be represented in such a poem as an "Ode to a Nightingale" ought to be. Yet this state is luxuriously dwelt upon in description quite as if—and this was probably the case—the poet enjoyed making thus a trial of his skill in the art of over-expression. Consider it:

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe wards had  
sunk!"

A stupor and a nightingale—what an association of thought for a poem! But a stupor how painstakingly described—not as to itself, but as to possible methods of inducing it! "Emptied" "to the drains!" That language, interpreted according to its just sense, is suggestive of a disposal of the contents of a phial or a glass quite different from pouring them down the throat. "Dregs" must be what, in a violence to language enforced by stress of rhyme, "drains" does duty for. But why suppose the dose so small as to need being drunk to the dregs? "One minute past." Why this chronometric exactness? And why the further wrench to idiom in expressing the exactness? But, again, and chief of all, why such a stupefaction?

The poet tells why. But first he tells a thing that is not the cause of it:

"'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot."

No one, indeed, would have supposed that it was. The real cause, the poet assures the bird, is

"—being too happy in thy happiness."

Excess of happiness, altruistic happiness at that, produced, it seems, the singular effect on the poet of stupefaction!

"That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,"  
[A Dryad with wings! And a Dryad  
"of trees"!]

"In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

What the relation is which the poet intended to express in the foregoing by the conjunction "that" must remain a matter of conjecture.

A very remarkable beginning, certainly, for an ode to a nightingale. The continuation corresponds, for the poet immediately bursts into a melodious sigh for a stiff draught of wine!

The writer was once one of a fellowship of mutually congenial spirits who had been considering together this ode of Keats's, and he having urged upon attention the unreality and awkwardness of the first stanza, a friendly challenge

was proposed to all present who would risk themselves in undertaking a task so audacious, to try rewriting the passage. The condition was that, as much as found practicable, the notion over-expressed by the poet should be adopted, while yet the attempt should be made to avoid the absurdities of the original. One of the results produced I am permitted here to show :

" My heart sinks to a deep delicious lull  
Of beating, and the pulses in my veins  
Die into motions gentle yet not dull  
That silent sing nepenthe to my pains,  
And soothe me into sympathy of lot  
With thee, O thou unconscious happiness,  
Vocal invisible among the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, 'mid shadows numberless,  
Singing of summer in full-throated ease."

(If escape from indebtedness to Denham had, by the author of this "prentice" practice in improving a poet's work, been deemed desirable, it might easily have been found in an alternative to the phrase borrowed from him; for example, instead of "gentle yet not dull," read "soft and equable.")

The lyrist is not a little nice in his choice of the wine sighed for :

" O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,"  
Etc.

This stanza is in itself worthy of the poet. It is full of the sensuous charm and the happy phrase that are characteristic of Keats. "In itself," I say. But as part of an ode to a nightingale! It is real wine that the poet sighs for, and he sighs for a drink of it deep enough to make him "fade away"—which is poetry for—for—but I do not know what it is poetry for. The next stanza might seem to indicate that it is for nothing short of a state which the vulgar describe as "dead drunk;" for it is a state of insensibility to the ills of life such as drunkards seek in their cups. The effort at expression is as marked as it was in the first stanza, and the success is not greater. The unwillingness of Minerva is plainly enough evident in one of the poet's adjectives, which is such as he could not possibly have used when in a happy imaginative mood: "leaden-eyed despairs." "Despair," as an emotion or state supposed an object of observation, or even of experience, may have eyes "leaden" to look at, or "leaden" to feel; but when you re-

resent a person as *full* of "leaden-eyed despairs" (plural), you produce indeed a striking strain of expression, but one abortive, raising no idea realizable to the imagination. Another similarly tell-tale word is "haply" in the stanza following :

" And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne."

That language, taken by itself, would naturally imply that the night is one not definitely conceived of as a particular night—it may chance to be a night lighted by the moon; whereas, up to the present point, the representation has been that of a particular experience occurring on a particular occasion. The fact of the moon's shining was noted in the first stanza, in the expression, "shadows numberless." There are no shadows at night amid which a nightingale could sing, except when the moon shines. There was, therefore, no "haply" about the matter. The plain truth is, the poet's conception wavered; his imagination at the moment did not serve him well. It is further to be noted that the poet makes no use whatever of the fact hypothetically stated by him that the night is moonlit—except to have it point a contrast: "here there is no light." But, even in the place indicated by "here," there must have been some light, or there could not have been "shadows numberless." This, of course, will seem to some a mere wanton teasing of the poet; but I write for those who can see that in such traits of composition an author reveals the present lack on his part of that fusile, harmonising heat of imagination which is necessary to the production of true works of literary art, especially to the achievement of consistency, unity, wholeness. In point of fact, as is well known, Keats wrote this ode by daylight, during a forenoon; and he did not consistently conceive the ideal different situation which he undertook to represent in his poem. There are still other particular expressions in the "Nightingale" that betray the obstructed mood that was upon the poet—others, I mean, besides those which he himself consciously (but inartistically) introduced into his verse, as, for example, the first four lines of the ode, and the allusion to the "dull brain" "perplexing" and "retarding." One of those other tell-tale expressions is the adjective "easeful" applied to

Death personified. "Easefulness" is an attribute, not of death conceived as a person, but of death conceived as a state. The explanation of the lack of unity, of consistency, of felicity, in the ode considered as a whole, is, as already intimated, that, in producing it, Keats did not have his imagination in free and happy play; he made his headway like a ship beating up against wind and tide.

The spurning by the poet of the unworthy thought that it had cost him so much pain to express, namely, the thought of managing to "fade away," to, or rather with, the nightingale, by means of wine, is accomplished in a fashion congruous with the previous tenor of the poem:

"Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards—"

The resolution to "fly" without being "charioted" is sound sense, if not very good poetry. The poet feels that the "dull brain perplexes and retards" (just why it should "perplex" is not so clear as why it might "retard" the flight); but the poet nevertheless arrives so promptly that he exclaims, "Already with thee!" How long he stays with the bird is not determinable; for the next stanza seems to be conceived as from a situation on the ground and not on the tree; since the poet tells us, or rather tells the nightingale, that he cannot "see" what flowers are "*at his feet*"—adding that so neither can he "see" "what incense hangs upon the boughs." (One could hardly expect to "see" odour under any circumstances.) Throughout this stanza the poet quite forgets his nightingale, and delivers himself up to luscious mere description of objects, admirable in itself, but in no way related to the bird. He even loses his lyric motive far enough to be leisurely, and, remembering a general fact of nature, write reflectively, with anticipation, of the "mid-May" "musk-rose," as destined to become

"The murmurous haunt of flies on summer  
eves."

The next stanza presents the poet as a listener, and at the same time a mediator of suicide, or at least an invoker of death. The difficulty of the association is nothing to the poet; it is neatly overcome by the simple copula. He says:

"Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death."

He avers that under the spell of the nightingale's singing he feels it "more than ever" "rich to die." I do not doubt there have been young persons who have thought that this was "lovely," and who would testify that they had themselves under certain circumstances had similar experiences. But probably the poet was describing, with mere self-indulging excess of expression, what he never really felt at all. On the present occasion, at any rate, *while* he was feeling it unusually "rich to die," he also shrinks from dying—in manner as follows:

"Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in  
vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod."

What the fitness is, or what the poetic or other effectiveness, of suggesting that the corpse of a person who has "ceased upon the midnight," still "has ears"—in order only to add that it has them "in vain"—I cannot pretend to understand. To "become a sod" to a "requiem" is a turn of expression which seems to me—not to put it more strongly—at least not happy enough to make one forget with delight the imperfect rhyme involved. One feels constrained in passing to dip one's colours to that delicious line, so unhappily accompanied:

"To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

In the next stanza, commencing

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal  
Bird!"

we have the particular nightingale of the present ode identified with the species nightingale, and so endowed with endless life before and after. We may allow the poet this illogical fallacy, since it proved to him the warrant for those exquisite lines of his, precious enough to make us quite forget, though certainly they should not make us admire, the setting in which they are imbedded (one hates to introduce the ungrammatical and violent line beginning the quotation, but it seems necessary):

"Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick  
for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that ofttimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the  
foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

The ineffably sweet feeling of that,



the allusive spell in it to the imagination, the supreme felicity of phrase, the ravishing melody of rhythm, unite in making us willingly unmindful to inquire why, since there is no association in legend of Ruth with any singing bird, her figure alone should be the one selected by the poet to set by name into his verse :

" She stood in tears amid the alien corn—"

What beauty and what pathos a poet can put into a simple single line ! Into a single word—"alien" !

If only the ode could have ended with this stanza ! But alas, no.

" Forlorn, the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self."

What could be much more bathetic ?

I am afraid my frankness will have appeared to some to be what the French would call "brutal." I see as well as any one that only a poetic spirit touched to the finest issues could have produced Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." There is rare poetry in it, but it is no true poem. The "Grecian Urn" tempts one to the hazardous experiment of trying to hint by tentative replacements here and there, how the original poet himself might have made his poem perfect. The "Nightingale" offers no such temptation. There is almost nothing in it that properly belongs to the subject treated. The first stanza might be much improved, but however improved it has not, except in the closing lines, any title of fitness to be retained in an ode to a nightingale. The second stanza could hardly be improved in beauty and fitness—for a Bacchic inspiration. The third stanza is far less happy—indeed, is not worth the labour it would have cost to make it better. Neither the second nor the third ought to stand at all in this poem ; hardly the fourth, or any part of it. The fifth is fine for a purely descriptive piece ; but, as already pointed out, it has no relation to the nightingale. But I am repeating my objections to the poem, when I only meant to say that if there has been levity indulged in this paper, it certainly would be unjust to credit it to any lack of respect in

the writer for the memory and genius of Keats. I do, however, deprecate inconsiderate overestimation of a particular production of the poet's, which works, as I think, to the real injury of poetic taste and aspiration among youthful students of literature. As for the matter of real reverence for Keats, I ask a question : Which admirer of the poet is more loyal to him, more truly appreciative of what he was at his best, the man who holds that such a poem as this ode has been shown to be is not worthy of his genius, or the man who maintains that it is ? One valued friend and adviser to whom I showed the notes herein set down admonished me that besides the considerable body of Keats lovers among us, there was also a class of "Keats fanatics" with whom I should have to reckon. Another valued friend and adviser whom I similarly made my confidant was pained enough by what I had shown him, to write me, in returning it, this gently reproachful question : "How ought one to feel when something he loves is scorned by one whom he respects ?" Well, I should answer : First feel forgiving, as doubtless this gentleman does, and next feel inclined to consider dispassionately whether in the present particular instance his "love" had been wisely bestowed. The "scorn" that he had previously discovered might then come to appear only a light-hearted raillery well directed toward what really deserved such treatment.

The simple fact about Keats is that his art was not equal to his genius (it probably never would have been), and that his genius had not time to work itself free from the immaturities and the crudities, I will say even the affectations and the falsities, of youth. The faults of the "Grecian Urn" are such that the poet, under wise criticism, might easily have removed them. The faults of the "Nightingale" are such that they could not be removed ; for they inhere inseparably in the very idea and structure of the ode. The fine things in it might, however, have been rescued by the poet and turned to fitter uses in quite different poems.

*William C. Wilkinson.*

## THE SCIENTIFIC MOTHER.

## A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

## SCENE I.

(Two ladies meeting at the door-way of a house in New York.)

*Mrs. W. Oman Page.*—Oh, do come in. I'm just returning from the most delightful lecture on The Duties of Motherhood by Professor Bacheller. Come in. (They enter the house.)

*Mrs. Ole Vashion (drily).*—It is luck to find you at home—or almost at home, on your door-step.

*Mrs. Page.*—Yes, one seldom catches me at home. There is so much to do.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—Indeed, yes. I find also that there is so much to do that I can scarcely find time to leave the house, unless to walk with the children.

*Mrs. Page.*—I didn't see you at the lecture this morning. The Professor is so stimulating.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—I find the duties and pleasures of motherhood so stimulating, that I do not need any professor to shed light upon my path.

*Mrs. Page.*—Oh, you don't know what you are missing! I positively feel *thrilled* when I come home from a lecture of that kind. I declare I could sit right down now and write my paper on "The Sacred Influences of Motherhood" for the Teachers' and Parents' Union.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—I won't disturb you. By all means go on while the inspiration is upon you. I'll go up and see the baby.

*Mrs. Page.*—Do! run right up. (Doubtfully) I guess she's in the nursery.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—I hope you won't scold if I sing nursery jingles to the poor little mite? My children do love them so, though I suppose I am implanting in their souls all kinds of hideous immoralities!

*Mrs. Page (doubtfully).*—I never do it. But do what you want. Only keep her quiet by *some* means—*any* means while I write my paper.

*Mrs. Vashion (leaves the room, smiling ironically as she goes; opens door again and puts her head into the room).*—May I even indulge in that disreputable and demoralising "baby talk"?

(Mrs. Page nods her head absently as she bends over her paper and writes the following sentiment: "The Nineteenth Century Woman, with an aroused moral purpose going hand in hand with Science, has awakened to the seriousness of motherhood," etc. etc.)

## SCENE II.

(A little later in the Nursery.)

*Baby (who has listened with bated breath to the thrilling tales of Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, etc.—with a long-drawn sigh).*—I like that. Mamma never tells me stories.

Enter MRS. W. OMAN PAGE.

*Baby (running to her).*—Mamma, dear, tell me a story.

*Mrs. Page.*—No, darling, I haven't time. I am going to take a bit of lunch and then I must go to the meeting of the Child Study Club. I'll be back early for our hour together before bed-time. (Aside) Oh, dear, how can I ever get that Secretary's Report ready!

*Baby (doubtfully).*—Will you be too tired to hold me on your knee?

*Mrs. Page.*—I'll try not to be, dear. But poor mother does get very, very tired.

*Baby (caressingly).*—Dear! dear! dear! Poor mamma.

*Mrs. Page (proudly).*—I never allow anything to interfere with our bed time hour—no tea, nor committee meeting then!

*Mrs. Vashion.*—But in what state are you after your committee meetings, mothers' unions, etc.?

*Mrs. Page.*—Oh, utterly exhausted, mentally and physically used up—cross, nervous, and wretched—but (proudly) I never neglect baby's hour.

*Mrs. Vashion (under her breath).*—Poor baby!

*Baby (with her little fat arms clasped about her mother's neck).*—Mamma, will you take me for a donkey ride to-morrow? You said you would some day.

*Mrs. Page.*—No, dear, mother can't, but you may go with nurse. There, there! don't cry. Molly shall have her ride.

*Baby.*—But I want my mamma.

*Mrs. Page.*—Why you funny little girlie! Mother wishes she might go, but she cannot. (*Explaining to Mrs. Vashion as they leave the nursery*) You see I've promised to assist at a Washington's Birthday party arranged for the poor little children of the Slum Street kindergarten.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—Well, I'll come with my Bobby and take the poor little tot for a donkey ride. But, my dear, see this sweet little girl of yours calling and yearning for you. Why go miles off to Slum Street when your duty lies right here?

*Mrs. Page* (*indignantly*).—You do not understand. Never before in the history of civilisation has motherhood claimed such an important position. A new light has streamed in upon the subject, and it is the sacred duty of every mother to spread abroad the right knowledge of motherhood as a science.

*Mrs. Vashion* (*under her breath*).—Shade of my mother! A science! (*Aloud*) But nothing can shake from my soul the belief that a mother's first duty is to be with her children—to live their lives with them.

*Mrs. Page* (*nervously crying*).—How unjust you are to me! Is not that the very motto of our Mother's Club, which meets every third Wednesday? There it is in silver on a blue enamel background, "Let us live with our children!" And not only that, but (*triumphantly*) I say those very words—yes, those very identical words in the address which I am preparing for the Mother's Congress.

*Mrs. Vashion* (*aghast*).—Good heavens! More legislation for the nursery, and no President's veto! What's this Mother's Congress?

*Mrs. Page* (*proudly*).—I'm astonished at you! Why, the papers have been full of it. We meet in Washington, and it has attracted the attention of the whole country. The most distinguished women have signified their intention to be present. We shall be gathered there from North, South, East, and West.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—H'm! I never read the page of my paper in which doubt-

less I should have seen the accounts. And so you editors, journalists, novelists, temperance reformers, etc., from all corners of the globe are going to meet and tell us poor, benighted stay-at homes what our duty is?

*Mrs. Page.*—Yes; isn't it a grand idea?

*Mrs. Vashion.*—And how long do you mothers intend to legislate?

*Mrs. Page.*—At least a week we shall be there. What with receptions and teas for us and all that, I may be gone ten days or so. Won't you come? You'll hear some fine papers.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—Good Lord! The millennium would have been here long ago were reforms accomplished by the writing and reading of "fine papers." What evil has not been rooted out "on paper"?

*Mrs. Page.*—You are so unprogressive. But what would you have?

*Mrs. Vashion.*—I'm afraid I shall shock you, but I should lock every one of those editors, journalists, and temperance reformers into her own nursery with her own baby in her arms, and I guarantee she would learn more in five minutes than the Congress will teach her in five years.

*Mrs. Page* (*excitedly*).—Grand! Fine! That's the talk! We want you, we need you. You'd fill a house for us.

*Mrs. Vashion* (*astounded*).—Why, what do you mean? I? I? one of the unregenerates?

*Mrs. Page.*—Precisely. You are one of us. You have just expressed our principles, our vital hopes and aspirations.

*Mrs. Vashion* (*bewildered*).—I confess I don't see—

*Mrs. Page.*—Only we need Mothers' Congresses to spread our theories abroad.

*Mrs. Vashion.*—Good heavens! I see the spirit of the age has entered your veins indeed! You are incorrigible. But, by the way, what is the title of your address before the Mother's Congress?

*Mrs. Page* (*grandiloquently*).—"The Necessity of Living with Our Children!"

Annie Nathan Meyer.

## AMERICAN BOOKMEN.

## VI.—THE HISTORIANS, ESPECIALLY PRESCOTT AND PARKMAN.

It is the present fashion to speak lightly of the "Puritan conscience." Men and women apologise for the necessity of exercising it, as if it were an hereditary taint from which it is difficult or impossible to escape. Yet it is an axiom that the spirit out of which it grows has wrought many of our best achievements; and to a high degree it has dominated the most conspicuous writers of history in America. By ancestry, birth, and training, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman represented the essence of New England. They were all sons of Massachusetts and of Harvard, and at least three of them belonged entirely to that class of the community of which Mr. Howells wrote not long ago:

"If one names over the men who gave Boston her supremacy in literature during the Unitarian harvest-time of the old Puritanic seed-time which was her Augustan age, one names the people who were and who had been socially first in the city ever since the self-exile of the Tories at the time of the Revolution."

The historians, in their inherited points of view, therefore, were much alike. In the precincts of the body, as of the mind, they were neighbours, for at various times of their lives they all lived upon or within a stone's throw of Boston Common. Yet the circumstances of their lives naturally divide them into pairs, Bancroft and Motley on one side of the dividing line, Prescott and Parkman on the other. Of all the four George Bancroft might be called least the Bostonian, inasmuch as he belonged most to the world that lies unseen from the State House dome. More than once he represented his country at foreign courts, and in national affairs at home he is not likely to be forgotten as the Secretary of the Navy who established the Academy at Annapolis. Long before he died, at ninety-one in 1891, New York and Newport had each become more his home than Boston or its neighbourhood; and such a thing could never be said of a Bostonian like Prescott.

John Lothrop Motley (1814-77), the historian of the Netherlands, stands by Bancroft's side rather than by Prescott's

or Parkman's, in his relations with the world. Though less a man of affairs than Bancroft, he lived more in the world than either of the other Bostonians, by reason of their physical infirmities, could possibly do. Twice he was appointed a Minister of the United States, at Vienna and at the Court of St. James, and twice, under circumstances that reflect less credit upon our Government than upon him, he was recalled. In the main his life was that of a student and private citizen, whose gifts and personality of uncommon charm won him distinction wherever he might be. His biographer, Dr. Holmes, tells us how he shone at the meetings of the Saturday Club in Boston, and one knows that dim lights were easily overpowered when Lowell and Emerson and their comrades were shining together.

It would be impossible in the brief space of a single paper like this to give any adequate idea of four such men as the historians that have been named. The time may be spent to better purpose in looking more closely at Prescott and Parkman, who in many important points, though not all, stand related to each other more closely than Bancroft and Motley.

The "books without which no gentleman's library is complete" look very much alike on the well-ordered shelves. Their backs, nearly uniform, are as those of a company of persons whose lives are regulated by one unvarying set of conventions. Yet we all know what different stories their pages tell, and if we are curious to learn the histories of their own production, we find ourselves dealing with the most human of records, as various as the inmost lives of men. There are stories of patient toil, disappointments, failures, hopes, and noble victories, and the life blood of one man gives its colour to each separate story. What we read between the pages of Prescott and Parkman, who, like the blind historian Thierry, "made friends with darkness," is a tale of unflinching courage and successful struggle, not in spurts of a few months or

years, but for a lifetime, against difficulties so disheartening that a man might own them too much for him and yet prove himself no coward. The "Puritan conscience," or the Puritan will, has rarely been put more rigorously to the test than in the work these two men elected to do.

William Hickling Prescott came of a stock that knew what struggle meant. His first ancestor in this country, John Prescott, settling in the Massachusetts Lancaster which was named for his English home, did brave deeds in King Philip's War. He was a man of stalwart figure, and struck terror to the Indians by entering the fight in a suit of armour, which he is said to have worn in service under Cromwell. The historian's grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, came from his farm at Pepperell to command the American troops at Bunker Hill. The grandfather of Prescott's wife, Captain John Linzee, commanded the British sloop-of-war *Falcon* as she took her part in the action of the same day; and any reader who recalls the opening words of *The Virginians* knows what became of the swords the colonel and the captain wore in the memorable fight. Prescott was well pleased, as he said in a letter to an English friend, by Thackeray's "very nice tribute to my old swords of Bunker Hill renown, and to their unworthy proprietor. It was very prettily done of him." When Prescott died the crossed swords were transferred from his library wall to a similar place in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The victories won by Prescott's father, Judge William Prescott, were those of peace. Daniel Webster declared that he stood at the very head of the Massachusetts Bar.

The boy who was to become the historian was the second of seven children, and was born in Salem on May 4th, 1796. When he was twelve years old his father and his family came to live in Boston. Here he was sent to the school of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, who, having himself been taught as a boy in England by the celebrated Dr. Parr, linked close together the learning of the Old World and the New. The stories of youthful precocity are not so abundantly told of Prescott as of many other men distinguished in later life. He learned readily, and came to care for books like any

boy of quick mind in a family which did not give the first place to material things. When he entered Harvard College as a sophomore in 1811, it was not hard for him to stand well in scholarship, and to stand first seems never to have been his controlling wish. The pleasures of the place appealed to him quite as strongly as its duties, yet it is here that he is first found regulating his conduct by what he afterward called "the last infirmity of feeble minds"—good resolutions. "I shall never be too old to make them," he said again in later life. "See if I shall ever be old enough to keep them." In his own way he always tried hard to fulfil these better purposes, and imposed upon himself all manner of fines and forfeits to be paid for failures. What his own way sometimes was, especially in earlier years, may be inferred from an anecdote of his first travels abroad. An oculist in Paris had advised him to simplify his diet by never taking more than two glasses of wine a day. As he went from place to place, therefore, "one of the first things Prescott did was to require the waiter to show him specimens of all the wine-glasses the house afforded. He would then pick out from among them the largest; and this, though it might contain two or three times the quantity of a common wine-glass, he would have set by his plate as his measure at dinner to observe the rule in." In contrast with the superhuman strictness which ruled his later years, this record of boyish ingenuity is good to read. The work of a moment in his college days, however, brought about such dire results that the early acquisition of method as the law of his life stood him perhaps in better stead than any other portion of his training.

When the college officers had left the students in the Commons Hall one day after dinner, there was a frolic of a sort not unknown to later generations. Prescott had had no part in it, and was leaving the table when something caused him to look back. At the instant of his turning, his open eye, the left, was violently struck by a large piece of hard bread thrown without special aim in his direction. With the blind hero of the blind poet he might well have said,

"Why was the sight  
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,  
So obvious and so easy to be quencht?"

He fell senseless to the ground, was carried to his father's house in Boston, where he became alarmingly ill, and soon it was found that his left eye, though never bearing outward mark of the blow, had entirely lost its vision. After a few weeks he was able to return to college and, with greater caution, to pursue his studies, which he did with credit until his graduation in 1814. His family celebrated the day, and his reading of a Latin poem, "Ad Spem," a goddess he had good need to invoke, by entertaining five hundred of their friends at dinner under a tent in Cambridge. Whether the undergraduate who threw the bread was one of the guests, history does not relate; but it is recorded that, thinking himself unknown, he never expressed compunction for what he had done or sympathy with Prescott, who in reality did know him, and in later years, when the results of the accident had been long established, spoke the timely word which secured the offender a comfortable post for life.

Nature could not have bestowed a more serviceable gift upon Prescott than that which enabled a friend to say of him: "He could be happy in more ways, and more happy in every one of them than any other person I have ever known." Very soon his resources of good cheer and courage were taxed to the uttermost, for the uninjured eye began to show that sympathy which an eye often expresses toward its injured mate to the utter disregard of the sympathy due to the owner of both of them. His right eye became inflamed and so painful as to affect most seriously the health of his entire body. Indeed, the defects of his vision seemed then and afterward to be but a part of a general rheumatism. Of the time that he was thus first confined in a dark room

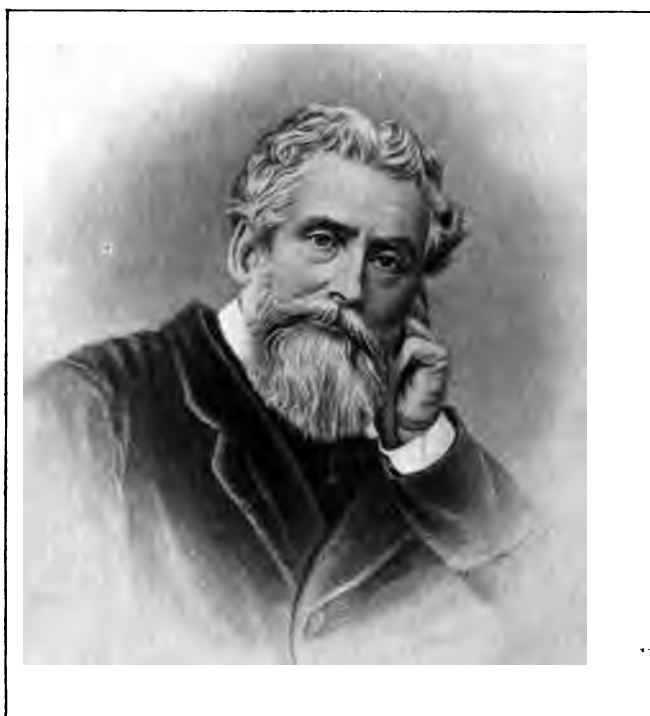


*George Bancroft*

From a private plate etched by H. B. Hall, Sr., in 1868.

his mother afterward said: "I never in a single instance groped my way across the apartment, to take my place at his side, that he did not salute me with some expression of good cheer—not a single instance—as if we were the patients and his place were to comfort us."

His mother's father, Thomas Hickling, was the Consul of the United States at St. Michael's Island in the Azores, and thither the young man was sent in the hope that the sea voyage and the different life would mend his health. But he had not been there long when the dark room again became his habitation. Within its walls he sang aloud and exercised, walking hundreds of miles, he said, and his cousins, admitting a little light on the page of a book, read to him by the hour. But neither the life at St. Michael's nor the advice of the specialists he consulted in London and Paris, when he was able to continue his travels, gave him any mate-



*J. Z. Murray.*

rial help. Nothing which he brought home with him in 1817 was of such value as his "noctograph," a contrivance made by one of the famous Wedgwood family for writing without using the eyes. It had the appearance of a portfolio, about nine by ten inches in size. When unfolded it was seen to be crossed by sixteen parallel brass wires. Underneath them was a sheet of carbonated paper, over the white paper which was to receive the writing. An ivory stylus, kept within bounds by the wires and an outside frame, made the impression through the one sheet upon the other. With this device all of Prescott's writing was achieved.

He did not proceed at once upon his return from Europe to make himself an historian, but first abandoned his hopes of studying law, and then married. Fortunately his father's means were sufficient to relieve him of the need of earning a living. A mercantile career, which his eyesight would have permitted, had no attractions for him, and strange as it may seem that a life of

literary labour was possible when a "learned profession" was not, he deliberately made up his mind to undertake the profession of letters. He believed it to be possible to make his ears do the service of his eyes, and counting all the costs and difficulties, set about an elaborate preparation for his chosen work. He began at the bottom by studying Lindley Murray's grammar, and listening with critical care while the masters of English style, from Roger Ascham down to his own contemporaries, were read aloud to him. Then he attacked French and Italian. German appears to have been too much for him, and Spanish was taken in its stead. He was not like the person to whom Carlyle objected as trying to persuade himself and others "that he knows about things when he does not know more

than the outside skin of them." The list of the books he read, and the uses to which he put his reading in scholarly contributions on various subjects to the "Old North," as the *North American Review* was nicknamed, would shame many a man with no more than the ordinary difficulties to contend against. The beginning of his Spanish studies was due to his cherished friend, ultimately his biographer, Mr. George Ticknor, who in the autumn of 1824 read him the lectures on Spanish literature which he had prepared for the Senior Class of Harvard College. Soon afterward Prescott was casting about for the subject of a history to which he should devote his serious efforts, and one of the personal Memoranda which he continued to make through his life is found to read, "I subscribe myself to the History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, January 19th, 1826." A letter which he wrote immediately to Mr. Alexander H. Everett, our Minister at Madrid, concerning his project, wrought a new injury to his eye, and when the



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

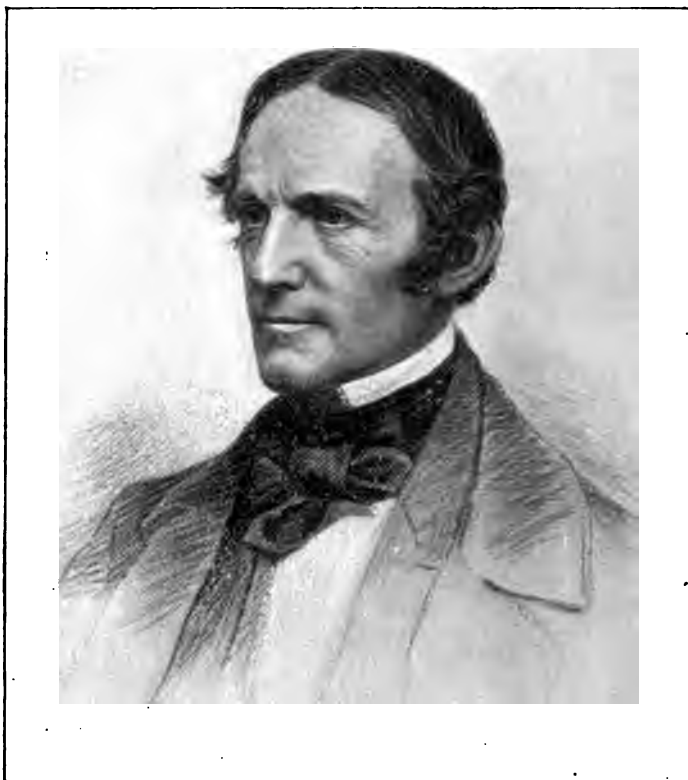
From an engraving by John Sartain, showing the historian's "noctograph."

books which Mr. Everett was to send him from Spain arrived they found him utterly disabled. "With my transatlantic treasures lying around me," he wrote at a later day, "I was like one pining from hunger in the midst of abundance."

How was it possible, one asks, for a man in his condition to do anything? The beginnings were indeed discourag-

ing. His first reader knew nothing of Spanish. "I cannot even now recall to my mind without a smile," wrote Prescott near his death, "the tedious hours in which, seated under some old trees in my country residence, we pursued our slow and melancholy way over pages which afforded no glimmering of light to him, and from which the light came dimly struggling to me through a half-





*Mr H. Prescott*

intelligible vocabulary." A second reader who knew the language was better, but best of all were Prescott's own strength and courage. As he listened he jotted notes upon his noctograph; afterward these were copied out and read to him, and as he exercised afoot or on horseback his vigorous mind brought form out of chaos. His composition was all done, the corrections were made before he began to dictate his successive chapters to his amanuensis. It is said that he could carry sixty pages of his printed work accurately in mind before committing it in this way to paper. The wonder is not that it took him ten years to complete his first work, but that he could do it at all. When *Ferdinand and Isabella*, bearing the imprint of 1838, was published, nearly two years after its completion, the author of it immediately received a place in the front rank of historians. Even the *Quarterly Review* was good

enough to call it "by much the first historical work which British America has as yet produced."

The methodical habits of his early days constantly played an important part in his labours and his pleasures. His hours were so scrupulously laid out, that when the appointed minute came for putting down a novel that was read aloud to the family circle, Prescott was inexorable, no matter where or how the hero and heroine were to be left. If ten o'clock was his bedtime, he was capable, when the hour struck, of leaving a company of bachelor friends whom he was entertaining at dinner, telling them to call for whatever they desired, "and if you don't go home till morning, I wish you a merry night of it."

In the morning when he was waked, he gave

himself time to count twenty, and if he failed to jump out of bed when he had done so, he paid a fine of his own exaction to the servant who had called him. His tailor marked his clothes with the number of ounces each garment weighed, and being told exactly where the thermometer stood, he dressed himself accordingly. Every morning for a long period, even in the coldest weather, he rode on his horse from Boston to watch the sunrise from a particular spot in Jamaica Plain. In his library the blue window shades were so arranged that the light could be kept at a uniform dimness, even as successive clouds crossed the sun. The record of these rigors with himself could be extended to such an extent as to make him seem quite without the charm that springs from impulse, but it would not be fair to leave unmentioned the gentler graces of his life—the tender devotion to his parents, wife, and children, the social



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

From an engraving of the painting by Chappel.

gift which made the acquaintance think himself a friend, and the friend know himself fortunate beyond most men in the friendship with such a man. In his father's house and his own in Boston, and the summer places at Pepperell, Nahant, and Lynn all these graces had the background of dignity and beauty.

Prescott's greatest popular success was won by the *Conquest of Mexico*, to

which the five years of his life after 1838 were devoted. On the appearance of *Ferdinand and Isabella* Sydney Smith had said, "When Prescott comes to England, a Caspian Sea of soup awaits him." But it was not until 1850, three years after the *Conquest of Peru* had won him his third laurels, that he made the visit which was little less than a triumphal progress through the most inter-

esting houses of England. He had friends before going, none more than the head of the family in whose veins ran "all the blood of all the Howards," and he made many others in his few months abroad. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* after Prescott's death declared that "the social charm of Mr. Prescott,



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FRANCIS PARKMAN.

From an early daguerreotype in the possession of the historian's sister.

indescribable in words, but certain in its effect, was a subject for general remark in all circles, amongst bishops sipping their tea at the Athenæum, and among young beauties rejoicing in their first Queen's ball." Whenever he gave up his literary labours for a time, his eyesight gained in strength. Indeed, the doctors had told him that by abandoning his studies he would surely improve his health in every way; but in 1848, after relinquishing even the slight occasional use he had been able to make of his eye for reading, he had written in his Memoranda, "At fifty-two a man must be even more crippled than I am to be entitled to an honourable discharge from service." Accordingly he kept his harness on until the last. The third volume of *Philip the Second* appeared only the year before his death, which

occurred in 1859. A warning stroke of apoplexy had come in the winter of 1858. On January 28th, 1859, the second and fatal stroke befell him, and he died within a few hours.

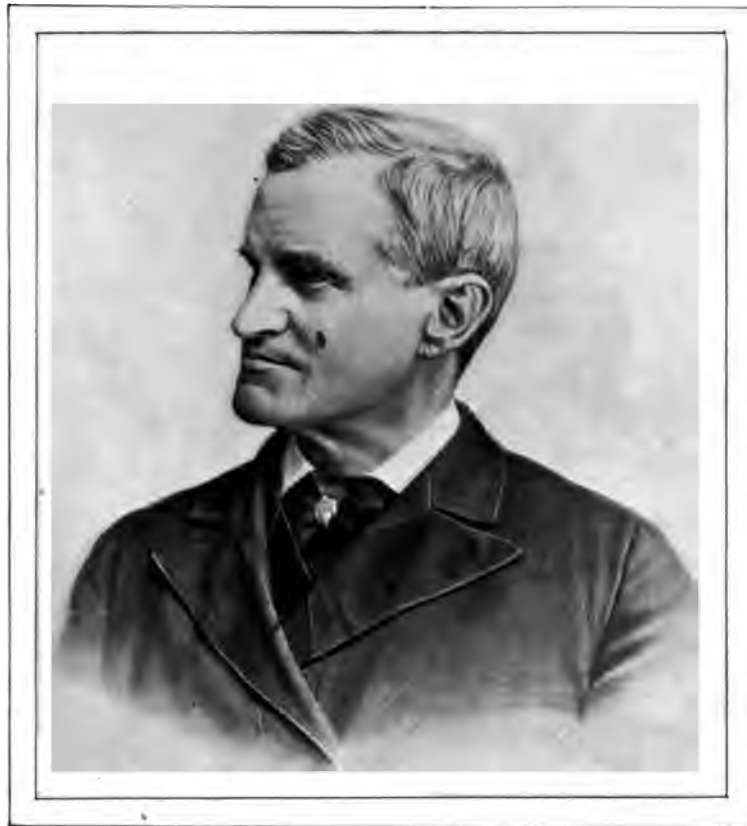
It must be frankly admitted that, as a name to conjure with, Prescott's has lost much of its potency. With Bancroft in a greater, and Motley probably in a lesser degree, is he not now counted among the writers about whose work, since it is supposed to be read by everybody, it is safer not to ask too many searching questions? Parkman's popularity, on the other hand, is waxing rather than waning. His themes may have something to do with it, his nearness in method and spirit to our own time something more. As between Prescott and Parkman, the living American historian to whom the first place is most generally accorded to-day has no hesitation in saying that the reality in Parkman's work makes the difference in his favour. "In reading Prescott's account of the conquest of Mexico," says Mr. Fiske, "one feels one's self in the world of Arabian nights; indeed, the author himself, in occasional comments lets us see that he is unable to get rid of just such a feeling." Modern research has shown that many of the statements made by Prescott on what he accepted as good authority were merely such tales as one should expect from the land of Don Quixote. Parkman, as Mr. Fiske has suggestively pointed out, had the unspeakable advantage of dealing with a life upon which it was possible for him to look with his own eyes before he was deprived of their use.

Whatever contrasts exist between the work of Prescott and Parkman, they might each have made Sir Walter Scott's remark, "Author as I am, I wish these good people would recollect that I began with being a gentleman, and don't mean to give up the character." In fact, they began with being quite the same kind of gentleman, for Parkman's parents and ancestors were identified with much the same phases of New England life as Prescott's. Francis Parkman's lineage was of the same Brahminical caste of clergymen and Puritan settlers. His grandfather, Samuel Parkman, in whose house the historian was born on September 16th, 1823, was counted the richest merchant in Boston, and the boy's father, the Rev. Francis

Parkman, was a Unitarian minister of no little eminence. Two long-established "Parkman Professorships" at Harvard College still stand for the interest of the family in the sciences of medicine and theology. Into surroundings the most propitious, therefore, Parkman, like Prescott, was born.

The authorised life of Parkman remains to be written, or at least to appear, for it is understood to be nearing completion. Whatever new details it may communicate, it can add little or nothing to our realisation of Parkman's personal courage. This is not to be gained so adequately from the many sketches of his career that were written when he died nearly four years

ago, as from an autobiographical paper which was subsequently given to the world. Mr. Parkman wrote it in 1868, when, to be sure, he had still had a little more than a third of his life to live, and as he was starting for Europe handed it to a friend with the request that it should not be opened until after his death. When the Massachusetts Historical Society met to commemorate this event, his friend, the Rev. George E. Ellis, broke the seal of the parcel he had kept unopened for twenty-five years, and read the record which Parkman had written as dispassionately as a scientist describing a strange case of bodily and mental illness. From this rec-



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*Yours very truly*  
*F. Parkman*

From an engraving, by Goupil, of a photograph taken in 1882, and now published for the first time.

ord the present impressions are largely drawn.

Parkman's boyhood was not altogether the period of open-air activity which it has been depicted. There were four years, from eight to twelve, spent on his grandfather's farm adjoining the wild Middlesex Falls, when the frail little fellow learned more from the woods about him than at the "school of high, but undeserved reputation" to which he was sent. At twelve he returned to Boston, and here for four years he devoted himself as ardently to chemical experiments as, before, to collecting birds' eggs and trapping woodchucks. His hobby, he says, "served

(87)

Chapter XV  
1840

## Herdhood of La Salle

The winter journey, - the deserted town, - stormed  
work, - Lake Michigan; - the wilderness; - Wm. Parker; -  
La Salle's men give out; - desperate ill tidings; - mutiny;  
- a sharp chastisement of the mutineers

The winter had been a <sup>severe</sup> hard one. When  
La Salle & his <sup>five</sup> companions reached Lake  
Peoria Lake, they found it stretched salt-ice  
from shore to shore with ice thick that  
stopped the progress of their canoes but  
was too thin to bear the weight of a  
man. They dragged their <sup>light</sup> canoes up the  
bank and into the forest, where the city  
of Peoria now stands; made two rude sledges,  
placed the canoes & baggage upon them,  
and, tiring knee-deep <sup>in</sup> through the saturated  
snow, dragged them from lumber through  
the woods, till they reached a point where  
the <sup>motion</sup> ~~movement~~ of the current kept the  
water partially ~~free from ice~~ open. They were

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT OF PARKMAN'S LAST BOOK,  
"LA SALLE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST," THE ONLY  
BOOK IN HIS HANDWRITING.

little other purpose than injuring him by confinement, poisoning him with noxious gases, and occasionally scorching him with some ill-starred experiment." But at about the time of entering Harvard College with the Class of 1844, his passion fixed itself permanently upon the life of the woods. His nature was such that he could never do anything by halves. The "nothing-too-much" principle of Prescott's life was totally foreign to him. His college vacations were passed in adventurous expeditions through the districts of New Hampshire and Maine, then almost unexplored. As early as in his sophomore

year he resolved to write a history of the "Old French War" which ended in the English conquest of Canada. Here, he thought, the most stirring scenes of forest drama had been enacted. A brother of his grandfather, he it said, had served in this war as a private in a Massachusetts regiment. But the historian was doomed early to interruptions in his plans. An accident in the college gymnasium sent him to Europe in search of stronger health. Happening to be in Rome in Holy Week, he took his lodging in a monastery of Passionist Fathers, that he might better understand the monastic methods of the Church which ministered to the Canadian Indians. Everything was bent to one purpose. He returned home in time to graduate with his class, and afterward yielded for two years to his family's wish that he should study law. But his reading then, as in college, even to the neglect of other books, was directed to the

theme upon which his heart was set. In 1846 he took the step, in pursuance of his inflexible purpose, which cost him almost fatally dear.

As he had learned much of woodcraft and a little of the methods of Rome, so he believed it necessary that he should know the Indian for himself. Accordingly he set out for what was then indeed the wild West with his kinsman, Mr. Quincy Shaw. "A highly irritable organism," he says of all this period of his life, "spurred the writer to excess in a course which, with one of different temperament, would have produced a free and hardy development of such

faculties and forces as he possessed." It would be a misuse of words to employ any others than those with which Parkman himself summed up the most crucial portions of his Western experience :

"A complication of severe disorders here seized him," his words run, "and at one time narrowly missed bringing both him and his schemes to an abrupt termination, but yielding to a system of starvation, at length assumed an intermittent and much less threatening form. A concurrence of circumstances left him but one means of accomplishing his purpose. This was to follow a large band of Ogillalah Indians, known to have crossed the Black Hill range a short time before. Reeling in the saddle with weakness and pain, he set forth, attended by a Canadian hunter. With much difficulty the trail was found, the Black Hills crossed, the reluctance of his follower overcome, and the Indians discovered on the fifth day encamped near the Medicine Bow range of the Rocky Mountains. On a journey of a hundred miles, over a country in parts of the roughest, he had gained rather than lost strength, while his horse was knocked up and his companion disconsolate with a painful cough. Joining the Indians, he followed their wanderings for several weeks. To have worn the airs of an invalid would certainly have been an indiscretion, since in that case a horse, a rifle, a pair of pistols, and a red shirt might have offered temptations too strong for aboriginal virtue. Yet to hunt the buffalo over a broken country when, without the tonic of the chase, he could scarcely sit upright in the saddle, was not strictly necessary for maintaining the requisite prestige. The sport, however, was good, and the faith undoubting that, to tame the devil, it is best to take him by the horns."

With the personal knowledge of the Indian gained by these heroic means, Parkman also brought back from the West with him a shattered constitution. But as he dealt with his difficulties on the plains, so he dealt with their results throughout his life. It was his purpose to tell the world the things he knew and meant to learn, and "reeling in the saddle with weakness and pain," he proceeded to do it. In 1849 *The Oregon Trail*, written originally as a series of papers for the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, appeared as a book. In 1848, when his disorders seemed at their worst, the light of day being unsupportable to his eyes, and his brain driven to a "wild whirl" by any continued mental effort, he resolved to begin work upon *The History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*. The physicians practically told him that it was madness, and he, rightly believing that his salvation lay in effort, gave them no heed. When he began his work he could not listen to the reading

of the material he had long been collecting for more than half an hour at a time, and there were many days when nothing could be done. He made his notes with closed eyes upon an apparatus like Prescott's noctograph, except that it had no carbonated paper, and the writing was done directly upon the white sheet with a pencil. When the scrawls were deciphered and read to him, he mastered their import and dictated his narrative. There were the same humorous difficulties that Prescott encountered with foreign documents. "The language was chiefly French," he said, "and the reader was a girl from the public schools, ignorant of any tongue but her own. The effect, though highly amusing to bystanders, was far from being so to the person endeavouring to follow the meaning of this strange jargon." Yet in spite of everything his condition did improve, and in 1851 the book was published. Such was his view of the obstacles he always had to overcome that he believed the results of his work to be better rather than worse because of them.

In 1851, also, there was a new disaster in an effusion of water on the left knee, which plunged him into miseries of body and mind as intense as any he had ever known. But he was already at work upon his greater enterprise, the series of histories which now, in seven volumes, bear the general title of *France and England in North America*. It was fourteen years before the first of these was finished. In 1865 appeared *The Pioneers of France in the New World*. There had been many interruptions, one of four years, and others of lesser duration, from a single year to single months, weeks, and days. Meanwhile he had married and lost his wife, had journeyed often to Europe and to the scenes of his narratives, and had begun to collect the vast number of original documents now preserved in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. His eyes were at times stronger, so that he could use them, reading a minute and resting a minute for periods of half an hour, repeated several times in the course of a day. Then, again, he could write for a season with his own hand and vision. In 1854 he began to spend his summers at a country place in Jamaica Plain. Here, unable to use his eyes, he took to the beneficent work of horticulture, and

did it so well that the *lilium Parkmanni*, the result of his experiments in hybridisation, perpetuates his name as the creator of a new flower. At various times he was President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a professor in the agricultural department of Harvard University, a member of the highest governing boards of his alma mater, and President of the St. Botolph Club in Boston. But much as he loved the intercourse with his fellow men, he had to limit his indulgence in it. The work of his life was the completion of his historical series, and this, in spite of all the obstacles that would have seemed insurmountable to a weaker spirit, he achieved the year before his death, on November 8th, 1893. A writer who lived only to begin his work, Robert Beverly Hale, has left these lines, which help us well to remember both what he began and what Parkman finished :

" With youth's blue sky and streaming sunlight blest,  
And flushed with hope, he set himself to trace  
The fading footprints of a banished race,  
Unmindful of the storm clouds in the west.

In silent pain and torments unconfessed,  
Determination written on his face,  
He struggled on, nor faltered in his pace  
Until his work was done and he could rest.

" He was no frightened paleface stumbling through  
An unknown forest, wandering round and round.  
Like his own Indians, with instinct fine  
He knew his trail, though none saw how he knew,  
Reckoned his time, and reached his camping-ground  
Just as the first white stars began to shine."

In that Prescott was blessed with a body less compact of weaknesses than Parkman's, and with a spirit far more readily schooled to discipline, the record of his achievements may be read in later years with something less of that triumph which every man feels in the victory of another. But no historian has told a tale capable of stirring the blood more quickly than the histories to be read between the pages of these two " friends with darkness."

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

*The subject of the next paper in this series, to appear in the August number, will be " A Group of Humourists."*

## THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

The approach of the warm weather appears to have had a certain effect upon our esteemed correspondents, now in giving a jaded air to their communications and now in stirring them up to a degree of temper unwarranted by the subjects under discussion. But enough of them successfully defy the proleptic depression of the canicular days to keep us up to the requirements of our work.

### 1.

Mr. Israel U. Sage, who again appears, is one of the worst sufferers from the influences of the season. He sends us a letter of six closely written pages of foolscap, and when we saw it we thought that the linguistic bomb had surely arrived. But it hadn't. Mr. Sage tells two or three stories, pays us a compliment, and then rather ramblingly objects to our notices about grammar. " Grammar," says Mr. Sage, " is not psychology ; it is not ' what one

thinks ;' it is not the essential spirit of language." He also implies that it is not a *memoria technica*. But he doesn't tell us what it is. Incidentally he thinks Professor Price wrong in what he said about the use of " clever" in Virginia. Then he informs us that there has been " a marked falling off in the quality" of our work for several months past, though in another part of his letter he says that he reads " every month with unabated delight" whatever we produce. Finally he shows that he has not been reading his BOOKMAN as carefully as usual, for he devotes two pages to criticism of a signed article, in the face of our formal statement that we couldn't open our columns to that sort of discussion. Altogether Mr. Sage is not at his best in this last letter ; but we are glad that he is once more about, and we salute him with great esteem, even though he does say that we are " clumsily tautologous."

## II.

A lady writes to ask the proper pronunciation of Kháyyám, Rubáiyát, and Mrs. Deland's last name. We reply that the current pronunciation of Kháyyám makes it rhyme with "Siam;" that Rubáiyát is pronounced as spelled; and that Mrs. Deland's name is pronounced like a pure English word, to rhyme with "demand."

## III.

The following came in upon an unsigned slip, and from an unknown source:

"We should think that this explanation would have occurred to anybody at once."

"—BOOKMAN, page 331.

"Didn't you mean:

"We would think that this explanation should have occurred to anybody at once"?"

No; we meant precisely what we said.

## IV.

Some one who writes from the Young Men's Christian Association of Madison, New Jersey, and signs his letter "Student," propounds the following, which he evidently regards as crushing:

"Is your metaphor on p. 239 (May), 'would open too wide a door and swamp the magazine,' good? In the next sentence you say 'we must consistently decline to go a single step in this direction'—that is, you decline to wet your feet in the 'swamp' that has come in a door 'open too wide.' A ship is sometimes swamped by a huge wave. Could such a wave come in a 'door'?"

Yes, we think our metaphor a very good one. We figured ourselves sitting in our office chair, listening to the roaring epistolary flood surging around in the hall near the elevator. We consistently declined to take a single step in the direction of the door, lest in a moment of weakness we might be tempted to open the door a crack and peek out, in which case the flood aforesaid would pour in and swamp the magazine. Well! so it would. And "could such a wave come in [at] a door?" Rather! We refer our studious correspondent to the celebrated case of Mrs. Partington *vs.* the Atlantic Ocean as reported by the Rev. Sydney Smith.

## V.

Some one in St. Louis writes as follows:

"DEAR BOOKMAN:

"(1) On page 182 of the May number you have: 'The *committee* of award *are* Professor Moses Coit Tyler of Cornell, Professor C. F. Richardson of Dartmouth, and Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia.'

"(2) On page 183 is the clause 'amid the *flood* of travellers' observations that *clog* the press.'

"What process of reasoning allows you to use a plural predicate with a singular subject?"

(1) The word "committee" is a noun of multitude, and in the sentence quoted we were both thinking and speaking of its constituent parts. Hence the plural verb.

(2) In this sentence the subject of "clog" is the relative "that," which has for its antecedent the plural noun "observations," and not the singular noun "flood."

## VI.

A lady asks us who are the great American humourists. If she means great humourists who are dead and gone, we refer her to any standard work on American literature. If she means great humourists who are living and still producing good humorous work, we answer sadly but conscientiously that there are none.

## VII.

A Brooklyn gentleman sends us this short note:

"I note in your columns adequate mention of most of the new writers, English and American, but I have seen nothing as yet about Mr. Silas K. Hocking. What do you think of Mr. Hocking?"

Mr. Silas K. Hocking is not provocative of thought.

## VIII.

From St. Paul, Minnesota, comes the terse inquiry:

"Why do you object to the splitting of infinitives?"

Because we consider it inelegant, besides being unkind to the infinitive.

## IX.

This last query starts in our mind a train of painful thought, and we might as well get the thing over with right here. We are grieved to say of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie what was said long ago of Alexander the Coppersmith, that he hath done us much harm; for in the very number of the magazine wherein



we said "that if an archangel sent us a communication containing a split infinitive we should promptly unsplit it," Mr. Mabie wrote down the baneful words "to fully enjoy." So you can imagine what followed. Our old friend, the *Evening Post*, noted this first, and then the letters began to pour in. The Lady Dedlock affair was nothing to it. Pretty nearly every one begins by asking whether Mr. Mabie is higher than an archangel, and then they go on to say other things. One learned and ingenious classical scholar, whose chirography we think we recognise, sends the following punning variant of Martial:

THE BOOKMAN TO H. W. M.

Difficilis facilis, morosus Hamabilis idem,  
Nec possum tecum vivere nec sine te!

Now, we ask all these people to turn back to our archangel passage, and they will find it stated there that when articles are published by writers of distinction who sign their names, we do not scrutinise their sentences with great minuteness. And so in this case, we had already discovered and unsplit four split infinitives in the proofs of the June BOOKMAN, and by that time had grown a little weary. And to tell the truth, we had always supposed that Mr. Mabie was too humane to do any injury to a timid, harmless, shrinking little infinitive.

#### X.

Professor O. F. Emerson of Cornell University writes to protest against our condemnation of the word-lists in *Dialect Notes*; and he explains that these lists are not published as being anything but tentative and incomplete, and put forth for the sake of being amplified and corrected.

Well, we corrected one of them.

#### XI.

Some one in Wheeling, West Virginia, who with rare originality signs himself

"Constant Reader," writes three very peppery pages, because the writer of the article on Marcel Prévost in the June BOOKMAN did not translate two of the passages quoted from the French—"and in the most interesting part, too," he plaintively says. He appeals to us to say whether the writer in question is not thus clearly shown to be a fool—such is the term used by "Constant Reader." We fear that we can scarcely consider this query with sufficient absence of personal bias to give it a thoroughly impartial answer.

#### XII.

A New Haven man, who, from the way he writes, must be a rusher on the Yale football team, comes at us with a bang. This is what he says:

"I suppose because one of your editors is connected with Columbia University that you think it right to falsify facts, in order to exalt that institution at the expense of others. In your mention of the lectures delivered at the various colleges by M. Brunetière, you credit Columbia with *six*. Now I have one of the printed notices, and it gives only *five*. So your claim of *six* is a *lie out of the whole cloth*."

If this gentleman will sit down in a shady place and fan himself for a few moments, we will give him a pointer and feed his mind. M. Brunetière delivered at Columbia University five lectures that were open to the general public, and one lecture that was open only to the officers and students of the University. Now at Columbia University, as elsewhere on this planet, five and one make six.

The Letter-Box is hereby closed until the appearance of our October number; for the individual whom one of our correspondents facetiously styles "the Misery Editor" is going away on his vacation. This intermission will give his constituency a chance to think up some real puzzlers against the time of his return.

### PARIS LETTER.

In my last letter I called attention to the fact that in consequence of the double election that had just taken place, the membership of the French Academy was then complete, a very

rare occurrence. This state of things lasted only a few weeks, until the death of the Duc d'Aumale, which took place, as you know, early this month.

The Duke was a real man of letters;

he might have been (mind, I do not write he *would* have been) a member of the Academy, even if he had not been a prince. His history of the Condé Princes, from whom he inherited Chantilly, is a very creditable performance, and his pamphlet, *Qu'avez-vous fait de la France ?* written nearly forty years ago, against the Imperial Government, deserves a place in the political literature of this century. Men of letters lost in him a genial and chivalrous fellow-craftsman ; their gain is that now the Institute of France gets possession of Chantilly, of its magnificent library and art treasures, and of its income, which will make it possible to give assistance to able and needy veterans in the profession.

Another writer has just again caused the public eye to turn upon the Academy—not a septuagenarian, like the Duc d'Aumale, but a young fellow, hardly more than two years out of his teens, M. Fernand Gregh, whose book of poems, *La Maison de l'Enfance*, I mentioned to you some time ago as full of promise. The Academy has just rewarded the young poet with one of its prizes, whereupon people began to wonder whether it meant that the venerable literary tribunal sanctioned a number of departures from the old system of versification which are to be found in M. Gregh's poems. The rumour in Verseland was loud enough to make M. Sully-Prudhomme write to the papers an explanatory letter stating that the prize was awarded to M. Gregh because of those of his poems which conform to orthodox versification and in spite of the other pieces. So we may rest in peace, and Boileau need not yet come out of his grave and excommunicate the wearers of the green palm.

You cannot expect your Paris correspondent not to mention in his letter the terrible catastrophe of the Rue Jean Gougon. No man or woman of letters has, as far as I know, perished or been hurt in the disaster. One of them, though, was struck in his deepest affection ; one of the victims was the wife of Vicomte d'Avenel, the author of a remarkable historical work on Richelieu, and of the no less remarkable studies on the *Machinery of Modern Life*, which have been appearing for some time in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Another death deserves mention here, that of Mlle. Elise Blonska, a Russian maiden

lady, who was employed as a kind of secretary and librarian by MM. Clémenceau, Jules Claretie, Francisque Sarcey, and others. She was a queer-looking woman, an angel of charity, and an out and out nihilist and communist. Once, while she was putting Sarcey's books in order, and at the same time expounding to him her social or anti-social theories, noticing Sarcey's silence, she suddenly stopped and said to him, "You are not amiable, you ; you are not as amiable as M. Clémenceau. *He* talks to me." "Well," Sarcey broke in, "what does he tell you ?" "Why, the other day he told me, 'Blonska, you're an old fool !' I was delighted." I need not say that a good many men of letters followed her to her grave in the Montparnasse Cemetery. One of the gentlemen present stated that on the eve of the disaster he had dined with four people, every one of whom perished in the fire ! Elise Blonska was one of them.

Among the oratorical outbursts called forth by the catastrophe I cannot say that any deserves attention as a literary performance, save the sermon preached by Father Monsabré in the Église des Dominicains, which was, it is said, intended to counteract the effect produced by Father Ollivieri's semi-political address during the State funeral at Notre Dame. I suppose that it will not be long before some naturalistic writer gives us in a kind of novel a description of the fire, of the deeds of heroism that were performed there, and also of deeds of another nature which are mentioned. In the meantime we must give our attention to the books of the month.

The most notable, undoubtedly, is Jules Huret's *Enquête sur la Question Sociale*, which has just been issued by Perrin and Company. You may remember that the same writer, a few years ago, published an *Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire*, which created a good deal of a sensation. It contained interviews with no less than sixty-four men of letters, all turning upon the kind of literature that was, or that seemed to be, about to triumph in France. The new *Enquête* also consists of interviews and letters. We thus have the views, real or assumed, upon the social question, of Baron Rothschild and Archbishop Ireland, of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu and Adolph Bebel, etc., but we have also a

numero of conversations with humbler folk, toilers in the field or in the workshop, which are presented by Jules Huret in a very striking, picturesque, and almost dramatic manner. The book is a good deal more than what it might be feared to be, an interviewer's note-book.

If you wish to become acquainted with very different people from Jules Huret's "subjects," you need only turn to M. Pierre de Ségur's *Royaume de la Rue Saint-Honoré*. As far as I know, this is M. de Ségur's first appearance as a man of letters, and we shall be glad if it is not his last. His *Royaume de la Rue Saint-Honoré* is the famous eighteenth-century salon of Madame Geoffrin. M. de Ségur has been singularly fortunate in his search for interesting documents bearing on his subject. Among others he had at his disposal Madame Geoffrin's own note and account books, very accurately kept by the celebrated *bourgeoise*, her letters to David Hume and the letters of Catherine II. to her. The book is a real treat for the lovers of the eighteenth century. What a pity that the Goncourts cannot read it!

Upon the same period I wish merely to mention here a more severe, but perhaps no less interesting work, *Mau-pertuis et ses Correspondants*, by Abbé Le Sueur.

The French are not seldom accused of national narrowness. It seems to me that a fitting answer to the criticism is found in the reception given a serious book with a strange title, which has just appeared, *À Quoi Tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*, by M. Edmond Demolins. The author boldly proclaims the superiority of the Anglo-Saxons over the French from an economic, social, and moral standpoint, and supports his thesis by a succession of serious studies. Thus far no one has accused him of being deficient in patriotism. His book is taken as a serious warning. Jules Lemaître answered it in a very thoughtful and somewhat uneasy article in the *Figaro*. Its statements provide many a debater with arguments. The impression produced by the book is a deep, but not an angry one. And I wonder whether this very reception is not a disproof of the author's thesis, and whether the Anglo-Saxons themselves would have treated with the same equanimity an English work insisting upon their faults, hiding their good qualities, and

proclaiming the superiority of the French over them.

There was a great dearth, a few years ago, of works dealing with the most recent period of French history. We are now almost in danger of having a surfeit of such works. Here is a new work on the subject, the first volume of an *Histoire Contemporaine*, by M. Samuel Denis (Plon et Nourrit). It will honourably take its place side by side with Zévort's *Histoire de la Troisième République Française* and Pierre de Coubertin's *L'Évolution Française sous la Troisième République*. I must say, however, that not one of these works seems to me to come up, for style, merit of composition, and accuracy of research, to the level of the *Histoire du Second Empire*, of Pierre de la Gorce, the third volume of which was published a little while ago.

We have not had many striking novels of late. *Invincible Charme*, by the woman who has adopted the *nom de plume* of Daniel Lesueur, has met with a great deal of success. It is a novel that no American family need fear putting into the hands of the young. I trust, for the author's interests, that she took care to have it copyrighted in Washington.

I must give just a line to a curious publication, *Paris-Parisien*, which provides the stranger with all the knowledge one should need for exchanging impressions with one's neighbour on the boulevard, and not appearing to be a fool. Books, writers, painters, musicians, etc., are there judged in a word or two, and you need not take the trouble of forming your own judgment upon anything worth talking about. What a blessing!

Daudet has just collected in book-form, under the title of one of them, *Fédor*, a number of his short stories. No one need be told what a volume of short stories by Daudet is.

Fernand Vandéram's *Les Deux Rives*, published late last month, gets more readers every day. The author's *Deux Rives* are the two banks of the Seine. The book is far superior to its predecessor by the same writer, *La Cendre*.

I find no new play to mention this month that can be considered literature. Great things were predicted of a five-act verse tragedy at the Théâtre Français, *Frédégonde*, by M. Alfred Dubout. It will not survive its first sea-

son, in spite of one strong act. Everybody credits for it the saying of *Le Monde où l'On s'Ennuie*, "*Il y a un beau vers*," changing it to "*Ah ! il y a un bel acte !*" The public will be attracted for a while by the beautiful scenery and costumes which are faithfully copied from Jean Paul Laurens's illustrations for the *édition de luxe* of Augustin Thierry's *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*.

In regard, not to dramatic literature, but to literature about the drama, I have to mention two important works, both being theses presented to the University of Paris for the degree of Docteur ès Lettres, one by M. Pierre Nebout on the Romantic Drama, the other by M. Desgranges, an excellent monograph on Geoffroy, the indefatigable dramatic critic of the beginning of this century.

Among forthcoming events I note the publication by M. Léon Bourgeois of a collection in one volume of his speeches relating to educational questions, and the performance at the Théâtre Français of a verse drama by Richepin, *Martyre*, of which I hear enthusiastic reports. It is declared to be far superior to his *Chemineau*, which is reaching its one hundredth performance at the Odéon before crowded houses. Richepin is, in some respects, an extraordinary man.

Who knows what may yet come out of him ?

The Café de Madrid, for a long time a favourite resort for Parisian men of letters, is about to close its doors and be transformed into a *brasserie*. I am told of an amusing anecdote about that café. The hero is Mario. Proth was one day passing the café arm in arm with poor Paul Arène. Arène was going in and urged him to do the same. Proth resisted, saying there were too many quarrels in that café, only people with hot tempers, etc. At last he yielded, and, five minutes after being seated, in a heated discussion slapped his contradictor's face. "You see," he said to Paul Arène, "is it not an impossible café?" And this reminds one of another very Parisian story and *mot*. It was in the last years of the reign of Napoleon III. Clément Duvernois, who had just passed from the Republican into the Bonapartist camp, was urging a friend of his, a man whom he judged to be amenable to the same arguments that had convinced him, to follow his example. "But," the friend objected, "what will my friends say?" "Oh," Duvernois retorted, "you will have only to change your café!"

Alfred Manière.

## SONG FOR THE FUNERAL OF A BOY.\*

### I.

Upon a litter of sapling stems in bud  
 Carry him, young companions, to the glen  
 High in the mountain's greenest solitude,  
 And troops of rustlers shall precede ye then  
 By bush and glade,  
 Bright-flitting and afraid ;  
 And as along its delicate shore ye pass  
 The dark lake, mirror of red pine shall glass,  
 Moving to hymns out of its silver ken,  
 The boy's fresh bier, with new-cut rushes laid.

### II.

Mid gray-limbed beeches shall the roving fawn  
 A hoof suspend, to learn from that clear sound  
 His light-foot brother is for aye withdrawn  
 To the green-hung shades of soft and sylvan ground ;

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From her blue hold  
 The tawny kestrel bold,  
 Weaving her circles, too, shall mark him come  
 Borne by root-paven paths, and wild bees' hum  
 Swing through your white procession, winding round  
 Fresh-odour'd alleys of the mountain old.

## III.

Lay him at last in that low space of green  
 Where fleecy mists, bright leaflets newly rain'd  
 Cadet buds, and young springing shoots are seen,  
 And nothing yet to gnarled eld attain'd.  
 In his brown hair set  
 The chrisom violet,  
 Close in his hand the sling to him most dear,  
 The sheaf of arrows light, the holly spear,  
 The lute untroubled on the heart unstain'd,  
 And join'd around him, sing your last regret.

## IV.

Praise ye the limbs that captured from the cloud  
 The horn-talon'd eagle, and for this small nest  
 Of blue eggs twain, alone embraced the loud  
 And everlasting sea-cliff's mighty breast.  
 Praise to the face  
 That smiled on nothing base.  
 Hymn ye the clearness of his happy soul,  
 Tell of his kindness to your secret dole.  
 The country-minded brook shall mourn him best  
 When ye have kissed his cheek and leave the place.

## V.

As of a lark too high in heaven's deep  
 We catch his song no more. But O, when Night  
 With her vast torch that little pyre shall steep  
 In flame and cloud ; and when the bloom of light  
 With winged glow  
 Along the tops of snow  
 Declares to all the valleys night is done—  
 Think of the boy, O young companions bright,  
 Not without joy—dissolved away and gone  
 As dews, upon the uplands, shine and go.

*Frederick Herbert Trench.*

## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A WISE IGNORAMUS.

"God help me! I know nothing—can but pray."

It was Father Concha's custom to attend, at his church, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning, to such wants, spiritual or temporal, as individual members of his flock chose to bring to him.

Thus it usually happened that the faithful found the old priest at nine o'clock sunning himself at the front door of the sacred edifice, smoking a reflective cigarette, and exchanging the time of day with passers-by or such as had leisure to pause a moment.

"Whether it is body or soul that is in trouble, come to me," he would say; "for the body I can do a little—a very little. I have twenty pounds a year, and it is not always paid to me, but I sometimes have a trifle for charity. For the soul I can do a little more."

After a storm of wind and rain, such as come in the winter time, it was no uncommon sight to see the priest sweeping the leaves and dust from the church steps, and using the strongest language at the bootmaker over the way, whose business this was supposed to be.

"See," he would cry to some passer-by—"see, it is thus that our sacristan does his work. It is for this that the Holy Church pays him fifteen—or is it twenty?—pesetas per annum."

And the bootmaker would growl and shake his head over his last, for, like most who have to do with leather, he was a man of small humour.

Here, too, mothers would bring their children—little girls cowering under their bright handkerchiefs, the mantillas of the poor—and speak with the padre of the Confirmation and first Communion, which had lately begun to hang like a cloud over the child's life. Father Concho would take the child upon his knee as he sat on the low wall at

the side of the steps, and when the mother had left them would talk quietly, with the lines of his face wonderfully softened, so that before long the little girl would run home quite happy in mind and no longer afraid of the great Unknown. Here, in the springtime, came the young men with thoughts appropriate to the season, and sheepish exceedingly, for they knew that Father Concha knew all about them, and would take an unfair advantage of his opportunities, refusing probably to perform the ceremony until he was satisfied as to the ways and means and prudence of the contracting parties, which, of course, he had no right to do. Here came the halt, the lame, the blind, the poor, and also the rich. Here came the unhappy. They came naturally and often. Here, so the bootmaker tells, came one morning a ruined man who, after speaking a few words to the padre, produced a revolver and tried to shoot himself, and the padre fell on him like a wild beast. And they fought together, and fell and rolled down the steps together into the road, where they still fought till they were white like millers with dust. Then at last the padre got the strong man under him, and took the revolver away and threw it into the ditch. Then he fell to belabouring the would-be suicide with his fists until the big man cried for mercy and received it not.

"You saved his life," the people said.

"It was his soul that I was caring for," replied the padre with his grim smile.

Concha was not a clever man, but he was wise. Of learning he had but little. It is easy, however, to be wise without being learned. It is easier still to be learned without being wise. The world is full of such persons to-day, when education is too cheap. Concha steered his flock as best he could through the stormy paths of insurrection and civil war. He ruled with a rod of iron whom he could, and such as were beyond his reach he influenced by

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ridicule and a patient tolerance. True to his cloth, he was the enemy of all progress and distrusted every innovation.

"The padre," said the barber, who was a talker and a radical, "would have the world stand still."

"The padre," replied Concha, who was tenderly drying his chin with a towel, "would have all barbers attend to their razors. Many are so busy shouting 'Advance!' that they have no breath to ask whither they are going."

On the whole, perhaps his autocratic rule was a beneficent one, and contributed to the happiness of the little Northern suburb of Ronda over which it extended. At all events, he was a watchful guardian of his flock, and knew every face in his parish.

It thus happened one morning that a strange woman, who had come quietly into church to pray, attracted his attention as he passed out after matins. She was a mere peasant and ill clad. The child seated on a chair by her side, and staring with wondering eyes at the simple altar and stained-glass windows, had a hungry look.

Concha sat down on the low wall without the doors, and awaited the exit of this devotee, who was not of his flock; for though, as he often said, the good God had intended him for a soldier, his own strong will and simple faith had in time produced a very passable priest, who with a grim face went about doing good.

The woman presently lifted the heavy leathern curtain, and let out into the sunlight a breath of cool, incense-laden air.

She curtsied and paused, as if expecting recognition. Concha threw away his cigarette and raised his hand to his hat. He had not lifted it, except to ladies of the highest quality, for some years, out of regard to symptoms of senile decay which had manifested themselves at the junction of the brim and the crown.

"Have I not seen your face before, my child?" he said.

"Yes, reverendo; I am of Ronda, but have been living in Xeres."

"Ah! Then your husband is, no doubt, a malcontent."

The woman burst into tears, burying her face in her hands, and leaning

against the wall in an attitude that was still girlish. She had probably been married at fifteen.

"No, reverendo; he is a thief!"

Concha merely nodded his head. He never had been a man to betray much pious horror when he heard of ill-doing.

"The two are almost identical," he said quietly. "One does what the other fears to do. And is your husband in prison? Is that why you have come back? Ah, you women, in foolishness you almost equal the men!"

"No, reverendo; I am come back because he has left me. Sebastian has run away, and has stolen all his master's property. It was the Colonel Monreal, of Xeres; a good man, reverendo, but a politician."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and he was murdered, as your reverence has no doubt seen in the newspapers. A week ago it was, the day that the Englishman came with a letter."

"What Englishman was that?" inquired Father Concha, brushing some grains of snuff from his sleeve—"what Englishman was that, my child?"

"Oh, I do not know! His name is unknown to me, but I could tell he was English from his manner of speaking. The colonel had an English friend who spoke so, one engaged in the sherry in Xeres."

"Ah, yes! And this Englishman, what was he like?"

"He was very tall and straight, like a soldier, and had a moustache quite light in colour, like straw."

"Ah, yes! The English are so. And he left a letter?"

"Yes, reverendo."

"A rose-coloured letter . . . ?"

"Yes," said the woman, looking at him with surprise.

"And tell me what happened afterward. I may perhaps be able to help you, my child, if you tell me all you know."

"And then, reverendo, the police brought back the colonel, who had been murdered in the streets; and I who had his excellency's dinner on the table waiting for him!"

"And . . ."

"And Sebastian ate the dinner, reverendo."

"Your husband appears to be a man

of action," said Concha, with a queer smile. "And then . . ."

"Sebastian sent me on a message to the town, and when I came back he was gone, and all his excellency's possessions were gone—his papers and valuables."

"Including the letter which the Englishman had left for the colonel?"

"Yes, reverendo; Sebastian knew that in these times the papers of a politician may perhaps be sold for money."

Concha nodded his head reflectively, and took a pinch of snuff with infinite deliberation and enjoyment.

"Yes; assuredly Sebastian is one of those men who get on in the world, . . . up to a certain point, . . . and at that point they get hanged. There is in the universe a particular spot for each man, where we all think we should like to go if we had the money. For me it is Rome. Doubtless Sebastian had some such spot of which he spoke when he was intoxicated. Where is Sebastian's earthly paradise think you, my child?"

"He always spoke of Madrid, reverendo."

"Yes, . . . yes, I can imagine he would."

"And I have no money to follow him, . . ." sobbed the woman, breaking into tears again. "So I came to Ronda, where I am known, to seek it."

"Ah, foolish woman!" exclaimed the priest severely, and shaking his finger at her—"foolish woman, to think of following such a person. More foolish still is it to weep for a worthless husband, especially in public, thus, on the church steps, where all may see. All the other women will be so pleased. It is their greatest happiness to think that their neighbour's husband is worse than their own. Failure is the royal road to popularity. Dry your tears, foolish one, before you make too many friends."

The woman obeyed him mechanically, with a sort of dumb helplessness.

At this moment a horseman clattered past, coming from Ronda, and hastening in the direction of Bobadilla or perhaps to the Casa Barena. He wore his flat-brimmed hat well forward over the eyes, and kept his gaze fixed upon the road in front. There was a faint suggestion of assumed absorption in his attitude, as if he knew that the priest was usually at the church door at this

hour, and had no desire to meet his eye. It was Larralde.

A few minutes later Julia Barena, who was sitting at her window watching and waiting—her attitude in life—suddenly rose with eyes that gleamed and trembling hands. She stood and gazed down into the valley below, her attention fixed on the form of a horseman slowly making his way through the olive groves. Then breathlessly she turned to her mirror.

"At last!" she whispered, her fingers busy with her hair and mantilla, a thousand thoughts flying through her brain, her heart throbbing in her breast. In a moment the aspect of the whole world had changed, in a moment Julia herself was another woman. Ten years seemed to have rolled away from her heart, leaving her young and girlish and hopeful again. She gave one last look at herself and hurried to the door.

It was yet early in the day, and the air beneath the gnarled and ancient olive-trees was cool and fresh, as Julia passed under them to meet her lover. He threw himself out of the saddle when he saw her, and leaving his horse loose ran to meet her. He took her hands and raised her fingers to his lips, with a certain fervour which was sincere enough, for Larralde loved Julia according to his lights, though he had another mistress—Ambition—who was with him always and filled his thoughts sleeping and waking. Julia, her face all flushed, her eyes aglow, received his gallant greeting with a sort of breathless eagerness. She knew she had not Larralde's whole heart, and, womanlike, was not content with half.

"I have not seen you for nearly a fortnight," she said.

"Ah!" answered Larralde, who had apparently not kept so strict an account of the days—"ah, yes; I know. But, dearest, I have been burning the highroads. I have been almost to Madrid. Ah, Julia, why did you make such a mistake?"

"What mistake?" she asked, with a sudden light of coquetry in her eyes. She thought he was about to ask her why she loved him. In former days he had had a pretty turn for such questions.

"In giving the letter to that scoundrel Conyngham. He has betrayed us, and Spain is no longer safe for me."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Julia,



alert. Had she possessed Larralde's whole heart she would have been happy enough to take part in his pursuits.

Larralde gave a short laugh and shrugged his shoulders.

"Heaven only knows where the letter is now!" he answered.

Julia unfolded a note and handed it to him. She had received it three weeks earlier from Concepcion Vara, and it was from Conyngham, saying that he had left her note at the house of the colonel.

"The colonel was dead before Conyngham arrived at Xeres," said Larralde shortly; "and I do not believe he ever left the letter. I suspected that he had kept it as a little recommendation to the Christinos, under whom he takes service. It would have been the most natural thing to do. But I have satisfied myself that the letter is not in his possession."

"How?" asked Julia, with a sudden fear that blanched her face.

Larralde smiled in rather a sickly way, and made no answer. He turned and looked down the avenue.

"I see Father Concha approaching," he said. "Let us go toward the house."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

"The woman who loves you is at once your detective and accomplice."

The old priest was walking leisurely up the avenue toward the Casa Barena, when the branches of a dwarf ilex were pushed aside, and there came to him from their leafy concealment not indeed a wood-nymph, but Señora Barena, with her finger at her lips.

"Hush!" she said; "he is here."

And from the anxious and excited expression of her face it became apparent that madame's nerves were astir.

"Who is here?"

"Why, Esteban Larralde, of course."

"Ah!" said Concha patiently; "but need we for that hide behind the bushes and walk on the flower-borders? Life would be much simpler, señora, if people would only keep to the foot-path—less picturesque, I allow you, but simpler. Shall I climb up a tree?"

The lady cast her eyes up to heaven and heaved an exaggerated sigh.

"Ah, what a tragedy life is!" she whispered apparently to the angels, but loud enough for her companion to hear.

"Or a farce," said Concha, "according to our reading of the part. Where is Señor Larralde?"

"Oh, he has gone to the fruit-garden with Julia! There is a high wall all round, and one cannot see. She may be murdered by this time. I knew he was coming from the manner in which she ran downstairs. She walks at other times."

Concha smiled rather grimly.

"She is not the first to do that," he said; "and many have stumbled on the stairs in their haste."

"Ah, you are a hard man, a terrible man with no heart! And I have no one to sympathise with me. No one knows what I suffer. I never sleep at night—not a wink—but lie and think of my troubles. Julia will not obey me. I have warned her not to rouse me to anger, and she laughs at me. She persists in seeing this terrible Esteban Larralde—a Carlist, if you please."

"We are all as God made us," said Concha; "with embellishments added by the Evil One," he added, in a lower tone.

"And now I am going to see General Vincente. I shall tell him to send soldiers. This is intolerable. I am not obeyed in my own house!" cried the lady. "I have ordered the carriage to meet me at the lower gate. I dare not drive away from my own door. Ah, what a tragedy!"

"I will go with you since you are determined to go," said Concha.

"What! and leave Julia with that terrible man?"

"Yes," answered the priest; "happiness is a dangerous thing to meddle with. There is so little of it in the world, and it lasts so short a time."

Señora Barena indicated by a sigh and her attitude that she had had no experience in the matter. As a simple fact, she had been enabled all through her life to satisfy her own desires, the subtlest form of misfortune.

"Then you would have Julia marry this terrible man?" said the lady, shielding her face from the sun with the black fan which she always carried.

"I am too old and too stupid to take any active part in my neighbours' affairs. It is only the young and inexperienced

who are competent to do that," answered the priest.

"But you say you are fond of Julia."

"Yes," said the priest quietly.

"I wonder why?"

"So do I," he said, in a tone that Señora Barenna never understood.

"You are always kinder to her than you are to me," went on the lady in her most martyred manner. "Her penances are always lighter than mine. You are patient with her, and not with me. And I am sure I have never done you any injury."

The old padre smiled. Perhaps he was thinking of those illusions which she had during the years pulled down one by one, for the greater peace of his soul.

"There is the carriage," he said. "Let us hasten to General Vincente, if you still wish to see him."

In a few minutes they were rattling along the road, while Esteban Larralde and Julia sat side by side in the shade of the great wall that surrounded the fruit-garden. And one at least of them was gathering that quick harvest of love, which is like the grass of the field, inasmuch as to-day it is and to-morrow is not.

General Vincente was at home. He was one of those men who are happy in finding themselves where they are wanted. So many have, on the contrary, the misfortune to be always absent when they are required, and the world soon learns to progress without them.

"That man, that Larralde is in Ronda," said Señora Barenna, bursting in on the general's solitude. Vincente smiled, and nevertheless exchanged a quick glance with Concha, who confirmed the news by a movement of his shaggy eyebrows.

"Ah, these young people!" exclaimed the general, with a gay little laugh. "What it is to be young and in love! But be seated, Iñez—be seated. Padre, a chair."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Señora Barenna breathlessly, for she was stout and agitated, and had hurried up the steps.

"When, my dear Iñez—when?"

"But now, with this man in Ronda. You know quite well he is dangerous. He is a Carlist. It was only the other day that you received an anonymous letter saying that your life was in danger.

Of course, it was from the Carlists, and Larralde has something to do with it; or that Englishman, that Señor Conyngham with the blue eyes. A man with blue eyes—bah! of course he is not to be trusted."

The receiver of the anonymous warning seemed to be amused.

"A little sweeping, your statements, my dear Iñez. Is it not so? Now, a lemonade, the afternoon is warm."

He rose and rang the bell.

"My nerves," whispered the señora to Concha—"my nerves, they are so easily upset."

"The liqueurs," said the general to the servant with perfect gravity.

"You must take steps at once," urged Señora Barenna when they were alone again. She was endowed with a magnificent imagination, without much common sense to hold it in check, and at times persuaded herself that she was in the midst, and perhaps the leader of a dangerous whirl of political events.

"I will, my dear Iñez—I will. And we will take a little maraschino to collect ourselves—eh?"

And his manner quite indicated that it was he and not Madame Barenna who was upset. The lady consented, and proceeded to what she took to be a consultation, which in reality was a monologue. During this she imparted a vast deal of information, and received none in return, which is the habit of voluble people, and renders them exceedingly dangerous to themselves and useful to others.

Presently the two men conducted her to her carriage with many reassurances.

"Never fear, Iñez—never fear. He will be gone before you return," said the general, with a wave of the hand. He had consented to invite Julia to accompany Estella and himself to Madrid, where she would be out of harm's way.

The two men then returned to the general's study, and sat down in that silence which only grows to perfection on the deep sod of a long-standing friendship.

Vincente was the first to speak.

"I have had a letter from Madrid," he said, looking gravely at his companion. "My correspondent tells me that Conyngham has not yet presented his letter of introduction, and so far as is ascertainable has not arrived in the

capital. He should have been there six weeks ago."

The padre took a pinch of snuff, and held the box out toward his companion, who waved it aside. The general was too dainty a man to indulge in such a habit.

"He possessed no money, so he cannot have fallen a victim to thieves," said Concha.

"He was accompanied by a good guide, and an honest enough scoundrel, so he cannot have lost his way," observed the general, with a queer expression of optimistic distress on his face.

"His movements are not always above suspicion. . . ." The priest closed his snuff-box and laboriously replaced it in the pocket of his cassock.

"That letter . . . it was a queer business!" and the general laughed.

"Most suspicious."

There was a silence, during which Concha sneezed twice, with enjoyment and more noise than is usually considered necessary.

"And your letter?" he said, carefully folding his handkerchief into squares—"that anonymous letter of warning that your life is threatened, is that true? It is the talk of Ronda."

"Ah, that!" laughed Vincente. "Yes, it is true enough. It is not the first time; a mere incident, that is all."

"That which the Señora Barena said just now," observed the priest slowly, "about our English friend may be true. Sometimes thoughtless people arrive at a conclusion which eludes more careful minds."

"Yes, my dear padre—yes."

The two gray-headed men looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"And yet you trust him," said Concha.

"Despite myself—despite my better judgment, my dear friend."

The priest rose and went to the window which overlooked the garden.

"Estella is in the garden?" he asked, and received no answer.

"I know what you are thinking," said the general. "You are thinking that we should do well to tell Estella of these very distressing suspicions."

"For you it does not matter," replied the priest. "It is a mere incident, as you say. Your life has been attempted before, and you killed both the men

with your own hand, if I recollect aright."

Vincente shrugged his shoulders, and looked rather embarrassed.

"But a woman," went on Concha, "cannot afford to trust a man against her better judgment."

By way of reply the general rose and rang the bell, requesting the servant, when he answered the summons, to ask the señorita to spare a few moments of her time.

They exchanged no further words until Estella came, hurrying into the room with a sudden flush on her cheeks and something in her dark eyes that made her father say at once:

"It is not bad news that we have, my child."

Estella glanced at Concha and said nothing. His wise old eyes rested for a moment on her face with a little frown of anxiety.

"We have had a visit from the Señora Barena," went on the general, "and she is anxious that we should invite Julia to go to Madrid with us. It appears that Esteban Larralde is still attempting to force his attentions upon Julia, and is at present in Ronda. You will not object to her coming with us?"

"Oh, no," said Estella, without much interest.

"We have also heard rather disquieting news about our pleasant friend, Mr. Conyngham," said the general, examining the tassel of his sword; "and I think it is only right to tell you that I fear we have been deceived in him."

There was silence for a few moments, and then Vincente spoke again.

"In these times one is almost compelled to suspect one's nearest friends. Much harm may be done by being over-trustful, and appearances are so consistently against Mr. Conyngham, that it would be folly to ignore them."

The general waited for Estella to make some comment, and after a pause continued:

"He arrived in Ronda under singularly unfortunate circumstances, and I was compelled to have his travelling companion shot. Then occurred that affair of the letter, which has never been explained. Conyngham would have to show me that letter before I should be quite satisfied. I obtained for him an introduction to General Espartero, in Madrid. That was six or seven weeks

ago. The introduction has not been presented, nor has Conyngham been seen in Madrid. In England, on his own confession, he was rather a scamp; why not the same in Spain?"

The general spread out his hands in his favourite gesture of deprecation. He had not made the world, and while deeply deploring that such things could be, he tacitly admitted that the human race had not been, creatively speaking, a complete success.

Father Concha was brushing invisible grains of snuff from his cassock sleeve and watching Estella with anxious eyes.

"I only tell you, my dear," continued the general, "so that we may know how to treat Mr. Conyngham should we meet him in Madrid. I liked him. I like a roving man—and many Englishmen are thus wanderers—but appearances are very much against him."

"Yes," admitted Estella quietly—"yes."

She moved toward the door, and there turning looked at Concha.

"Does the padre stay to dinner?" she asked.

"No, my child; thank you—no, I have affairs at home."

Estella went out of the room, leaving a queer silence behind her.

Presently Concha rose.

"I, too, am going to Madrid," he said. "It is an opportunity to press my claim for the payment of my princely stipend, now two years overdue."

He walked home on the shady side of the street, exchanging many salutations, pausing now and then to speak to a friend. Indeed, nearly every passer-by counted himself as such.

In his bare room, where the merest necessities of life scarce had place, he sat down thoughtfully. The furniture, the few books, his own apparel bespoke the direst poverty. This was one who, in his simplicity, read his Master's words quite literally, and went about his work with neither purse nor scrip. The priest presently rose and took from a shelf an old wooden box quaintly carved and studded with iron nails. A search in the drawer of the table resulted in the finding of a key, and the final discovery of a small parcel at the bottom of the box, which contained letters and other papers.

"The rainy day, it comes at last," said the Padre Concha, counting out

his little stock of silver with the care that only comes from the knowledge that each coin represents a self-denial.

## CHAPTER XV.

### AN ULTIMATUM.

"I do believe yourself against yourself."

Neither Estella nor her father had a great liking for the city of Madrid, which, indeed, is at no time desirable. In the winter it is cold, in the summer exceedingly hot, and during the changes of the seasons of a treacherous weather difficult to surpass. The social atmosphere was no more genial at the period with which we deal, for it blew hot and cold, and treachery marked every change.

Although the Queen Regent seemed to be nearing at last a successful issue to her long and eventful struggle against Don Carlos, she had enemies nearer home, whose movements were equally dangerous to the throne of the child-queen.

"I cannot afford to have an honest soldier so far removed from the capital," said Christina, who never laid aside the woman while playing the Queen, as Vincente kissed her hand on presenting himself at court. The general smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"What did she say—what did she say?" the intriguers whispered eagerly, as the great soldier made his way toward the door, with the haste of one who was no courtier. But they received no answer.

The general had taken a suite of rooms in one of the hotels on the Puerta del Sol, and hurried thither, well pleased to have escaped so easily from a palace where self-seeking—that grim spirit that haunts the abodes of royalty—had long reigned supreme.

There was, the servants told him, a visitor in the salon, one who had asked for the general, and on learning of his absence had insisted on being received by the seffiorita.

"That sounds like Conyngham," muttered the general, unbuckling his sword, for he had but one weapon, and wore it in the presence of the Queen and her enemies alike.

It was, indeed, Conyngham, whose gay laugh Vincente heard before he crossed the threshold of Estella's draw-

ing-room. The Englishman was in uniform, and stood with his back turned toward the door by which the general entered.

"It is Señor Conyngham," said Estella at once, in a quiet voice, "who has been wounded and six weeks in the hospital."

"Yes," said Conyngham; "but I am well again now. And I got my appointment while I was still in the Sisters' care."

He laughed, though his face was pale and thin, and approached the general with extended hand. The general had come to Madrid with the intention of refusing to take that hand, and those who knew him said that this soldier never swerved from his purpose. He looked for a moment into Conyngham's eyes, and then shook hands with him. He did not disguise the hesitation, which was apparent to both Estella and the Englishman.

"How were you wounded?" he asked.

"I was stabbed in the back on the Toledo road, ten miles from here."

"Not by a robber, not for your money."

"No one ever hated me or cared for me on that account," laughed Conyngham.

"Then who did it?" asked General Vincente, unbuttoning his gloves.

Conyngham hesitated.

"A man with whom I quarrelled on the road," he made reply; "but it was no answer at all, as hearers and speaker alike recognised in a flash of thought."

"He left me for dead on the road, but a carter picked me up and brought me to Madrid, to the hospital of the Hermanas, where I have been ever since."

There were flowers on the table, and the general stooped over them with a delicate appreciation of their scent. He was a great lover of flowers, and, indeed, had a sense of the beautiful quite out of keeping with the colour of his coat.

"You must beware," he said, "now that you wear the Queen's uniform. There is treachery abroad, I fear. Even I have had an anonymous letter of warning."

"I should like to know who wrote it," exclaimed Conyngham, with a sudden flash of anger in his eyes.

The general laughed pleasantly.

"So should I," he said; "merely as a matter of curiosity."

And he turned toward the door, which was opened at this moment by a servant.

"A gentleman wishing to see me, an Englishman as it would appear," he continued, looking at the card.

"By the way," said Conyngham, as the general moved away, "I am instructed to inform you that I am attached to your staff, as an extra aide-de-camp, during your stay in Madrid."

The general nodded, and left Estella and Conyngham alone in the drawing-room. Conyngham turned on Estella.

"So that I have a right to be near you," he said, "which is all that I want."

He spoke lightly enough, as was his habit, but Estella, who was wise in those matters that women know, preferred not to meet his eyes, which were grave and deep.

"Such things are quickly said," Estella retorted.

"Yes; and it takes a long time to prove them."

The general had left his gloves on the table. Estella took them up and appeared to be interested in them.

"Perhaps a lifetime," she suggested.

"I ask no less, sefiorita."

"Then you ask much."

"And I give all, though that is little enough."

They spoke slowly, not bandying words, but exchanging thoughts. Estella was grave. Conyngham's attitude was that which he ever displayed to the world—namely, one of cheerful optimism, as behooved a strong man who had not yet known fear.

"Is it too little, sefiorita?" he asked.

She was sitting at the table, and would not look up, neither would she answer his question. He was standing quite close to her, upright in his bright uniform, his hand on his sword, and all her attention was fixed on the flowers which had called forth the general's outspoken admiration. She touched them with fingers hardly lighter than his.

"Now that I think of it," said Conyngham, after a pause, "what I give is nothing."

Estella's face wore a queer little smile, as of a deeper knowledge.

"Nothing at all," continued the Englishman; "for I have nothing to give, and you know nothing of me."

"Three months ago," answered Estella, "we had never heard of you, and you had never seen me," she added, with a little laugh.

"I have seen nothing else since," Conyngham replied deliberately, "for I have gone about the world a blind man."

"In three months one cannot decide matters that affect a whole lifetime," said the girl.

"This matter decided itself in three minutes, so far as I am concerned, señorita, in the old palace at Ronda. It is a matter that time is powerless to affect one way or the other."

With some people; but you are hasty and impetuous. My father said it of you, and he is never mistaken."

"Then you do not trust me, señorita."

Estella had turned away her face, so that he could only see her mantilla and the folds of her golden hair gleaming through the black lace. She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not due to yourself nor to all who know you in Spain if I do," she said.

"All who know me . . .?"

"Yes," she continued—"Father Concha, Señora Barena, my father, and others at Ronda."

"Ah! And what leads them to mistrust me?"

"Your own actions," replied Estella.

And Conyngham was too simple-minded, too inexperienced in such matters to understand the ring of anxiety in her voice.

"I do not much mind what the rest of the world thinks of me," he said. "I have never owed anything to the world, nor asked anything from it. They are welcome to think what they like. But with you it is different. Is it possible, señorita, to make you trust me?"

Estella did not answer at once. After a pause she gave an indifferent jerk of the head.

"Perhaps," she said.

"If it is possible I will do it."

"It is quite easy," she answered, raising her head and looking out of the window, with an air that seemed to indicate that her interests lay without and not in this room at all.

"How can I do it?"

She gave a short, hard laugh, which to experienced ears would have betrayed her instantly.

"By showing me the letter you wrote to Julia Barena," she said.

"I cannot do that."

"No?" she said significantly. A woman fighting for her own happiness is no sparing adversary.

"Will nothing else than the sight of that letter satisfy you, señorita?"

Her profile was turned toward him, delicate and proud, with the perfect chiselling of outline that only comes with a long descent and bespeaks the blood of a line of gentle ancestors, for Estella Vincente had in her veins blood that was counted noble in Spain, the land of a bygone glory.

"Nothing," she answered; "though the question of my being satisfied is hardly of importance. You asked me to trust you, and you make it difficult by your actions. In return I ask a proof, that is all."

"Do you want to trust me?"

He had come a little closer to her, and was grave enough now.

"Why do you ask that?" she inquired in a low voice.

"Do you want to trust me?" he asked, and it is to be supposed that he was able to detect an infinitesimal acquiescent movement of her head.

"Then if that letter is in existence you shall have it," he said. "You say that my actions have borne evidence against me. I shall trust to action and not to words to refute that evidence. But you must give me time. Will you do that?"

"You always ask something."

"Yes, señorita, from you, but from no one else in the world."

He gave a sudden laugh and walked to the window, where he stood looking at her.

"I suppose," he said, "I shall be asking all my life from you. Perhaps that is why we were created, señorita—I to ask, you to give; perhaps that is happiness, Estella."

She raised her eyes, but did not meet his, looking past him through the open window. The hotel was situated at the lower end of the Puerta del Sol, the quiet end and farthest removed from the hum of the market and the busy sounds of traffic. These only came in

the form of a distant hum, like the continuous roar of surf upon an unseen shore. Below the windows a passing water-seller plied his trade, and his monotonous cry of "Agua—a—a! Agua—a—a!" rose like a wail, like the voice of one crying in that human wilderness where solitude reigns as surely as in the desert.

For a moment Estella glanced at Conyngham gravely, and his eyes were no less serious. They were not the first, but only two out of many millions, to wonder what happiness is, and where it hides in this busy world.

They had not spoken or moved, when the door was again opened by a servant, who bowed toward Conyngham, and then stood aside to allow ingress to one who followed on his heels. This was a tall man, white-haired and white of face. Indeed, his cheeks had the dead pallor of paper, and seemed to be drawn over the cheek-bones at such tension as gave to the skin a polish like that of fine marble. One sees many such faces in London streets, and they usually indicate suffering, either mental or physical.

The stranger came forward with a perfect lack of embarrassment, which proved him to be a man of the world. His bow to Estella clearly indicated that his business lay with Conyngham. He was the incarnation of the Continental ideal of the polished, cold Englishman, and had the air of a diplomat, such as this country sends to foreign courts to praise or blame, to declare friendship or war with the same calm suavity and imperturbable politeness.

"I come from General Vincente," he

said to Conyngham, "who will follow in a moment, when he has despatched some business which detains him. I have a letter to the general, and am, in fact, in need of his assistance."

He broke off, turning to Estella, who was moving toward the door.

"I was especially instructed," he said quickly to her, "to ask you not to leave us. You were, I believe, at school with my nieces in England, and when my business, which is of the briefest, is concluded, I have messages to deliver to you from Mary and Amy Mainwaring."

Estella smiled a little and resumed her seat.

Then the stranger turned to Conyngham.

"The general told me," he went on, in his cold voice, without a gleam of geniality or even of life in his eyes, "that if I followed the servant to the drawing-room I should find here an English aide-de-camp, who is fully in his confidence, and upon whose good-nature and assistance I could rely."

"I am for the time General Vincente's aide-de-camp, and I am an Englishman," answered Conyngham.

The stranger bowed.

"I did not explain my business to General Vincente," said he, "who asked me to wait until he came, and then tell the story to you both at one time. In the mean time I was to introduce myself to you."

Conyngham waited in silence.

"My name is Sir John Pleydell," said the stranger quietly.

*(To be continued.)*

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## INSPIRATION AND POEM.

Within the brain we feel it burn and flit  
And waver, half alighting. Say who can,  
Would not the glory on the wings of it  
Strike blind the eyes of man?

We lift the eager hand, again, again,  
Dreaming to catch it. (Surely it will fly!)  
And, lo! a worm, stung with a freezing rain  
Of tears, crawls out to die.

*Sarah Piatt.*

## NEW BOOKS.

## GREEK SCULPTURE.\*

Ever since the completion of the excavations on the top of the Acropolis at Athens, a history of Greek sculpture, written in the light of the new material, has been eagerly awaited by the English-speaking public. Mrs. Mitchell's valuable work has for some years been out of date, and the second edition of Murray's history is inadequate in its treatment of the recent discoveries. The latest edition of Overbeck's monumental *Geschichte der griechischen Plastik* and Collignon's beautiful and valuable *Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque* have been available, to be sure, at least in part, to those who turn readily to French and German, but it has been clear enough for some time that a good history written in English ought to find a ready sale.

The publishers of this handbook have been fortunate in securing the services of so competent a scholar as Professor Ernest Gardner to do the work. The careful classical training of Cambridge University, actual experience in the work of excavation, and long residence in Athens constitute a preparation for such writing that could scarcely be bettered. Professor Gardner is, moreover, singularly free from the too common tendency toward rash theorising in the handling of his subject, he shows in general a thoroughly scholarly and scientific desire to understate rather than to overstate probabilities, and in harmony with this spirit he has the power of definite and simple expression. It is scarcely necessary to add that he has produced an excellent book. It more than makes good its title of "handbook," for Professor Gardner has succeeded in packing so much well-digested matter into his two thin volumes that it seems as if, with comparatively slight additions to the illustrations and notes, they would develop into a history of Greek sculpture that might easily rank with more pretentious works on this subject. Not until one reaches the Hel-

lenistic period does the brevity of his treatment suggest meagreness, and this is certainly the point at which the necessary condensation is least disadvantageous.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the excellent features of this book—*ex pede Herculem*—and a few examples will suffice. The discussion of "Materials and Processes of Greek Sculpture" in the introductory chapter is admirable. It presents a subject the importance of which has in the past been too often overlooked, and which recent discovery and investigation have brought into greater prominence. In natural connection with this the emphasis laid throughout upon the technique of sculpture is most useful, and nowhere does it appear to more advantage than in the brief, but extremely good, discussion of the Parthenon Frieze.

In respect of the literary authorities for the history of the earliest period Professor Gardner is very sceptical, perhaps almost unduly so, but he states the reasons cogently for the faith, or lack of it, that is in him. The treatment of the difficult subjects of "Early Influences" and the "Rise of Greek Sculpture," including the development of types, is clear and satisfactory, though now and then possibly, as on pages 28 and 96, a rather more conscious process of æsthetic reasoning than seems quite natural appears to be attributed to the primitive artist. Similarly it seems a little fanciful to attribute to the sculptor of the "Harpy Tomb" self-satisfaction and a lack of the "stimulating discontent," which was to lend a new vigour, as yet absent in purely Ionic work, to the budding art of Greek sculpture. This, however, is a mere passing observation, and does not detract from the clear and admirable manner in which the differences between the Ionic and Peloponnesian styles are in general brought out. The significance of the "lax archaic style" of Ionia is made perfectly plain to the reader, and its importance as an element in Attic art is most clearly shown. As characteristically good might be singled out the discussion of the Parthenon marbles, in which Professor Gardner has most hap-

\* A Handbook of Greek Sculpture. By Ernest Arthur Gardner, M.A. Two parts, I. 1896, II. 1897. London: Macmillan & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co.



pily performed the difficult task of separating the essential from the less important matter, the omission of which is made necessary in a book of limited size. Excellent also is the brief discussion of the now celebrated female head found at the Argive Heraeum by Professor Waldstein (page 340). This head certainly possesses some of the qualities of both Attic and Argive art, and the reasonable view that Attic influence made itself felt in Argos at this time is surely likely to prevail. In the art of a later period it is satisfactory to see that Professor Gardner does not agree with Collignon in assigning the Otricoli Zeus to the school of Praxiteles. It seems extremely unlikely that this work should have its origin in any school earlier at least than that of Lysippus; and the usual view in this case may be accepted as the correct one. The general tendencies of the art of the fourth century B.C. are admirably summed up in § 44; this could scarcely be better done if many more pages had been written on the subject. The author shows here, and elsewhere, for that matter, how thorough and careful is his understanding of the tendencies of Greek life, not indeed alone on the artistic side, but through a knowledge of the literature as well, and so his book has that indefinable something about it which springs from a comprehension of those qualities of the Greek spirit that are in themselves the source of artistic expression.

The history of the development of sculpture among the Greeks is, of course, a subject which, when taken up in detail, affords an almost unlimited opportunity for controversy and difference of opinion. Archæologists may be perfectly well agreed as to the general features of this or that epoch, but it is not to be expected that minor questions, which are not subjects of demonstration, but which depend rather upon the sum of probabilities, will be looked at in the same light by every one. There are thus some minor matters in Professor Gardner's book to which objection may be fairly made, though there are few cases in which a candid reviewer would not be willing to admit that the opinion to which his own was opposed might not with some reason be defended. A few points of this kind are here selected at random. It seems hardly likely that the relief of the so-called "Mourning

Athena" is to be assigned to so late a date as the beginning of the Peloponnesian War. As an example of the "minor art" of the time Professor Gardner truly enough says that it would be behind the attainments of the great masters, but we can hardly recognise this as a principle to be applied to archaic-looking reliefs in general. It may, indeed, suggest a possibility, but more than that is necessary to overcome the impression of earlier work that this relief makes. Again, why is the assertion so positively made that the celebrated "Capitoline Faun" is the satyr of the street of the Tripods in Athens? The evidence for this identification is extremely weak. Nor can it fairly be maintained that "everything is in favour of the attribution" of the "Venus Genetrix" to Arcesilaus. It is, indeed, true that the case of those who would trace the type of this statue back to the "Aphrodite in the Gardens" of Alcamenes is not actually proved, but it is a good deal stronger than one would gather from Professor Gardner's remarks. His view in this matter seems distinctly less reasonable and less characteristic than in the discussion, for example, on pages 235 and 245 of the identification of the so-called "Apollo on the Omphalos," or in the rather too sceptical attitude maintained toward Furtwängler's study of the "Athena Lemnia." Why, again, on page 300, is the "Porch of the Maidens" repeatedly referred to as the Pandroseum without an indication that the application of the name to this structure is, at least, very doubtful? In the treatment also of the recently discovered works of Damophon, the opinions of those who doubt the correctness of the old view, which assigns this sculptor to the first half of the fourth century B.C., are set aside with especial positiveness. It is quite too strong a statement to say that there is a "decided preponderance of evidence" in support of this date for him, nor, until the incorrectness of Dörpfeld's view in regard to the temple at Lycosura (*Athenische Mittheilungen*, 1893) can be shown, is it admissible to say that the late features in this building "may well enough be due merely to later repairs." The temple appears to be late throughout, and there is as yet no evidence of an earlier one on the same spot. The head of Demeter and that of Artemis

might, to be sure, suggest a fairly early period, but that of Anytus, and the sculptured drapery, certainly do not. The literary and historical evidence in the question is at best merely negative, while the results of the excavations give positive testimony and shift the burden of proof upon those who deny the date that is inferred from them.

Among the proposed restorations of the Hermes at Olympia the theory of the bunch of grapes in the god's right hand is rather better supported than one would suppose from what Professor Gardner says; and in the case of another Praxitelean work, the reliefs from Mantinea representing Apollo, Marsyas, etc., his theory of arrangement overlooks Amelung's study, which certainly deserves attention. Furtwängler's discussion also, in his *Intermezzi*, of the date of the relief representing the "Marriage of Poseidon and Amphitrite" in Munich might well have been noticed.

It may seem almost ungracious to mention one or two slight errors in the book, they are so insignificant, but if, as is to be hoped, a second edition is called for, their correction would at least be some gain, however small. The Theodorus, pages 101, 114, whose name occurs in an inscription from the Acropolis, is much more likely to be a second dedicator than an artist. It is not probable, then, that any record of Theodorus of Samos is to be found in the inscription. Nor is the inference fair, page 250, that Pausanias fails to "realise the geographical conditions" in Attica. He does not say that the helmet and point of the spear of the so-called "Athena Promachus" could be seen from "off Sunium." What he does say is that they are visible to persons sailing up (*προσπλέουσιν*) from Sunium—a very different thing. There was no powder magazine, page 269, within the cella of the Parthenon in 1687; it was the supply of powder placed there for daily use that was exploded.

On page 450, note 3, the Greek accents need correction, and on page 235 the reference in the note should be to § 33, not § 43. On page 70, note 1, the sentence beginning "But he regards it" might be remodelled to advantage, and the same may be said of a portion of the note on page 151. Professor Gardner's own high standard is the excuse for mentioning such trifles.

The scholarly care which characterises his book as a whole makes it valuable far beyond its claims to importance, and certainly in this country it ought to prove of great service not simply to students of the classics, but also to the many individuals and art societies who study antiquity in places where only small libraries are accessible.

J. R. Wheeler.

#### ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE.\*

Professor Murray's work forms the first volume of a series of "Short Histories of the Literature of the World. The general editor is Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, in his introduction, promises us a "succession of attractive volumes" for which he has secured the aid of "a number of scholars whose names guarantee a rare combination of exact knowledge with the power of graceful composition," while they are "pre-eminently recognised for their competence in each branch of the subject." Care will be taken "to preserve uniformity of form" (*sic*), and the books will be "accurate enough to be used in the class-room, and yet pleasant enough to be studied by those who seek nothing from their books but enjoyment." Little notice will be taken of "linguistic origins" or "purely philological curiosities," but "literature will be interpreted," under the special guidance of Mr. Gosse, "as the most perfect utterance of the ripest thought by the finest minds."

After such an introduction the ingenuous reader naturally looks forward to a number of fascinating chapters in which the incomparable beauty of the best Greek writers will be vividly made manifest to him. Unfortunately he will be disappointed. If he know nothing about Greek literature when he begins he will not know much more when he leaves off. The book, in fact, contains a quantity of observations on Greek authors, often very scholarly and able, but almost wholly unintelligible without considerable knowledge of their actual writings; so that if the later volumes of the series, which deal with the litera-

\* Ancient Greek Literature. By Professor G. Murray, pp. vii., 420. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

ture of Hungary, Scandinavia, and Japan, exhibit a similar method of treatment it is difficult to imagine who will read them. We begin, for example, with a description of the "heroic saga" known as Homer or Homeric; then comes a description of the text, of its "Atticisms" and "Æolisms," of the way in which its subject-matter indicates its origin and age, and we are informed there are "3354 places" which demand "the restoration of Vau," while "in 654" it ought to be there "but is metrically inadmissible." About the immortal part of Homer, on the other hand, there is nothing whatever. Half a dozen lines are quoted here and there to illustrate an argument, but, except for these, after getting through fifty pages the reader would remain wholly ignorant why any one troubled himself about Homer at all. He would be in the position of an intelligent heathen who, wishing to know something about the Bible, had been set down to study Driver's *Introduction*.

It is the same all through. Except for one fine piece of translation from the *Agamemnon*, which shows what Professor Murray can do, there are practically no illustrations of Greek literature. Of the wit of Aristophanes or the wisdom of Plato there is not a word. To Socrates, who, it seems, was "subject to an auditory hallucination," but who never wrote a line, eight pages are assigned; while Aristotle, whose works are voluminous, and have had an unrivalled influence on thought, receives about three and a half, the *Ethics* being dismissed in *seventeen words*, which state that they exhibit traces of three hands. There are tedious lists of lost tragedies; there is an account of the Ionian philosophy, which finds its bond of unity in "a half-material hylozoism;" there is a discussion of the text of Thucydides, in which the reader will find that he never "wrote the absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language" with which he is generally credited. Of Herodotus we are told, in a sentence which will terrify the ignorant, "that neither Ktesias nor Manetho nor Plutarch nor Panovsky nor Sayce" has convicted him of bad faith; while the names of Cobet, Rutherford, Müller-Strübing, Wilamowitz, Schwartz, Herbst, Ullrich, Kirchoff, and Qwiklin-

ski, all occurring within a page of print, will suggest to the gentlemen who "seek nothing from their books but enjoyment" that they have at last found it. If anything can add to their enjoyment it will be the flattering sense that they are really beginning to understand Greek when they continually come across such words as "arché," "hubris," "mêchanê," and "hagos," or are met by such questions as, "how could a kômôidia go without its kômos?"

The fact is that this is a book written to order, and good books are not produced in that fashion. It is clear from the frequent brilliancy of his criticisms that Professor Murray might in time have written a history of Greek literature which would have been valued by scholars; it is possible that he might have achieved the more difficult task of writing one which would have been attractive to the general reader. As it is, he has been beguiled by "a general editor" into publishing a hasty work which to those who know Greek is of little service, and to those who do not quite useless.

T. E. Page.

#### THE ART OF ORGANISED LIVING.\*

"One can't have everything," said a friend to the writer a few days ago; "we can't be literary and domestic too."

This is an old reproach. In the days of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with her "dirt and vivacity," it may have been deserved. There is, in fact, some psychological basis for the fact upon which the reproach is founded. And before examining the two books now before us, it may be as well to ascertain whether, in the mental constitution of woman, there exists any reason or cause for this alleged incompatibility of temper and consequent divorce, between literature, or the higher education, and domestic science.

But science!

What attempt at science was there in the methods of the old-time housewife, or the queen of the kitchen of the

\* Household Economics. A Course of Lectures in the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin. By Helen Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Domestic Service. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Southern plantations "befo' de wah," who, when asked how much of such and such ingredients she put into her delicious mince-pies or fruit-cake, would invariably reply, "Law bless you, honey, I don't never measure; I jess puts it in tell it tases right"?

But the college-bred maiden, trained to consider cooking as the chemistry of the kitchen, attempts a remonstrance:

I don't see how you can be sure of your results, Mammy, with such methods; exactness, you know, is vitally necessary in all chemical experiments."

"Speriments!" says Mammy with a toss of her turban; "g'way fom here, chile, I ain't makin' no 'speriments! I's a cook, honey, and mo' dan dat, I done cook for yo' grandpa, befo' you was born or thought of; and if old Marster didn't know good cookin' when he eat it, den I'll give right up. Dar now!"

The appeal to one's ancestors, however illogical, is usually unanswerable; and the lady of science, forced to maintain her position in the teeth of all the traditions of housewifery of her own house, her mother's house, and the houses of her female friends and relatives, or to accept the reproach which we began by quoting, has nearly always chosen the last-mentioned horn of the dilemma. But as a matter of fact, the alleged incapacity of the literary woman in practical matters has long ago been demonstrated to be simply an incapacity for doing things imperfectly; and the college training of women, so far from unfitting them for domestic duties, seems now about to result in producing such a type of housewives and housekeeping as the world has never seen.

Mrs. Helen Campbell and Professor Salmon find it convenient to treat their several subjects historically; the only true method of dealing with any problem of our present problematical end of the century. The former, in her lectures on *Household Economics*, deals in this manner with the Family, the House, Decoration, Furnishing, Nutrition, and finally Organised Living. Incidentally, almost casually, it seems, Mrs. Campbell formulates for us the great obstacle to progress in the direction of domestic economy—I should say the two obstacles—Fatalism and Personification.

"Men and women leave college in possession of full knowledge as to the interior structure of the clam; but their own is a sealed book. . . .

Blank ignorance on these points is accepted without the faintest thought of its disgrace or its danger. The human animal feminine trusts that instinct will teach her how to rule a house and guide her young. The human animal masculine believes that Providence arranges all these things, and that scientific cookery, sanitation, and all that, are the fad of a small school of cranks."

So much for Fatalism. As regards Personification, we have to reckon not merely with the ghosts of our ancestors, and "all dere fambly connection," as before stated; but as our author shows, every attempt to treat the subject impersonally and scientifically is transmuted into a personal matter in the mind of the hearer; this she charitably ascribes to a deficiency in brain power. "We can say 'my house,' 'my mother's house,' or 'Mrs. Jones's house,' but 'the house' we have as yet no brain-cell ready to hold."

We shall not attempt to give more than a glance at Mrs. Campbell's brilliant work; it is fascinating in style, teems with epigram, and abounds in truths which it behooves "us women" to consider; the spirit of the lectures is one of delightful idealism: "The ideal is the only real," she says. This ideal is to make the house a fitting tabernacle for the body, and the body a habitation meet for the indwelling of the highest.

But neither body nor soul can reach its fullest development when the one is afflicted with dyspepsia and the other nagged out of all semblance of inward peace; both which results are more than likely to follow any practical acquaintance with the "Servant Girl Problem," with which Professor Lucy Salmon of Wellesley deals in the other volume under consideration. The information upon which it is based was obtained through a series of blanks sent out to employers, employees, and for miscellaneous information in regard to the Woman's Exchange, the teaching of household employments, and other kindred topics. A mass of information was thus obtained, as to amount of wages, efficiency, privileges, difficulty of obtaining servants, and other matters. The discussion of these is prefaced by a survey of the history of domestic service from the eighteenth century to the present time; then follows a treatment of the subject from an economic point of view. It is remarkable that under this head Professor Salmon finds the chaotic

condition of domestic service to be directly due to its being (perhaps) the only industry in the world in which the blessings of free competition are absolutely unhampered by any attempt at combination on the part of either employers or the employed. The only labour organisations among those engaged in this industry, the only strikes it has known are among the employees of hotels and restaurants; we might venture to add of livery-stable employees. In other industries, this state of things is injurious to the worker; in this it chiefly inconveniences the employer; and the employers being women, with a natural inherent tendency to put up with disagreeables rather than fight against them, no effectual remedy has yet been found. It is the employers who stand in the way of progress, says our author; each selfishly working for her own hand and not for the good of her employee, either as an individual or a class. But her disadvantages are impartially set forth as well as those of the servant; under the head of "Doubtful Remedies" are considered Housekeepers' Conventions, Training Schools for Servants, etc.; under "Possible Remedies" we find Possibility of Removing Social Disadvantages, Provision for Social Enjoyment, Abolition of Use of the Word Servant, and many others. With the last suggestion we cannot wholly concur, though we are at one with her idea of widening the significance of the word to include the farmer who produces the corn, as well as the domestic who cooks it. The title of home-maker, as suggested for the mistress of the house, in contradistinction to that of housekeeper, reserved for her "help," seems a trifle stilted and sentimental; and in this matter one would be glad to obtain the domestic of the future before troubling to find a name for her. Naming animals previous to any acquaintance with them was not required even of Adam.

It is significant that the conclusions reached by both authors point directly to the performing of much of the work now done in the family outside the walls of the home; the Woman's Exchange is cited in connection with this; one's own reading suggests that outside dish-washing is as possible as outside laundrying, and like it, may prove as great a relief. Personally we believe that this will be

the final solution; that drudgery will be relegated to the limbo of the unknown, where it will be done on such a large scale and so effectively as to become at once a field for the investigator, with his book and pencil; and with electric cooking and heating apparatus, curved chairboards and the latest thing in ventilation, the home-maker, trained in the principles of the Boston Cooking School or other similar institution, will regard her vocation not as a task but a profession, and her delight in its methods will bring ease both to soul and body.

*Katharine Pearson Woods.*

#### JOHNSTON'S "LATIN MANUSCRIPTS."\*

Not many years ago the mention of palæography and its allied science, textual criticism, suggested musty manuscripts and the scholarly recluse. To-day we find the science established by the Benedictine, Mabillon, as well as that which is linked inseparably with the name of Richard Bentley, presented in an ordinary text-book for the use of high-school and college students. It is no longer an uncommon occurrence for the college graduate to make conjectural emendations with the readiness of a Lachmann or a Madvig, while our philological journals abound in the text-modifications suggested by these classical tyros, and the country parson glibly talks of the lower and the higher criticism.

Although we cannot but deprecate the rude and thoughtless handling of things so revered, it is nevertheless a gratifying testimony to the modern spirit of classical study that such important aids to the interpretation of the classics have not only been brought within the reach of ordinary students, but have been made readily intelligible and attractive.

In the work under consideration we have a very simple and pleasing introduction to the study of critical texts. It is arranged in three parts, the first of which is assigned to the history of manuscripts, and treats of their making and preservation, also of the publication,

\* *Latin Manuscripts; an Elementary Introduction to the Use of Critical Editions for High Schools and Colleges.* By Harold W. Johnston, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Indiana. Chicago: Scott Foresman & Co.

transmission and distribution of books. The second part, devoted to the science of palæography, treats of styles of writing and the errors of the scribes. Professor Johnston defines the former as theoretical and historical, while the latter he designates as practical palæography. The third part, under the title "Science of Criticism," is occupied with the methods and terminology of criticism, textual criticism and individual criticism. The latter term Professor Johnston has wisely adopted from the German "Individual-Kritik," in place of the much abused and indefinite "Higher Criticism."

The work is made more useful by the insertion of sixteen plates, facsimiles of manuscripts of Terence, Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, Vergil and Homer. With one exception the plates have been photographed from Chatelain's *Paléographie des Classiques Latins*. The facsimile of Catullus is from the Codex Romanus discovered in 1896 in the Vatican Library by Professor William Gardner Hale. The purpose in the insertion of the plates is simply to illustrate the various forms of writing referred to in the book, the square and rustic capitals, uncials and the various forms of minuscules appearing in classical manuscripts. The result from this point of view is quite satisfactory, and is thoroughly consistent with the professed purpose of the book. Students of palæography, however, will find very meagre material for work in their special field.

It is evident that Professor Johnston has found it difficult to bring palæography and hermeneutics down to the plane of high-school studies, and to bridge the chasm which exists between the scholarly and that which is merely popular. It is curious to find the puerile "see Webster" in a book treating of lipography, dittography, and the involved *stemma* of a family of manuscripts. The result of this editorial straddle is hardly satisfactory; for while Professor Johnston has made a very readable book, it is *ni l'un ni l'autre*. In the early portion of the volume the popular predominates, and some important subjects—*e.g.*, papyrus, are hastily and unsatisfactorily treated. The important matter of abbreviations is limited to twelve lines, and the sum total of information conveyed is that the subject is one of great difficulty.

Again, it is a serious question whether the high-school student will appreciate the more complete treatment of the science of criticism found in Part III.

The intention to make an elementary work has resulted in an unfortunate omission of references to authorities and of any form of bibliography. Information of this character has been found most useful in elementary text-books, such as that of Cæsar's *Bellum Gallicum*, and in a work of this kind it is imperatively demanded.

The work of Professor Johnston shows a praiseworthy freedom from error, both in the subject-matter and in the typography. We cannot agree, however, with the statement on page 17, which implies the existence of a second *umbilicus* at the beginning of the roll. There is no evidence in support of such a statement, and authorities such as Marquardt and Paoli explain the plural *umbilici* by a reference to the ends (*cornua*) of the *umbilicus*.

The style of the writer, which is in general very simple and direct, is marred by such sentences as these: "For such precious compositions as these were the parchments used that a king's ransom would not now purchase;" and again: "And hence the energy with which it is pursued, and the envy and hatred and malice and all uncharitableness which such an investigation discovers as that of Professor Gudemann (*sic*) into the history of the discussion over the authorship of the *Dialogue* of Tacitus."

Professor Johnston has reason to be well satisfied with the general impression which his work conveys, for it certainly gives testimony to his scholarly grasp of his subject. The publishers also are to be congratulated upon the very pleasing appearance of the book; for the large type and good paper go far toward making even an abstruse subject attractive and entertaining.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

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MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON'S "NEW POEMS."\*

Delighters in these *New Poems* may feel that at last Mr. Thompson compels recognition of his great powers. They will have "An Anthem of Earth," "The

\* *New Poems*. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland and Day. \$1.50.

Mistress of Vision," and the "Ode to the Setting Sun" in their ears when they say so. But if they turn back to "The Hound of Heaven," and "A Corymbus for Autumn," they will be reminded that those were of a strength that needed no maturing. It is not so much an increase of compass or an outburst of unexpected energy that marks this volume from the two that came before it, as a faint difference in its temper. The closing lines of the book, addressed to his songs, are significant of a new note, a note of doubtful, fitful, but very personal hope.

"Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know  
To-day,  
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know  
To-morrow."

He is still difficult, still learned in phrase, still scientifically experimental in metre. The critics who are angry with him on these scores can still with reason say that now and again he is slovenly about rhymes and little uniformities in lyrics where care for such trifles would mean much added exquisiteness. But his lyrics have never been so full of charm before. There is no blemish in the radiant "July Fugitive," in the wistful "Nocturne," and in "Field Flower." He is still reminiscent of great tunes we have heard from other poets. And yet as ever he is still his own very intricate and very individual self. The strange, strong mixture of Paganism and asceticism is still in the fabric he weaves. The wine of the old gods is native in his blood, else should we never have had his "Ode to the Setting Sun." A good Pagan spoilt, some will say, when they read the After-Strain to the same poem, with the vision of the Cross "gaunt and long 'Twixt me and yet bright skies;" and they will be right so far that in him we see no natural ascetic, confused and intoxicated with sudden earthly visions, but a Pagan painfully converted. Everywhere is the idea of conversion and renunciation, of their pain and their glory, renunciation not as an end, but a key, a path to regions infinite—regions surprising to the ordinary humble believer—

"Where is the land of Luthany,  
Where is the tract of Elenore?  
I am bound therefor."

From his master, Coventry Patmore, he has adopted one ruling idea—the sa-

credness of boundaries. In Patmore you find it expressed exquisitely—

"the soul select assumes the stress  
Of bonds unbid . . .  
And aye hath, cloistered borne,  
To the Clown's scorn  
The fetters of the three-fold golden chain.  
—*Legem Tuam Dilexi.*

but without any sign of strife. In Mr. Thompson's poems the doctrine of the divinity of limits is subscribed to with ache and jar. The mortal and the immortal parts of him strive with each other. He is Christianised, but he is the rebel tamed.

"Not the Circean wine  
Most perilous is for pain;  
Grapes of the heavens' star-loaden vine,  
Whereto the lofty placed  
Thoughts of fair souls attain,  
Tempt with a more retributive delight,  
And do disrelish all life's sober taste.  
'Tis to have drunk too well  
The drink that is divine,  
Maketh the kind earth waste,  
And breath intolerable."

But I think of the two the struggler will teach better the lesson of earthly obedience.

It is not yet superfluous to say that though he is difficult, though his fabric is woven of strange antique patterns, he is not remote from human calls and needs. In truth, for a poet so intimate and personal as he, difficulty is a natural veil of discretion. His wisdom, when you reach it through the splendid trappings, is simple enough. He is a poet of feeling rather than of intellect. This picture of the great moment of two lovers is not solitary:

"That falling kiss  
Touching long-laid expectance, all went up  
Suddenly into passion; yea, the night  
Caught, blazed, and wrapt us round in vibrant  
fire.

"Time's beating wing subsided, and the  
winds  
Caught up their breathing, and the world's  
great pulse  
Stayed in mid throb, and the wild train of life  
Reeled by, and left us stranded on a hush.  
This moment is a statue unto Love  
Carved from a fair white silence."

He is the tender harper of the songs of human fate—

"Whatso looks lovelily  
Is but the rainbow on life's weeping rain;"

and like all the poets that have touched us deeply, he knows the strength of breaking, failing, dying human things—

"It is the falling star that trails the light,  
It is the breaking wave that hath the might,  
The passing shower that rainbows maniple."

And he has told the whole pitiful story  
of mankind in "An Anthem of Earth."  
"In nescientness, in nescientness," man  
puts on the "fleshly lendings" of the  
Earth, "nought dreaming of the after  
penury."

"In a little joy, in a little joy  
We wear awhile thy sore insignia,"

with high hopes and trust, till the  
Mother speaks to us as men. Then "in  
a little thought, in a little thought," we  
stand and gaze and see the ruin of joy,  
and know we have been deceived. But  
the instinct of living is strong, and "in  
a little strength, in a little strength,"  
we face life again, though never more

"with spurted feet shall tread  
I' the wine-presses of song."

The fruit of it: "in a little sight, in a  
little sight," we grow patient, waiting  
the wisdom of pain, till Earth reclaims  
her own "in a little dust, in a little  
dust." And then

"In a little peace, in a little peace,  
Like fierce beasts that a common thirst makes  
brothers,  
We draw together to one hid dark lake;

\* \* \* \* \*

Pontifical Death, that doth the crevasse bridge  
To the steep and trifid God; one mortal birth  
That broker is of immortality.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now, mortal-sonlike,  
I thou hast suckled, Mother, I at last  
Shall sustenant be to thee. Here I untram-  
mel,

Here I pluck loose the body's cerementing,  
And break the tomb of life; here I shake off  
The bur o' the world, man's congregation  
shun,

And to the antique order of the dead  
I take the tongueless vows: my cell is set  
Here in thy bosom; my little trouble is ended  
In a little peace."

There can be no question of the place  
of one who can tell us he is the brother  
of us all in words like these.

*Annie Macdonell.*

#### THE DISABILITIES OF HUMOUR.\*

Is it possible that there is still a no-  
tion abroad that wit and humour cannot  
go hand in hand with sound, durable in-

\* Sketches in *Lavender, Blue and Green*.  
By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Henry  
Holt & Co. \$1.25.

telligence? The recent ineffectual can-  
didacy for senatorial honours of that  
Prince of Humourists, Mr. Joseph H.  
Choate, perhaps points in this direction.  
Mr. Choate, in his liability to miscon-  
struction as a humourist, occupies a mid-  
dle ground between the Hon. Thomas B.  
Reed and Messrs. Depew and Ingersoll.  
It might be asserted, shrewdly rather  
than deprecatingly, that the last-named  
gentlemen, quite apart from the one's  
imponderability and the other's persis-  
tent dallying with an inevitably serious  
subject, could hold no high office in the  
gift of the people by reason of their ir-  
refragable fame as wits. Theoretically,  
there are similar and equally valid rea-  
sons why Mr. J. K. Bangs might not  
have been elected mayor of Yonkers, or  
why Mr. Hopkinson Smith did not  
secure a reverent hearing for his Ar-  
menian views.

Between the popular favourite whose  
versatility entitles him to a twofold, or  
possibly a quadruple, recognition, and  
the man who plays the "straight politi-  
cal game," the average citizen does not  
long hesitate. Mr. Platt's gentlemanly  
reticence and talent for organisation,  
and Mr. Hill's self-control and care for  
details, are appreciable quantities, by  
virtue of which both men have been  
dubbed "statesmanlike and beneficent."  
In acknowledging the salient points of  
these characters, the plain man flatters  
himself, for are they not the glorifica-  
tion of his own every-day traits? Some  
things, however, are beyond his com-  
prehension. Sentiment, a bubbling  
sense of humour, the apotheosis of ideals  
and principles, he regards with sus-  
picion, as he does the poetic tempera-  
ment from which they emanate. Hu-  
mour, defined by Lowell as "the sense  
of comic contradiction arising from the  
perpetual comment which the under-  
standing makes upon the impressions  
received through the imagination," is  
not considered a definite, practical basis  
for a political career. To the ordinary  
mind humour is, in the long run, omi-  
nously involved with the things one  
would rather have left unsaid. In a  
good politician it is not enough that  
there be a solid substratum of reason  
and common-sense; these must pre-  
dominate and arrest the vision. There  
should be no flying buttresses, no in-  
terwoven traceries, no "gingerbread"  
work to confuse delight.



The same popular bias in favour of earnestness has clipped the wings of clergymen and jurists and, at least since Carlyle, of writers. To the wearers of the surplice and the ermine, only a sly, sedate humour is allowed. Mr. Augustine Birrell and Dr. Robert Collyer have illustrated the exquisite possibilities of that subdued chuckle which is believed not to be derogatory to clerical and parliamentary dignity. But the moment some one like Dr. Joseph Parker or Dr. Talmage lifts up his voice in lurid jocularity, or a Mr. Haweis gabbles like a tinker or slumps hilariously into incoherence, the sober, sensible people who constitute the great body of readers and listeners assume that he is a square peg in a round hole, and express the fear that he is overworked and needs a vacation.

There is a general disposition to regard the humourist in literature as "an amusing kind of 'cuss' who writes puzzling little stories that make you smile." So "Q," says Mr. Stockton, is esteemed in England; and it may be questioned if either he, or Mark Twain, or Eugene Field is taken much more seriously in our own country. We love them all, but it does not occur to the average reader that they possess a wonderful insight or, primarily, the distinction of the artist. "Foolery does walk about the orb like the sun," and by the apparent ease and ubiquitousness of its shining one is led to deny serious consideration to "the fools." It is true that with them life is no laughing matter; but as long as their books continue to be, they are permitted to wear only the cap and bells. To be versatile is to be distrusted.

Now Mr. Jerome is versatile. His fellowcraftsmen are vaguely aware that he is an editor and a playwright as well as a humourist. But his readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, have already accepted him as a humourist. They expect from him "the idle thoughts of an idle fellow," and if they don't get them they feel cheated. These *Sketches in Lavender, Blue, and Green* possess an emotional interest, and are not prevailingly gay. Their lavender is washed-out blue or green; at any rate, indifferent lavender. The tears they elicit are crocodile tears, in which one sees reflected the face of Balaam's ass. "What have I done unto thee," she saith, "that

thou hast smitten me these many times? Thou knowest that I am not thine ass." There is a little Chicagoan doggerel, an echo from the *Sabine Farm*, which has a pertinent, and I trust not an impertinent, application to Mr. Jerome's colour scheme:

"Should a patron require you to paint a marine,  
Would you work in some trees with their  
barks on?  
When his strict orders are for a Japanese jar,  
Would you give him a pitcher like Clarkson?"

George Merriam Hyde.

#### SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES.\*

Mr. Gosse's delightful work, published fourteen years ago, ran through two editions, and thereby made one think admiring things of public taste at last; and we have to thank Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company for its present reissue in our country. A happy book, beautiful to look at and to handle, it starts once again on a career. It would not be rash to say that it ranks as the first of its class in English, and that it would rank among the first even in French, where are to be found many like literary estimates, made with authority, and carried out in a manner sympathetic and final. Mr. Gosse has always shown a most sensitive knowledge of the history of *belles-lettres*, and he has written at least four other volumes which illustrate it. But the *Seventeenth Century Studies*, which came earliest, are still the best. With nameless grace and a certain quiet force, every one of these "maimed and broken poets" is painted. Here Lodge, Webster, Herrick, Crashaw, Cowley, Otway, stand in line as in a dynastic gallery, and only here are the charming faces of Rowlands, Orinda, and Etheredge preserved at all. Each chapter well fulfils the author's purpose, inasmuch as it is "truth told definitely and exhaustively," and presents "an exhaustive critical biography in miniature." Mr. Gosse's touch is sure and concrete enough. To turn against it a few of his own exquisite adjectives, it is full, clear, suave, bright; and about all the

\* *Seventeenth Century Studies: A Contribution to the History of English Poetry.* By Edmund Gosse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

work he does after his own heart is a largeness of perspective, a balance, a depth, a relativity which it were hardly possible to overrate. As Thoreau said of Raleigh's prose style, "a man can ride on horseback through the openings." Or like some crowded harmonious high-relief of the Renaissance, his page gives pleasure so far as one cares to search; behind the major heads, in their chaplets, standing forth almost in the round, are others hardly less in aggressive beauty, and still farther back one perceives a tier or two of strangely interesting faces, vague, but individual, vanishing accidents which the artist finds not unworthy of his compassionate thought.

Exactly as noteworthy in Mr. Gosse as this rare sense of values and proportions, which by itself is as much a matter of intellect as of culture, is the quality of human sympathy. So perfect is his temper as he picks his way among conjectures and controversies, that to match it we must revert to no annalist less sweet than Walton, and to no advocate less great than Newman. He appraises, in the pathetic names which he chooses to rescue from the *Limbus Patrum*, the unuttered forces by which, no less than by their achievement, they live. Some little tyranny of his own understanding has driven him into narrative and expatiation; and therefore, for his satisfaction of conscience, and our very great profit, we have, in every case, the memoir inwoven with the criticism, vines in blossom along the whole length of the stone-wall. No other English scholar and antiquary has been so generously troubled by the hectic passion of Ford or Otway, the shadow of mysticism deepening over Crashaw, the denied lyric opportunity of the dead soldiers and publicists who should have been "allowed to sun themselves unmolested about the fountains of Whitehall." Having ever in mind the important distinction between a man's nature and his art, with a wide survey of his subject, Mr. Gosse sets to work on the analysis of a single folio or the impartial appreciation of a memorable minor muse. More fully than Stevenson in the *Familiar Studies*, or Vernon Lee in a unique gift to musicians, *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy* (books which in scope, though not in treatment, are somewhat similar to this), he has

"looked before and after" in the by-gone world of which he writes; he is acquainted not only with his hero, but with that hero's good angel and his link-boy. In a hundred irradiating phrases, topics not dwelt upon gleam and pass; the mention is sufficiently characteristic of the Shakespearean Hesper and Phosphor: "Marlowe in the pride of his youth, Sidney in his posthumous glory." Such suggestive parentheses prepare one for later illuminations from Mr. Gosse, for the difficult, subtle, and very splendid exposition of Donne in *The Jacobean Poets*, or for almost the first just word of Rochester's noble genius in ruin. Truly here is one who knows his seventeenth century, were it picked up, "anonymous, on Pitcairn Island!"

Again, in the matter of interpretation of the literary temperament Mr. Gosse has no peer. Other experts have succeeded in ranking writers; he chiefly must fulfil the ideal of Mr. R. H. Hutton, by ranking and portraying them at a stroke. Indeed, the extraordinary felicity of his portraiture distracts the eye from the more serious business in hand. Witness the sketch of Lord de Tabley in *Critical Kit-Kats*, where every wizard paragraph victoriously says the unsayable, and where imagination cannot help on a synthesis, as with Mr. Henry James. But in these spirited pioneer essays prior to 1883, the affectionate labours of a young man, we have the maiden evidences of a power now in its prime, and disposed, let us hope, to enrich us further. Kind, true, unprofessorial, they are "as good as clotted cream" to the general. They are also a lasting treasure to the few who keep their regard sacred to pure literature, to golden learning modestly sheathed in easy, almost gay reading, and to themes so magical and old that they seem to their lovers

"Above the light of the morning star."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

#### A HISTORY OF CANADA.\*

In Canada, at least, has been long felt the need of a shorter history of the northern half of the continent. For

\* A History of Canada. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$2.00.

while, in its other branches, our literature has prospered during the twenty years that have elapsed since Confederation, the field of history seems to have been neglected. Parkman and Garneau, to whose works, of course, all future historians must be greatly indebted, have given us records invaluable as far as they go; but he who would read how Canada has become a nation must search through the many—good and bad, French and English—local or sectional histories. And in these, even, the author is more likely to deal with the earlier years of his particular district than with the later. As for the one or two histories in use in the schools, they are notoriously inadequate and entirely lacking in interest.

Under these circumstances, it is a matter for congratulation that the author of the newest history of Canada is Professor Charles G. D. Roberts—the most widely known of Canadian poets and writers of romance, and one of the most earnest students of history and politics. Admirably conceived as a whole, and duly proportioned, on every page the volume bears evidence of its author's long and careful literary training. Except in one or two instances, the story moves with a wonderful clearness and simplicity; seldom is there an attempt at fine writing without a notable example of fine thinking. In recounting episodes such as the feud between De la Tour and Charnisay, the heroism of "Daulac's seventeen," or the daring deed of the schooner *Simcoe*—episodes as romantic as the most famous in

"any history  
That is written in any book,"

the author's style has the charm of the pages of *The Old Régime in Canada*. Commonly, the vexed questions are fairly treated: whether we read of the expulsion of the Acadians or of the Loyalists, of Moravian Town or Chrysler's Farm, we are conscious that Professor Roberts has chosen his material honestly.

The work is divided into the three periods of *French, English, and Canadian* dominion. The fall of Montreal, in 1760, marks the end of the French rule; and Confederation, in 1867, the beginning of the Canadian Dominion. The first three chapters are concerned chiefly with the numerous voyages of discovery

and exploration from the time of Eric the Red to the death of Champlain. Here the narrative suffers from a perhaps unavoidable compression; but with "the coming of the Scotch to Acadie" the record grows clearer. The story of the long struggle between the Lions and the Lilies for the mastery of northern America is told with great skill; and the chapter on the customs of the French and life in old Canada, which closes the account of the French Dominion, is as valuable as it is interesting.

Although the second division treats of events so momentous as the Revolution and the War of 1812, to the Canadian the pages of most worth are those that tell of the struggle for responsible government. From 1774, when the passage of the Quebec Act introduced the French civil law and established the Roman Catholic religion, until the year 1848, when the principle of responsible government triumphed in the provinces of Upper Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, the history of Canada is the history of the strife between the government and the people. Professor Roberts's exposition of the movement—a movement complicated in the extreme—is far clearer than any we have yet had; his record of the various phases of the struggle in the different provinces is concise and complete, and the judgments passed on men and events are always unprejudiced.

But in spite of the able pages on the Northwest Rebellion, the Canada Pacific Railway, and the Fisheries Dispute, Professor Roberts's treatment of the third period—the period of consolidation and expansion—is, to some extent, marred by his over-patriotic—or, at least, uncritical—view of the "present conditions and the outlook." It has been too much the fashion of late for Canadian writers to overestimate the importance and value of their country. Phrases such as "this Canada of ours," "England's greatest colony"—the stock phrases of the city as well as the village journalist—have been used far too often. It is all very well to say that the area of Canada is 3,456,383 square miles, but why not say how many of those miles are unfit for habitation? Why say how much of Europe might be sunk in the great lakes? "We have the largest and richest fisheries, coal areas, and timber regions in the world." Well,

perhaps we have ; but a national possession cannot afford inspiration for an unlimited number of epics.

Yet it is but fair to acknowledge that only for a paragraph or two does Professor Roberts sin in this respect, and that the closing pages, in which the author names as Canada's choice *the last* of the three possible alternatives, "absorption by the United States, independence, or a federal union with the rest of the British Empire," are a masterly expression of the sentiment that prevails with the best minds among his fellow-countrymen.

There are a few minor errors in the volume ; as, on page 7, where the account of the Cabot voyages differs from the best authorities, and on page 208, where the date of the Quebec Act is given as 1674. More serious is the mistake of the publishers in not providing with maps of the various campaigns and voyages this otherwise eminently satisfactory piece of bookmaking.

Francis Sherman.

#### MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE.\*

Mr. Pellissier's work first appeared in 1889, and certainly supplied a need. How far that can be said of the present translation is doubtful, although it contains an additional study of Herédia's poetry and a few notes by the translator, with a very full analytic table of contents, and a good index. The conditions have changed since 1889 more than the translator seems to realise. Then those who sought a systematic treatment of French literature in our century could not find it at all in English, for Mr. Saintsbury's few pages were as inadequate as they were unsympathetic, and Mr. Van Laun's three volumes were, here as always, to borrow the brief, but ample critique of Professor Gustav Körting, "worthless." In German there was the useful, but slight work of Spach, and in French the little handbooks of Charpentier, of Antoine, of Merlet, and of Paul Albert. The last was the longest, but there was not much to choose between them. For the

rest one had to gather the elements for a general view of the country's literary evolution from a multitude of monographs and articles whose very mass was an embarrassment of wealth. It was with delight, therefore, that we welcomed the work of Pellissier, hardly longer than that of Albert, but far more systematic and more scholarly. If he was not just the man we could have wished for the task, he was surely the best man who had yet assayed it. Since 1895, however, we have had the uniquely admirable history of French literature by Gustave Lanson, which at a price hardly greater than Pellissier's volume in the French, and at much less than the price of this English translation, covers the whole ground and gives to the nineteenth century a space very slightly less than that of Pellissier (the proportion is about nine to ten), with a treatment that is decidedly superior in originality and in sympathetic insight, while its style differs from Pellissier as the good does from the mediocre.

In its day all professional students of French literature read this book with care, and most of us with profit. But the impression that it always made on one who came to it again and again after reading some work of Lemaitre, or France, or Brunetière, or even of Faguet was of something heavy. This son of a Protestant pastor had not, we felt, himself the *esprit Gaulois*, and he did not seem to respond to it in others. He was too mortally serious, and frowned quite too severely on the cakes and ale of the unregenerate. That his book should have commended itself to M. Brunetière seemed to us quite natural, since Pellissier's whole effort had been to apply the pet theory of that dogmatist of generic evolution to the modern literature that his master seldom essays *con amore*. Not, indeed, as though Pellissier were a man of one master. He is a most catholic-spirited *profiteur*. The more familiar we are with the critical work on any author or period, the more teasing becomes the impression as we read that we are examining a composite photograph. And yet Pellissier's book was even in 1889 hardly abreast of advanced criticism. The introductory chapter showed the author quite ignoring the import of the studies of Heinrich Körting on the novel in the seventeenth century, and appar-

\* The Literary Movement in France during the Nineteenth Century. By George Pellissier. Authorised English version by Anne Garrison Brinton. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ently ignorant of the bibliographical data of that period also, though one must not make him responsible for the blunders of his translator—*e.g.*, on pages 8, 13, and 14, for of these at least he is guilty only as having "authorised." So, again, in the eighteenth century what belongs to Prévost is by him attributed to Rousseau, and what belongs to La Chaussée to Diderot. And throughout the book the reader will sometimes be surprised at what is said, oftener at what is omitted.

But this is not the place to speak in detail of a book eight years old, the more as it would be most unjust to Pellissier's modest, but worthy talent to judge it by this "traduction," in which one hesitates whether to wonder most at the translator's ideas of French, at her ideas of English, or at her ideas of literary history. We can commend the work heartily to classes in rhetoric, for it affords a nearly continuous illustration of how not to do it. Of this it may be difficult to give adequate illustration without being tedious, nor is it necessary. The most cursory reading will reveal pronouns without antecedents, "which" for "that," "could" for "should," "into" for "to," and, of course, the split infinitive. Even when the style is not incorrect it is usually clumsy. It suggests constantly those materials for French composition with which every teacher is only too familiar.

But this must not lead us to suppose that the translator is more familiar with French than with English, for there is not a page of the first two chapters that does not contain a blunder in translation, and there are several that contain many. Periods are substituted for subordinating conjunctions, clauses are omitted, quotation marks are now added and now suppressed, descriptive epithets are mistaken for titles and names for nicknames. But this is not the worst. In numerous instances the whole sense is distorted. Where Pellissier tells us of the princes in French tragedy *que non seulement leur condition, mais encore leur temps et leur pays nous rendent absolument étrangers*, we are here told of those "whose natures as well as ages and countries were absolutely unknown to us" (page 38). There are worse cases. This is only a fair example of what may be found constantly. The reader halts

on every page at statements that seem impossible, only to find on consulting the original, that they arise from misconceptions of language, often slight, yet sufficient to distort the sense. But this is the sort of thing which, with Thomas à Kempis, one "would prefer to have less rather than more," and the worst is not yet. Indeed, what is to be hoped of a translator who is capable of saying that a dramatist "overloads" the personages that he has *surchargé* (page 41), who can change the "position" of actors where Diderot changes their *état*, who can render *effets de rire* by "purposes of laughter;" and all on two pages? But even this is not the worst. It is part of the a b c of dramatic criticism that Diderot *substitue les divers "états" aux caractères*, and so Pellissier tells us, though he does not seem to know that La Chaussée did it before him; but here we may read, "Let us substitute different conditions of characters," and all without turning the leaf on two pages that contain eight errors in addition to those noticed. Need we pursue the subject further? The investigation has ceased to be profitable, but the possibilities of the book for amusement are still infinite. Here are *accidents* of a landscape become "accidents" (page 5), here Rousseau's Savoyard Vicar has become the "Vicar of Savoy" (page 33), and in the same connection we may read of "the *cortège* of fine ladies whose hearts he trained (*traina*) after him," and see the *forces* of passion become its "virtues" (page 28); or if we will, we may picture Rousseau "girdled by a bag which he fills," and see the *physicien* Bacon transformed into the "physician Bacon" (page 36). But of these *nugæ* there is simply no end. On page 24 a man's caustic *verbe* becomes his "verb," and a few lines below we learn that to *faire tache* in society is to "cast a stain" on it. In short, no occasion is lost. Polemics against the classics are turned into "classic polemics" (page 5), and on page 13 we may read how "conjugal affection is passed over to Andromache" where the Frenchman is striving to tell us why *on passe son amour conjugal à Andromache*. But we must leave to the reader the joy of completing for himself this Students' Joe Miller, or The Translator's Vade Mecum. As Ruy Gomez says, *J'en passe et des meilleurs*.

It remains to say that the book is provided with a very incomplete bibliography, that may be of use to those who have access to no other, and a conglomerate introduction of which there is no reason to speak further. The paper, binding, and typography are excellent.

*Benjamin W. Wells.*

#### "A PURITAN PEPYS."\*

Samuel Sewall, sometime merchant, royal councillor, judge, preacher, captain, husband, father, neighbour—and ever Puritan—was introduced to many readers through the brilliant essay written by Henry Cabot Lodge, and entitled "A Puritan Pepys." This essay appeared shortly after the publication of Sewall's Diary by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1886. Since that time students and critics of the Diary have been many; but no such thorough survey of Sewall, his environment, and his theology, has been written as the recent book entitled *Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived in*.

The comparison of Sewall with Pepys is a natural and proper one as to historical value; indeed, Sewall's Diary reminds one of Pepys's on scores of pages; the entries in each, as to church-going and domestic life, though totally dissimilar, still suggest each other more than would seem possible for the diary of a virtuous Christian and that of a man who was virtuous and a Christian only spasmodically. All that *Pepys' Diary* is to the history of the England of his times Sewall's Diary is to New England, and their permanency of fame will be equal.

Mr. Chamberlain dedicates his study of Sewall and his times to the memory of "the late Dr. George E. Ellis," and he is evidently deeply filled with admiration of Dr. Ellis's book, *The Puritan Age in Massachusetts*. But the later book is in some respects more satisfactory than Dr. Ellis's great work. Mr. Chamberlain's is remarkable throughout for the conspicuous, patient, and distinctly sensible spirit of justice it shows toward Puritanism. Perhaps no one could have been better fitted to

show such equable judgment than this author has been through his years of deep and searching thought on the various systems of applied religion. For Mr. Chamberlain was bred a Unitarian preacher; became an Episcopal clergyman, somewhat of the so-called Catholic cultus; and has been a profound student of and lecturer on the English Reformation. The results of this study and deep thought show abundantly in the pages of this book, in apt comparison, forcible quotation and logical conclusion, and help to shape it into a well-rounded, well-balanced and convincing whole.

Mr. Chamberlain has not confined himself to Sewall's Diary for lights upon his picture, but has taken the aid of any vivid and truthful record of the times; and while the book is not distinctly a life of Sewall, yet the chapters are arranged in such chronological sequence that we have an orderly knowledge of the course of Sewall's days.

A notable quality of Mr. Chamberlain's analysis and comment is his comprehending sympathy of Sewall's nature. Two careful perusals of the fifteen hundred pages of the Diary, in a somewhat critical though not prejudiced mood, have not afforded so true an insight into and close touch with the simplicity and purity of Sewall's life and character as has the exposition afforded through the calm and kindly temper, as well as the clear and just words of Mr. Chamberlain. Even the jest of many an historiographer, the judge's remarkable and manifold courtships, displayed in his pages with a fulness and intimacy of detail that might be the envy of a genius like Montaigne; those "fluctuations," as he termed them, of his widowhood seem less absurd, less belittling, when the lonely old man is drawn by Mr. Chamberlain, doing what was the custom, the duty of his time, promptly seeking a wife's companionship, and with an unconscious honesty recording his hopes and pains.

Sewall, though he seems opinionated, narrow, mercenary, and over-frugal, as seen by the light of to-day, should be judged by the ethics of historical criticism—that is, regarded in the environment of his age, in the atmosphere and circumstances of Puritan New England. Thus viewed, his was certainly a kindly, wise, thoughtful, prudent, helpful, hon-

\* Samuel Sewall and the World He Lived in. By Rev. N. H. Chamberlain. Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. \$2.00.

ourable, and fruitful life. Even those dark days of his life, his brief but sad part in the Salem Witchcraft, are glorified by his noble public penitence therefor in later life. No man wrought better or more loyally for New England than Sewall during his life; no man has helped more toward her history than he in his Diary. We have no other diary to compare with it; no such abundant storehouse of old ways and social life; it shows a domestic life full of homeliness, industry, and love of kindred; a happy life, albeit a sombre one. We see the Bostonians of that day at funerals, weddings, and christenings, all equally formal; we see them keeping public and private fasts; we find them constant at the meeting-house on Lord's Day and Lecture Day; we find them watching and praying by the bedside of the sick; we know their food, drink, and raiment; we see them frequent but shallow in quarrel; we find them bargaining much, yet stiffly just in settlement; we discover their religion and their religionism, see them noting signs, finding lessons, and heeding warnings from the simplest events of nature; and we are forced to consider their extraordinary and antithetical triple regard of the Gospel, at one time obeying its words with a literalness that is both painful and startling, then reducing its teaching to a manual of worldly prudence and a handy book for success in mercantile life, and still revelling in its Eastern metaphor with an Orientalism that outglows that of the Orientals themselves. How much of all this knowledge we owe to Sewall's Diary! The picture of Boston of that century would be but a colourless outline without it.

Sewall was rich and respected; he was of the highest social position—Boston's "first citizen;" there was no other man of his day whose record of daily life would have been so valuable. He was persistent and methodical, else he would never have written a diary for fifty-five years. He was truthful and just, so his records not only illuminate history, but are themselves history.

Mr. Chamberlain's motive in writing his book was, to use his own words, "to assist in enlarging public interest in ancient things." Also, evidently, to stimulate a desire for the reading of the Diary itself; and, above all, to put on

record his thought and belief of the glory and mission of the New England fathers. That the book will fulfil his intents and wishes cannot be doubted by any who read it; that his judgment and presentment of the Puritan life of Sewall's day will influence the judgment and estimate of that life in the minds of his readers is equally certain, since it is the best picture of that life that has been written.

The book is published by a Boston house, whose work should be more frequently seen if all is of the character and quality of this handsome, well-equipped volume. It is finely illustrated with presentments of interesting old New England houses and scenes, and portraits of various old Sewalls, including that of the judge himself, displaying a type of countenance which seems far from Puritanical.

*Alice Morse Earle.*

#### A NEW IRISH NOVELIST.

With the publication of *By Thrasna River* a writer seems to have arisen to do for the Ireland of to-day what Dr. Watson has done for contemporary Scotland. The book met with a cordial, almost enthusiastic reception abroad, and although its audience may have been smaller in this country, the appreciation of it can scarcely have been less, for there is, indeed, much in Mr. Bullock's work which makes special appeal to American interest and sympathy. The types represented by him are almost exclusively of the emigrant class, and the principal characters grouped by Thrasna River look toward America as the promised land. This bond between the two countries is touched insistently and vibrantly in *Ring o' Rushes*, the new volume of short stories. Most of the eleven sketches composing the book have grown out of this almost universal longing among the Irish peasantry to try the New World, and nearly all of them reveal its influence, its effects on local semi-civilisation. The studies

\* *By Thrasna River*. By Shan F. Bullock. New York and London: Ward, Lock & Bowden.

*Ring o' Rushes*. By Shan F. Bullock. New York: Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

are new work in that they are always from the inside, always distinctively from the Irish peasant's own point of view. And yet both sides of the shield are shown, as in the comedy of "His Magnificence," in which the golden dreams have come true; and in the tragedy of "They that Mourn," in which the dazzling visions have ended in disappointment and death.

The atmosphere is completely realised, and a peculiar intensity arises from the narrowness of the environment. The straggling villages Lismahee, Cloghern, and Bunn form the ring o' rushes.

"This way and that, the long, wide street—which, as in most Irish towns, is Lismahee itself—runs straight and level; a post-car rattles over the stones; children sport on the side-walks; shopkeepers sit smoking on their window-sills; here and there a cart stands in the gutter with a horse dozing between the shafts; from the gardens and the yards come the sound of voices, the clatter of cans, the clutter of fowls; the sunlight dances on the high white walls, drowsiness is in the air, the reek of peat smoke (how wholesomely pungent it comes!) gangs heavy. . . . What happenings one has seen from the market-house steps! what memories every stone of you holds! how the old familiar faces come pressing through the blue haze of your peat smoke! . . . Some, exiles in this bustling outer world, have left their hearts there; and one there is, a poor smoke-dried citizen now, who, as he stands sometimes blinking across his garden fence at a sky of fog and a landscape of bricks, has been known to cry out within himself, that not all London is worth that hill and valley over which Rhamus Castle keeps watch and ward."

But neither the castle nor the gentry have any place in these studies of Irish life, which lie close to the sod. And yet they touch a common chord. Bessie Bredin, in "The Rival Swains," stands for universal womanhood when she takes the part of the ill-treated lover, notwithstanding that she had refused to decide between them before.

"'Ah,' she says to the aggressor, 'ye big, cowardly bully! Ye daren't fight your match. No, ye'd rather lay your dirty hands where ye know they'd hurt. It's a wonder 'twasn't myself ye challenged. D'ye know what he did, boys?' says she, turning to us all. 'He creeps up the lane to see me last night, an' comes rubbin' his big hands into the kitchen, an' whispers in my ear, "If ye want to see me fit a corpse to a coffin," he says, "be in Cluny Island the morrow evenin' about dusk." Yes, that's what ye said, an' ye made sure I'd be here too late. Go home,' she says, pointin' at him wi' her finger, and speakin' as one would to a tinker—'go home an' marry a beggarwoman, an' maybe she'll teach ye manners an' soften the heart in ye.'"

In "Shan's Diversion," "Rogue Bartley," "The Emigrant," and "The Splendid Shilling" may be found the same typical embodiment of noble womanhood and less noble manhood, showing, as in life, both its humorous and its pathetic side, for Mr. Bullock's presentation of the Celt is too faithful not to bubble with humour, and too sympathetic not to be filled with sadness. In fact, the sequence of the stories would seem to have been arranged with a view to the accentuation of this contrast, so that the glowing first sketch finds its gloomy reverse in the second—as "Th' Ould Boy" is the maddest, merriest of all, so "Her Soger Boy" is the most heart-wringing.

The sketch entitled "They Twain" stands apart from the rest, and is almost entirely introspective, portraying the struggle in a woman's heart when she learns that her lover, whom she loves, is seeking her in marriage solely for her fortune. The subtle psychology of this story reveals a power which has apparently found no scope in the other themes, and which, together with the admirable style of the work, awakens a desire to read something from Mr. Bullock dealing with higher types of humanity and more sophisticated social relations than exist within the *Ring o' Rushes* or *By Thrasna River*.

George Preston.

#### THE GREEN BOOK.\*

Jókai has been writing for more than half a century, yet even now we know him here mostly by report. Half a dozen or so of his romances have been translated, and Hungarian students say that these are not his best. With our judgment of these must mingle the fame of his scores of novels, of plays, of poems, of articles, the record of his revolutionary struggles, his duels, his long and honourable and strenuous political career; for his country is very proud of him, and his story has passed beyond his native boundaries. Jókai is a great man, and if the cry be that he is also a great writer, there is a thousand times more justice in it than in most popu-

\* The Green Book; or, Freedom under the Snow. By Maurus Jókai. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$ 1.00.



lar verdicts on present-day literature. Every novel we have had the chance of reading, however faulty it may be, reflects some of those qualities that make the man great: his sense of the grandiose, his generosity, his inextinguishable belief in ideals and ideas, his marvellous energy, his reckless profusion, the perennial freshness of his search for subjects among the picturesque episodes of history, and the wild, remote, untamed corners of Europe. The commonplace and the every-day seem not to be avoided, but rather withheld from his vision. He has been compared to a great many of the masters of fiction by way of winning him hearty recognition; but extravagant comparisons are not needed. Jókai will live in the history of Hungary, if not in the history of its literature. He is like one of the great masters, at least, the elder Dumas, in the tremendous capacity of his mind, in its inability to be tired, in his universal interest in human action. Dumas in a few masterpieces showed himself a supreme artist. Outside these—it is an important limitation—Jókai no doubt holds his own with him; in a sense of the beauty of nature the Frenchman is far surpassed. The latest book in which the Hungarian novelist is presented to us is very representative of his powers. It shows his highest qualities, and marks plainly where lies his demarcation from the greater masters. Hardly any one else to-day writes, or could write, this kind of novel, which demands a vast survey over many scenes, the keeping in hand of very diverse characters and threads of plot, the maintenance of a high level of scenic dignity, with the intimate analysis of character. Tolstoy's *War and Peace* is the great example of this generation, and Tolstoy writes no more for lovers of romance. The writers of to-day are all for episodes, for single situations. Situations and episodes are only the phrases in Jókai's larger sentence, and fastidiousness will have belittled our judgment, if we do not find it refreshing to meet again with a wider scheme than the one that follows the fashion of the hour. But though his is the method of the giants, we have learned a good deal since the days when his plan was the commoner model. The increase of subtlety, though it may have been coincident with a decrease of energy and vastness, has main-

ly meant a more faithful search for truth, a finer taste. Jókai has learned nothing from the moderns. He is not a Tolstoy of greater labours and less perfect art. He is king in his own country, which is melodrama. No realist of to-day has got up his documents more carefully; even the analysers of episodes and single characters must often give way before his intimate knowledge of human nature; but then all his documents and all his shrewdness must also in their turn, and very frequently, yield to his driving instincts of melodrama. He says the word too much that is never uttered by the masters. With none of their calm trust or calm indifference, he lights Bengal fires so that we may not miss effects.

Yet he writes no little books. A large heart and a large mind are at the back of each; and, however we criticise the staging of the drama before us, it moves us, and keeps us absorbed to the end. A troublous tortuous chapter out of the history of great chaotic, tragic Russia is presented to us. The "Green Book" is the secret record of the transactions of revolutionary societies, and contains the list of those who may be counted on to help the good cause. To get hold of it is the aim of the officials and the spies of the old *régime*; but it is in the keeping of a woman unconquerably faithful, a Finnish prima donna, Zeneida Ilmarine. For astuteness, for brilliance, for sacrifice, she is a goddess; not made of human flesh and blood at all, any more than is her rival and enemy, the fiendish, treacherous, Princess Ghedimin; but they are both impressive and magnificent puppets. The leading figure among the revolutionary personages is the poet Pushkin, and, needless to say, the actions of that fervent patriot and fiery soul, in difficult and ambiguous circumstances, courted by all the dazzling ladies of the capital, adoring freedom, yet owing debts of gratitude to the Czar, hindered by the intriguing love of two women from joining the insurrection that broke out on the accession of Nicholas, are sympathetically interpreted. But it is not a revelation of one side of the story only. All Jókai's heart and soul go out to that flower of freedom under the snow, "the roots of which will never die." Yet the most pathetic pages—and from them melodrama keeps far aloof—are those that

tell of the Czar Alexander's tragic loneliness, and the great tender affection he poured out on his unowned child, the dying Sophie Narishkin. A susceptible reader will resent the italics and all the other kindred methods that would force his emotional attention; but the irritation can never be enough to kill his interest in this strange, stirring story of generous effort, of frustrate hopes, and unquenchable dreams of betterment.

#### EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE.\*

The third volume of the English translation of Ten Brink's *History of English Literature*, corresponding to the second half of the second volume of the original, necessarily opens somewhat abruptly, indeed in the middle of a chapter; and the casual reader finds himself plunged into the somewhat unalluring atmosphere of saints' legends in prose. In the account which follows of the more distinguished prose writers—of Fortescue, Caxton, Malory—the philologist still has on the whole more play than the man of letters, who, moreover, hardly avails himself with his usual keen instinct of all the openings that his subject presented. The notice of Malory, in particular, is somewhat thin, and tells us little more about a writer whose book has charmed every succeeding generation, than one might expect to learn from a German doctrinal tractate; whereas it is the virtue of Ten Brink's *History* that it supplements, as a rule, these philological mechanisms on the literary and imaginative side as effectively as it supplements the best English manuals of the early period in scientific depth and breadth. When he enters the sixth book, however, dealing with "The Renaissance," his genius revives. He sniffs the exhilarating air of an intellectual dawn, he relishes the gradual decay of the interminable mediæval garrulity, the entrance of fastidiousness into the literary workshop, the first glimmer, under classical influence, of that instinct for the "compendious and exclusive" in style which became a prevailing canon with Landor. Here,

\* *History of English Literature*. (From the fourteenth century to the death of Surrey.) Vol. III. Translated by Dora Schmitz. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

however, he is on ground partly occupied by English scholars of high rank; and it can hardly be said that his account of the "Oxford reformers," bright and well-informed as it is, competes in penetrating insight and wealth of knowledge with Mr. Seebohm's book, or with Mr. Lee's article on More in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. On the other hand, he immediately has the advantage when he approaches work like the "Celestina," or the poetry of Wyatt and Surrey, in which foreign sources play a large part: for here he can bring to bear his unequalled command of European literatures, while English historians have for the most part treated "Quellenstudien" in the spirit of the Dantesque injunction: *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!* No English history of the drama known to us wastes more than a few lines upon the "Celestina," nor does any betray any knowledge of the Spanish original beyond the barest matters of fact. Ten Brink's graphic account of the plot, and of the English adapter's morally excusable but dramatically perverse alteration of its *dénouement*, will accordingly be new and welcome to the English reader. The careful working out of the Italian sources of Wyatt and Surrey, though not quite so novel, is equally valuable. And while the volume does not at all points, as has been said, reach the level of existing work, it is as a comprehensive, many-sided, and accurate picture of the entire literature of this age of premonitions rather than of achievements, altogether without a rival.

The manuscript of the original, edited after Ten Brink's death by his successor, contained a singular hiatus, of which it would have been well to give notice. It is obvious to the attentive reader that the last chapter of the fifth book ("York and Lancaster"), on Scottish literature, is a fragment. Instead of carrying us, like the other chapters in the book, to the close of the fifteenth century, it breaks off abruptly with the death of Barbour near the close of the fourteenth. The sixth book takes up the story with Dunbar and Douglas. In the interim, however, there lived and sang two poets of renown—King James I. and Henryson—of whom the reader will find only incidental mention. The casual allusions in the sixth book to Henryson assume the reader to be ac-

quainted with him, and thus leave no doubt that Ten Brink intended to treat him in the chapter specified. This "fragment," moreover (p. 61 of the translation), breaks off with a sort of ragged edge. The last sentence is, as it stands, a platitude with which a man of Ten Brink's capacity cannot possibly have intended to put his readers off, in whatever stress of indolence or haste. "English and even Scottish literature can show more brilliant and richly endowed natures than [Barbour's]." So it runs, literally translated. Evidently this was merely the preface to an indication of the qualities in which Barbour's distinction among "English and even Scotch" men of letters really lay. The translator, too, clearly saw that there was something wrong; but she has fallen upon a violent remedy considerably worse than the disease. "English literature" (such is her rendering)—"and indeed Scottish literature—can show *no* more brilliant figure or richer nature than his." This ingenious inversion, it will be seen, besides committing Ten Brink to an extravagance, assigns to Scottish and English literature a relative position which will hardly pass current south of the border. Ten Brink, with all his literary refinement, would probably rather have been represented by the platitude than by the paradox. In other respects the translation is, as translations go, fairly adequate. No one who knows the enormous labour involved in translating good literary German prose into faithful English of at all correspondent literary quality, will seriously quarrel with the translator of a long work, because two sentences out of three jar in some trifling way upon the impression conveyed by the original; and we cannot, in this respect, give the present translator higher praise than we gave the last. She has, however, so far as our observation goes, entirely avoided the gravest defect of the second volume, signalised in these columns and elsewhere. She has scrupulously sought minute accuracy in all the English titles and quotations instead of translating them, as it is to be feared her predecessor often did, from Ten Brink's translations. Such accuracy asks a vast amount of labour, for which cordial recognition is due.

*C. H. Herford.*

#### ROGER SHERMAN.\*

Our national history is a drama whose intensity more than compensates for its brief duration. Already after the lapse of a single century its earlier events seem invested with an air of antiquity, and the leading actors appear as heroes with a faint nimbus of apotheosis hovering about them. Let no one imagine, however, that any heroic or picturesque delineation is to be found in this short biography of Roger Sherman. All is severely plain, and in this respect at least the story suits its subject, for Sherman was a Puritan, and though living at a time when Puritanism had lost most of its distinctive characteristics, he represents not only Puritanism, but Puritanism at its purest and best. We see in him the stern yet tender faith, the conscientiousness which compels the utmost use of a man's powers and opportunities, the curious combination of worldly thrift with spirituality, the outwardly forbidding reticence and reserve veiling strong affections, the shrewd yet open-handed liberality, the absolute sincerity and trustworthiness of one to whom duty was religion.

The Sherman genealogy is noteworthy. From one branch of the family came a distinguished English nobleman; from another, one of the greatest captains of modern times, General W. T. Sherman; and from another the subject of this biography. Roger's entrance into the world was, however, anything but aristocratic. He began life as a small farmer and a shoemaker in a Massachusetts country village. Yet the shoemaker was also a student. He read while he worked, and acquired a fair knowledge of mathematics, theology, law, logic, and politics. At the age of thirty-three he was admitted to the bar, and soon became one of the judges of the county court. A year later he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and from that time until his death he was constantly engaged in public employment, holding sometimes two, or even three, offices at the same time. He seems to have been perpetual Mayor of New Haven; he was for a long time Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut; he was one of the delegates from

\* The Life of Roger Sherman. By Lewis Henry Boutell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

that State to the Continental Congress, where he became one of the committee consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston, who were appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence. He served in that congress throughout its existence, and then became a member of the Constitutional Convention, in the deliberations of which he bore a leading part.

The Convention sat with closed doors, and the record of its proceedings is very imperfect. We know, however, that there was wide divergence of opinion among its members. There were extreme State Rights men and extreme nationalists; there was an influential minority who favored an aristocratic—possibly a monarchical form of government. There were critical occasions when agreement seemed impossible, and the prospect of any successful union of the States looked very dark. Roger Sherman was one of those men who appear to be made expressly for such crises. His strong common sense, rugged honesty, and penetrating judgment compelled respect, while his calm temper and irenic spirit attracted confidence. With very positive, sometimes even radical, ideas of his own, he appears always as a man who was trusted by those who differed most widely from him; and then he was one of those reasonable spirits who are willing to accept what is possible when that which seems ideal is unattainable. In the sermon at his funeral his pastor, the younger Jonathan Edwards, said of him:

"He had the happy talent of judging what was feasible and what was not feasible, or what men would bear and what they would not bear in government, and the rare talent of prudence, or of timing and adapting his measures to the attainment of his end."

This is statesmanship; and it is easy to believe, as Mr. Boutell maintains and apparently proves, that it was Roger Sherman who, when the Convention seemed hopelessly divided, originated and by patient and skilful persistence in reconciling clashing views, carried through the compromise by which the Congress of the United States is composed of a House elected on a basis of population, and of a Senate in which each State has an equal representation.

The undiminished confidence of his

fellow-citizens in him is shown by the fact that he was a member of the first Congress under the new Constitution, as a member of the House of Representatives, and that afterward he served until his death in the Senate. Here, as in other public stations, his work was useful rather than brilliant. In his early days, when the currency of New England was in a disordered and depreciated condition, he had written and laboured in the cause of sound and honest money; now in the Congress of the new nation his chief care was for the war debts of the country and for the rigid maintenance of public credit and public honesty.

There is little of romance in such a life. Considering that it covers the most romantic and stirring period of our national history, it is singularly devoid of striking incident, and yet it has not only a formal and public, but a deep human interest all its own. Its lesson is the heroic one of self-forgetful service. Here is a man who worked his way unaided from the lowliest to the loftiest station, yet "never said a foolish thing in his life;" a man utterly destitute of the oratorical graces, but whose speeches enchained attention, and whose plain and homely arguments fell with convincing power on the ears of statesmen; a man without brilliancy who compelled the reverential respect and attracted the warm friendship of the most brilliant men of his time; a constant and often a multi-officeholder in times that tried men's souls, but who never by word or deed dishonoured his lofty Christian profession.

Mr. Boutell's task has been a difficult one. It seems part of that irony of fate, or that ordering of Providence already mentioned, that the mass of the papers left by Roger Sherman at his death should have been lost or destroyed. His biographer has been compelled to work with provokingly scanty materials, with fragmentary records supplemented by such information as could be gathered from recollections of those who knew Sherman, and letters of those associated with him, John Adams in particular. The material available has been used faithfully and not unskilfully; and while it could be wished that the biographer had been gifted with a little more of that historical imagination which helps to form a clear picture, it is but



Brown and Dartmouth are all susceptible of revision ; and the appearance of the "Croaker Papers" is put several years ahead of its true time. This table, however, may not be Mr. Mitchell's own handiwork, any more than the ascription of the Inman portrait of Bryant to "Ingham." Yet it must have been Mr. Mitchell himself who says that *Thanatopsis* was "written the year before" it appeared in the *North American Review*. It is no great matter, but six years is allotted by the highest authority to the interval between the writing and the publication of the poem.

It is an ungracious task, however, to point out the flaws in a work which has many excellences to its credit. And especially we would not be of those who, according to Mr. Mitchell's good-natured fling at the habits of critics, would have the book "quite other than it is." The book is to be liked for precisely what it is, an easy-going series of talks on topics of interest to readers of American books, from a man whose spirit is of the most charitable and winning, and whose knowledge of the subjects on which he speaks has been acquired with deliberation and manifest pleasure to himself. In this pleasure there is something infectious, as there is in all true pleasure of its sort, and the real success of the book seems destined to lie in its achieving the manifest purpose of its production—the purpose of stimulating readers to wander for themselves in the pleasant fields from which the author has returned to tell of all the fair things the seeker may find.

#### GEORGE MEREDITH ON COMEDY.\*

Because Mr. Meredith is here the interpreter of much of his own genius, because the essay is the outcome of his mature energy and wit in all their freshness, the reprint of this lecture delivered at the London Institution nineteen years ago is a noteworthy event. It comes on us as a new thing, because it says finally what a hundred others have blundered over saying, and which badly needs saying, in spite of all the laughter of Aristophanes and Cervantes and Molière. Mr. Meredith's hardest task is in differ-

entiating the Comic Spirit and its kindred.

"The Comic, which is the perceptive," he says, "is the governing spirit, awakening and giving aim to these powers of laughter, but it is not to be confounded with them : it enfolds a thinner form of them, differing from satire in not sharply driving into the quivering sensibilities, and from humour in not comforting them and tricking them up, or indicating a broader than the range of this bustling world to them."

Perhaps all his tests and all his definitions, the test, for instance, that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter, the definition of it as the humour of the mind, are finally accurate, but, at least, in application, the differentiation between humour and the Comic spirit is ticklish. Take it as the intellectual manifestation of humour and we are near his opinion.

His illustrations are not largely English. Englishmen have a large fund of humour, but in the more exclusively mental and the gentler forms of it they are lacking. English comedy is largely farce. Englishmen are either too realistic in their ridicule of manners or too sentimental in their regard of them. They love the "hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed," or they drive realism and contempt to a rowdy excess. In the community where the comic poet can live and rule with effect, ideas and perceptions must be quick. "The semi-barbarism of giddy communities and feverish emotional periods repel him ; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes." He emphasises this last point strongly, and marks himself off from a large section of the writers of to-day by insisting that the comic spirit—and he means, too, the circle of society where it flourishes—shows the mutual likenesses, not the differences of men and women. "There has been fun in Bagdad," he says, "but there never will be civilisation where comedy is not possible, and that of some degree of social equality of the sexes." But though he does not rate English comedy high, he makes a strong appeal to his countrymen to cultivate the comic spirit ; not a futile appeal this, for humour is there already in strength, only not quite civilised enough for social sanitation which is the main use of comedy. Not an imaginative process is necessary, but a purely intellectual and, therefore, more possible one. Here is Comedy as the Reformer, or rather the Master of the Ceremonies.

\* An Essay on Comedy, and the Uses of the Comic Spirit. By George Meredith. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.



But take it ; if the smack is sour,  
The better for the embittered hour."

We have no space to quote as we should like from Mr. Housman's lyric tales of lads that loved and suffered

" By Ony and Teme and Clun,  
The county for easy livers,  
The quietest under the sun."

But here are some verses out of " Is my team ploughing," the eager questions of a dead man, and the answers from overhead.

" ' Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,

And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?'

" Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep;  
Your girl is well contented,  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

" ' Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?'

" Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose."

## NOVEL NOTES.

UNCLE BERNAC. *A Memory of the Empire.* By A. Conan Doyle. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

" This novel has been re-written and lengthened by one third since its appearance in serial form," we learn from a prefatory note. The lengthening has not sufficed to make it a very full book. Perhaps there is enough in it to please the fancy of boys and girls, and flatter them into thinking they are reading history, though that they can approve of the dull, monotonous progress of the *jeune premier*, Louis de Laval, from favour to favour, with only one night of hardship and danger paid in advance, we can hardly credit. Louis's smug career is of no use at all. Uncle Bernac, Imperial agent provocateur, has the stuff of a fine villain in him; but he makes a very poor show here. If he had persecuted his nephew something of interest might have happened; but Louis's favour with the Emperor stops that chance. We are glad to get a glimpse of Lieutenant Gérard in his young days, but he is a very minor personage, only allowed to utter a few amusing *gasconneries*. Eugénie de Choiseul is but a name. Sibylle is another name attached to a female figure cut in paper, who in the flesh must have been a person of great pluck and character. There remains Napoleon. Without a doubt Dr. Conan Doyle has read a good deal of the recently published Napoleonic memoirs. He has learnt the great man's little tricks, and formed a fairly comprehensive view of his character and the effect he produced on his surroundings. These pickings he reproduces literally, and, we think, even a little lazily. The scenes between the Emperor and his suite, and between him and Josephine, are very frugal; got up quite cheaply, but also, we hasten to add, with an honest preference for simplicity, and no pretentiousness at all. In a play that could depend largely on staging and fine uniforms, they would probably be effective. But the absence of subtlety is no virtue in a novel, and the boyishly direct methods of presenting each character with some blatantly characteristic utterance in his mouth, or in a position which has suggested an anecdote and become a by-word, is

probably below the requirements of Dr. Doyle's audience. It is the method of the waxworks. He has risen far above it in dealing with matter with which he is really at home. He even rose above it in that other "Memory of the Empire," *Brigadier Gérard*. This new story is on the level of the court scenes in *The Refugees*.

GODS AND THEIR MAKERS. By Laurence Housman. New York: John Lane. \$1.25.

Reading this, we hit on a fine instance of the injustice and stupidity of classification. The injustice and stupidity were ours. After roughly fitting the book into two or three pigeon-holes with fine-sounding names of distinction, we found that in each of these it looked awkward and faulty. But when logic bade us call it so, we rebelled. For the book was unmistakably a very good book, an extraordinarily good one, however puzzling might be its anthropology, and however often its symbolism might break down under our inquiring tread. As a concession to that serious spirit in which we set about the understanding of a book with so lofty a title, we must say that the thing, weighted by its fitful purposes, does walk lamely here and there, or the eyes of our understanding waver in looking at its course—and that must be Mr. Houseman's fault; for more eagerly watchful spectators his work could not have had. We have no glimmering, for instance, of the signification of Gluglu, that most objectionable and disgusting little fetish; or of the meaning of much that took place on the island overpeopled by gods. And the priest's part in the business is hard to understand. Why such resentment at the destruction of so very unorthodox a deity as was Katchywallah? Mr. Housman may laugh at the denseness of outsiders; but seeing he has to write for these, he should write more simply; and if he has a purpose then it had better be a clearer one. Still, here we are owning that ours is the stupidity. But once, at least, we have found him tripping, and that is when he makes Peeti, the typical, primitive youth of the world, exclaim as might some very modern moralist, "Our gods are but the evil that is in us. We die and they take our



life; as it goes from us, so it comes to them." We have gone beyond our gods; it is a great thought. But Daz should have lived to utter it. Peeti, the warrior, the lover, would never have found it out. Not the Peeti we watched and followed through all the earlier chapters. In the symbolism now and again there is a muddle; and in this instance, for the sake of the thought, a flaw in the art.

But fling aside the thought of art and philosophy and symbols, and there remains—the most unexpected thing in the world to keep company with these—a story of child-life, brave, and fragrant and exquisite. Peeti and Aystah are as alive in body and spirit as any children that shout and scheme and dream in the living world to-day. With their young savage strength and freshness, their audacity and their devotion, the boy's fearless ingenuity, the girl's quick loyalty, they take a lasting hold of our hearts. Savages they are, but they are of to-day too. At least, yesterday's generation must laugh aloud as at a personal recollection when they read of Aystah's forced tribute of teeth to the great god Katchywallah, ordered by the god's high priest, Peeti, her true comrade and her sovereign tyrant. The tenderness and the humour are so genuine and so strong, that they have kept at a far distance anything approaching sentimentality—the bane of books that would reveal the minds of children. So we confess—is Mr. Housman disappointed?—that, after much puzzling and some dissatisfaction at ourselves and at him, we gave up thinking of his book as a serious one. And having done so, we crowned it with heartiest liking for its rare charm and its rarer originality. This for its prose. The snatches of songs as chapter-headings show the author's versatility and vigour as poet to be greater than we had ever guessed.

THE THIRD VIOLET. By Stephen Crane. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

This is an idyll, and it is written for the most part in slang, and in the elliptical and vituperative language in vogue to-day among young persons on the best of terms with one another. Yet it is an idyll, and a very pretty one. The third violet is a shyly insistent token of love from a girl, who is an heiress, to a young painter—poor, humbly born, hopeless of winning her, yet not meek enough to accept rejection gracefully. His manner of wooing, if wooing it can be called, is ferocious, though he is evidently a well-disposed young fellow. We like him, and follow the troubles of his heart, and watch the wounds to his pride with sympathy to the end; though when Miss Fanhall made such generous opportunities for him, we could shake him for his ungraciousness. But then Mr. Crane presents us to his home and his art circle, neither of them schools of fine manners exactly, though both honest and friendly, and each in their way much to our liking. By the by, there is a Trilby in the tale—this time Florinda, with fine arms instead of feet; and there are a troop of Trilby—that is, Florinda—admirers. But we foretell no boom for *The Third Violet* on their account, though they are as living as their notorious predecessors—a good deal more so, in fact. The staging is not so well adapted to popular taste; there is no mesmeric

villain in the piece; and for tragedy, Florinda only goes back to her high and lonely flat with a very sore heart. In *The Red Badge of Courage* and *Maggie* there is an intenser force; but in this slighter effort we feel the same directness, the same true reading of the workings of the mind, the same contempt for conventions and clap-trap sentiment.

THE JESSAMY BRIDE. By F. Frankfort Moore. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. \$1.50.

A novel in praise of the most lovable of men of letters, not even excepting Charles Lamb, must be welcome, though in it the romance of Goldsmith's life may be made a little too much of for strict truth. Says Forster in his *Life of Goldsmith*, speaking of Mary Horneck, the "Jessamy Bride,"

"She exerted strange fascination over Goldsmith. Heaven knows what impossible dreams may at times have visited the awkward, unattractive man of letters! And here perhaps it will be right to observe, since the foregoing hint, thrown out in my first edition, may have led to the error, that its suggestion has been much too freely expanded into an ascertained fact by a very agreeable writer, Mr. Washington Irving, who has proceeded to instal the 'Jessamy Bride' in all the honours of a complete conquest of Goldsmith."

Mr. Moore makes more emphatic use of the suggestion than did Irving; and—well, if it isn't quite true, it makes a very pathetic and sympathetic story; though we must say that the scenes descriptive of the poet's intercourse with the members of the famous Johnson coterie are far stronger and vividder than those which tell of his elder-brotherly, self-sacrificing affection for Mary Horneck. Mr. Moore has the history of the time and of the special circle at his fingertips. He has lived in its atmosphere, and his transcripts are full of vivacity. Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, and the rest, cannot be said, in the conventional phrase, to live again in these pages, for the truth is they have never died. But they are neither mummies nor dummies. Writing the book has been an opportunity for Mr. Moore to pay off some old grudges; and, for ourselves, we pick no quarrel with his selection of victims. Mr. Leach should vindicate Boswell; and as for Johnson, he has so many friends; his memory must sometimes pay for the insolence that was too meekly borne in his bullying presence; and then the blows here are not malevolent. *The Jessamy Bride* is a very good story, and Mr. Moore has never written anything else so chivalrous to man or woman.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF. By James Fenimore Cooper. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Walter Lee Brown. Evanston, Ill.: The Golden-Booke Press. \$1.75.

Apparently the only reason for reprinting this extinct novel of Cooper's is that it has not been included in the regular editions of his works. Cooper's biographer, Professor Lounsbury, says that this has happened "for some reason not easy to explain." Perhaps it would be still harder to tell why two or three other specimens of Cooper at his worst, of which this book is one, were ever printed at all; and how the hand that wrote so tellingly of the forest and the sea could go so hopelessly astray in depicting civilised society is possibly the most perplexing question of all. The pocket-handkerchief, wrought by a French girl of noble birth,

tells of its own adventures, first in France, and then in a coterie of the New York new-rich, who display a vulgar stupidity which should make us glad to hail Mr. Jefferson Brick, by comparison, as a friend and brother. The seriousness with which the editor of this volume has performed his task is worthy of an annotator upon the Four Gospels. He has carefully collated the texts of the three known editions of the tale and Cooper's original manuscript, to which he has had access, and gives us every variation of phase and spelling discoverable throughout the book. But truth to tell, one does not care a fig whether Cooper preferred "the purse was emptied and the reticule rummaged," or "was rummaged," and if this is the Evanston idea of a "Golden Booke," it is little wonder that the silver sentiment is so strong in the West.

MERE SENTIMENT. By A. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane. \$1.25.

MIDDLE GRAYNESS. By A. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

There is a kind of man whose face, in the end, is generally a study, in neutral tints, of haggard suffering, and a kind of woman with blue-black hair and the beauty of a golden eyed panther, whose presence Mr. Dawson can make one vividly feel. The mere sentiment which is promised the reader in the lesser volume, appears, perhaps, where Jasmine's skin is described as having "the damp freshness of a custard-apple that has been plucked soon after dawn," and, again, when "She came in, and the room became beautiful, because prettiness was not of her." The Australian sketches which largely compose this volume have, in diffusion and unrestraint, some of the qualities of Mr. Kipling's Indian sketches. They are more forceful, though no less sombre and tragic than *Middle Grayness*, which sacrifices motives to symmetry, and impresses one as having been written in widely varying moods, to the detriment of its characterisation. In the latter, one gravitates from Fleet Street and the Odalisque to the great Australian bush. By far the better part of the reader's time is spent in Warroo Gully, in the township of Wydah. There he lives in a humpy built gunyah-wise of stringy bark (which, despite its frequent mention, has a charm that "slippery elm" could never possess), about which 'guanas slither and jackasses cackle in the treetops. This is more cheerful than accepting the black and white and gray of the author's portraiture, although, if these were not so insistently dwelt upon, the story might with some truth be called a delineation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in the second generation, the black streak prevailing in one son and the white in the other. Rather than follow the geometrical lines of the plot, or comment upon the sweet love story inwoven into it, we will dilate upon Mr. Dawson's method and style. Having decided on an obviously mechanical framework, he nearly shatters it with his spasmodic zest and trowelfuls of colour. His dialogues are minds turned wrong side out, which "talk like a book." His descriptions are overwhelmingly gorgeous. And when he hits on a touch that pleases him, like the black streak, or the gray hour, or the quiet

cynical laugh, he plays it for more than it is worth. The note of suggestion (however "suggestive" his stories are, in the broad and unartistic sense) is a device as yet unknown to Mr. Dawson, although his Trottie claimed that "one understands some things without words." Beneath the author's rhetoric, however, there is vigour. He has a grip on sensuous, throbbing life. He is a man of his age.

THE WISDOM OF FOOLS. By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

If Miss Corelli would go into artistic training, she should emerge a Mrs. Deland. Art requires that the radical shall not be a propagandist. Each of the four short stories, entitled *The Wisdom of Fools*, is surcharged with restlessness, intense fervour, and the spirit of revolt, but in no one of them does Mrs. Deland attempt in any wise to solve the problem she propounds; and she is far too good a writer to indulge in diatribes by the way. The clergyman who just before marriage confessed to his *fiancée*, that twenty-three years ago he had committed forgery, was, as the vestryman said, either a fool or a saint; and the reader is invited to agree with the warden, who replied, "I'll be hanged if I know." The manufacturer's sister, who applied for a position as saleslady rather than accept money "wrung from the strikers" to support herself and her children, became, it is true, the wife of a respecting clergyman, but because of the moderate inevitableness of the situation there is no doctrine promulgated. "Counting the Cost," the third story, is more obtrusively non-committal, and one wishes that the college girl might have been stranded less forlornly in her humble South Bend home. The last story, which deals firmly with a necessarily delicate theme, leaves one unconvinced but that by warmer and less drastic means Nellie Sherman might have been diverted, if not reclaimed, from her listless downward course. Mrs. Deland is not averse to peppering her dialogue with plenty of Puritanic cant and priggishness. Whatever may be the extent of her own unsettled opinions, she manages through the medium of her characters to keep the reader continually on pins and needles. We wish that she could impart more geniality and picturesqueness to her stories, and if she must occasionally have her tilt at a "problem," that she would so far risk a working hypothesis toward its solution as not to leave her people so horribly in the toils. As it is, she does kick up an awful dust, which is not laid by any sprinkling that we know of.

SAINT EVA. By Amelia Pain. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Maids have been struck by lightning from time to time, and tears have bathed them, but not for love. That Mrs. Pain should so have enlisted our reverence for the purity and spirituality of her heroine that we do not rebel when the elements conspire to take her off, is not the least of her achievements in a book of uncommon and diverse merits. In life Eva oscillated uncomfortably between her mother, who objected to her lute as a "sad-sounding old thing," and by way of grace said, "For

what we are going to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful—cold beef or kidneys?" and her aunt, who preferred to be called "Molly," and had a way of asking vital, personal questions while she was powdering her face to a coolness suggestive of an uncooked chicken. When Eva was for any considerable time with Mrs. Druce she got thin, and lost the hang of her skirts and the set of her hat. Molly, however, encouraged her to wear straight-hang-bluish garments with a shining girdle that comported with her Burne-Jones type of beauty. It is not surprising that Seaford, with an eye-satisfying ease born of just proportions and a great self-possession, fell in love with her lute and hair, and that he afterward abandoned her for politics and a Miss Wellingham, who moved with the lazy, thoroughbred deliberation of a swan, and had the "skin of an infant (and of the unintellectual)." Of over-refined phrases there is no abatement through three hundred pages. But when all her strainings after subtlety and lapses into unreality have been duly collated and exhibited, there remains enough that is truly fine to please the most delicate palate. The novel abounds with bright gossip and riverside recreation, and has recourse to Italy when the Thames is exhausted socially.

FOR THE WHITE ROSE OF ARNO. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Again the author of *Battlement and Tower* comes with an historical romance, now portraying the times of the Pretender. But, while this work also resounds with the roll of drums and the clash of arms, it lacks the spirit and the reality of the other, "the flying hoofs pounding down the road" seeming to echo from a long distance. The story running through the muffled roar of conflict has neither the strength that binds *Battlement and Tower* together with firmness though without art, nor the interest of the buried treasure which gives *The Jewel of Ynez Galon* its romantic charm. Many a lover in fiction has seen his sweetheart kiss an unknown man who turns out to be her brother; so that the incident used pivotally seems rather to creak in the turning, and the promptness with which the villain uses the misunderstanding to his own advantage belongs to the stereotyped resources of the novelist of a certain school. The scene wherein the man disguised as a woman betrays himself by the manner in which he catches something in his lap is a poor, pale reflection of a similar situation in a great novel. Yet notwithstanding its structural weakness the work is not without its admirable points. The tone is elevated; there is much fine feeling, and indeed the impression of the story as a whole is that it is better conceived than written. It is full of charming detached bits:

"A woman's politics are the man she loves. What will it profit me who sits on the throne if I lose you in the deciding? All my defeat would be to lose you;

all my victory to have you. . . . Love is a woman's country, faith, and king. It would be high treason and rank rebellion in her if she defied her love and did let any other promise come between. But with a man, next after his faith in God, comes his duty to his country. . . . A man can do naught wi' a woman unless he 's i' love wi' her, an' then he can do aught he will—if he is a man—for if hoo 's i' love wi' him 'i' return hoo 'll do it for love, an' if hoo 's not, then hoo 'll do it for pity."

A PINCHBECK GODDESS. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Had the author been a little more confidential with the reader the story would have been much more successful. The unnecessary mystery concerning the identity of the two women mentioned in the opening chapters not only adds nothing to the interest of the plot, but renders the whole book a bewildering muddle from the beginning to the end. If, after the moving description of the trials and embarrassments of an unmarried woman, who is no longer a girl, there were the merest hint that she had decided to seek freedom and happiness by masquerading as a widow, the story would at once assume the meaning which it now lacks. As it is, the missing link leaves the reader wondering through two hundred and fifty pages what on earth Winnie Edwards has to do with Madeline Norton, who disappears with the close of the first chapter, and is not heard of again until the last. There is not the slightest intimation that the second woman, the dashing widow with dyed hair and painted face, is a butterfly which has suddenly bloomed from that dun-coloured grub, the elderly maiden, without any intermediate stage of wifehood; and, in the absence of any explanation, the "widow" and her career seem too familiar to justify such a minute portrayal. If, on the other hand, the meaning of the story were made apparent, it would be found to be a clever and original conceit. For while there has always been a partial recognition of the disadvantages under which the unmarried woman of uncertain age labors, and there has always been an imperfect sympathy with the pangs which she is rightly or wrongly assumed to suffer, fiction has not heretofore handled the subject effectively. Mrs. Fleming touches it with complete respect, and even with a good deal of feeling. Yet her work has a marked element of humour, and an occasional passage has the genuine Kipling ring, as when she speaks of the woman who "belonged to the justly maligned portion of humanity that will do anything for a present friend and instantly forget an absent one, incurring thereby the contempt of the larger portion that does nothing for friends either near or far." It is hardly probable, however, that these bright bits would have been sufficient in themselves to lift the work into attention without the name of the master of contemporary fiction to conjure with. At any rate, it is to be hoped that with the next edition an explanatory note may serve as a lamp to the reader's feet



## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SKETCHES AWHEEL IN MODERN IBERIA. By Fanny B. Workman and William H. Workman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

We have had several recent volumes of travel in Spain, but this one is written from a fresh point of view—Spain as seen from the bicycle. Mr. and Mrs. Workman made a tour through "modern Iberia" in the spring and summer of 1895, and as their route lay very often through mountainous regions, a good deal of walking and pushing was done as well as riding, and their entertaining pages of chronicle based upon observations and experiences, awheel and afoot, partake of this delightful spirit of leisurely roaming. These sketches make up no common guide-book, nor do they insult the page with the fatuous smirk and smile of the travelling egotist. It is the agreeable rambling of the human mind, fitting as conscienceless from one subject to another as the butterfly in its gay, careening flight. The purpose of these cycling authors has been to give their own impressions of what they saw of "the nature, people, and art of Spain on a trip of a kind that offered some experiences not usually met with in the ordinary mode of travel. At the same time, an intelligent bicyclist will find considerable information that might prove useful were he to make a similar journey." A valuable adjunct to this is the map of Spain affixed to the book with a tracing of the route followed by the authors on their wheels.

This book is a triumph in its way. We suppose the prime element that goes to make a successful traveller, one at least who would live to record his peregrinations, to be an inexhaustible fund of good nature. Now think of the hardships, the incessant vexations of riding a bicycle through a country where "puncture of the tires by nails and thorns, or more often by the sharp, strong needles of a variety of thistle . . . was a matter of almost daily occurrence; sometimes this happened two or three times in a day"—then note the height of sublime indifference reached in the corollary to all this: "The delays thus caused often afforded opportunities of studying the people"! To be sure, the conjugal felicity in which these two travelled, and which is further exemplified in this book, whereupon husband and wife have inscribed a double dedication in token of the unity in which they dwelt, may have helped them to a superior demeanour. Yet we must confess that on that rainy afternoon when "a tire collapsed" we should have felt on the level of a common humanity with them had they just sworn a little, instead of being told that it added to their "holiday hilarity." The book has a picturesque cover, some pretty illustrations, and is nicely printed.

THE PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

The present reviewer has laid this little volume beside his copy of Mr. Burroughs's *A Year in the Fields*, collated and published last autumn. That denotes its place in the memory of our

printed impressions of Nature. Like Mr. Burroughs's book, Colonel Higginson's is a selection of nature-sketches detached from other essays, and wrought with a new design. There are half a dozen of them: "The Procession of the Flowers," "April Days," "Water-Lilies," "My Out-Door Study," "The Life of Birds," and "A Moonglade." To this is added an index of plants and animals mentioned in these discursive papers on out-of-doors.

The best qualities of Colonel Higginson's mind are exemplified in the compressed quintessence of these sweet earth-smelling pages—pages saturated, as it were, with the fragrant moisture that all green things distil after a day of rain. Or, to use a figure of his own, his leaves, like those other leaves of the water-lily, are not merely "christened with dewdrops, but are baptised by immersion all the time"—an immersion that suffuses all his work with a beauty that is full of sweet suggestions, thoughts that come home like doves to their windows; quiet, restful, healthful thoughts

"That for themselves a cooling covert make  
'Gainst the hot season."

Poetic beauty, tranquillity of thought and emotion, sensitive perceptiveness, based on a close, loving observation of Nature, and bathed in an atmosphere of love for sentient and growing things, "an inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it," such as Wilkie Collins lacked, these are the humanising and alluring elements which Colonel Higginson has fused into literature—"literature," as he puts it, which "learns from Nature the use of materials: either to select only the choicest and rarest, or to transmute coarse to fine by skill in using." And it is this close companionship with Nature, sweet, refining, dignifying, that gives to these communings with Nature and Nature's God something of that noble simplicity which made the lake country, a century ago, an enchanted land forever, and which makes *The Procession of the Flowers* keep a quiet bower for us, and wreathes

"A flowery band to bind us to the earth."

One reader wishes to return thanks for the pleasure and profit found in these sun-pictures of our great green caravanserai.

A VINTAGE OF VERSE. By Clarence Urmey. San Francisco: William Doney. \$1.25.

Mr. Urmey's dedication of this collection of his verses "To Mabel" with a verse from Sidney Lanier predisposed us at once to like his own vintage. The lines are worth quoting:

"So one in heart and thought, I trow,  
That thou mightst press the strings and  
I might draw the bow,  
And both would meet in music sweet,  
Thou and I, I trow."

Mr. Urmey beckoned out of doors, and we followed him gladly. "Put your hand upon the oar," says Charon, in the old play, to Bacchus, "and you shall hear the sweetest songs." We have sung the "Boatman's Song," listened to the Dreamer in "Dream Voices":

"O the songs beyond his grasping,  
Heard beneath the mellow moon!"

We have stood with the poet "O'erlooking the  
Sea," gazing

"Across a reach of firs and bays  
And redwoods tall with moss o'ergrown,  
Filling the cañons dark and lone,  
To where across the silver sea  
The silver moon looks wistfully."

Laughter and song, joyous and free, have rung in our ears wherever we have passed with the singer of "The Golden Gate." And always we have felt on our heated brow, sweat-be-grimed by the city's strife, and in our nostrils the freshening air and fragrance of the land of flowers and sunshine. Now and again a tinge of melancholy, a fleeting memory of pain reminds us that it is a Dance of the Hours, but for the most part the warmth and light of the sun sparkle in the glad wine of life pressed from the poet's vintage. Life, Death, and Memory are the three ghosts, he says, which haunt the heart, but under the spell of his weaving they are powerless to harm or frighten us. Life laughs with an almost pagan light-heartedness; Death appears as a Golden Gate to larger life; and Memory has no lurking tragedy—

"No ghastly face nor dying moan  
Disturbs my rest."

And wherefore not? We shall laugh and sing and dream joyously or pensively as the mood comes with Mr. Uriny; and when the night of gloom overtakes us, and sorrow and strife and failure fall upon us, we shall turn to those who will mourn with us, and who will speak words of comfort to us, and help us to bear the burden of the mystery of the weary and unintelligible world.

For the rest, *A Vintage of Verse* is simple, unpretentious, unambitious. The poet has sung his songs, to please his own fancy, and they have been wafted across the continent to light whithersoever they may, telling of a spirit attuned to the sweet harmonies of Nature. His "Poet's Epitaph" might be true of the joy he has found in his own art:

"A life with day-dreams and night visions fraught;  
But oh, the good these dreams and visions wrought!"

The little book is very tastefully bound and printed.

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE,  
including Illustrative Selections, with Notes. By  
F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D. Boston, New York,  
Chicago: Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.

For several years past it has been a barren six-month which has not produced a text-book of American literature. It is as if we had discovered, like Mr. Jourdain, that we have been uttering prose these forty years without knowing it, with the difference that there has also been verse. Now there is no excuse for the schoolboy or collegian who is ignorant of his national literature, whether it really deserves that name or is to be called the American branch of English literature. The new book which Professor Painter puts into the hands of teachers divides our literary achievements into well-defined periods, and gives an adequate account of the life and work of sixteen of the most prominent writers, with judicious selections from their books. In the copious lists of

less conspicuous names it is to be noted that Rose Terry Cooke is supposed to be still in the flesh, and that Margaret J. Preston stands alone in the absence of dates of birth and death, to both of which we believe she is entitled. But the slips are few and slight, and if the biographical sketches are done in a somewhat workaday manner, it is a workaday book, for instruction and not for pleasure, in which they appear. Perhaps a keener insight and a deeper research might not have been employed in vain; but good sense characterises the entire work, and it is easy to conceive a field of distinct usefulness for it.

### BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

The third volume of the new edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is now ready, and will be followed shortly by the remaining four volumes. Professor Bury's careful and scholarly notes and appendices continue to give this edition a superior value over former editions. It is published by the Macmillan Company at \$2.00 per volume. Two more volumes have been published by this firm of the new translations of Balzac, under the editorship of Professor Saintsbury. They are entitled *The Lily of the Valley* and *Lost Illusions*, and each volume contains three etchings. (Price, \$1.50 per volume.)—The Messrs. Harper have issued a new illustrated edition of *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Of all Mrs. Craik's stories *John Halifax* has been the most widely read, and we find a French critic like Amiel giving up several pages of his *Journal Intime* to a disquisition on its merits and impressions. The book is bound in pale blue buckram, with gilt top and uncut edges, but the paper, though very fine and taking a clear impression from the new plates, is unfortunately very heavy, and makes the book unnecessarily weighty and bulky. (Price, \$1.75.)—*The Story of Extinct Civilisations of the East*, by Robert E. Anderson, is the latest addition to the Messrs. Appleton's Library of Useful Stories. There are several maps and illustrations and an index, which is most commendable in a book of this class. (Price, 40 cents.)—From Messrs. Eaton and Mains we have received a book on *Ulysses S. Grant*, which is based on conversations and unpublished letters. It is written by Dr. M. J. Cramer, who married into the Grant family, and was therefore privileged to enjoy a large and close acquaintance with General Grant. This little monograph, with its fresh and peculiarly valuable data, cannot fail to interest and inform its readers on a subject of national and historical importance. (Price, 90 cents.)

In two very substantial volumes, in their Out-of-Door Library, the Messrs. Scribner have collected a series of papers which first appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* under the titles *Mountain Climbing* and *Athletic Sports*. Since the appearance of these papers serially in the magazine, where they attracted a good deal of attention, the authors have carefully revised and in some instances expanded their work, and their inclusion in book form should give a new value and fresh currency to them. They are profusely illustrated and beautifully printed.

Among the writers on athletics are Dr. D. A. Sargent, Dr. J. West Roosevelt, Duffield Osborne, Edward S. Martin, and on mountain climbing Edward L. Wilson, A. F. Jaccaci, and Sir W. M. Conway. (Price, \$1.50 per volume.) The same firm has recently published a new and revised edition of Sidney Lanier's *The English Novel*, which is only second in importance to his invaluable work, *The Science of English Verse*, of which *The English Novel* was a continuation in that "comprehensive philosophy of formal and substantial beauty," which the author had conceived, but did not live to develop. We welcome this new edition; no student who wishes to ascertain a true comprehension of the growth of personality in literature can afford to overlook it. It is with interest that we learn that the author's own name for the course of lectures of which the book is composed was "From Æschylus to George Eliot, the Development of Personality." It is a book to read and re-read. (Price, \$2.00.)—*Thackeray's Haunts and Homes*, with illustrations from sketches by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A., is also published by the Scribners (\$1.50

net). Only a limited number of this delightful volume of pen and pencil sketches of Thackerayana printed from type at the De Vinne press have been issued for circulation.—Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company have just published a new edition of *A Handbook of English Literature*, revised and brought up to date by W. Hall Griffin, of Queen's College, London. This manual was originally compiled in 1874 by Mr. Austin Dobson; since then a second edition was called for in 1880, and, the book having gone out of print in the mean time, it was resolved in 1895 to extend its scope and increase its utility as a work of reference. "It is designed to give a concise and, as a rule, chronological record of the principal English authors, noting the leading characteristics of their productions, and, where necessary, the prominent events of their lives. Its primary object is to assist those whose time and opportunities are restricted. . . . The compiler has endeavoured, as far as it goes, to render it exact in detail and particulars, and to make it, if possible, better than the engagement of his title-page."

## THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

### EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1897.

Publications, for this time of year, continue to be very numerous, the approach of summer seeming to be no obstruction to the output. Fiction and miscellaneous subjects are about equally divided as to the number of titles, but the sales of the former far exceed those of the latter.

In fiction the most important of the month's publications have been *Soldiers of Fortune*, by Richard Harding Davis; *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, and *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*, by John Kendrick Bangs. These have already reached a considerable sale. In addition may be mentioned *In the Tide Way*, by Flora Annie Steel; *The Third Violet*, by Stephen Crane; *Sketches in Lavender, Blue and Green*, by Jerome K. Jerome, and *The Romance of a Jesuit Mission*, by M. Bouchier Sanford.

On miscellaneous subjects there has been nothing likely to be in great demand, but *An Epistle to Posterity*, by Mrs. John Sherwood; *General Grant*, by James G. Wilson, and *The Bible: Its Meaning and Supremacy*, by F. W. Farrar, are of interest. Several books of poems have appeared, including *English Lyric Poetry, 1500-1700*, by Frederick Ives Carpenter; *In Titian's Garden*, by Harriet P. Spofford, and *In Which Hearts Lead*, by J. Lenord Merrill.

Outdoor works are represented by *Athletic Sports*, in the Out of Door Library, *Practical Training for Athletics, Health and Pleasure*, by Randolph Faries; *Bird-Life* by Frank M. Chapman; *Flowers of Field, Hill and Swamp*,

by Caroline A. Creevey, and *In Brook and Bayou*, by Clara K. Bayliss.

The Riverside Paper Series has been materially enlarged by the issue of a number of additional titles, the best selling being *The Burglar Who Moved Paradise*, by Herbert D. Ward. Other paper-bound books in demand are *Into an Unknown World*, by John Strange Winter, and *A Beautiful White Devil*, by Guy Boothby.

That preparations for the autumn season are under way is already indicated by the showing of samples of several new editions of twelvemos. The absence of the very cheap qualities is noticeable, those shown being of a substantial and attractive style, offered at moderate prices.

*Quo Vadis* continues its remarkable sale, while of more recent publications, *The Green Book*, *Ziska*, *The Quest of the Golden Girl*, and *The Massarenes* are still among the leaders. *Farthest North, Forty Years in India*, *In Joyful Russia*, and *Wild Norway* are works of travel selling readily.

Often the death of a prominent person will cause the publication and demand for his biography. Just at present we are having the same result from the longevity and extended reign of Queen Victoria. *The Personal Life of Queen Victoria*, by Sarah A. Tooley, is already published, and others are announced.

The publication of a cheap edition of *A Prince of the House of David* is a practical announcement of the early expiration of its copyright. This has become the customary way of securing the sale of a cheap edition of a popular book likely to be made by numerous parties when the copyright expires.

Trade for the month has been fair on the

whole ; library business has continued remarkably good ; complaints of dull trade are still heard, but a general steadiness indicates a certain amount of activity likely to increase with the first signs of the promised good times. The following is a list of the best selling books during the month, in their order of popularity :

- Quo Vadis.* By Henry Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*The Choir Invisible.* By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.  
*Soldiers of Fortune.* By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.50.  
*On the Face of the Waters.* By Flora Annie Steel. \$1.50.  
*The Pursuit of the House-Boat.* By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.  
*The Honourable Peter Sterling.* By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.  
*The Triumph of Death.* By Gabriele D'Annunzio. \$1.50.  
*A Story-Teller's Pack.* By Frank R. Stockton. \$1.50.  
*The Burglar who Moved Paradise.* By Herbert D. Ward. Paper, 50 cents ; cloth, \$1.25.  
*The Green Book.* By Maurus Jokai. \$1.50.  
*Ziska.* By Marie Corelli. \$1.50.  
*The Quest of the Golden Girl.* By Richard Le Gallienne. \$1.50.  
*The Massarenes.* By "Ouida." \$1.25.  
*On the Red Staircase.* By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.  
*The Great K. & A. Train Robbery.* By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.25.

#### WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1897.

Sales for May were steady, and although on the decline, as must be expected now, compare favourably with the previous year. The call for the newer books was again the most important feature of the month's business, and the demand for miscellaneous literature was also quite brisk. Public libraries are absorbing a great many books, and their orders call for nearly everything that is good in current literature.

Last month sample lines of the twelvemoss and sixteenmos, which are to be offered to the trade during the coming season, were on exhibition here. There is very little that is new in the way of novelties this year, and the lines do not differ materially from those of last season, the tendency being to improve them rather than to make new ones. From a manufacturing point of view the books shown are certainly better made in every respect than they ever were before, and as prices are about the same, it would seem that the margin of profit in them for the maker must be exceedingly small. The concerns engaged in this class of business seem to agree in the opinion that books are cheap enough now, and while improvement will be the aim no further effort will be made this year to establish cheaper lines.

*The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen, was easily first among the books of the month, having sold enormously throughout the West. Judging from the favourable comments one hears, and the warm reception the press has

accorded it, it would seem to have attained almost classic rank already.

Richard Harding Davis's *Soldiers of Fortune* was nearly if not quite as successful, and large numbers are being sold daily. Formerly books of this calibre would have been held back until the autumn, the impression being then that the publication of a book during the dull season was hazardous to its chances of success, but in these times it does not seem to make much difference at what time of the year a book by a favourite author is published.

Other successful books published during May were J. K. Bangs's *Pursuit of the House Boat* ; *Pink Marsh*, by George Ade ; *The Missionary Sheriff*, by Octave Thanet, and *In the Tideway*, by Mrs. Steel. The sale of *Farthest North* is keeping up marvellously, and for such an expensive book last month's record was a very good one.

The annual exodus to Europe commenced last month, and the sales of guide-books were correspondingly increased, Baedeker's *London* and *Great Britain* being especially inquired for.

Ornithology is becoming quite a fashionable study in this locality, and Chapman's *Bird-Life* is a notable addition to the literature of the subject.

Among the books published previous to last month *Quo Vadis* again sold best, while the demand was good for *On the Red Staircase*, *The Landlord at Lion's Head*, *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, *Menticulture*, and the others indicated in the following list of the best-selling books of the month.

- The Choir Invisible.* By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.  
*Soldiers of Fortune.* By R. H. Davis. \$1.50.  
*Quo Vadis.* By H. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*On the Red Staircase.* By M. Imlay Taylor. \$1.25.  
*Miss Archer Archer.* By C. L. Burnham. \$1.25.  
*The Pursuit of the House Boat.* By J. K. Bangs. \$1.25.  
*Menticulture.* By H. Fletcher. \$1.00.  
*Margaret Ogilvy.* By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.  
*On the Face of the Waters.* By F. A. Steel. \$1.50.  
*Sentimental Tommy.* By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.  
*Phroso.* By Anthony Hope. \$1.75.  
*Farthest North.* By F. Nansen. 2 vols. \$10.00.  
*Pink Marsh.* By George Ade. \$1.25.  
*Hon. Peter Stirling.* By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.50.  
*The Landlord at Lion's Head.* By W. D. Howells. \$1.50.  
*The Great K. & A. Train Robbery.* By Paul Leicester Ford. \$1.25.

#### ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, April 19 to May 22, 1897.

All trades are looking for a share of the money which the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee will cause to circulate, and apparently the bookseller will not be left out. Whether in anticipation of this event or not, trade during

the past month has been an improvement on that of previous years, even remembering that the school summer term has just commenced. There has certainly been better trade for all classes of literature, but at the time of writing it is falling off again. But for the great number of publications the bookseller would be nearly happy. Orders from abroad continue to arrive in goodly number and volume, although no country calls for special mention. The number of new books and new editions is as great as ever. What a trade would be done if each one justified its existence! Some one has suggested a tax upon new books for keeping down the number. With regard to Jubilee publications, they are, as may be expected, numerous. The issue of the *Life of the Queen*, by the Librarian of Windsor Castle, is looked for with the keenest interest, and subscribers to the *édition de luxe* have in some instances parted with their copies at a considerable premium on the subscription price. Among the smaller publications of this class mention must be made of *The Queen's Resolve*, *The Sixty Years*, and *Our Gracious Queen*, as these seem to be the favourites. Great interest is also shown in the issue of each part of *Sixty Years a Queen*. Large numbers of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund Stamps were sold by the trade, and it is stated that 130,000 were distributed on May 18th, the day of publication.

The 6s. novel is as popular as ever, the leader for the present being *The Sign of the Cross*, by Wilson Barrett. *On the Face of the Waters*, by Flora Annie Steel, is still a great favourite.

Matters nautical are always interesting to the Englishman. Hence the *Life of Nelson*, by A. T. Mahan, is in good demand, a fact that will cause no surprise.

*A Popular History of Crete*, issued at a price within the reach of all, has, to judge by its sale, met the inquiry for concise and useful information about the island.

The present fashion in titles of novels is a single word which conveys no idea of the nature of the work. What was described as the "mediæval title" a few months back has dropped out entirely. In abler hands a very interesting chapter could be written on this subject.

There is a good trade doing in magazines, as the majority of the leading ones contain articles upon the Queen's reign, and any fresh details are always welcomed. The *Woman at Home* continues to be very popular, other favourites being the *Strand Magazine*, *Pearson's Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, the *Quiver* and the *Sunday at Home*.

Appended is the list of the books that are now being read, or at least bought. Many of them have been included previously; and it is now gratifying to find that, amid the numbers published, some of the books are likely to be of permanent interest.

The *Life of Nelson*. By A. T. Mahan. 2 vols. 36s.

The *Sign of the Cross*. By W. Barrett. 6s.  
On the *Face of the Waters*. By F. A. Steel.

6s.

Under *Love's Rule*. By M. E. Braddon. 6s.

The *Whirlpool*. By G. Gissing. 6s.

Uncle *Bernac*. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.

The *Massarenes*. By Ouida. 6s.

Daughters of Thespis. By J. Bickerdyke.

6s. *Flames*. By R. Hichens. 6s.

The *Jessamy Bride*. By F. F. Moore. 7s.

*Phroso*. By A. Hope. 6s.

Under the *Red Robe*. By S. J. Weyman.

6s. The *Seats of the Mighty*. By G. Parker.

6s. *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. By H. Garland.

6s. The *Dagger and the Cross*. By J. Hatton.

6s. *Cakes and Ale*. By E. Spencer. 3s. 6d.

*Madame Sans Gêne*. By E. Lepelletier. 3s.

6d. *Many Cargoes*. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.

A *Great Agricultural Estate*. By the Duke of Bedford. 6s.

*Romance of Lady Burton*. 2 vols. 36s.

The *Queen's Resolve*. By C. Bullock. 1s.

6d. *These Sixty Years*. 2s. 6d.

*Our Gracious Queen*. By Mrs. Walton. 1s.

*Cromwell*. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

A *Popular History of Crete*. By J. H. Freese.

1s. 6d.

#### SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1, 1897, and June 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

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1. The *Choir Invisible*. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

2. *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

3. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

4. The *Green Book*. By Jókai. \$1.50. (Harper.)

5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

6. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

#### NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The *Choir Invisible*. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

2. *Hilda Strafford*. By Harraden. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

3. *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)

4. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

5. *Quo Vadis*. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

6. *Life of Nelson*. By Mahan. \$8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

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- ✱ Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)
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For months, the Editors have been making arrangements to present to the readers of this magazine a series of papers which shall give a more complete, a more exhaustive and picturesque account of the lives of our great American Bookmen who have lived and worked in the present century than has yet been published. The series began with an article on Washington Irving in the February number, and will be continued through the year. Mr. M. A. De Wolfe Howe has been engaged to write these papers, and few men have probably had the training and are so happily situated as Mr. De Wolfe Howe for undertaking this delightful task. An attractive feature of these articles, besides the new material given in the text, is the addition of new portraits and facsimiles and other interesting illustrations connected with the various authors considered.

### LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS

Ferdinand Brunetière—Georg Brandes—Emilio Pardo Bázan—Jules Lemaitre, etc., etc., etc.

The series of Living Critics, which has proved a popular one in *THE BOOKMAN* during the past year, was finished, so far as American and English critics are concerned, with a paper on William Dean Howells by Professor Peck. These studies, however, have been extended to Living Continental Critics, about whom very little that is trustworthy has yet been published in English. In embracing this opportunity, the Editors of *THE BOOKMAN* are bringing into this neglected field an amount of fresh material which will be gladly welcomed by all readers. The articles, of course, are accompanied, as heretofore, by recent portraits.

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### OLD BOSTON BOOKSELLERS

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It was intended during the past year to follow up the articles on the Old Booksellers of New York, which appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* in the previous year, with a series of like articles on the Old Booksellers of Boston; but Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, who undertook the work, found the field so much more interesting and extensive in its resources than he had imagined that it has been impossible for him, until now, to condense his material and put it in shape for a series of articles in *THE BOOKMAN*. There will be four papers in this series, and a feast of good things can safely be promised, as many interesting facts hitherto unpublished concerning the relations between some of these old booksellers with the historians and littérateurs of New England have been discovered by Mr. Bacon. These papers are illustrated with portraits, and it is intended to reproduce fac-similes of those contracts made with authors that are interesting as possessing a curious documentary value. The first paper of the series appeared in the February number.

### GENERAL FEATURES

Professor Harry Thurston Peck will contribute, as heretofore, signed articles on topics of immediate contemporaneous interest. Among them are papers on "The Americanization of England," "The Progress of 'Fonetik Refawrm,'" "An American Play in an English Theatre," and a series of articles under the general title "France and Germany," embodying the results of much careful observation, and replete with significant illustration and anecdote.

Special articles of interest may also be looked for, from time to time, from those who have already contributed to *THE BOOKMAN*, and who have undertaken to contribute in the future. Among them:

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# THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. V.

AUGUST, 1897.

No. 6.

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

*The Editors of THE BOOKMAN cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not ; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

The seventh paper in the series "American Bookmen" has been omitted this month, but will appear in our September number. Mr. Howe's next article will deal with the humourists.



"Wherever you meet a journalist at present," writes our London correspondent, "you find him groaning about the Jubilee. Some are apprehending the sad fate of Mr. Pettigrew, M.A., as recorded in *My Lady Nicotine*. Mr. Pettigrew was in his forty-second year, and had done a good deal of Jubilee work before he accepted the commission that led to his death. He wrote several Jubilee sketches, a pamphlet entitled *Jubilees of the Past*, the introductory chapter to *Fifty Years of Progress*, and a work on *Jubilee Statesmen*. He received an order for a collection of Jubilee odes from publishers which were to appear in two volumes, the only original writing in the book being a sketch of the various schemes suggested for the celebration of the Jubilee. Mr. Pettigrew's body was found lying among Jubilee odes. On the table were a dozen or more sheets of 'copy,' which, though only spoiled pages, showed that the deceased had not succumbed without a final struggle. On one he had begun 'Fifty years have come and gone since a fair English maiden ascended the throne of England.' Another stopped short at 'To every loyal Englishman, 'Jubil—'. A third sheet commenced with 'Though there have been a number of royal Jubilees in the history of the world, probably none has awakened the same interest as—' and a fourth began '1887 will be known to all future ages

as the year of Jub—' One sheet bore the sentence, 'Heaven help me!' and it is believed that these were the last words the deceased ever penned."



This is the season when the "Summer School" is in full swing, and thousands of persons are in attendance upon one and another of these institutions, which long ago passed beyond the experimental stage and have become popular and permanent. A good portion of their *clientèle* is made up of teachers who are seeking to combine a certain amount of recreation with a study of the latest methods used in their profession ; or who are augmenting their own knowledge of particular subjects under specialists who are lecturing in these schools. Personally and for teachers, we regard the summer school as one of the most insidious inventions of the devil. This we say, not in criticism of their purpose, their instruction, or their scholastic results. As a matter of fact, these are altogether good, and some of the teaching done is very much more than good. We have seen an amount of special knowledge imparted by three months in a summer school such as would hardly have been given in the best of our universities in the same amount of time. But, nevertheless, the teacher ought to shun the temptation to attend one.



We say this because, of all the professions, teaching is the most exhausting, and takes the most out of one's brain and nerve and general vitality, and in consequence, more than any other human being, the teacher needs in his va-



cation to get away from the atmosphere of the "shop." For his academic learning, his purely scholastic knowledge, is in reality the less valuable part of his professional equipment. The true teacher is more than a setter of tasks and a hearer of lessons; he is an influence. And his pupils are not, first of all, students, but human beings. Hence, if necessary, a teacher should be willing to sacrifice something from his ideal, in the matter of his own formal preparation, if by doing so he can secure the far greater and more important gifts of bodily and mental health, steady nerves, a sense of balance and proportion, and a profound and sympathetic knowledge of his fellow-men. No one is so dreadfully in danger of getting into a mental rut, of becoming dogmatic, pedantic, and priggish; and the antidote for these things is found in getting absolutely away from his professional environment for as long a time as possible each year, resting his nerves and brain, and, above all, mingling with men and women whose standards and interests are absolutely different from his own. To go from his class-room to a place where the same old grind in another form is still going on, to make one of a crowd of jaded, nervous, sensitive beings who are stewing in their own juice, and gabbling over and over the formulas of the Educationist, so far from being a stimulus and an inspiration, is actually the undoing of a teacher, and sends him back to his work with a still further exhaustion of energy and enthusiasm and sympathy. So we say to the educator if he be a man, Go off somewhere, anywhere, to the place where education doesn't count; bivouac in the woods with a party of stock-brokers, or hobnob with Down East fishermen; and to the woman teacher we recommend the society of the most frivolous, giddy, and flirtatious young girls who infest the myriad resorts in summer. This will keep the balance properly adjusted, replacing hysteria and dulness and nerves by a renewed invigoration, an augmented sense of humour, and a saner and more highly developed insight into human nature.

The newspapers, in reporting the occurrences of the recent university boat-races, give bits of the conversation overheard among the attendant undergradu-

ates. "We won't do a thing to them!" remarked a Cornell man of the Harvard crew. "Get onto their jags!" was the chaste remark of one of the sons of Yale. This sort of thing really makes us sad. Twenty years ago the college man had a most picturesque and variegated vocabulary. It was amusing; it was adequate; it was sometimes pretty strong—and it was all his own. It differentiated him as much from the casual outside youth as did a dozen other more important attributes. It was evolved on the campus and in the ivied halls, and it was thoroughly distinctive and delightful. What colour there was in such words as "banger," "snab," "smear" (hash), "doggy," "mucker," and "waggle"! Some of these collegiate coinages were so good that they gradually worked their way into the language of the outside world; as, for example, "fresh," "flunk," and the verb "to be rattled." The best of them usually came from Yale, whose life, take it all in all, has generally had more flavour to it than that of the other American universities. But all this is slipping away, and now the college man expresses himself in the dialect of Chimie Fadden and the "mucker." A year or so ago we picked up a Columbia publication and read an article entitled, if we remember it correctly, "A Senior's Soliloquy." It was rather clever, but it was written in the sort of language that one would expect to hear from a hobo in a Bowery hash-house; and when we remembered that it had been deliberately written down by one who was a university man and presumably a gentleman, it made us sick at heart. The whole subject may by some be viewed as trifling, but to us it is strikingly significant; for it is one of the innumerable indications of how the new theories of academic democracy have broken down the invisible but potent barrier that used to divide the student from the world at large—a change not making for the elevation of the latter, but for the profound and, we fear, hopeless vulgarisation of the universities.

Speaking of college publications, we are reminded to say that of all their annuals that we have seen this year, the brightest is one produced by women. It is *The Mortarboard*, published by the Junior Class of Barnard College, and

edited by Miss Susie W. Myers of this city. It has the right sort of tone to it, and is distinctly amusing.



We hear that a new book about Carlyle will be published shortly in England, entitled *Mr. Froude and Thomas Carlyle*. It will deal with Froude's misrepresentations, and the title is said to be intentionally sarcastic. The author, Mr. David Wilson, holds a government position in Burmah, and this work is the outcome of a long study of the subject which he has pursued in the enforced solitude of his official duties.



The Executive Committee of the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial has now begun operations in Great Britain; and co-operation is being heartily given in various colonies and in the United States. The Memorial will offer a welcome opportunity to numberless lovers of Stevenson to do homage to his genius and the memory of his charming personality; and we may surely expect the widest response to the appeal of the Committee. We expect to be able to give full particulars from the Committee's headquarters in America in our next number.



"On my tomb," wrote Stevenson with grave humour in his *Inland Voyage*, "if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: 'He clung to his paddle.'" Canoeing on the river Oise, a fallen tree had caught him about the chest, and while he was yet struggling to make less of himself and slip under, the river took the matter out of his hands and bereaved him of his boat.

"I do not know how long it was," he says, "before I scrambled on to the tree to which I was left clinging, but it was longer than I cared about. My thoughts were of a grave and almost sombre character, but I still clung to my paddle. . . . You can never know, till you try it, what a dead pull a river makes against a man. Death himself had me by the heels, for this was his last ambushade, and he must now join personally in the fray. And still I held to my paddle. At last I dragged myself on to my stomach on the trunk, and lay there a breathless sop, with a mingled sense of humour and injustice. . . . But there was the paddle in my hand. On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: 'He clung to his paddle.'"

How characteristic of the man's hand-

to-hand struggle with death in life! How fitting an epitaph for his tomb!



Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's admiration for Stevenson has been so frequently expressed that any one familiar with his writings must be well aware of the fact. "As for Stevenson's style," he wrote recently—"chiselled object of my youthful idolatry—no man in my hearing shall gainsay it." It is matter of interest, therefore, that Stevenson's story, *St. Ives; the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England*, which is now appearing serially in *McClure's Magazine* and in the *Pall Mall Magazine*—like *Weir of Hermiston*, an unfinished story—is to be completed by Mr. Quiller-Couch in six additional chapters. This is undertaken in accordance with the wishes of Stevenson's executors, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's work will be based on notes furnished by Mrs. Strong, the step-daughter and amanuensis of Stevenson.



The death was announced recently of Mrs. Stevenson, the devoted mother of the novelist. It is well known that Mr. Stevenson's father, to whom he was tenderly attached, stood for a long time in doubt of his gifted son. His mother, however, and his aunt steadily encouraged his literary aspirations, and, as is well known, Mrs. Stevenson gave the crowning proof of her devotion to her son by going to join him in Samoa. When she returned to Edinburgh she went to live with the brilliant sister who survives her.



We are to have a new *Life of Goldsmith* from Mr. Richard Ashe King. There has not been an attempt to portray Goldsmith for many years now. His most effective biographer, of course, was John Forster, although Mr. William Black's interesting study in the "English Men of Letters Series" had many merits. It is right, however, that Goldsmith's somewhat wayward character should be sketched by a brother Irishman, and those who remember Mr. Ashe King's effective presentation of Dean Swift, in his *Swift in Ireland*, will realise that he has every qualification for the task.



Mrs. W. K. Clifford has been for some time busily engaged in writing a new

book for children. Readers of Mrs. Clifford's delightful *Anyhow Stories* will look forward to the publication of this new volume with interest.

296, Beacon Street. Boston,  
May 30 1889

My dear Sir,

I have been so much  
interested in your recent  
Essay "Eternal Hope" that

I wish to acknowledge my  
obligation in some way.

It is a cruel fashion  
of doing so to send you a  
pamphlet to burden your  
table. But as you refer so  
heartily to Jonathan Edwards  
you may possibly spare  
five minutes to look over  
an article which I contrib-  
uted not very long ago to  
one of our Periodicals.

The title of your book was and  
is worth more than the contents  
of most theological volumes. It  
has like the words of one thing  
of a heavenly kind which forms  
a delicate melody.

With great respect, Sir,

Very truly yours  
Oliver Wendell Holmes

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL  
HOLMES.

The following extracts are taken from a flattering notice, in the London *Saturday Review*, of Mr. Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, which has recently been published in England:

"... It shows American woman from her own point of view. ... It reads like a piece of autobiography; and only an American wom-

an could describe for us the growth of a strong, self-reliant, beautiful and thoroughly American girl like Rose. ... It is not often that a woman has ventured to give expression to her delight in the animal and physical beauty of a well-built man so frankly as does Hamlin Garland."

Has any American man of letters ever been the recipient of a more delicate compliment to his powers as an artist than is given to Mr. Garland by this reviewer's ignorance of the Western writer's sex? We can imagine Mr. Garland's pleasurable sensations as he read the review.

⊗

Mr. Chauncey C. Hotchkiss, whose story of the American Revolution, entitled *In Defiance of the King*, was published by the Messrs. Appleton in the autumn of 1895, has written another American historical romance, entitled *A Colonial Free Lance*, which will be published by the same firm during the month.

⊗

Dean Farrar continues his reminiscences of "Men I Have Known" in the *Temple Magazine*, the June number containing an interesting paper on "A Group of Eminent Americans." We understand that these articles will be published in the autumn under the title, *Men I Have Known*, both in England and America. From a number of interesting fac-similes of autograph letters accompanying the article mentioned we have reproduced two written by Oliver Wendell Holmes and James Russell Lowell, also a fac-simile of Lowell's inscription for the Raleigh Memorial Window referred to in his letter.

⊗

A history of English literature by Mr. Austin Dobson, written by him in 1874 and carried to a second edition in 1879, has just been republished by his permission, with alterations and additions. Very few persons are aware that Mr. Dobson ever wrote such a work, and the reason of this is to be found in the fact that the existing copies give on the title-page the author's name as "H. A. Dobson, of the Board of Trade," which is far from suggesting the Queen Anne poet; but Mr. Dobson's full name is Henry Austin Dobson, and his connection with the Board of Trade is of long standing. What is not generally known, however, is that he once wrote, prior to

10. Ebury Square  
S. W.

7th May, 1883.

Dear Canon Farrar,

It gives me great  
pleasure to be what you ask,  
though a comparison with Tennyson  
is not to my advantage. I have  
the copy of the verses at hand,  
but I believe that I have them  
structured them correctly from memory  
as a mnemonic device rhyme  
has its advantages, after all!  
I make the copy on the best leaf  
to have more space

Faithfully yours M. B. B.

As I. Writing is best I find  
I have not said here much  
I like Tennyson's verses. I think  
better of my judgment in  
choosing the measure I did  
now that it is confirmed by  
the master.

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER FROM JAMES RUSSELL  
LOWELL.

the publica-  
tion of his  
book on  
English lit-  
erature, a  
history of  
England  
called *The  
Civil Service  
History of  
England*, in-  
tended for  
the use of  
candidates  
for the Brit-  
ish Civil  
Service Ex-  
aminations,

inscription for the Relief  
Memorial Window in St Margaret's.

The New World's sons, from England's bosom be born  
Such will as bids remember should be born;  
Proud of her past wherefrom our future grows,  
This window be inscribed with Relief's fame.

M. B. B.

THE INSCRIPTION REFERRED TO IN MR. LOWELL'S LETTER.

as was in fact his *English Literature*. The thought of Mr. Dobson as an historian is rather piquant, and we should think that some publishing house would deem it worth while to reprint this volume also as a sort of curiosity.

⊙

A one-volume edition of Austin Dobson's poems is to be published in England in October, to sell at five shillings. This volume is the outcome of half a dozen predecessors, the earliest of which was published by Messrs. Henry S. King and Company, in October, 1873. It was called *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société* (now first collected)—i.e., from different magazines, and was dedicated to Anthony Trollope, the original editor of *St. Paul's*, to which periodical many of the pieces had been contributed. It reached a second edition in 1874, and a third in 1875. In May, 1877, it was followed by *Proverbs in Porcelain and Other Verses*, a fresh in-gathering, also issued by Messrs. King. A second edition of this appeared in 1878, the residue of which was destroyed by a fire. In 1880 *Vignettes in Rhyme and Other Verses*, a selection for the most part from these two books, was published in New York by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company, with a dedication to Oliver Wendell Holmes and an introduction by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman. In 1883 (by which date the two English collections named above were no longer obtainable) this American selection of 1880, newly arranged, was reprinted in London by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Company (Messrs. King's successors) as *Old-World Idylls*; while in 1885 a second

volume, entitled *At the Sign of the Lyre*, and mainly composed of later pieces, made its appearance both at London and New York. Besides these and some illustrated selections, there was issued,

by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in 1895, a two-volume edition of both (*Poems on Several Occasions*), comprising a portrait of the author by Mr. William Strang, and seven etchings by M. Adolphe Lalauze. Of this, however, which again contained some new pieces, there was but a limited English impression, now becoming exhausted; and as *Old-World Idylls* and *At the Sign of the Lyre* will not be reprinted, it is hoped that the present single volume—which includes all they included, and a little more—may now take their place. It is reassuring in these days of scientific thought and materialistic aims to learn that in England alone upward of forty thousand copies of Mr. Dobson's volumes of verse have been sold.

We hear that the J. B. Lippincott Company have secured the American book rights of Dr. Conan Doyle's new story now running serially in the *Strand Magazine*, entitled *The Tragedy of the Korosko*.

The biography of Dr. Phillips Brooks, by Professor A. V. G. Allen, will be published in two volumes by Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company. It is to contain numerous letters by Phillips Brooks, and many photographs, and will include also a study of his sermons. Bishop Brooks's chief correspondence was with Miss Weir Mitchell, sister of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the eminent physician and novelist. It is not certain how far this correspondence will be utilised.

Mrs. Sherwood, in her *Epistle to Posterity*, recently published by the Harpers, recalls a little book written by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid just prior to the Civil War, entitled *A Tour in the South with Chief-Justice Chase in 1866*. Mr. Reid was first known as "Agate," a correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*. The vigour and vivacity of his style, Mrs. Sherwood says, had already made him a great favourite, but this little brochure probably answered more questions and satisfied more people at the North than did more ambitious volumes.

"He travelled with the Chief-Justice to New Orleans and across to Charleston, saw the returned Confederate officers, all of whom said 'they were going to get some new clothes';

questioned the negro, and found out what every one at the North wished to know (it had been a terrible dread), that there was no danger of a negro insurrection; in fact, he opened for us the long-closed South. This rare pamphlet is, perhaps, as important historically as it was useful at the time."

We are glad to see that Mr. W. J. Dawson, the author of *London Idylls*, *A Story of Hannah*, and *The House of Dreams*, is making his way in the public estimation, and is steadily attracting attention. We hear that his *London Idylls* is to appear in a translation into German. Of his *House of Dreams*, the *British Weekly*, in a lengthy editorial, says:

"It belongs to the same class as Mrs. Oliphant's *A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen*, and may revive the great popularity of that striking fancy. There is throughout the volume the exercise of a true and reverent imagination, with a firm footing on earth and with the power of easy flight through the world of dreams. . . . It is a book of profound tenderness, and deeply reverent throughout; the work of a man who finds in earth and heaven alike the sign and token of the cross, and who believes in his heart that the world will end on an Easter day."

The last remark will recall Browning's poem on "Easter Day."

A correspondent writes from Paris that the *Débats*, a Parisian evening paper, is reprinting as a *feuilleton* Marion Crawford's *Witch of Prague*. No one who has once read this book will ever forget it. The story of Simon Abeles is enough to haunt the memory for a lifetime. The novels most in evidence at the present moment in Paris are Pierre Loti's new book, *Ramuntcho* and Paul Bourget's *Recommencements*. The latter contains a remarkable story of a young journalist who obtained an interview from a famous author, and who made his career by resisting the temptation to publish it. He is an excellent model for every one—except the interviewer. As an instance of the queer errors which still creep into the best newspapers in France, our correspondent notes that in *La Patrie* an art critic, in praising the pictures of some beautiful women at one of the Salons, said that they were worthy of the pencil of John Burns—meaning, we presume, Burne-Jones.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company announce a second edition of *On the Red*

*Staircase.* This story, published a few months ago, has been very popular in the West.

⊗

Not long ago, when new material for the Henley Edition of Burns was being sought at home and abroad, a certain modest Scotchman, living in the United States, had an original manuscript lithographed and sent to the publishers. In making acknowledgment of his courtesy on page 406 of the third volume, recently published, they write him down as Mr. W. R. Smith, of Cincinnati, O. There can be no reasonable doubt that a Mr. W. R. Smith does reside in Cincinnati, O. Perhaps several of them. But the Mr. W. R. Smith who possesses an original Burns manuscript resides, and for forty-three years has resided in Washington City as Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens. At present, furthermore, he is President of the Society of American Florists, and for over a generation he has been widely known in this country as the friend of many distinguished men. He has always been at home to them in his little red brick cottage, which nestles well hidden just under the white majesty of the Capitol and at peace in the green plant-world of its own.

⊗

The treasure of this house, as it is the pride of his heart, has long been his Burns collection, which fills a small room apart from his general library. How interesting this collection is may be inferred from his own statement that it contains two hundred separate dated editions of Burns out of the six hundred editions which he says have been published throughout the world. To this treasure-house of his beloved poet he expects to add other volumes, to be obtained from the Mitchell Library of Glasgow, which leads all others in Burnsiana. The affection with which he still plans for the further enrichment of his hoard is a passion that began in youth. The first shillings he ever earned, he says, were captured at a village school examination. In the dreadful presence of the dominie and the minister the class had been called up to recite, member by member, stanza in turn, Gray's *Elegy*. They soon stuck. "You go on with it, *Dux*," commanded the dominie. Go on with it he did; and two shillings

were laid in his palm for this feat of memory; whereupon he took to his heels and spent his prize for his first volume of "Bobbie."

⊗

Among his rare editions he reckons one published at Alexandria, Va., in 1813, during the war with England. Only two copies of this, he says, are known to be in existence. Another is the first American edition. Another is the second American edition, to which belonged the Washington copy now owned by Representative Cabell of Illinois, and held to be priceless. As to the final disposition of his Burns library, he thought at one time of sending it to a Masonic institution in Kentucky, owing to his friendship for the late Senator Beck of that State, another rugged Scotchman whose portrait hangs on the library wall. He has since thought of leaving it to Princeton College, out of regard for the late President McCosh. But his preference is to have it housed at last in Washington, in a room that he would like Mr. Andrew Carnegie to build for it there instead of the one the millionaire is understood to have offered to build in Pittsburg. It would be a pity ever to have the collection removed from Washington, where it is so often visited. When Craibe Angus wanted the loan of it last year for the Burns celebration at Glasgow, Mr. Smith declined to send it, being loath to disappoint his American visitors. In this connection he quoted with some feeling a remark once made by a niece of Burns: "A Scotchman always begins by finding fault with my uncle; but the Americans—they never find fault with him." A Scotchman must come to this country, insisted Mr. Smith, to find out what it means to love the poet of Scotland.

⊗

Mrs. F. A. Steel's next book will be a fresh collection of Indian stories, and will be published by Mr. Heinemann in England, and in this country by the Macmillan Company, both of whom have reaped the benefits of a great success in Mrs. Steel's story of the Indian Mutiny.

⊗

Mrs. Steel's novel should be read along with Mr. Seton Merriman's *Flot-*

*Sam.* Both are tales of the Indian Mutiny, and there is an interesting contrast as well as a certain superficial resemblance between them. The narrative as told by Mrs. Steel is a series of elaborate pictures full of detail and spread over large canvases. There is little of the rapid action, the fire and frenzy and mad, tumultuous onsets which make the Mutiny live before our eyes in the pages of Mr. Merriman. We see rather the slow working of events, the

the prominent contributions to Indian history. Mrs. Steel is familiar with every corner and alley of this mysterious world in India, and we believe that she spent some months in the poorest quarter of Delhi in order to gather material.

⊗

The great popularity of *Quo Vadis* is still increasing. In answer to a number of inquiries concerning the significance of the title, we quote an

*Messrs Little, Brown and Company, Gentlemen*

*Having concluded with You an agreement concerning my novels, translated by M. Jermisch Curtin, and published by Your House, I have the honour to declare, that the publication of these novels by other publishers would be done against my will and interest. As far, as I know, I cannot put a legal stop to their publication by others, but I think, that public opinion in your country might in this case take the place of law. Since the feeling of commercial honor is so highly developed in the United States.*

*Yours truly,  
Henryk Sienkiewicz*

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS."

long-drawn preparations, the movements behind the curtain. Mrs. Steel lacks the fire and imagination to weld her material and mould it into dramatic shape. She has not been able to make her art superior to that of mere historiography. It remains to be said that as a picture of Hindoo life her novel has never been surpassed. It is not a book to be hurried through and forgotten, but deserves a place among

extract from *Baedeker's Guide to Central Italy*, which gives the "Quo Vadis" legend:

The Via Ardeatina now diverges to the right; and on the left stands the small church of Domine Quo Vadis, so named from the legend that St. Peter, fleeing from the death of a martyr, here met his Master and inquired of him, "*Domine quo vadis?*" to which he received the reply, "*Venio iterum crucifigi;*" whereupon the apostle, ashamed of his weakness, returned. A copy of the footprint which Christ

is said to have impressed on the marble is shown here (originally at S. Sebastiano).

It may be a surprise to many readers to learn that Sienkiewicz writes and speaks English, and that he spent some time many years ago in California. We reproduce in fac-simile a letter which has just been received by his American publishers, and which, it will be seen, is written in good, clear, idiomatic English.



Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have nearly ready the first two volumes of the new subscription edition of Francis Parkman's works. Dr. Bourinot, whose *Story of Canada*, in the Story of the Nations Series, has been very successful, said recently that any success he had attained in historical writing was largely due to the inspiration he derived as a young man from Parkman's writings.



We condole with the esteemed *Sun* of this city over its failure to excite any general interest in the two words which it has pulled out of the *sermo rusticus* in the hope that it could add them to the accepted vocabulary of the American language. The attempt has been a ghastly failure, but never mind. The *Sun* gave "Mugwump" to the world at large, and that is glory enough. Moreover, Mr. Dana ought to know that only new words that are needed ever gain a general currency. "Mugwump" was needed, but "spanguliken" and "syfax" are not.



The death of Professor George M. Lane, of Harvard University, which took place on the 30th of June, has deprived the world of scholarship of the nearest approach to the ideal of classicist that we may ever hope to see. A man of the world in the highest and best sense of the word, a profound and original scholar, a student of general literature, who had at his tongue's end all that was finest and most truly illustrative in recorded thought, his teaching was a stimulus and his influence an inspiration to all who ever sat under his instruction. He published little; but few of the important works put forth by any of his old pupils failed to acknowledge a lasting obligation to his suggestion and criticism. A portion of

the Latin Grammar which he hoped some day to produce has been in type for some time, and the Messrs. Harper express the hope that enough of the manuscript of the remaining part will be found among his papers to justify



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GEORGE M. LANE.

them in publishing the book, with the lacunæ perhaps filled out by some able specialist like Professor William Gardner Hale, who was, we believe, in his undergraduate days a student at Harvard under Professor Lane.



Wagnerian literature has almost outgrown classification. The master of Bayreuth has been treated from every possible point of view, and, consequently, histories of his life and criticisms of his artistic and philosophical theories occupy nearly as many shelves in the public libraries as Shakesperiana. Still another book has recently appeared, *Le Voyage artistique à Bayreuth*, by Albert Lavignac, of which Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish in the autumn an English translation by Esther Singleton. Many literary and musical critics consider this the most comprehensive and interesting survey of the man and his works that has as yet been written. In one sense it might be termed a Wagnerian Baedeker, as it is a





EDWARD BELLAMY IN 1889.

guide to Bayreuth and through the labyrinth of the music-dramas. It also contains a short biography of Wagner and a description of each opera. The principal motives are quoted, and especially valuable are the ingenious tables that accompany them, enabling the reader to see at a glance the recurrence of each theme and its relation to the great musical puzzle. This book is almost a necessity to the Wagnerian student and enthusiast.

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Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose sequel to *Looking Backward* has just been published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, was born in 1850, and has always had his home in his native village of Chicopee Falls, Mass., which has become an integral part of the city of Chicopee. He comes of a clerical ancestry, and the plain, comfortable house in which he lives was formerly the home of his father, a Baptist clergyman much beloved by the community. He entered Union College at Schenectady, but did not graduate; then he studied law and qualified for the bar, but has never practised. He had travelled in Europe,

where he spent a year in Germany, and had undertaken a journey to Hawaii before he began to make his imprint on literature. Like so many other writers who have won success in the literary field through journalism, Mr. Bellamy first essayed his talents on the New York *Evening Post*, and thereafter on the Springfield *Union*. Before he became the social reformer in *Looking Backward*, which was about ten years ago, he had already made several experiments in romantic fiction, which were distinguished by their exquisite imaginative quality and by their startling psychical theories of life. Readers of twenty years ago may remember "The Blind Man's World" and "To Whom this May Come" and other striking stories which appeared in the magazines of that day; while others will retain a pleasanter memory of *Doctor Heidenhoff's Process* and *Miss Ludington's Sister*, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. *Miss Ludington's Sister* has lingered longest in our memory, and the impression made upon the mind of the writer upon reading this romance prior to the publication of *Looking Backward* will not soon be forgotten. Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, who reviews the new book *Equality* on another page, was one of the earliest to feel the propelling influence of *Looking Backward*, her very successful novel, *Metzerott Shoemaker*, published two years later, having been largely inspired by Mr. Bellamy's economic romance.

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Mr. George Gissing's new novel, entitled *The Whirlpool*, which has been much talked about during the last few months in London, will be published in this country in the autumn by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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A collection of sea stories which, published in England several months ago, has been attracting a good deal of attention there, has just been published here by the Messrs. Stokes Company. *Many Cargoes*, by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, is one of the few really amusing books of recent years, and its fun is without sting or stain. We are not surprised after reading these stories to learn that Mr. Jacobs, though born in London, comes of seafaring folk. His great-grandfather was a skipper, and conveyed one of the

royal Georges across to Flushing in his brig. Mr. Jacobs, though for the last thirteen years he has been a civil servant in the Post-Office, has had some nautical experiences of his own. As a boy he was ambitious to be a sailor, and spent a summer holiday going around to Wales on a schooner. With all his ambition Mr. Jacobs never became a skipper, but his interest in seafaring men and things never dwindled, and for some years he lived on a wharf, where he unconsciously acquired the knowledge of small coasting craft, which he has used so effectively in his stories. His success in connection with an amateur magazine at the Post Office, which began about ten years ago, prompted him to appeal to a wider audience, and *Many Cargoes* is the result. Although his writing shows no sign of elaboration, he is a very patient, careful worker. During the last six months he has been engaged on a story of thirty thousand words, which will appear serially under the title *The Skipper's Wooing*, and will be published in book form in the autumn. He is also planning a longer story, but has nothing definite to say about it yet.



The American edition of the *Review of Reviews* begins a new volume with its July number under an expanded title, which more clearly defines its position among its contemporaries. The title which it is to bear in future is *The American Monthly Review of Reviews*, but we can possibly foresee the time when this will reduce itself in popular parlance to *The American Monthly*. To this title it may lay full claim, for since Dr. Albert Shaw took hold of the languishing English *Review of Reviews*, when on its trial in an imported shape, it has shown from the first number a distinct American tone, and has grown to its present proportions and authoritative standing in the United States through the splendid enterprise and ability of its American editor. Its relation to other magazines has ceased for long to be merely that of a summary and compendium of their best contents, as the title *Review of Reviews* taken literally would suggest; it has an independent voice of its own, notably in the timely contributions to international and world-wide topics commanding univer-



*For the chief*  
*Edward Bellamy*

sal and immediate attention. The point of view is clearly and unmistakably American. Dr. Shaw's great monthly is a courageous attempt to take down current history in shorthand, so that we have the quickest possible intelligent account, combining chronicle and comment, of what is happening in the world. If the time is coming, as a magazine editor predicted the other day, when all our dailies and weeklies shall have run into monthlies, then *The American Monthly* will be the forerunner and the model of the great monthly newspaper.



Who would guess that a book with the title *Yellow Pine Basin* was a work of fiction? When it came into our hands a few weeks ago it impressed us as being peculiarly interesting to the timber merchant or to the patriotic



HENRY G. CATLIN.

American zealous for the preservation of our great forests. A similar mistake was made in many quarters when *The Story of an African Farm* was published some years ago, the title being suggestive of the culture of the soil rather than of the soul; and the design on the cover of *Yellow Pine Basin*, with its tall pines and winding pathway cutting through the woods, did not help to make the illusion of the title vanish. But an allusion to the book as portraying one of the most striking and original types of character this country has seen—namely, the prospector, caused us to examine its pages more closely, and to find that we had barely missed making the acquaintance of a character as rare in our fiction as he was remarkable in our history. A notice of the book appears in another column. Here we may say that the author, Mr. Henry G. Catlin, generally known to his friends as Major Catlin, is a mining engineer, and in following his profession has passed a great part of his life among the scenes and characters described in *Yellow Pine Basin*. Since the war with the South, in which he played a part, Mr. Catlin has lived much in the West, where he became

familiar with the background of his story. It was only at the instigation of a friend, who overheard him relating some of his bygone adventures in the West, that he ventured to shape them into fiction. With no literary ambition, and scarce any literary capacity, he has written a plain, straightforward narrative, which will touch those who read it, because of its simplicity, its stamp of reality, and its appeal to the heart.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have begun a colonial library with the works of Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren.

We hear that there is some prospect of a new uniform edition of the works of Mr. Rudyard Kipling being prepared for publication in England. The arrangement of the stories, poems, etc., will be the same as in the *Outward Bound* edition now being issued by Messrs. Scribner for publication only in America. It would be a pity that the American—which cannot of course be imported into England—should be the only uniform edition of the works of so distinguished a writer, and we trust that this rumour is correct.

*The Choir Invisible*, by Mr. James Lane Allen, published just two months ago, is already in its fifth edition at the time of writing. This completes the twenty-fourth thousand. We notice from the English press that Mr. Allen has also begun to make an impression on the other side, where within a few weeks a second edition of *The Choir Invisible* has been called for.

The Macmillan Company will publish in book-form in October the very interesting illustrated series of papers on *The Story of Gladstone*, which have been appearing during the year in the monthly numbers of the *Outlook*. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the author of these memoirs, has also added a new volume to his popular *History of Our Own Times*, which is noticed on another page. The volume has been published apart from his preceding volumes, and may be read for the sake of the events described in its pages; but we shall hope to see very soon a new and uniform edition of Mr. McCarthy's *History* inclusive of the new volume.

Sir Walter Besant, Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. S. R. Crockett, Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Bret Haite, and Ian Maclaren have all promised to contribute to the series of articles "My Favourite Novelist and his Best Work," now appearing in *Munsey's Magazine*.



Mr. Munsey has just returned from a visit to England, where he has made some valuable connections. He proposes to establish an edition of his magazine in England, if not this autumn, then in the autumn of next year. His plan is not to put it in the hands of an English publisher, but to send over an American manager, and have his own publication office. Mr. Munsey has selected Mr. Max Pemberton to follow Mr. Hall Caine with a serial. Mr. Pemberton's popularity with editors in both countries seems to be on the increase, and his resources are apparently inexhaustible.



We are glad to learn that the late Mrs. Oliphant's great work, *The History of the House of Blackwood*, is left practically complete in two volumes. From this unpublished work, the crowning work of her life, we quote the following words, very significant and touching in their loyalty, as coming from one who for nearly half a century had been closely identified with the literary interests of "Maga":

"It has been the fate of *Blackwood's Magazine* to secure a genuine attachment from its contributors more than any other literary organ has ever had. The same sort of feeling which makes sailors identify themselves with their ship, rejoicing in the feats which they attribute somehow to her own personality, though they know very well what is their own share in them, and maintaining a generous pride in the vessel, which would be but a paltry feeling were it translated into a mere self complacence as to their own achievements. I hope this is being kept up in the younger generation; it certainly was very strong in the past."

This passage is printed in an obituary notice written by Mr. Blackwood in the July number of his magazine, in which he speaks of Mrs. Oliphant's connection with *Blackwood's* as forming one of those



MRS. M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

friendships that "go to preserve all that is best and most inspiring in the traditions of letters." It is interesting to note that Mrs. Oliphant was already an old contributor when she wrote her first "Christmas Tale" for the memorable number in which George Eliot began the *Scenes of Clerical Life*.



Mrs. Oliphant generally wrote at night, after her family and guests had retired, and she frequently wrote till early in the morning. She had one daughter, who, like her husband, died at Rome of the terrible Roman fever; she was then writing *Agnes*, her most powerful story. On another page of this number there will be found an appreciation of her life and work from the pen of Dr. Robertson Nicoll.



With regard to Canadian copyright, there seems to be a very general feeling in Canada that before long a law will

be passed on the following general lines. As soon as a book is published in England it shall be open to any one to make application to Ottawa for the right of issuing a special Canadian edition. The Government will then write to the English publisher asking whether any arrangements have been made with a Canadian firm, and giving a definite time for reply. Should there be no response, or the reply be in the negative, the applicant will receive permission to issue the book at whatever price he chooses, providing he pays to the Government a royalty of ten per cent on the published price of all copies sold. This royalty the Government will then forward to the English author or publisher. It stands to reason that no American or English edition of the book will be allowed into the country.



The great question which is still in dispute is whether the Canadian publisher shall enter into negotiations with the English publisher or shall deal directly with the English author. Of course some Canadian publishers, chiefly, we think, small and not very representative firms, will not recognise the right of the English publisher to interfere in the matter; but the majority, who, for years, have had exceedingly pleasant business relations with England, are very anxious to continue on the same footing. They say to the English publisher: "When you have a book coming out by some popular author you should write to us suggesting terms for the Canadian edition. The best thing you can do is to supply us with a set of stereotype plates, and we would print an edition from them, and would thus save all the expense of composition. Instead of the ten per cent which would be forwarded you by Government if you made no such arrangement, we might very well be able to pay you a royalty of fifteen or even twenty per cent, which you could divide with the author." This plan seems feasible enough, and would, we think, work well for both the publisher and the author. The English publisher would still be able to control the price of the Canadian edition, and he would, of course, only make arrangements with firms whose commercial standing and capabilities were well known to him; in fact, the Canadian

publisher would to all intents and purposes act as his agent.



Two points must be remembered. The new law must on no account be retroactive, or the general confusion that will inevitably ensue is awful to contemplate. And then it must not be forgotten that the reading public of Canada is not large, and that only in the case of a few very popular writers will a Canadian edition have the least chance of success. A few Canadian publishers hope for great things when the new law comes into force. Unless they are very careful they will burn their fingers badly.



Ian Maclaren's new religious work, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, will be entitled *The Potter's Wheel*. An Ian Maclaren *Year-Book* and *Calendar* are also being compiled for publication in England and in America during the autumn season.



Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, who has for some time been neglecting literature for the more opulent prizes of the city, is again at work. His new book, which will be a romantic story of modern adventure, is already well advanced, and will be finished by the autumn. It will be published serially before appearing in book form.



Tennyson's poem of "St. Telemachus" originated thus. Lord Tennyson, one day when Dean Farrar was walking with him, asked him to suggest the subject of a poem. After thinking a moment he suggested the story of St. Telemachus leaping down into the amphitheatre, and by his self-devoted martyrdom putting an end forever to the hideous butcheries of the gladiatorial games, a scene which Dean Farrar has described in his *Gathering Clouds*, and which is the subject of the famous picture "The Gladiators." To his surprise, Tennyson had never heard the story, and was much struck with it. He asked the Dean to send him, when he returned, all the authorities on the subject. That was easily done, for it rests on the single authority of the Greek ecclesiastical historian Theodoret. The Dean sent him the passage in the original Greek, and he clothed it in the magnificent poem, which may be read in almost his

latest volume, *The Death of Ænone, and Other Poems*.

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There is a great deal said about typographical errors in newspapers. They form a subject of infinite jest. But apparently very few book readers ever notice proof errors; at least, if they do, they say very little about them. One wonders, for example, how many readers of Mary Anderson's *A Few Memories* noticed this sentence in Chapter II. (page 23), where Madame de Navarro is describing her visit to what she calls "a little God's Acre." "I went there frequently and worked myself into a sham sentimental sadness, actually shedding tears over the graves of the defunct farmers and their *relics*." Book proofs are generally read for both "errors" and "sense," as they say in the proof-reader's room, and the revised proof that is sent to the author "queries" the use of any word or phrase that is open to question. Apparently, the word "relic" is here used for "relict," as in conversation many people from carelessness or ignorance use "statute" for "statue," or vice versa. It is, of course, possible that Madame de Navarro did not refer to the spouses of the deceased farmers, but used the word "relics" in the same sense in which one uses it when describing the bones of some saint. This seems the more probable, because Madame de Navarro is so devout a Catholic. At any rate, gallantry moves us to give the popular favourite the benefit of the doubt. At the same time, the proof-reader who read for "sense" can hardly be acquitted of a dereliction in duty in not pointing out to her the possible misconstruction. In any case, the phrase serves as a text for our original inquiry, How many readers notice proof errors in books?

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The novel of psychology presents an inviting and interesting problem to the observant critic. It is rarely popular, and yet there are few novelists who, once they are successful in other fields, do not attempt it sooner or later. It is related of E. P. Roe that, when his great popularity was at its zenith, he proposed to write a novel in the style of Henry James and W. D. Howells, who were at that time a couple of much-talked-of writers. He felt that he could do it if

he spent two years instead of one in working it out; but his friends, wiser in their generation than many of the present, preferred to take the will for the deed, and constrained the novelist to desist from his awful purpose. E. P. Roe the author of a psychological novel! "Preposterous," you say, and we agree. Yet it is what many kindred writers of the present day are doing when they might be making stories of incident and adventure for which they have some talent and which would get beyond the booksellers' tables. The problem novel may interest the few who have ulterior aims than mere entertainment in their reading, but the great mass of readers buy fiction to be amused. The dramatic instinct asserts itself to a larger degree than the psychological—the play's the thing! Watch the intending purchaser as he or she cons the pages of one book after another, and you will find that in most cases the book whose pages bristle with dialogue receives the preference. It was upon this theory that *McClure's Magazine* was founded, and it has won its way in spite of, or, rather, because of the more serious and weightier magazines. Our readers are aware that we do not always approve of *Munsey's Magazine* when it poses as an authority in literary affairs, but the fact cannot be gainsaid that it has liberally met the demand we are speaking of as so universal and prevalent, and thereby hangs its tale of success. This is by no means a plea for the sensational and melodramatic in fiction, but a simple observation of certain facts, let it stand for what it may. A distinguished man of letters remarked in our hearing only the other day that, great lover as he was of Stevenson, there were periods of relaxation from literary labours when a story in *Munsey's* afforded greater satisfaction. Even Andrew Lang admits that he *might* read Marie Corelli more frequently than Molière!

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The same rule holds good in art. We find an entry in the journal of an artist in 1853 which contains the following interesting corroboration of our thesis:

"I wish, as a painter, that I had a greater dramatic interest in life. . . . I am too easily content with beauty. The world cares a little about beauty, but much more for dramatic situation and a story. In the Vernon Gallery [written in 1853] the 'Marriage à la Mode' overwhelms everything else in public interest."

## RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



Sincerely Yours,  
Richard Harding Davis.

Since he first became widely known to the reading world by the publication of his *Gallegher*, Mr. Richard Harding Davis has experienced a very uneven treatment at the hands of literary analysts, book-reviewers, and critics. He has been praised extravagantly; he

has been gayed unmercifully; he has been hailed as a rising genius, and he has been damned as a superficial scribbler; his style has been picked to pieces; personal anecdotes about him, all more or less apocryphal, have gone the rounds of the American press; he has even had the real misfortune to be styled "the American Dickens." Yet however this treatment may have varied, and whether the critics may have praised or sneered, Mr. Davis must have found a certain philosophic pleasure in one very conspicuous fact — it has been impossible to ignore him; and his books have sold by the tens of thousands.

It is always a mistake for one who takes literature quite seriously to record snap-judgments upon writers who are still in their novitiate, and to attempt to estimate their fundamental qualities from the data afforded by one or two preliminary successes. The case of Hugh Conway and of Mr. John Habberton and of Mr. Stephen Crane may serve as warnings against these rash and reckless attempts which necessarily partake much more of prophecy than of prescience. But now that Mr. Davis has gone

steadily on from book to book, each one of which has met with popular approval; now that he has essayed more than a single form of literary production, and has enlarged his field of effort so as to include not merely the short story and the book of travel and

the novelette, but with his latest book,\* a seriously intended and lengthy novel, it is neither premature nor at all unfair to set down at the present time a formal opinion as to his literary manner and his methods, as to his merits and his limitations, and, in a tentative way at least, as to his proper rank among contemporary American writers.

One may always derive a certain amount of intellectual satisfaction from an attempt to trace in any writer's artistic evolution the effect of those influences that are external and that belong to his personal environment and occupation. For these influences, while they do not create any qualities that were previously non-existent, do nevertheless almost inevitably perform a very important function in determining the final proportion and relation of any particular quality to the sum of all the qualities, developing and cultivating the one and subordinating the others. And this is truest when a special environment possesses some immediate relation to the writer's artistic temperament; for if it have no such relation at all it may generally be ignored. Thus, Mr. Austin Dobson's long connection with the Board of Trade need scarcely be considered in estimating the influences that have moulded his literary tastes and developed his cult of the rococo and the *précieux*. It is simply a thing apart, as much so as though it belonged to the life of another man. But when the environment is one that directly acts upon the imagination and the artistic point of view, then it is impossible for a literary analyst to neglect it. This thesis has so lately been worked out by the present writer in his estimate of Mr. Howells, recorded in these pages several months ago, as to make an elaboration of it quite unnecessary here, and we may at once proceed to apply it to the case of Mr. Davis; for in his work we shall find a very admirable and convincing demonstration of its truth.

A careful reading of all that Mr. Davis has yet written will show to the discerning critic the existence of some wholly unrelated qualities. Thus, it may be truly said of him that he possesses inherently a quick, unerring grasp of the essential as distinguished from the non-

essential elements of a scene or of a situation; that he was born with a selective and discriminating mind—that he is naturally an intellectual impressionist. But it may also be said with equal truth that he has a distinctly imaginative side to his mentality, a sensitive feeling for the undercurrents, and a romantic strain that is to some extent unusual in a mind so keenly alive to the existent and the actual. Now, granting the possession by Mr. Davis of these two distinct temperamental qualities, it is to environment and to extraneous causes that we must look in seeking to explain the actual relation between them in his literary work. It is easy to conceive of conditions that would have subordinated and minimised his power of observation while developing and stimulating his romantic side. In that case we should have had from him to-day a very different sort of literature. As it is, the circumstances of his earlier years have wrought primarily the opposite result, and his subsequent environment has given to his talents a particular and special direction concerning which we shall have more to say hereafter.

As everybody knows, the first writing of any kind that Mr. Davis had to do was done in the office of a great metropolitan newspaper. Like Mr. Howells, he began to put his thoughts and observations upon paper under the influences that direct and dominate the journalist, the reporter. Now with a great many hyperæsthetic persons the very name "reporter" connotes literary qualities that are little better than contemptible; though we cannot, for the life of us, see why this should be so. There is, to be sure, a great deal of slipshod, inaccurate, and flamboyant trash indited every day in the year by newspaper reporters; but so is there also a great deal of maudlin and idiotic balderdash put forth by persons styling themselves poets; and there is no reason why because some reporters write crudely their profession should be held in more disrespect than that of the versifier; and, as a matter of fact, the most incompetent reporter is in his way quite certain to be far superior to the feeblest poet, for if he had no merit at all he would lose his place and cease to be a reporter; whereas no process short of assault and battery has yet been discovered to throttle the chronic cater-

\* *Soldiers of Fortune*. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by C. D. Gibson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.



wauling of the putid poet. And, in truth, the reporter who in any way comes up to the standards of his profession must possess some very unusual and very admirable qualities. His observation must be quick and accurate, his power of discrimination must be keen, his writing must be precise, nervous, rapid, picturesque, forceful, and entertaining. In its own way one cannot well imagine anything more admirable, even from a literary point of view, than such reporting as that of Mr. Howells and Rudyard Kipling must have been or as that of Mr. Steevens has been lately shown to be.

This sort of experience, then, was undoubtedly for Mr. Davis a very excellent school of training, as it had proved for the writers who have just been mentioned; but the fact of his having begun his career as a reporter has in his case a much greater importance than it had in that of Mr. Howells and of Mr. Kipling. For with them it served merely to give point and vigour to their respective styles, and to sharpen powers of observation that were already naturally acute. With Mr. Davis, however, it was something far more serious and fundamental; it gave him permanently a point of view, an attitude toward his work and toward his readers, that is the most characteristic thing perceptible throughout his writing. This point of view, this mental attitude, is the journalistic, as opposed to the purely literary. It is one that really serves to explain the essential difference between the work of the trained professional journalist and that of the accomplished literary artist. When the maker of pure literature sits down to study a theme and finally to give his studies definite form, his motive is entirely artistic. He views his subject from the standpoint of ideal completeness and perfection, moulding his creation with no thought in mind but the thought of how he shall best develop all its possibilities according to the highest conception of his art, writing solely to please himself because he loves his work and because he is striving to unite the best of what is in his theme with the very best of what is in himself. What he does may or may not appeal to others. Of that he for the moment takes no heed; but it must at least represent the sincerest effort of which he is himself capable; and when

done, he judges his own work solely by the standard of his own ideals.

On the other hand, the journalist, when he writes, invariably sets before himself objective standards. His leading motive springs from no desire for absolute perfection or for abstract symmetry and completeness. It is not for himself that he is writing, but for others; and his standards change according to the necessities of the moment. He seeks to please, to inform, to entertain; and he writes in such a way as will, he thinks, give to his immediate constituency the desired pleasure and information and entertainment. He wants to do his work in a ship-shape, workmanlike way; but the manner and the means are not evolved from his own intense perception of what is essentially and eternally best, but from his knowledge of the persons for whom he writes. In describing anything he will not seek to make a finished picture with a due adjustment of light and shade, and with a sense of absolute proportion and relation; he will not even strive to note down the things that he himself may personally view as most important; but he will, with a subtle instinct, pick out at once the facts and observations which he feels sure that his readers wish to know, and will subordinate his own conception of the theme to theirs. In other words, he is a dispenser and not a creator; a purveyor and not an artist.

Now Mr. Davis, during his apprenticeship to the mysteries of journalism in some of the most impressionable years of his life, became most thoroughly imbued with the journalistic theory of writing. It appealed to one side of his mentality—the practical, effective, American side; and he let it master him and become his predominating motive. He thoroughly comprehended its nature and its meaning; and he thought it very good. No one has ever expressed this spirit so perfectly as he has done in that passage of his story called "The Reporter Who Became a King," where he has written a sort of prose pæan upon the splendid ardour and the almost epic devotion that animate the journalist. And hence one notes down first of all that in most of what he writes he shows the instinct of the journalist in picking out unerringly the interesting things, suppressing rigidly what, from the journalistic point of view, would impede the

swift, smooth flow of his narration, and going without the slightest hesitation from point to point, always confident, never hesitating, sometimes inadequate, but never for a moment dull. He is absolutely certain of what his readers want, and he gives it to them with a quite magnificent precision and cocksureness.

Now, as the work of a journalist is primarily conditioned by the demands of his readers, the nature and quality of his work will necessarily be very largely dependent upon the character of his constituency. Hence, one may very naturally ask, for whom is Mr. Davis writing? What class of readers has he immediately before his mind? The answer to this question serves to explain some of the most striking features of his work. To come directly to the point, Mr. Davis is writing for a body of readers to whom no American author has ever before appealed. He is writing for the still nebulous and inchoate, but gradually uniting fragments of what will at some time crystallise into a well-defined social caste. He is writing for those persons who have definite and intelligent social purposes and ideals.

On some other occasion it may be worth while to consider in detail, as an instructive sociological study, the evolution of an American aristocracy which our country is now witnessing. The thing is not only very curious, but it has features about it that are intensely interesting as well as occasionally amusing; but at the present time it is not possible to do much more than mention it. Nevertheless, something must be said to render the literary purpose of Mr. Davis quite intelligible; and that purpose is a very excellent proof of his shrewdness, just as the way in which he is carrying it out is so extremely clever as to reach almost the line where talent passes into genius.

Mr. Davis is writing for the American aristocracy of the immediate future and for the persons who are anxious for its final recognition. What was in the past regarded as an American aristocracy was one of native growth, one that descended in part from colonial tradition and was gradually modified by democratic institutions, one that was not in violent contrast with its surroundings, one that in its mode of life was akin to the life of the upper middle classes in

England, and one that began to decay at the end of the Civil War. It was provincial rather than cosmopolitan. It was comfortable rather than splendid. It is now decidedly moribund and faded, and it is rapidly ceasing to be regarded as anything but essentially plebeian. In its place is growing up in spots a newer, extremely modern and very showy substitute, which will ultimately, we think, obtain a definite place in the queer conglomeration of our American life. Its manifestations are at present decidedly sporadic, for its members are not very certain of themselves and are quaking inwardly at their own pretensions. Nine-tenths of them are domiciled in and about New York, and the rest are dispersed in gorgeous isolation throughout the larger cities of the East and South. Everybody knows of them. Everybody knows that at present they are rather in the air, and have not gone much further in the attainment of distinction than the possession of money and an illimitable desire for recognition at the hands of the world at large. They have drawn their inspiration from England; and continual travel back and forth upon the Cunard steamers has taught them things; so that in externals they are able to produce a very fair imitation of their chosen model. They can regularly enjoy their morning tub. They can breakfast on muffins and orange marmalade. They can substitute Rossbach for Apollinaris and drink Irroy instead of Mumm. They can import English grooms and the proper brand of Egyptian cigarettes. They can discover the exact altitude at which it is proper to shake hands. They can give hunting breakfasts and sport the pink. They can build country-houses here and there, and have people down whom they entertain with a certain amount of uneasy self-consciousness. They can do a great many other similar things, and when they are alone together they can almost believe that the whole pretence is real. But unfortunately, a remnant of American humour still lingers in their minds, and they are dreadfully troubled by the latent fear that no one else is taking them quite seriously, that they are not impressive, that, in fact, they may just possibly be the least bit absurd. They know themselves, of course, that they are precious vessels, but they are rather disquieted

by the thought that the horrid people about them may not fully understand this. They wonder how they actually appear as others see them. It has been the miraculous good fortune of Mr. Richard Harding Davis to reassure them on this point and to make them feel comparatively easy in their minds. Mr. Davis is their discoverer in literature, and he has held his mirror up to them in a way that is not only a supreme achievement of the journalistic spirit, but is so absolutely clever as to merit an even greater popularity than he has as yet enjoyed.

Mr. Davis invented Van Bibber ; and Van Bibber is the new American swell, not precisely as he is in life, but as he would like to be, and as his sisters and his friends' sisters would greatly like to have him. He is an ideal, an aspiration. He is always irreproachably dressed, and has a "man." He is imperturbable and nonchalant and insouciant, and appears duly bored by everything. But at a moment's notice he can infuse into his manner the proper amount of hauteur when an inferior person addresses him with a lack of due respect ; and when he is roused he is a regular Ouida's Guardsman, and can overpower a burglar and annihilate a cad with perfect ease. He is sumptuous in his manner of living, so that he is occasionally troubled by his own extravagance ; but he always has plenty of money in his pocket. Sometimes, but rarely, he strolls down into the lower part of the city, and looks at the people who are hard at work there, with a surprised, but perfectly tolerant amusement. He knows very beautiful and well-dressed ladies, and is always seeing them off on steamers or riding with them in the Park or having tender little reminiscences with them. Sometimes at night he steals away to look at prize-fights with some friendly but perfectly respectful bruiser who regards him with proper awe as being a gentleman ; and he visits servants' balls, where he dances with the maids and with their friends, to their entirely natural embarrassment and delight. Even elevator boys and district messengers recognise his superiority at a glance, and we are sure that no more striking tribute to his patrician manner could have been imagined by his creator. Altogether, Van Bibber is a delightful being—brave, witty, affable,

and, above all, intensely aristocratic ; and when Mr. Davis displayed him to the budding aristocracy of our native land, and assured them that they were such as he, was it not natural that gratitude should well forth from the hearts of many youths and from the hearts of the youths' sisters and of the sisters of their friends, and of countless thousands of other young girls throughout the country ? For these had been reading the most fascinating English novels, lo ! these many years, only to put them down with a long, yearning sigh, because of the remoteness of all this magnificence, and because they could never hope to see with their own eyes any of the splendid beings of whom Mrs. Alexander and the Duchess tell. And now, right at their very doors, they find a revelation sent to them by the mouth of Mr. Davis and in the person of Van Bibber. Here they can enjoy the same delightful atmosphere of clubs and parks, of beautiful young men in well-cut clothes, of dainty little dinners where antique silver and exquisite crystal placed among bowls of roses reflect the soft glow of the shaded lights, of bachelor chambers spread with tiger-skins and crammed with every kind of the most expensive bric-à-brac, of discreetly refined love-making, and they hear never a word of business, but only of what is sumptuous and careless and the essence of Good Style and irreproachable Form. Surely, great is Van Bibber, and Mr. Davis is his prophet !

Mr. Davis, then, in the spirit of the inspired journalist, writes first of all for a constituency of very young men and interesting girls, for it is these who are as yet the heart and soul of our American patriciate. Their elders, who, in vernacular parlance, are putting up the money for the whole thing, have not yet reached the point where they can enter into all its subtleties or care about its presentation in literary form. Their souls, as a rule, are still anxious about many things—about the rise and fall of stocks, about Chicago Gas, and about inconvenient but receptive legislatures. They lack themselves, in many cases, the Van Bibber form, and they are still sometimes a little uncertain about their participles. Hence Mr. Davis very cleverly ignores them, and his pictures glow with youth and are filled with an endless procession of the young and

fair, with their loves, their pastimes, and their clothes.

Now if we were to stop right here we should be doing Mr. Davis and his work a very serious injustice—the injustice that comes from the utterance of only half the truth. What has just been said is true, and it is the justification of our original thesis that environment and association develop certain qualities at the expense of others. In Mr. Davis the inartistic side has been developed and the romantic side has been subordinated. But, though subordinated, this still exists, and it is still perpetually felt in all his work to inspire a regret that it is not his predominant and leading note. Nevertheless, his real merit—and this is very great—comes largely from its presence. Even Van Bibber and the Van Bibber *monde* are made not only interesting, but plausible and pleasing, through its influence. Mingled with much that is rather juvenile and callow, are touches of imagination, a distinctly sympathetic feeling, and a genuine humour that raise the whole thing to a really serious level. A hundred little turns of sentiment and tenderness meet us and reveal a quite unusual talent and a delicate perception of artistic possibilities. Take, for instance, the story of Van Bibber's heroic attempt at economising. There is real humour in this sketch. Take again the very slightest thing that Mr. Davis ever did—Van Bibber's adventure with the two little girls of the East Side in the swan-boats—and any one might be proud to have written that, so full is it of sympathy and of a tenderness that is felt rather than actually expressed. And in that most discussed of all his stories—"The Other Woman"—Mr. Davis has given us a bit of writing that not only entertains, but makes one think and wonder, as does his other famous story of the returned explorer who tells his tale in a dim half-light and leaves us with a mystery to muse upon. Mr. Davis's artistic instinct has taught him the meaning of the classic *manum de tabula*, and he is particularly happy in the self-restraint of his endings. He knows when to stop, and he always leaves us with a sense of his tact and taste. Very pretty and finished, for instance, is the conclusion of his *Princess Aline*, which has a pathetic little feeling to it that is very pleasing; for if Mr. Davis in his pic-

tures of life does not go very deep down into the recesses of human nature, he at any rate goes deep enough to touch the source of laughter and of tears. Nor is it only within a single sphere that he can find the humour and the pathos. One passage of "The Exiles" is especially to be remembered as giving us one of the most human touches that we have ever noted in a modern story. The scene is in Tangier on the African coast, that strange, weird place beyond the reach of laws, where the unclassed and discredited of every nation form a motley society of their own. A boodle alderman from New York, who is living there beyond the risk of extradition, looks wistfully over the sea while taking leave of one visitor who is able to return to civilisation without any fear of consequences, and he says:

"I'll tell you what you *can* do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. Will you? That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall, and the Third Avenue L-cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight; ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's, and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it? Well," he laughed and shook his head. "I'll be back there some day, won't I," he said, wistfully, "and hear it for myself?"

We don't know how this speech may seem to other persons, but surely no New Yorker, born and bred, can read it without a certain stirring of the heart that gives even to a boodle alderman a claim upon his sympathies. Mr. Davis, in fact, because of the predominance in him of the journalistic motive, is a photographer rather than an artist; but he is a very skilful and adept photographer. He understands perfectly the grouping and the pose, and he can retouch his photographs so deftly as to make them almost new creations. Van Bibber, for instance, is a photograph most marvelously retouched to flatter the subject of it, and we think that retouching such as this almost deserves to be considered art.

In his latest novel now before us, Mr. Davis exemplifies a notion that is a fa-

vourite one of his, and that lies at the base of several of his other stories, especially "The Exiles" and *The Princess Aline*, to the effect that what will most appeal to the general reader is a story whose scenes and incidents are novel and romantic, but whose characters are in the main those whom we intimately know. This notion is a fairly obvious one, and has found ample illustration in many popular books, from the Young America Series of Oliver Optic to *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is, of course, absolutely true. There are those who love the striking and unknown; and there are those who love the familiar and the usual. Both sets are appealed to in a book whose scene is laid in a South American Republic seething with revolution and political intrigue, and with treacherous half-breed armies, a crafty, unscrupulous president, a beautiful Spanish woman, an English soldier of fortune, and an Irish-American adventurer in the background; but with the action mainly carried on by an American civil engineer and his assistants, together with a yachtsman styled "Reggie," a New York capitalist, and the capitalist's two beautiful daughters who drop down upon Olancho from Fifth Avenue just in time to be drawn into the whirl. The story is brisk and exciting; it mingles happily the Van Bibber elements with fighting, plotting, and romantic love; and the reader is quite carried away by the dash and spirit of the narrative.

The book to us is chiefly interesting, however, for two or three special points that may be noted in it. The first is the evidence which it affords that Mr. Davis has got himself quite well in hand, and that his wanderings over the face of the earth have given him at last a proper grasp upon his own material. To be very frank, he had at one time very much to learn. Some of the pages of his book on Paris and of his later book on South America were almost pathetic in their innocent naïveté, and their assumption that what was new to their author was also new to others; and they went far to explain, though not to justify, a very cruel epigram to the effect that Mr.

Davis's ignorance must have been acquired, since no one could possibly have been born with quite so large a stock of it. But in *Soldiers of Fortune* there is nothing of the sort. Here Mr. Davis has made no "breaks;" he has his local colour to perfection; he knows how to take certain things for granted; and his English, with the exception of one split infinitive, is free from the awkward and ambiguous turns of speech that were the worst inheritance from his reportorial days.

A second thing to note is the fact that he has now safely attained to the point at which a novel of the orthodox length is possible to him. He has graduated from the short story, and in the future may produce a serious work of fiction as good in its way as the best of his shorter tales. In *Soldiers of Fortune* he has not done it, though he has given us a spirited and entertaining book; but he has got his hand in, so to speak, and the rest will doubtless follow in good time.

In conclusion, it is also to be recorded that he is still writing for the swell young girl. The hero of this book, one Robert Clay, is a young girl's hero, a creature quite impossible in life. We should say that his age is somewhere about thirty; yet in that short space he has risen from a childhood of the deepest poverty, has made himself one of the most remarkable of living engineers, has done great things in Mexico and Germany and Russia, has fought in several wars, has been decorated and titled by foreign potentates, is widely known in all the foreign capitals, has acquired half a dozen Continental languages, is versed in various polite accomplishments, and, as he tells a lady in the very first chapter of the book, he never uses the wrong forks at dinner! All this is obviously intended for the literary consumption of the young girl; and we must be excused if we blandly smile and leave it to her, with congratulations on her beautiful and touching faith in Robert Clay and in Mr. Davis.

Harry Thurston Peck.



## IN KEDAR'S TENTS.\*

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## IN HONOUR.

"He makes no friend who never made a foe."

Conyngham remembered the name of Pleydell well enough, and glanced sharply at Estella, recollecting that the general received the *Times* from London. Before he had time to make an answer—and, indeed, he had none ready—the general came into the room.

"Ah!" said Vincente, in his emphatically sociable manner, "I see you know each other already, so an introduction is superfluous. And now we will have Sir John's story. Be seated, my dear sir. But first a little refreshment. It is a dusty day—a lemonade?"

Sir John declined, his manner strikingly cold and reserved beside the genial *empresement* of General Vincente. In truth, the two men seemed to belong to opposite poles, the one of cold and the other of heat. Sir John had the chill air of one who had mixed among his fellow-men only to see their evil side. For this world is a cold place to those that look on it with a chilling glance. General Vincente, on the other hand, whose life had been passed in strife and warfare, seemed ready to welcome all comers as friends, and hold out the hand of good-fellowship to rich and poor alike.

Conyngham shrugged his shoulders with a queer smile. Here was a quandary requiring a quicker brain than his. He did not even attempt to seek a solution to his difficulties, and the only thought in his mind was a characteristic determination to face them courageously. He drew forward a chair for Sir John Pleydell, his heart stirred with that sense of exhilaration which comes to some in moments of peril.

"I will not detain you long," began the newcomer, with an air slightly suggestive of the law court, "but there are certain details which, I am afraid, I must inflict upon you in order that you may fully understand my actions."

The remark was addressed to General Vincente, although the speaker appeared to be demanding Conyngham's attention in the first instance. The learned gentlemen of the Bar thus often address the jury through the ears of the judge.

General Vincente had seated himself at the table, and was drawing his scented pocket-handkerchief across his moustache reflectively. He was not, it was obvious, keenly interested, although desirous of showing every politeness to the stranger. In truth, such Englishmen as brought their affairs to Spain at this time were not, as a rule, highly desirable persons or a credit to their country. Estella was sitting near the window, rather behind her father, and Conyngham stood by the fireplace, facing them all.

"You perhaps know something of our English politics," continued Sir John Pleydell, and, the general making a little gesture indicative of a limited but sufficient knowledge, went on to say, "of the Chartists more particularly."

The general bowed. Estella glanced at Conyngham, who was smiling.

"One cannot call them a party, as I have heard them designated in Spain," said Sir John parenthetically. "They are quite unworthy of so distinguished a name. These Chartists consist of the most ignorant people in the land—the rabble, in fact—headed by a few scheming malcontents, professional agitators, who are not above picking the pockets of the poor. Many capitalists and landowners have suffered wrong and loss at the hands of these disturbers of the peace; none . . ." he paused and gave a sharp sigh, which seemed to catch him unawares, and almost suggested that the man, after all, had or had at one time possessed a heart—"none more severely than myself," he concluded.

The general's face instantly expressed the utmost concern.

"My dear sir," he murmured.

"For many years," continued Sir John hurriedly, as if resenting anything like sympathy—as all good Britons do—"the authorities acted in an irresolute and foolish manner, not daring to put down the disturbance with a firm hand. At length, however, a riot of a more serious character at a town in Wales necessitated the interference of the military. The ringleaders were arrested, and for some time the authorities were in considerable doubt as to what to do with them. I interested myself strongly in the matter, having practised the law in my younger days, and was finally enabled to see my object carried out. These men were arraigned not as mere brawlers and rioters, but under a charge of high treason—a much more serious affair for them."

He broke off with a harsh laugh, which was only a matter of the voice, for his marble face remained unchanged and probably had not at any time the power of expressing mirth.

"The ringleaders of the Newport riots were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, which served my purpose excellently."

Sir John Pleydell spoke with that cynical frankness which seems often to follow upon a few years devoted to practice at the Common Law Bar, where men, indeed, spend their days in dissecting the mental diseases of their fellow-creatures, and learn to conclude that a pure and healthy mind is possessed by none. He moved slightly in his chair, and seemed to indicate that he had made his first point.

"I hope," he said, addressing Conyngham directly, "that I am not fatiguing you."

"Not at all," returned the younger Englishman coolly; "I am much interested."

The general was studying the texture of his pocket-handkerchief. Estella's face had grown cold and set. Her eyes from time to time turned toward Conyngham. Sir John Pleydell was not creating a good impression.

"I will now come to the more personal part of my story," went on that gifted speaker, "and proceed to explain my reason for inflicting it upon you."

He still spoke directly to Conyngham, who bowed his head in silence, with the queer smile still hovering on his lips. Estella saw it and drew a sharp breath.

In the course of her short life, which had almost been spent in the midst of warfare, she had seen men in danger more than once, and perhaps recognised that smile.

"I particularly beg your attention," explained Sir John to Conyngham, "because I understand from General Vincente that you are in reality attached to the staff of General Espartero, and it is to him that I look for help."

Sir John paused again. He had established another point. One almost expected to see him raise his hand to his shoulder to throw back the silken gown.

"Some months ago," he went on, "these Chartists attacked my house in the North of England, and killed my son."

There was a short silence, and the general muttered a short and polite Spanish oath under his breath. But somehow the speaker had failed to make that point, and he hurried on:

"It was not, technically speaking, a murder. My boy, who had a fine spirit, attacked the rioters, and a clever counsel might have got a verdict for the scoundrel who actually struck the blow. I knew this, and awaited events. I did not even take steps against the man who killed my son, . . . an only son and child. It was not from a legal point of view worth while."

He laughed his unpleasant laugh again, and presently went on:

"Fortune, however, favoured me. The trouble got worse, and the Newport riots at last aroused the government. The sentence upon the ringleaders gave me my opportunity. It was worth while to hunt down the murderer of my son when I could ensure him sixteen or twenty years of penal servitude."

"Quite," said the general—"quite." And he smiled. He seemed to fail to realise that Sir John Pleydell was in deadly earnest, and really harboured the implacable spirit of revenge with which he cynically credited himself.

"I traced my man to Gibraltar, and from thence he appears to have come North," continued Sir John Pleydell. "He has probably taken service under Espartero. Many of our English outlaws wear the Spanish Queen's uniform. He is, of course, bearing an assumed name, but surely it would be possible to trace him."

"Oh, yes," answered Conyngham, "I think you will be able to find him."

Sir John's eyes had for a moment a gleam of life in them.

"Ah!" he said, "I am glad to hear you say that; for that is my object in coming to this country, and although I have during the course of my life had many objects of ambition or desire, none of them has so entirely absorbed my attention as this one. Half a dozen men have gone to penal servitude in order that I might succeed in my purpose."

There was a cold deliberation in this statement, which was more cruel than cynicism, for it was sincere. Conyngham looked at Estella. Her face had lost all colour, her eyes were burning, not with the dull light of fear, for the blood that ran in her veins had no taint of that in it, but with anger. She knew whom it was that Sir John Pleydell sought. She looked at Conyngham, and his smile of cool intrepidity made her heart leap within her breast. This lover of hers was, at all events, a brave man, and that which through all the ages reaches the human heart most surely is courage. The coward has no friends.

Sir John Pleydell had paused, and was seeking something in his pocket. General Vincente preserved his attitude of slightly bored attention.

"I have here," went on the baronet, "a list of the English officers serving in the army of General Espartero at the time of my quitting England. Perhaps you will at your leisure be kind enough to cast your eye over it, and make a note of such men as are personally unknown to you, and may, therefore, be bearing assumed names."

Conyngham took the paper, and holding it in his hand spoke without moving from the mantel-piece, against which he leant.

"You have not yet made quite clear your object in coming to Spain," he said. "There exists between Spain and England no extradition treaty, and even if such were to come in force, I believe that persons guilty of political offences would be exempt from its action. You propose to arraign this man for high treason, a political offence according to the law of many countries."

"You speak like a lawyer," said Sir John, with a laugh.

"You have just informed us," retorted Conyngham, "that all the English in the Spanish service are miscreants. None know the law so intimately as those who have broken it."

"Ah!" laughed Sir John again, with a face of stone; "there are exceptions to all rules, and you, young sir, are an exception to that which I laid down as regards our countrymen in Spain, unless my experience of faces and knowledge of men play me very false. But your contention is a just one. I am not in a position to seek the air of the Spanish authorities in this matter. I am fully aware of the fact. You surely did not expect me to come to Spain with such a weak case as that."

"No," answered Conyngham slowly, "I did not."

Sir John Pleydell raised his eyes and looked at his fellow-countryman with a dawning interest. The general also looked up from one face to the other. The atmosphere of the room seemed to have undergone a sudden change and to be dominated by the personality of the two Englishmen. The one will, strong on the surface, accustomed to assert itself and dominate, seemed suddenly to have found itself faced by another as strong, and yet hidden behind an easy smile and indolent manner.

"You are quite right," he went on in his cold voice. "I have a better case than that, and one eminently suited to a country such as Spain, where a long war has reduced law and order to a somewhat low ebb. I at first thought of coming here to await my chance of shooting this man—his name, by the way, is Frederick Conyngham—but circumstances placed a better vengeance within my grasp, one that will last longer."

He paused for a moment to reflect upon his long-drawn expiation.

"I propose to get my man home to England and let him there stand his trial. The idea is not my own; it has, in fact, been carried out successfully before now. Once in England, I shall make it my business to see that he gets twenty years' penal servitude."

"And how do you propose to get him to England?" asked Conyngham.

"Oh, that is simple enough! Only a matter of paying a couple of such scoundrels as I understand abound in Spain at this moment, a little bribery



of officials, a heavy fee to some English ship captain—I propose, in short, to kidnap Frederick Conyngham. But I do not ask you to help me in that. I only ask you to put me on his track; to help me to find him, in fact. Will you do it?"

"Certainly," said Conyngham, coming forward with a card in his hand; "you could not have come to a better man."

Sir John Pleydell read the card, and had himself in such control that his face hardly changed. His teeth closed over his lower lip for a second, then he rose. The perspiration stood out on his face, the gray of his eyes seemed to have faded to the colour of ashes. He looked hard at Conyngham, and then taking up his hat, went to the door with nervous, uneven steps. On the threshold he turned.

"Your insolence," he said, breathlessly, "is only exceeded by your—daring!"

As the door closed behind him there came from that part of the room where General Vincente sat a muffled click of steel, as if a sword half out of its scabbard had been sent softly home again.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### IN MADRID.

"Le plus grand art d'un habile homme est celui de savoir cacher son habilité."

"Who travels slowly may arrive too late," said the Padre Concha, with a pessimistic shake of the head, as the carrier's cart, in which he had come from Toledo, drew up in the Plazuela de la Cebada, at Madrid. The careful penury of many years had not, indeed, enabled the old priest to travel by the quick *diligencias*, which had often passed him on the road with a cloud of dust and the rattle of six horses. The great journey had been accomplished in the humbler vehicles plying from town to town, that ran as often as not by night, in order to save the horses.

The priest, like his fellow-travellers, was white with dust. Dust covered his cloak, so that its original hue of dusty black was quite lost. Dust covered his face and nestled in the deep wrinkles of it. His eyebrows were lost to sight, and his lashes were like those of a miller.

As he stood in the street the dust arose in whirling columns and enveloped all who were abroad, for a gale was howling across the tableland, which the Moors of old had named *majerit*, a draught of wind. The conductor, who, like a good and jovial conductor, had never refused an offer of refreshment on the road, was now muddled with drink and the heat of the sun. He was, in fact, engaged in a warm controversy with a passenger, so the padre found his own humble portmanteau—a thing of cardboard and canvas—and trudged up the Calle de Toledo, bearing it in one hand and his cloak in the other, a lean figure in the sunlight.

Father Concha had been in Madrid before, though he rarely boasted of it, or indeed of any of his travels.

"The wise man does not hang his knowledge on a hook," he was in the habit of saying.

That this knowledge was of that useful description which is usually designated as knowing one's way about soon became apparent, for the dusty traveller passed with unerring steps through the narrower streets that lie between the Calle de Toledo and the street of Legovia. Here dwell the humbler citizens of Madrid, persons engaged in the small commerce of the market-place, for in the Plazuela de la Cebada, a hundred yards away, is held the corn market, which, indeed, renders the dust in this quarter particularly trying to the eyes. Once or twice the priest was forced to stop at the corner of two streets, and there do battle with the wind.

"But it is a hurricane," he muttered—"a hurricane."

With one hand he held his hat, with the other clung to his cloak and portmanteau.

"But it will blow the dust from my poor old *capa*," he added, giving the cloak an additional shake.

He presently found himself in a street which, if narrower than its neighbours, smelt less pestiferous. The open drain that ran down the middle of it pursued its varied course with a quite respectable speed. In the middle of the street Father Concha paused and looked up, nodding, as if to an old friend, at the sight of a dingy piece of palm bound to the ironwork of a balcony on the second floor.

"The time to wash off the dust," he muttered, as he climbed the narrow stairs, "and then to work."

An hour later he was afoot again in a quarter of the city which was less known to him—namely, in the Calle Preciados, where he sought a *venta* more or less suspected by the police. The wind had risen, and was now blowing with the force of a hurricane. It came from the northwest with a chill whistle, which bespoke its birthplace among the peaks of the Guadarramas. The streets were deserted; the oil-lamps swung on their chains at the street corners, casting weird shadows that swept over the face of the houses with uncanny irregularity. It was an evening for evil deeds, except that when nature is in an ill-humour human nature is mostly cowed, and those who have but bad consciences cannot rid their minds of thoughts of the hereafter.

The padre found the house he sought, despite the darkness of the street and the absence of any from whom to elicit information. The *venta* was on the ground floor, and above it towered story after story, built with the quaint fantasy of the middle ages, and surmounted by a deep, overhanging gabled roof. The house seemed to have two staircases of stones and two doors, one on each side of the *venta*. There is a Spanish proverb which says that the rat which has only one hole is soon caught. Perhaps the architect remembered this, and had built his house to suit his tenants.

It was on the fifth floor of this tenement that Father Concha, instructed by Heaven knows what priestly source of information, looked to meet with Sebastian, the whilom body-servant of the late Colonel Monreal, of Xeres.

It was known among a certain section of the Royalists that this man had papers, and perchance some information of value to dispose of, and more than one respectable black-clad elbow had brushed the greasy walls of this stairway. Sebastian, it was said, passed his time in drinking and smoking. The boasted gaieties of Madrid had, it would appear, diminished to this sordid level of dissipation.

The man was, indeed, thus occupied when the old priest opened the door of his room.

"Yes," he answered, in a thick voice,

"I am Sebastian, of Xeres, and no other, the man who knows more of the Carlist plots than any other in Madrid."

"Can you read?"

"No."

"Then you know nothing," said the padre. "You have, however, a letter in a pink envelope which a friend of mine desires to possess. It is a letter of no importance, of no political value—a love-letter, in fact."

"Ah, yes—ah, yes! That may be, reverendo. But there are others who want it—your love-letter."

"I offer you, on the part of my friend, a hundred pesetas for this letter."

The wrinkled face wore a grim smile. It was so little—a hundred pesetas—the price of a dinner for two persons at one of the great restaurants on the Puerta del Sol. But to Father Concha the sum represented five hundred cups of black coffee denied to himself in the evening at the café, five hundred packets of cigarettes, so-called of Havana, unsmoked, two new cassocks in the course of twenty years, a hundred little gastronomic delights sternly resisted season after season.

"Not enough, your hundred pesetas, reverendo—not enough," laughed the man. And Concha, who could drive as keen a bargain as any market-woman of Ronda, knew by the manner of saying it that Sebastian only spoke the truth when he said that he had other offers.

"See, reverendo," the man went on, leaning across the table, and banging a dirty fist upon it. "Come to-night at ten o'clock. There are others coming at the same hour to buy my letter in the pink envelope. We will have an auction—a little auction, and the letter goes to the highest bidder. But what does your reverence want with a love-letter—eh?"

"I will come," said the padre, and turning he went home to count his money once more.

There are many living still who remember the great gale of wind which was now raging through which Father Concha struggled back to the Calle Preciados as the city clocks struck ten. Old men and women still tell how the theatres were deserted that night, and the great cafés wrapt in darkness, for none dare venture abroad amid such whirl and confusion. Concha, however, with that lean strength that comes from

a life of abstemiousness and low living, crept along in the shadow of houses, and reached his destination unhurt. The tall house in the alley leading from the Calle Preciados to the Plazuela Santa Maria was dark, as, indeed, were most of the streets of Madrid this night. A small moon struggled, however, through the riven clouds at times, and cast streaks of light down the narrow streets. Concha caught sight of the form of a man in the alley before him. The priest carried no weapon, but he did not pause. At this moment a gleam of light aided him.

"Señor Conyngham," he said, "what brings you here?"

And the Englishman turned sharply on his heel.

"Is that you—Father Concha, of Ronda?" he asked.

"No other, my son."

Standing in the doorway Conyngham held out his hand with that air of good-fellowship, which he had not yet lost amid the more formal Spaniards.

"Hardly the night for respectable elderly gentlemen of your cloth to be in the streets," he said, whereat Concha, who had a keen appreciation of such small pleasantries, laughed grimly.

"And I have not even the excuse of my cloth. I am abroad on worldly business, and not even my own. I will be honest with you, Señor Conyngham. I am here to buy that malediction of a letter in a pink envelope. You remember in the garden at Ronda—eh?"

"Yes, I remember; and why do you want that letter?"

"For the sake of Julia Barenna."

"Ah! I want it for the sake of Estella Vincente."

Concha laughed shortly.

"Yes," he said. "It is only up to the age of twenty-five that men imagine themselves to be rulers of the world. But we need not bid against each other, my son. Perhaps a sight of the letter before I destroy it would satisfy the señorita. . . ."

"No, we need not bid against each other"—began Conyngham, but the priest dragged him back into the doorway with a quick whisper of "Silence!"

Some one was coming down the other staircase of the tall house with slow and cautious steps. Conyngham and his companion drew back to the foot of the stairs and waited. It became evi-

dent that he who descended the steps did so without a light. At the door he seemed to stop, and was probably making sure that the narrow alley was deserted. A moment later he hurried past the door where the two men stood. The moon was almost clear, and by its light both the watchers recognised Larralde in a flash of thought. The next instant Esteban Larralde was running for his life with Frederick Conyngham on his heels.

The lamp at the corner of the Calle Preciados had been shattered against the wall by a gust of wind, and both men clattered through a slough of broken glass. Down the whole length of the Preciados but one lamp was left alight, and the narrow street was littered with tiles and fallen bricks, for many chimneys had been blown down, and more than one shutter lay in the roadway, torn from its hinges by the hurricane. It was at the risk of life that any ventured abroad at this hour and amid the whirl of falling masonry. Larralde and Conyngham had the Calle Preciados to themselves, and Larralde cursed his spurs, which rang out at each footfall and betrayed his whereabouts.

A dozen times the Spaniard fell, but before his pursuer could reach him the same obstacle threw Conyngham to the ground. A dozen times some falling object crashed to the earth on the Spaniard's heels, and the Englishman leapt aside to escape the rebound. Larralde was fleet of foot despite his meagre limbs, and leapt over such obstacles as he could perceive with the agility of a monkey. He darted into the lighted doorway, the entrance to the palatial mansion of an upstart politician. The large doors were thrown open, and the hall-porter stood in full livery awaiting the master's carriage. Larralde was already in the *patio*, and Conyngham ran through the marble-paved entrance-hall before the porter realised what was taking place. There was no second exit, as the fugitive had hoped, so it was round the *patio* and out again into the dark street, leaving the hall-porter dumbfounded.

Larralde turned sharply to the right as soon as he gained the Calle Preciados. It was a mere alley running the whole way round a church, and here again was solitude, but not silence, for the wind roared among the chimneys

overhead as it roars through a ship's rigging at sea. The Calle Preciados again, and a momentary confusion among the tables of a café that stood upon the pavement amid upturned chairs and a fallen, flapping awning. The pace was less killing now, but Larralde still held his own, one hand clutched over the precious letter regained at last, and Conyngham was conscious of a sharp pain where the Spaniard's knife had touched his lung.

Larralde ran mechanically, with open mouth and staring eyes. He never doubted that death was at his heels should he fail to distance the pursuer, for he had recognised Conyngham in the *patio* of the great house, and as he ran the vague wonder filled his mind whether the Englishman carried a knife. What manner of death would it be if that long arm reached him? Esteban Larralde was afraid. His own life, Julia's life, the lives of a whole Carlist section were at stake. The history of Spain, perhaps of Europe, depended on the swiftness of his foot.

The little crescent moon was shining clearly now between the long-drawn rifts of the rushing clouds. Larralde turned to the right again up a narrow street, which seemed to promise a friendly darkness. The ascent was steep, and the Spaniard gasped for breath as he ran; his legs were becoming numb. He had never been in this street before, and knew not whither it led. But it was, at all events, dark and deserted. Suddenly he fell upon a heap of bricks and rubbish—a whole stack of chimneys—he could smell the soot. Conyngham was upon him, touched him, but failed to get a grip. Larralde was afoot in an instant, and fell heavily down the far side of the barricade. He gained a few yards again, and, before Conyngham's eyes, was suddenly swallowed up in a black mass of falling masonry. It was more than a chimney this time, nothing less than a whole house carried bodily to the ground by the fall of the steeple of the church of Sta Maria del Monte. Conyngham stopped dead, and threw his arms over his head. The crash was terrific, deafening, and for a few moments the Englishman was stunned. He opened his eyes and closed them again, for the dust and powdered mortar whirled round him like smoke. Almost blinded he crept back by the way

he had come, and the street was already full of people. In the Calle Preciados he sat down on a door-step, and there waited until he had gained mastery over his limbs, which shook like leaves. Presently he made his way back to the house where he had left Concha.

The man Sebastian had a week earlier seen and recognised Conyngham as the bearer of the letter addressed to Colonel Monreal, and left at that officer's lodging, in Xeres, at the moment of his death in the streets. Sebastian approached Conyngham, and informed him that he had in his possession sundry papers belonging to the late Colonel Monreal, which might be of value to a Royalist. This was, therefore, not the first time that Conyngham had climbed the narrow stairs of the tall house with two doors.

He found Concha busying himself by the bedside, where Sebastian lay in the unconsciousness of deep drink.

"He has probably been drugged," said the priest, "or he may be dying. What is more important to us is that the letter is not here. I have searched. Larralde escaped you?"

"Yes; and, of course, has the letter."

"Of course, *amigo*."

The priest looked at the prostrate man with a face of profound contempt, and shrugging his shoulders, went toward the door.

"Come," he said; "I must return to Ronda and Julia. It is thither that this Larralde always returns; and she, poor woman, believes him. Ah, my friend"—he paused and shook his long finger at Conyngham—"when a woman believes in a man she makes him or mars him; there is no medium."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IN TOLEDO.

"Meddle not with many matters, for if thou meddle much thou shalt not be innocent."

The Café of the Ambassadeurs, in the Calle de la Montera, was at this time the fashionable resort of visitors to the city of Madrid. Its tone was neither political nor urban, but savoured rather of the cosmopolitan. The waiters at the first-class hotels recommended the Café of the Ambassadeurs, and stepped round to the manager's offices at the

time of the new year to mention the fact.

Sir John Pleydell had been rather nonplussed by his encounter with Conyngham, and, being a man of the world as well as a lawyer, sat down, as it were, to think. He had come to Spain in the first heat of a great revenge, and such men as he take, like the greater volcanoes, a long time to cool down. He had been prepossessed in the favour of the man who subsequently owned to being Frederick Conyngham, and the very manner in which this admission was made redounded in some degree to the honour of the young Englishman. Here, at least, was one who had no fear, and fearlessness appeals to the heart of every Briton, from the peer to the navy.

Sir John took a certain cold interest in his surroundings, and in due course was recommended to spend an evening at the *Café des Ambassadeurs*, as it styled itself, for the habit of preferring French to Spanish designations for places of refreshment had come in since the great revolution. Sir John went, therefore, to the *café*, and with characteristic scorn of elemental disturbances chose to resort thither on the evening of the great gale. The few other occupants of the gorgeous room eyed his half-bottle of claret with a grave and decorous wonder, but made no attempt to converse with this chill-looking Englishman. At length, about ten o'clock, or a few minutes later, entered one who bowed to Sir John with an air full of affable promise. This was Larralde, who called a waiter and bade him fetch a coat-brush.

"Would you believe it, sir," he said, addressing Sir John in broken English, "but I have just escaped a terrible death."

He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, and laughed good-humouredly, after the manner of one who has no foes.

"The fall of a chimney—so—within a metre of my shoulder."

He threw back his cloak with a graceful swing of the arm, and handed it to the waiter. Then he drew forward a chair to the table occupied by Sir John, who sipped his claret and bowed coldly.

"You must not think that Madrid is always like this," said Larralde. "But perhaps you know the city . . . ?"

"No ; this is my first visit."

Larralde turned aside to give his order to the waiter. His movements were always picturesque, and in the presence of Englishmen he had a habit of accentuating those characteristics of speech and manner which are held by our countrymen to be native to the Peninsula. There is nothing so disarming as conventionality, and nothing less suspicious. Larralde seemed to be a typical Spaniard—indolently polite, gravely indifferent, a cigarette-smoking nonentity.

They talked of topics of the day, and chiefly of that great event, the hurricane, which was still raging. Larralde, whose habit it was to turn his neighbour to account—a seed of greatness this!—had almost concluded that the Englishman was useless, when the conversation turned, as it was almost bound to turn between these two, upon Conyngham.

"There are but few of your countrymen in Madrid at the moment," Larralde had said.

"I know but one," was the guarded reply.

"And I also," said Larralde, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "A young fellow who has made himself somewhat notorious in the Royalist cause—a cause in which, I admit, I have no sympathy. His name is Conyngham."

Then a silence fell upon the two men, and over raised glasses they glanced surreptitiously at each other.

"I know him!" said Sir John at length, and the tone of his voice made Larralde glance up with a sudden gleam in his eyes. There thus sprang into existence between them the closest of all bonds—a common foe.

"The man has done me more than one ill turn," said Larralde after a pause, and he drummed on the table with his cigarette-stained fingers.

Sir John, looking at him coldly, gauged the Spaniard with the deadly skill of his calling. He noted that Larralde was poor and ambitious, qualities that often raise the devil in a human heart when fortune brings them there together. He was not deceived by the picturesque manner of Julia's lover, but knew exactly how much was assumed of that air of simple vanity to which Larralde usually treated strangers. He probably gauged, at one glance, the

depth of the man's power for good or ill, his sincerity, his possible usefulness. In the hands of Sir John Pleydell Larralde was the merest tool.

They sat until long after midnight, and before they parted Sir John Pleydell handed to his companion a roll of notes, which he counted carefully, and Larralde accepted with a grand air of condescension and indifference.

"You know my address," said Sir John, with a slight suggestion of masterfulness, which had not been noticeable before the money changed hands. "I shall remain at the same hotel."

Larralde nodded his head.

"I shall remember it," he said; "and now I go to take a few hours' rest. I have had a hard day, and am as tired as a shepherd's dog."

And, indeed, the day had been busy enough. Señor Larralde hummed an air between his teeth as he struggled against the fierce wind.

Before dawn the gale subsided, and daylight broke over the city, where sleep had been almost unknown during the night, with a clear, calm freshness. The sun had not yet risen when Larralde took the road on his poor, thin, black horse. He rode through the streets, still littered with the debris of fallen chimneys, slates, and shutters, with his head up and his mind so full of the great schemes which gave him no rest, that he never saw Concepcion Vara, going to market, with a basket on his arm and a cigarette, unlighted, between his lips. Concepcion turned and watched the horseman, shrugged his shoulders, and quietly followed until the streets were left behind, and there could no longer be any doubt that Larralde was bound for Toledo.

Thither, indeed, he journeyed throughout the day, with a leisureliness begotten of the desire to enter the ancient city after nightfall only. Toledo was at this time the smouldering hotbed of those political intrigues which, some years later, burst into flame and resulted finally in the expulsion of the Bourbons from the throne of Spain. Larralde was sufficiently dangerous to require watching, and, like many of his kind, considered himself of a greater importance than his enemies were pleased to attach to him. The city of Toledo is, as many know, almost surrounded by the rapid Tagus, and entrance to its narrow con-

fine is only to be gained by two gates. To pass either of these barriers in open day would be to court a publicity singularly undesirable at this time, for Esteban Larralde was slipping down the social slope, which gradual progress is the hardest to arrest. If one is mounting there are plenty to help him—those from above seeking to make unto themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, those from below hoping to tread in the footsteps he may leave. Each step, however, of the upward progress has to be gained at the expense of another; but on the descent there are none to stay and many to push behind, while those in front make room readily enough. Larralde had for the first time accepted a direct monetary reward for his services. That this had been offered and accepted in a polite Spanish manner, as an advance of expenses to be incurred, was, of course, only natural under the circumstances; but the fact remained that Esteban Larralde was no longer a picturesque conspirator, serving a failing cause with that devotion which can only be repaid later by higher honours, and a past carrying with it emoluments of proportionate value. He had, in fact, been paid in advance, which is the surest sign of distrust upon one side or the other.

The Barenas had been established at their house in Toledo some weeks, and for Julia life had been dull enough. She had hastened Northward, knowing well that her lover's intrigues must necessarily bring him to the neighbourhood of the capital, perhaps to Toledo itself. Larralde had, however, hitherto failed to come near her, and the news of the day reported an increasing depression in the ranks of the Carlists. Indeed, that cause seemed now at such a low ebb, that the franker mercenaries were daily drifting away to more promising scenes of warfare, while some cynically accepted commissions in the army of Espartero.

"I always said that Don Carlos would fail if he employed such men . . . as . . . well, as he does," Madame Barena took more than one opportunity of observing at this time, and her emphatic fan rapped the personal application home.

She had just made this remark, for perhaps the sixth time one evening, when the door of the *patio*, where she

and Julia sat, was thrown open, and Larralde, the person indirectly referred to, came toward the ladies. He was not afraid of Madame Barena, and his tired face lightened visibly at the sight of Julia. Concha was right. According to his lights, Larralde loved Julia. She, who knew every expression, noted the look in his face, and her heart leapt within her breast. She had long secretly rejoiced over the failure of the Carlist cause. Such, messieurs, is the ambition of a woman for the man she really loves.

Señora Barena rose and held out her hand with a beaming smile. She was rather bored that evening, and it was pleasant to imagine herself in the midst of great political intrigues.

"We were wondering if you would come," she said.

"I am here, there, everywhere; but I always come back to the Casa Barena," he said gallantly.

"You look tired," said Julia quietly.

"Where are you from?"

"At the moment I am from Madrid. The city has been wrecked by a tornado. I myself almost perished—"

He paused, shrugged his shoulders.

"What will you?" he added carelessly. "What is life, a single life in Spain to-day?"

Julia winced. It is marvellous how an intelligent woman may blind herself into absolute belief in one man. Señora Barena shuddered.

"Blessed Heaven!" she whispered; "why does not some one do something?"

"One does one's best," answered Larralde, with his hand at his moustache.

"But yes!" said madame eagerly. She had a shrewd common sense, as many apparently foolish women have, and probably put the right value on Señor Larralde's endeavours. Father Concha and the general were, however, far away, and all women are time-servers.

Larralde spoke of general news, and when he at length proposed to Julia that they should take a *pasear* in the garden, the elder lady made no objection. For some moments Julia was quite happy. She had schooled herself into a sort of contentment, in the hope that her turn would come when ambition failed. Perhaps this moment had arrived. At all events, Larralde acquit-

ted himself well, and seemed sincere enough in his joy at seeing her again.

"Do you love me?" he asked suddenly.

Julia gave a little laugh. Heaven has been opened by such a laugh ere now, and men have seen for a moment the brightness of it.

"Enough to leave Spain forever and live in another country?"

"Yes."

"Enough to risk something now for my sake?"

"Enough to risk everything," she answered.

"I have tried to gain a great position for you," went on Larralde, "and fortune has been against me. I have failed. The Carlist cause is dead, Julia. Our chief has failed us; that is the truth of it. We set him up as a king, but—unless we hold him upright he falls. He is a man of straw. We are making one last effort, as you know; but it is a dangerous one, and we have had misfortunes. This pestilential Englishman! No one may say how much he knows. He has had the letter too long in his possession for our safety. But I have outwitted him this time."

Larralde paused and drew from his pocket the letter in the pink envelope, somewhat soiled by its passage through the hands of Colonel Monreal's servant.

"It requires two more signatures, and will then be complete," said the upholder of Don Carlos. "We shall then make our *coup*. But we cannot move while Conyngham remains in Spain. It would never do for me to . . . well, to get shot at this moment . . ."

Julia breathed hard.

" . . . And that is what Mr. Conyngham is endeavouring to bring about. In the first place, he wants this letter to show to Estella Vincente—some foolish romance. In the second place, he hates me and seeks promotion in the Royalist ranks. These Englishmen are unscrupulous. He tried to take my life only last night. I bear him no ill-feeling. *À la guerre comme, à la guerre*. My only intention is to get him quietly out of Spain. It can be managed easily enough. Will you help me, to save my own life?"

"Yes," answered Julia.

"I want you to write a letter to Co-

nyingham, saying that you are tired of political intrigue."

"Heaven knows that would be true enough!" put in Julia.

"And that you will give him the letter he desires, on the condition that he promises to show it to no one but Estella Vincente and return it to you. That you will also swear that it is the identical letter that he handed to you in the general's garden at Ronda. If

Conyngham agrees, he must meet you at the back of the Church of Santa Tome, in the Calle Pedro Martir here, in Toledo, next Monday evening at seven o'clock. Will you write this letter, Julia?"

"And Estella Vincente?" inquired Julia.

"She will forget him in a week," laughed Larralde.

*(To be continued.)*

## RESURGAM.

Let us go down to the sea, ere the noisy day is over,

Let us go down to the sea, and strip us of care and of toil ;

There are graves in the heart of man that only the sea can cover ;

There are deeds in the heart of man to be sown as the deep-sea spoil.

Free us from surging of sound that urges us on to the morrow ;

Wrest us from merciless round that returns with the birth of a morn ;

Free us of harassing thought, and the wind's wild pinion borrow,—

Yet there is room for the heart where the wave and the world are born !

And the grief which lieth behind let us give to the grace of forgetting,

And the hope that was dimmed let us shrive with the clean, keen salt of the sea ;

And the fruitless doubt let us fling beyond the bounds of regretting,—

Where only the wave and the sky and the soul of man may be !

Earth, the mother, hath balm for her world-stained sons and daughters ;

Earth, the mother, hath balm for her toil-spent hearts and sad ;

Time cannot curb nor deny God's bountiful boon of waters,—

Let us down to the sea, my soul, let us down to the sea and be glad !

*Virginia Woodward Cloud.*



## VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

It is in no way to disparage the art of the preacher to say that the note of Victorian literature, as I interpret it, is that it has been a literature of the pulpit—always self-conscious, always "moral." Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton had no "gospel" behind them; they wrote to please. Now and again it was to please themselves, now and again it was to please the public for whom they catered. The eighteenth century poets could preach on occasion, but theirs surely it was to preach without sincerity; they were all satirists. None of them made the least pretence to be saints. The novelists also cared only to tell a good story; if there was a moral, as in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, it was entirely unconscious. Smollett, Sterne, Jane Austen and, finally, Sir Walter Scott, had no moral. Rousseau, Goethe and the French Revolution changed all this. Shelley in his "passion for reforming the world" did not stand alone. Byron died in the cause of Greek freedom; Wordsworth, we know, was ever a prophet; Coleridge—why, every one knows the story of Lamb, when asked by S. T. C. if he had ever heard him preach, retorting, "I have never heard you do anything else!" It was this sense of "world-pain" among the poets which made the coming literature so "intense."

The literature of the Victorian epoch has, I repeat, been all of the pulpit type, all preaching—fine, healthy, inspiring preaching most of it—and one cannot doubt that it has been much better than more graceful, artistic, unconscious work would have been. The reputation, however, of its writers is, perhaps, less assured with future ages. That matters very little. "Every age must write its own books, or, at least, the books for the age succeeding," Emerson tells us, and, after all, literature was never so great an influence upon vast masses of men as it has been during the past sixty years.

Wordsworth, I have said, preached continuously, and Wordsworth's influence was greater upon the Victorian period than upon the Georgian period in which he wrote his best work. Tennyson, who followed him, preached with

equal zest. What is *Maud* but a long, beautiful and eloquent sermon? *In Memoriam* is a sermon. *Locksley Hall* is a sermon, and whether we take the *Idylls of the King* as an allegory of life, or not, certainly it contains abundance of what may be termed "preaching." That this was also the characteristic of Tennyson's friend and rival, Browning, need scarcely be said. Browning's early Nonconformity, his attendance on the ministrations of an Independent minister gave the ring of the pulpit to every line he wrote. There is something eminently misleading in the opinion once current that Browning is uniformly obscure. He tells story after story with immense dramatic force. Now it is *The Ring and the Book*, now *Pippa Passes*, now some minor poem like "Donald." There is always a moral—a moral embodying his glorious faith in humanity and the ultimate triumph of right.

Mrs. Browning, again, who does not, perhaps, command the audience to-day which was her fortune forty years back—when voices were loudly raised that she should succeed Wordsworth as poet-laureate—was essentially a preacher. *Aurora Leigh* is the most striking example of her skill in this direction.

"It needs a high-souled man to move the masses,  
E'en to a cleaner sty,"

was a sentiment which embodied her gospel—moving the masses to something higher was her ideal.

Clearly the next most important poet of the Victorian literature, and one of the last of our poets—Mr. Matthew Arnold—was a preacher. His traditions as the son of an eminent divine were certain to make him that. In beautiful elegies, in sonnets and in lyrics, he gave the same message—a message of stoicism and endurance—which was a note also of the Brontës, Charlotte Brontë incorporating it in every one of her novels, and her greater sister Emily in one or two imperishable poems. The great poets of the later Victorian period have not been less anxious to give a message to mankind. Mr. Swinburne, still happily with us, has cried loudly for freedom from kingly and spiritual

tyrannies ; he has gloried with brilliant fervour over the freeing of Italy, and has protested in poetry, from time to time, against the despotism of Russia and the enslavement of Poland. The late William Morris devoted his attention entirely to the social rather than to the political government of men. His dream was of the freeing of workers from the tyranny of capital, and the founding of a Socialist brotherhood. The *Earthly Paradise* was a sermon.

When we come to the fiction of the Queen's reign, the position is precisely the same. Charles Dickens published *Pickwick* in 1837, and to find a moral in *Pickwick*, it may be admitted, would be to place one's self in the position of the archæologists who discovered "Bill Stumps, IIis Mark." From that point on, however, Dickens became impregnated with the spirit of the age. There is plenty of preaching in *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *The Old Curiosity Shop*, while *Hard Times*, *Great Expectations* and the *Christmas Carol* are all permeated with a zeal for reform. It was one of Dickens's limitations, doubtless, that he was a preacher, but it was that gift which gave him so boundless a control over the tears and the laughter of several generations. Thackeray published *Vanity Fair* in 1846, and followed it with a succession of brilliant novels, every one of which was a vigorous satire on society. Assuredly Thackeray, in his own way, was a preacher.

More clearly and obviously, however, may that title be applied to the great novelist who exercised the most powerful influence about the time when Dickens and Thackeray were both laid to rest. George Eliot, in her heart of hearts, had all the religious zeal of a Methodist. She had thrown aside supernatural religion, but she brought to agnosticism a perfect fever for proselytising. *Romola* was her most successful sermon, while *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* were all inspired with a longing to set the world right, particularly the intellectual world. In her verse George Eliot was less able to conceal her desire to be a preacher.

A successful preacher in prose and verse, from an opposite standpoint, was Charles Kingsley, whose novel, *Allan Locke*, published in 1849, created abundant fermentation in the minds of young men in the fifties and sixties. Canon

Kingsley, it is safe to say, never wrote anything without a full sense of his responsibilities as a teacher. In glancing through the splendid array of his works with which his publishers have provided us, one is impressed with the fact that it is a mere accident that only some four or five of his books are widely read. The novel has been all-potent in the Victorian era and not the essay nor the sermon, and so it is that everything that Canon Kingsley had to say in sermons and essays is fast passing out of sight, while *Westward Ho! Yeast, Two Years Ago* and *Hypatia* are still living books—every one of them books with a moral, every one of them conveying Kingsley's lesson of sympathy with the poor, of strenuous intellectual and spiritual struggle. It is merely a reaction of the present decade against the pulpit in literature that makes certain of our men of genius insist upon preferring Henry Kingsley to his brother Charles. Henry Kingsley whose *Ravenshoe*, *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and *The Hillyars and the Burtons* have still much popularity, had certainly no kind of moral impulse behind him. He would seem to have been a shiftless, thriftless man of talent, whose brilliant books are in many ways a reflection of himself. The active literary man of to-day with his enthusiasm for the eighteenth-century writers, and his general taste for romance will say that Henry Kingsley was a greater writer than his brother Charles, though Charles could write with dazzling vigour and effect, while Henry was too often slipshod and ungrammatical, and—save in a few moments of inspiration—wanting in all distinction of style.

But I have not space in this brief article to emphasise all the imaginative writers who will bear out my theory of what is the most prominent literary characteristic of the age. Charles Reade exemplified it in several books, and so did Bulwer Lytton ; so, also, did Benjamin Disraeli. *Hard Cash* was meant to attract attention to the abuses of private lunatic asylums, *It is Never Too Late to Mend* to the reform of our prison system. We know how much there was of psychology and ethics in many of Lytton's stories, and we know how the young Disraeli aspired to transform our political life through the medium of *Sybil* and *Coningsby*. That movement has continued in fiction down to

Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and even to our own day. I can give scarcely a word to the school of Scotch writers which had Dr. George Macdonald for father, and to those English writers who hold Mr. George Meredith for master. Of authors still living, one is happily not required to write. Our numerous critical organs keep them perpetually to the front. Who in a hasty survey of Victorian literature requires to be reminded of the charm associated with Thrums, of the intellect and wit of *The Pilgrim's Scrip*, of the simplicity and sanity which centre in Wessex landscape. A brief survey of Victorian literature must necessarily devote but a few words to Victorian novelists, although they have probably been the most forcible influence in the period. Fielding and Smollett pleased their audiences, Scott carried his by storm, but only in the Victorian era has the novel been the positive rival of the preacher and the moralist, until latterly it has become their associate and colleague.

Carlyle may be counted in no small degree responsible for all this. He is the very central figure of the literature of the period. Did he not translate *Wilhelm Meister*, the most sermonising of all novels? Is not *Sartor Resartus* in part a novel—with its delightful episode of Blumine? Carlyle preached vigorously through "thirty fine volumes," and the result was a veritable regiment of disciples—Lord Tennyson, who sighed for

"One still strong man in a blatant land ;"

Mr. Ruskin, who said he had "but systematised and applied Carlyle's looser but deeper reflections ;" Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, who based their histories upon Carlyle's transcendentalism and Carlyle's hero-worship. It would take a volume to trace the ramifications of Carlyle's influence upon the authors who were his contemporaries and his immediate successors. Far more than Macaulay he made the historical schools of which we are entitled to be as proud as of our poets and our novelists. Macaulay has been the most prominent historian of the reign, and although he was charged with writing "to prove that Providence was on the side of the Whigs," he assuredly had no more serious aim than a certain unconscious par-

tisanship of his own political party. Macaulay, although brought up at Clapham, and in the neighbourhood of the Clapham sect, had no preaching tendencies. Nor had Landor, who, however, never obtained more than a handful of an audience. Macaulay's most effective successor, and, like him, not a moralist, is Dr. S. R. Gardiner, who has taught us so much about the earlier Stuarts and about Cromwell. But the two rival schools of history which made most stir during the reign were undoubtedly influenced by Carlyle.

This was even the case with Edward Freeman, who despised Carlyle. Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, and their successor and assimilator, J. R. Green, had abundance of "theories." Their contempt for Mr. Froude made it peculiarly humorous that he should have succeeded two of them in the chair of history at Oxford. Mr. Froude wrote abundant histories and biographies, always picturesquely, but with a happy indifference to accuracy. He can scarcely ever have verified a reference, and yet he thought himself a heaven-born missionary, designed to weigh nations in the balance. So also did the Professor of History at Cambridge, Sir John Seeley, who wrote brilliant theology in *Ecce Homo* and accurate history in the *Life and Times of Stein*. Good historians have flourished during the reign, not only historians of our own country, but historians of the world in general. It was truly wonderful that a successful banker like George Grote should have been able to produce those twelve magnificent volumes of the *History of Greece*. George Grote and Bishop Thirlwall both set themselves to work to rectify the false view of ancient Greece propounded by Mitford. Thirlwall's book enjoyed a comfortable popularity during the early years of the Queen's reign, but it has not held its ground. Grote's *History*, however, is never likely to be superseded. Qualified and supplemented by some of the great German historians, it is the book from which to get a general acquaintance with the ancient world. Dr. Arnold's *Rome*, on the other hand, although readable, has not retained the attention of scholars in the same measure as the work of a brother ecclesiastic, Dean Merivale. Great ecclesiastics have, indeed, been splendid ornaments of Victorian literature. Dean

Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* will not lack for readers for many years to come. Dean Kitchin's *History of France* makes scarcely less attractive reading than Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People*, and Bishop Creighton, the Rev. Sir George Cox, Dean Church, and many others have added much to our historical and literary knowledge.

Biographical literature has scarcely been of less importance than the historical. Some half-dozen biographies make up the record which remains to us of the pre-Victorian literature. Boswell's *Johnson*, Lockhart's *Scott*, Moore's *Byron*, and Southey's *Life of Nelson* are almost the only biographies which still retain a regular succession of readers, and two of these—Lockhart's *Scott* and Moore's *Byron*—have been extravagantly overpraised. During the present reign, however, we have seen a constant succession of beautiful biographies, which, whether they live or not, will have had abundant attraction for their period. Their permanence, of course, is dependent upon the interest in their subjects continuing. Foremost among these biographies one must place George Henry Lewes's *Life of Goethe*, and scarcely second to this is Sir George Trevelyan's *Life of Lord Macaulay*. Sir George Trevelyan's other biographical effort, *The Early Years of Charles James Fox*, is even a more brilliant example of what a biography should be. Perhaps the most widely selling biography of the reign has been Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, which enormously enhanced the reputation of Miss Brontë as well as of her biographer. Another novelist of equal reputation to Charlotte Brontë—George Eliot—on the other hand, received an irreparable shock to her fame by the publication of the ineffective biography which was prepared by her husband, Mr. J. W. Cross. The *Life of Charles Dickens*, by John Forster, excited a sufficient stir at the time of its appearance, but it has no longer much of an audience, in spite of the continued popularity of its subject. It was thought at the time that the biographer displayed too much egotism and self-assertion, and it can scarcely be doubted that, with the enormous mass of new material, in the way of letters and docu-

ments, which have been collected since Dickens's death, we shall still see a final and more interesting presentation of the most popular writer of our day. Forster wrote other biographies: one of Goldsmith, another—which he did not live to complete—of Swift, and a most interesting series of studies of the statesmen of the Commonwealth, one of which—the *Life of Sir John Eliot*—still deserves to be remembered.

Of religious biography and autobiography we have seen an equally abundant harvest. Most notable of all was the *Apologia* of John Henry Newman, and next perhaps in interest the *Life of Dr. Arnold*, by Dean Stanley. The *Life of Charles Kingsley*, by his widow, gave a most enchanting presentation of a most attractive man. Even more ably written was the *Life of Frederick Robertson* of Brighton, from the pen of Mr. Stopford Brooke, but the world of our day has, perhaps, ceased to be interested in Frederick Robertson.

Certainly the most substantial biography of the day, so far as bulk is concerned, is Professor David Masson's *Life of Milton*. Nearly all the great poets have had their Lives written, and written well: Dean Church wrote on Spenser, Professor Courthope on Pope, Mr. Christie on Dryden, and, indeed, I cannot give even a list of the notable and attractive biographies of the Victorian era, as I have already exhausted my allotted space.

Coming back, however, to my main position, I would again insist that the literature of the period is a literature essentially of the pulpit. Such powerful representatives of its philosophic thought as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer; such scientific investigators as Charles Darwin, Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Huxley, and Professor Tyndall, all of whom made literature by their splendid writing gifts; men of science and theologians—High Churchmen like Dr. Liddon, Broad Churchmen like Dr. Jowett, Presbyterians like Dr. Chalmers, Romanists like Lord Acton, have argued long and strenuously, until, from very weariness, we have a lull in argument and perhaps a lull in literary creativeness to-day.

Clement K. Shorter.

## MRS. OLIPHANT.

Mrs. Oliphant died on June 26th at her house in Wimbledon. She was in her sixty-ninth year, and although her wonderful literary activity was maintained to the last, we may safely say that seldom has death been more welcome, more desired, than it was to her. She felt herself alone in the world, though she had many dear and attached friends. She seemed to have accomplished her work, and in her last book there is a poignant note of weariness and regret. Some nine months ago she wrote a letter to a friend in which she said that it was time for her to go, and that she would not delay. Her promise has been kept. "She has made haste to leave us." We do not propose to attempt anything like an estimate of her multifarious literary work. It is to be hoped that this will be done, but it must be done at leisure. So continuous and extraordinary has been the amount of her production that very few have been able to follow it. There is hardly a province of literature that she has not touched and adorned. The obituary notices which have appeared so far show that the writers know only a very little about her books. Even the article in the *Times* (London), which we take to be from the pen of her old friend and fellow-worker in *Blackwood*, Mr. Alexander Innes-Shand, is curiously slight and restricted in its mention of her notable works. All that we shall attempt now is to set forth some facts of her life which have so far been very imperfectly related.

Margaret Oliphant was born in 1828 at Wallyford, near Musselburgh, in Midlothian. Her maiden name was Wilson, and her father was a farmer. Her brother became a Presbyterian minister in Northumberland, and wrote a forgotten and very feeble novel called *Matthew Paxton*. Mrs. Oliphant was wont in later days to deny any personal knowledge of dissent. The statement, however, had to be taken with much allowance, for when the enthusiasm of the Disruption was still over Scotland she was caught in it, and to the very last her interest in ecclesiastical and religious matters was keen. When a young girl she was very devout, an enthusias-

tic admirer of Dr. Chalmers, and a Free Churchwoman. She showed her sympathies in the early volume which is not yet quite forgotten, *Passages from the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland*. This was a book much admired by Charlotte Brontë, and very popular in its day. Through it she gained early a modest fame, and made many friendships. Among her early admirers was the amiable "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, the author of *Mansie Wauch*, a book, by the way, of which Mr. Austin Dobson recently expressed to us his warm admiration. Through "Delta" she was introduced to the conductors of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which she began to contribute in 1852, and where she wrote to the last. No writer in the brilliant history of the great Edinburgh magazine ever rendered better service, when all things are taken into account. It was in 1852 that she was married to her cousin, Francis Wilson Oliphant. Mr. Oliphant was a painter and designer of stained glass. He worked much with Welby Pugin, especially upon the painted windows in the new Houses of Parliament. After his marriage he occupied himself mainly with an energetic attempt to improve the art of painted glass by superintending the process of execution as well as the design. He produced the windows in the Ante-Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, those in the chancel of Aylesbury Church, and several in Ely Cathedral. He had also a share along with William Dyce in the famous choristers' window at Ely. His young wife continued to write energetically and successfully, and for some years all went well. Then Mr. Oliphant fell into bad health, and had to go to Rome, where he died in October, 1859. One son had been born before his death, and another was born a month or two after. Mrs. Oliphant, left a widow after seven years of happiness, set herself with unshaken fortitude to the long labour now completed. She was devoted to her two boys, and they repaid her love. Unfortunately, however, they both inherited the delicacy of their father. The elder, Cyril, who published a little book on Alfred de Musset in his mother's *Foreign Classics*, died

in 1890, and four years later the younger son, Francis Romano Oliphant, followed his brother. The last blow was peculiarly heavy. Mrs. Oliphant had been very closely associated with this son, who had contributed to the *Spectator*, and written much in his mother's work on the Victorian Age of English Literature. The strain was very severe, and it seemed for a time as if it must be too much. She rallied, however, in a manner, but never at all perfectly, and now the home circle is completed on the other side. Mrs. Oliphant was solaced by the companionship of a niece, now married in Dundee, in whom to the very last she took the warmest interest.

It is of course as a novelist that Mrs. Oliphant did her work and earned her reputation. When one begins to specify particular books, it is easy to see that Mrs. Oliphant never wrote anything conspicuously above or conspicuously below her standard. In our judgment—a judgment which it must be confessed fluctuates on this point—*Phæbe Junior* is on the whole the best and most perfect of Mrs. Oliphant's works. It is the story of the clever daughter of a dissenting minister whose chapel, by the way, is evidently meant to be Regent's Park Baptist Chapel. There is very little padding in it, and the writer is almost at her best throughout. *Salem Chapel*, though very good in parts, is melodramatic and far from true to the phase of life described. Mrs. Oliphant became more and more Conservative as her days went on, and she had a certain contempt for dissent in every form. Perhaps the ablest of all her books is the powerful and painful story, *Agnes*, a story distinguished by one of those rare prefaces in which Mrs. Oliphant gives us her own conception of her art. The writer in the *Times* specifies some of the Scotch novels, and picks out *Mrs. Margaret Maitland* as the best. *Katie Stewart* was a great favourite with Mr. John Blackwood, and for long in the Blackwood inner circle Mrs. Oliphant was affectionately known as "Katie." The *Times* is wrong, however, in saying that it was her first book, and wrong also, we think, in speaking of *The Minister's Life*. The title should be *The Minister's Wife*, and certainly the story, now forgotten, is a very strong one. A brilliant friend, whose right to judge cannot be questioned,

prefers *Kirsteen* above the rest of her Scotch books, but amid so much varied, delightful, and accomplished work it is not easy to pick and choose. Her later books have been less successful. When she wrote them she was out of heart.

Mrs. Oliphant's theory of life is consistent throughout. Her aspirations were after peace and quietness, but she persuaded herself, after long trial, that such things could not be. She delighted in picturing the life of leisurely ladies in the country, ladies with pleasant surroundings and ample means, with no spots upon their conscience, abiding in a soft established order that promised to endure, and in showing how into such haunts of rest trouble inevitably came—trouble from pecuniary loss, from wicked relatives, from the appearance of cancer, even, perhaps, from the impulses which arose strangely amid the hush and gentleness, and brought their bitter pangs. To one faith, however, she was unswervingly true—the faith that it is better to live in the full sense than to vegetate. Sorrow, pain, conflict, labour—she understood what these things were, but she deliberately elected to have them instead of a monotonous, imperturbed, solitary existence. For to suffer was to live. We hope that some one fit for the task will collect and digest from her books her excellent wisdom upon the conduct of life.

Mrs. Oliphant was much more than a novelist. She was an ambitious and, on the whole, not unsuccessful biographer. Her first biography was that of Edward Irving. As to its great interest, there can be no dispute. Many who knew Irving, however, do not think it rendered his career fairly. The writing and publication of the book brought her into close contact with leaders of the Church of Scotland, and among her subsequent productions in this line was the biography of Principal Tulloch, a biography which contained many charming passages, but which it is no secret some of those closest to Tulloch passionately disliked and disavowed. The very worst of all her biographies is that of Count Montalembert, but in fairness it has to be remembered that she was greatly restricted in her treatment. She was truly religious, but shrank from the more intimate expressions of religious feeling. Perhaps her heart never opened itself so fully as in that beauti-

ful book, *The Beleaguered City*, a book which had several companions not unworthy to stand beside it. She wrote toward the end of her life a rather poor little biography of her early hero, Dr. Chalmers. Of course, it could hardly be expected that she should treat ecclesiastical questions either with knowledge or with fairness; and she did not. Her personal associations with many ministers, especially with the late Dr. James Hamilton, were very close.

She was also a very great journalist and critic. Perhaps we should say magazinist rather than journalist. When she lived at Englefield Green, she formed a friendship with her neighbour, Mr. R. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, and the result was that she contributed many articles to his journal. When she had a concrete subject like Principal Tulloch, for example, she wrote very well, but in an evil hour she commenced a weekly *causerie*, called "A Commentary from an Easy Chair," which was a conspicuous failure, and had to be discontinued. In the *St. James's Gazette*, under Mr. Frederick Greenwood, she wrote similar articles with similar results. But when she took her pen in hand for *Blackwood*, she was at her greatest. She vivified the magazine by innumerable articles on men and books which had no parallel in any other periodical. In her, as the conductors of *Blackwood* observe in the just and generous notice which appears in the July number, they found one who more than any other maintained unimpaired the traditions of the magazine, and she will be sorely missed. She had an honourable pride in *Blackwood*, the only one of the great periodicals now left to us which has disdained to lower its standard, and to which we can still point as maintaining all the excellence of its brightest past. Mrs. Oliphant's articles did not meet with unmixed approval, and on various occasions we have ourselves challenged them. She had eyes like a hawk. She could say more easily than most people the things that stab and blister. She was often merciless, and sometimes she was unfair. She fiercely resented popularities that were undeserved. She could not abide mawkish sentiment. She had

educated herself into the true aristocrat's view of life, and had a genuine contempt for the Philistine. It need not be wondered if she was sometimes cruel, but we have often been surprised that her hard experience never seemed to school her into charity and restraint. To the last she was as fierce, as uncontrolled, as bitter as ever when her temper was touched. Mrs. Oliphant did not disguise her great contempt for the popular Scotch writers of the day. There was one exception. She was an ardent admirer from the very first of Mr. Barrie, and rejoiced greatly in her last days over *Margaret Ogilvy*, a book which she put where we think it will be put at last, as perhaps the most enduring product of recent English literature. For Mr. Kipling, also, she had a warm admiration. But beyond these two, we do not think she really cared for any of the younger writers, while it is not too much to say that she positively detested many of them. Of Stevenson even after his death she spoke with extraordinary malignity. Much of her critical writing has been collected in books, the best of these being undoubtedly *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George III.* In this occurs, perhaps, the finest thing she ever wrote—the noble panegyric of *Clarissa Harlowe*.

There is much besides that we would fain have said. We should have liked to speak of her studies in foreign literature and in art. We should have liked also to say something of her poetry, of her friendships with many notable people, from the Queen downward. One of her last productions was the Jubilee number of the *Graphic*, giving a biography of the Queen, and a little, but significant, paper on the same subject in *Good Words*. It was she who wrote in the hour of the Queen's great sorrow the remarkable lines which appeared in *Blackwood*:

"Lord God, on bended knee  
Three kingdoms cry to Thee—  
God save the Queen."

When she wrote these words, she had been herself a widow for hardly two years.

W. Robertson Nicoll.



## LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS.

## IV.—JULES LEMAÎTRE.

The course of literary criticism in France during our century is a reflection of the spiritual life of the nation. Frenchmen are by nature given to critical analysis. They have always enjoyed it more keenly and rewarded it more generously than the Germans or the English, and so their criticism has an historical continuity of development in a sense that ours has not. It has been possible for M. Brunetière to write a most fascinating book on its evolution. Volumes of extracts from its masters are compiled for the use of students. Critics group themselves in schools and coteries, and delight the unregenerate by their criticisms of one another. But here as always the fundamental distinction will be found between those who look at literature as a science and those who regard it as an art, between those whose first dogma is to judge, those whose first thought is to know, and those whose first desire is to enjoy. Prince of the first group is M. Brunetière; the still unrivalled master of the second is Sainte-Beuve; the chosen leader of the last is Jules Lemaître, some idea of whose worth and charm I hope to be able to convey in this study.

Criticism, to Lemaître, is "the art of enjoying books and of refining our sensations by them." But in France criticism is loved for its own sake, and in these latter days it has become its own excuse for being. The subject chosen for the weekly *feuilleton* may be as hackneyed as the *Cid* or as trivial as Caran d'Ache. This will only give the reviewer a better field for his virtuosity, a better chance to show, as Lemaître himself puts it, "how exquisite a thing literary criticism can be, how it may equal and even surpass in interest the very works in which it exercises itself." It is the art, the manner, the personality of the essayist on which the literary salons of Paris are intent; and so keen is this interest, so carefully has it been nursed and fostered that nowhere and never



JULES LEMAÎTRE.

before has such work achieved so sudden fame or reaped such rich rewards. In the *fin de siècle* capital by the Seine men may weary of all except understanding, but of that they never weary. A keen bit of literary psychology made Bourget notorious; a volume fixed his reputation. Few literary men in France have a wider popularity or a more stable fame than Sarcey, whose reputation rests on the persistent iteration of ephemeral critiques; and Lemaître had the greatness he had achieved almost thrust on him when he fascinated literary Paris by the brilliancy of his first critical studies.

*Prince ne puis, bourgeois ne veux, curieux suis.* Such is the device of the man to whom all Paris has learned to look with an eager expectancy as week by week he spurs them with his wit and charms them with his grace, holding the burden of his immense learning so lightly and in such sure control that he secures their confidence while he never repels by dogmatic assertion. His device suggests his life and symbolises his mental attitude toward books, toward religion, morals, and society; for he is, more than all else, an interested spectator of



the drama of humanity, a natural product of the intellectual evolution of the closing century in France. But to comprehend the genius we must know something more of the man.

François Elie Jules Lemaître was born April 27th, 1853, at Vennecy, in the Department of Loiret, in Touraine. Now, to be of Touraine is to suck with one's mother's milk a joy of life, a sort of healthy Pantagruelism, the temper of Rabelais and of the *Contes Drolatiques*. And accordingly we need not be surprised to find this Touranian asking himself by and by: What are all our little intellectual pleasures beside the great animal joys of the physical life? A question that the Ettrick Shepherd puts in the form of a blunt assertion that every human being "prefers eating and drinking to all other pleasures of body and soul." The Touranians seem always to have thought in this way when they took the trouble to think seriously at all. But they are religious, too, at least in their *heures perdues*, having what Lemaître has happily called "piety without faith;" and so the little Touranian was given to the priests to educate, first at La Chapelle Saint-Mesnin, then at the more noted school of Notre-Dame des Champs in Paris. And these good fathers did their work so well that Lemaître continued to love their teaching long after he had ceased to believe it; so that throughout his work there is a sympathy and a comprehension for the Roman Catholic state of soul that is always grateful and sometimes surprising.

With nature and nurture thus contrary but not at strife, Lemaître, like Renan, felt drawn from clerical restraint to the freer fields of literature, and at nineteen he entered the famous Normal School of Paris, which also left its imprint on his still plastic mind, giving to it a critical bent and to his thoughts a didactic clearness. Paris, too, could not but add its element, that old Athenian curiosity to see and hear some new thing, so that the quick-breathing world around him became the centre of his interest for all his after life.

He was graduated in 1875. His theses showed that literature would be his bent, but for the next nine years he found his livelihood in teaching under various titles in government institutions at Havre, Algiers, Besançon, and Greno-

ble. Now, it was just this period of suppressed literary utterance that gave him the two other things needful to complete his critical equipment. Humour, sentiment, judgment, curiosity he had already; but only this professional life could have enabled him to accumulate an arsenal of learning and manifold observation of men. Each pupil became in turn the subject of his unwearied analytic curiosity; and when in 1884 he abandoned teaching for letters he was no David in Saul's armour, though he had published till then but two volumes of verse—the customary oblation of the literary neophyte in France. He took immediately the rank of a past-master. "Unknown in October, 1884, in December he was famous."

Men felt from the first the force of this genius, pitilessly laying bare the flimsy pretences of ephemeral reputation and undazzled by the glamour of transient popularity; ready to measure the greatness and to mark the error of the giants of that day, daring to say that Flaubert was narrow, Zola often base, the Goncourts misled, Richpin declamatory, Silvestre meretricious; and yet recognising the while in them all elements of permanent worth of which they themselves were not always conscious. His essays on Renan, Zola, and Ohnet, written for the *Revue Bleue* in his first literary year, are each in its kind landmarks of criticism. Presently he succeeded Weiss as dramatic critic of the *Journal des Débats*, and in recent years his interest has centred chiefly in the stage, though he has written elsewhere on other topics also.

The red ribbon of the Legion of Honour was granted him in 1888, and on February 17th, 1896, he attained the goal of French literary ambition, the Academy. That he should be welcomed by the vice-rector of the university of which he had shaken the dust from his feet twelve years before, added a zest to the occasion, and the speeches were significant. Literature and learning joined hands. The vice-rector greeted the new Academician with a *bonhomie* that must have startled the followers of pedantic tradition; the critic responded with unwonted but not unbecoming sobriety; and so the genial journalist, the seductive, almost femininely coquettish impressionist, now sits among the Forty Immortals.

Lemaître's career and his mental attitude suggest those of Renan. Both carried through life the marks of early clerical training in minds quite disillusioned, and the suggestive likeness grows more and more defined as one traces the evolution of Lemaître's genius in its various modes of expression, poetry, drama, fiction, and criticism. But we have to deal immediately only with the last of these, and we lose nothing essential by the limitation. Poetry, his first passion, he soon abandoned; fiction is to him only a reflection of the moral problems that interest his critical mind; and his dramas are but curious projections into dramatic form of his acute psychological curiosity and repetitions by a faithful student of the technique of his favourite master, Dumas fils.

Six of Lemaître's volumes bear the significant title *Contemporaries*. It is in the present that his interest always lies. Others may seek in criticism the intellectual satisfaction of verifying theories; to him criticism is a means of attaining the complete fruition of his psychic being by sympathetic contact with the heart of modern life. He confesses himself a sort of literary epicurean; to me he seems at times almost a critical voluptuary. How exquisitely keyed must be the taste of one who can write:

"When I open a modern book at hazard, I quiver sometimes with delight, as though I were thrilled to the marrow with pleasure. I love so this literature of the second half of the nineteenth century, so intelligent, so restless, so weird, so morose, so eccentric, so subtle; I love it so even in its affectations, its follies, its extremes, for I feel a germ of them in myself, and I make them one by one my own. . . . At the moment when I turn the last page I feel myself wholly intoxicated. I am full of the delicious, melancholy recollection of an immense mass of very deep sensations, and my heart swells with a vague, all-embracing tenderness. . . . The pleasure is too great, too acute, too piercing."\*

How shall a critic criticise a critic? How convey impressions of method, power, wit, and charm gathered from several hundred detached essays? One must be content to suggest and to approximate. Let the reader who would know how subtly sympathetic Lemaître can be read his essays on Renan and Veuillot; that on Zola to feel his pow-

er; that on Sarcey for generous justice; that on Lamartine for æsthetic delicacy; that on Ohnet for caustic wit. It is only to invite you to that varied feast that I ask you to follow me now from where the waves of his irony ripple on the shore upward till we reach the rarer air of his æsthetic Parnassus. See first how the disdainful critic pricks the bubble of a phenomenally successful mediocrity:

"I am accustomed to discuss literature with my readers. Let them forgive me if I speak to them to-day of the novels of M. Georges Ohnet. I shall please so many good people and relieve so many good minds by saying right out what they have been thinking. The aversion of men of letters to these indisputably successful books is not due to envy. Oh, no. No doubt they would like to have as many readers as M. Ohnet; but I am sure no one of them would have been willing to have written his books. It is true that what is artistically good does not usually attract the masses. Even Zola and Daudet are not read by the multitude for the qualities that critics admire in them. But the middle class love Ohnet better than these because in him there is nothing that is beyond them, nothing that jars against them or eludes them; no individuality of conception, no dignity of diction, no artistry of form, no nobility of thought. A good half of M. Ohnet's work is just the thing to delight M. Poirier, M. Maréchal, and M. Perrichon, and the other half will have special charm for their wives. . . . You find in him the elegance of chromos, the nobility of clock-bronzes, the posing of strolling actors, smirking optimism, romantic sentimentality, high-breeding as the concierge's daughters conceive it, aristocracy as Emma Bovary imagines it, elegance as M. Homais comprehends it. It is Feuillet without grace or delicacy, Cherbuliez without wit or philosophy, Theuriet without poetry or frankness, the triple distillation of banality."

And yet Lemaître goes on to show that this is the natural product of the present condition of literature in France. If the men of real genius persist in making of literature "an occult amusement for mandarins, seeking to frighten simple souls by its audacity, and to disconcert them by its refinement," then the natural demand of the masses will create its own supply. "This is a case of commercial bronzes, not of works of art. There need be no mistake. I only wished to prevent any possible confusion." And with this Parthian shaft Lemaître brings his critique to a close. It has been said that since this piece of scathing irony appeared, "people still read M. Ohnet's novels, but they no longer boast of it." And yet in the midst of this shower of scintillating epi-

\* *Les Contemporains*, i. 239 and iii. 91.

grams you feel throughout that Lemaitre sympathises with the genuine aspirations of the masses as well as with the artistic instinct of the men of letters. It is the pinchbeck pretences of both the one and the other that he scorns; and how bitterly he scorns them!

Thus was that Goliath of the Philistine novel slain with a sling and a stone. As deft and even more graceful was the acute essay in which he showed M. Zola how "he knew very little about himself since he had done all he could to give the public an absolutely false idea of his talent and of his work." Lemaitre was the first to see and say effectively what it has been easy for the rest of us to say after him, that Zola's novels were good just where and in so far as they contradicted his theory of fiction, and that his adversaries had found in this theory their best weapon for their attack on his stories. For Zola was not, as he imagined, naturalistic, but rather a pessimistic prose-poet of a topsy-turvy, morose romanticism. Now, with this new point of view all Zola's work acquired a new artistic value. It is largely due to Lemaitre that men have come at last to read Zola's novels in a sane and catholic spirit that is willing to choose the wheat and let the chaff be still. He has shown us how to separate the kernel that will give those masterpieces enduring life from the husks with which some prodigal sons of naturalism were fain to fill their bellies. Thus the critic saved the novelist from himself. The essay on Ohnet had been destructive, mordant, sterile. This was a fruitful inspiration. Such criticism educates a chosen public to eager curiosity that will discuss, discern, and judge, and so it becomes a power in up-building the literary taste of a whole people, helping them to enjoy by helping them to understand.

In still another vein is the essay on Renan, that will-o'-the-wisp director of souls. But here the lambent flashes of wit are so delicate that only a somewhat long citation can suggest its quality:

"It would be interesting, though quite useless, to draw up a list of M. Renan's contradictions. His God now exists and now does not exist, is personal and impersonal. The immortality of which he sometimes dreams is now individual, now collective. He believes in progress and he does not believe in it. His thought is sad, his mind gay. He loves historical science and he disdains it. He is impiously pious.

Though very chaste, he often evokes sensuous images. He is a mystic and a practical joker; naïve and sly, Breton and Gascon. He is an artist, yet his style is thoroughly unplastic. It seems precise while it is slipping like water through the fingers. Often the thought is clear and the expression obscure—unless it be just the reverse. Under apparent connections lurk startling contradictions, and there are constant abuses of words, imperceptible equivocations, or even some charming bit of sheer nonsense. He affirms what he denies. He is so bent on not being the dupe of his own thought that he can say nothing in the least serious without adding a smile and a jest. . . . But he knows exactly where his irony begins and ends. . . . If M. Renan is an enigma, he is the first to enjoy it, and—perhaps he is trying to make the riddle harder still."

Here the wit is never sharpened to rancour nor broadened to familiarity, and the same keen frankness appears in the articles on his other fellow-critics, Anatole France, Weiss, Sarcey, and even on that somewhat acidulously dogmatic dialectician, Brunetière. In these papers he gives the fullest expression to his conception of the nature of criticism among the literary genres, and so we shall have occasion to recur to them at the close. We have seen him now excoriate a charlatan, reveal to itself a self-deceiving genius, and give to the modern Democritus the serio-comic treatment that he invites, making the mind of literary France the richer, not alone through his essays, but by them. But these are the foot-hills of Parnassus. A guide is still more necessary to those who seek the higher walks of drama and of poetry.

It is here, I think, that Lemaitre would rest his fame, and not unjustly. Leconte de Lisle, Heredia, and Sully-Prudhomme owe to him more of fame than does any prose writer. His recent and already famous essay on Lamartine has been a most important factor in the revival of that poet's fame, though such a revival might have been looked for in a generation that shows a mental weariness very like that which found so faithful an echo in the *Méditations* of 1820.

Here again the critic has saved the author from himself. Lamartine was a *poseur*. It pleased him to be pictured:

"Like the vignette of some early editions of *Les Méditations*, a tall poet on a promontory, with his hair floating on the wind. . . . This Lamartine of the legend was brooded over by the twelve crossed wings of his mother and his five angel sisters, sickly pious, feminine, with

David's harp leaning against his long redingote."

But all this was only pose, and his genial rescuer proceeds to show that Lamartine, like Chateaubriand and Hugo, had "the gift of inexactitude" (delightful phrase), and he makes us breathe the freer with proof in plenty that we need not believe the puerilities with which the poet saw fit to make ridiculous a childhood and youth that, in fact, had produced quite the average crop of wild oats. Here is the real Lamartine:

"A genuine little Burgundian farmer . . . with less interest in study than in jovial galantry. . . . What swells with its sap those exuberant *Harmonies*, that paradisiacal *Jocelyn*, and that unequal but splendid monstrosity, *The Angel's Fall*, is perhaps these twelve years of restless idleness in which he sought himself; and there gathered in him, as it were, a vast hidden reservoir of unexpressed poetry. He had nothing to do then but to let himself flow. . . . From those gentle caresses that wrapped his childhood, and to which the great young scamp used, no doubt, to come for shelter and warmth after each escapade, Lamartine got the religious worship of womanhood, a love of purity of expression, a shrinking from irony, an incapacity to comprehend it in others, an invincible chastity of pen, an inconceivable awkwardness in painting vice and evil, that in *The Angel's Fall* becomes really amusing."

Wonderfully keen, too, is Lemaitre's analysis of the novel elements in Lamartine's lyrics, and he shows how his fame declined in proportion as these elements lost their charm with the decline of romanticism, while it rose when and as they were restored to favour. But our interest is not immediately with Lamartine, and my only purpose with him here is to show Lemaitre's critical method and to give some hint of his spirit. And yet the best of this must inevitably escape us. In short citations the wisdom is too often masked by the wit, and even those who may read his detailed analysis of Lamartine's æsthetics will find his smiling vivacity carrying them along so lightly that they will hardly realise (until they begin to gasp) into what rarefied philosophic air they have climbed in considering "the Hindu character of Lamartine's poetry," or its relation to Renan's *Philosophic Dialogues*, or the psychological causes of the poet's failure when he essays to paint the sensuous or the terrible.

In the lengthening series of his dramatic criticisms, Lemaitre shows the

same subtle keenness and delicate ingenuity that mark his dramas, with the same playful wit and daring flashes of style that give their unique charm to *Les Contemporains*. But if we seek to bring order out of the studied chaos of these well-nigh two hundred articles, it will be necessary to arrange them systematically, though even this will reveal to us no dogma. The studies fall naturally into groups dealing with the classical and the contemporary French stage, the classical and the foreign modern drama.

In spite, or possibly because of his modernity, Lemaitre is a devoted Grecian. But, as we should expect, his interest centres, like that of his kindred spirit, Browning, not in the titanic force of Æschylus, nor in the severe poise of Sophocles, but in the restless psychological curiosity of Euripides, to whom he returns again and again, charmed, like Hylas, with his own image in that Castalian spring. It is with no awesome rapture that Lemaitre approaches the classics. He tells us that he loved Euripides because "he despised Scribe twenty-four centuries before he was born." He sees in the Athenian's attitude toward tradition an anticipation of his own toward the mediæval legends, and he does not scruple to remark that the protagonist of *Ion*: *est de ceux à qui on ne la fait pas*.

Shakespeare, however, is to Lemaitre the supreme poet, though before some passage in 'Ercles' vein he admits that Voltaire "was not so far wrong when he compared him to a drunken savage." He feels more akin to the fairy fancies of Titania than to the philosophic musings of Hamlet or to the awful passion of Lear. Exquisite is a passage in which he contrasts Shakespeare and Sophocles, the grove of Œdipus with the forest of the midsummer lovers:

"In place of oak and laurel, with evergreen leaves standing clear cut against a blue sky, here are great swaying trees, through whose quivering branches moonbeams trickle down and invisible beings flit rustlingly. The whole play is interpenetrated with swarming life. Titania calls and the sylphs appear about the beloved ass's head and dance around. The contrast is so sharp, the symbol so clear, the whole so bold and yet so gracefully fantastic, that it becomes at once painful and comic. We move in a dream, and hardly know whether we are more troubled at heart or amused in fancy."

The perennial interest of the French critics in their own classical drama is

always rather a puzzle to foreigners ; but one must admire the ingenuity with which Lemaître revamps these old and apparently quite outworn themes. Here, more than ever, he is delightfully unconventional in his judgments, is quite ready to suggest improvements in Corneille and to correct the art or the ethics of Molière. And from one who can spy out spots in the great luminaries of classicism, we may be sure that Marivaux and Voltaire, those meaner beauties of the eighteenth century dramatic night, will not escape scathless. With the poets of the North he has much less sympathy. He minimises the novelty of their achievements, and protests with much vigour against those imitators who have sought to inoculate the drama of France with Ibsenism. This is an instinctive, though a reasoned repulsion. The French nature lacks the tendency to mysticism that we share in some measure with the Northern peoples. Yet it is interesting to note how the critic's mind is roused to ask what it is in Ibsen, Tolstoy, and the rest that he does *not* enjoy, and to define it with an acuteness that has no touch of chauvinism.

Among the modern French playwrights the qualities that he admires are strength and vigorous self-assertion rather than deftness or grace. Augier, therefore, is more to him than Sardou. But his keenest delight is in Dumas *filis*, that "prophet in Israel, the Jeremiah of the Boulevards who condescends to wit." This admiration is significant. It expresses that cult of force which is a frequent symptom of a time of arrested literary and social development. Himself cautious, balanced, reserved in judgment, Lemaître's sympathy goes out toward the man who throws himself with all the strength of his body and soul into even a paradoxical conviction. As he says of himself : "If the choice had been left me I would have chosen first to be a great saint, then a very beautiful woman, then a great conqueror or statesman, and last an author or artist of genius."

He could be none of the first because the virtues that he admired were, as usual, those that he did not possess. The dominant traits of his mind are poise, suspended judgment, eager and almost voluptuous enjoyment of all literary beauty. Brunetière tells you dog-

matically what *is*, Lemaître says he is "never sure of such things," and prefers to tell you what he *feels*. So in the course of a very interesting critical confession in the preface to the last volume of *Les Contemporains* he says, replying to the strictures of Brunetière :

"I could judge as well as any one by principles and not by impressions. They say that I am unstable. I could be fixed if I chose. I could judge works instead of analysing the impressions I get from them. I could support my judgment by general æsthetic principles. In short, I could 'do' criticism, mediocre perhaps, but still criticism. Only then I should no longer be sincere. I should say things of which I was not sure, while I am sure of my impressions. I know only how to describe myself in contact with works submitted to me. . . . That is not criticism, you say. Then it is something else ; I do not care at all about the name of what I do. . . . To be always judging is perhaps never to enjoy."

His ethical and religious ideas have the same dominant traits. His character, apparently sinuous, is really simple. He typifies that product of modern civilisation that Goethe sought to symbolise in Faust, the idealistic realist. The attacks of the moral iconoclasts on the conventional duties of social life have no charm for him. He is interested in every new thought, but his sympathies are with all the noblest aspirations of pagan and Christian humanity. His creed is undefined. He is not anxious to make it even consistent, for, as was said in welcoming him to the Academy, he fuses the two great souls of the world, placing beside the exaltation of faith and above the weakness of reason a universal religion which he would rather practise than prove, apply than analyse, enjoy than understand.

For the noble expression of genuine passion and emotion, Lemaître has perhaps the most subtle and exquisite sympathy of any critic. For though he is a keen satirist, a great master of irony, and even of mocking gaiety and light-hearted *blague*, yet the royal acid of his wit, dissolving all baser metal, leaves true literary gold only the brighter for its application. His style is full of brilliant flashes, sparkling vivacity, and caressing harmony. The language is supple, easy, flowing, sinuous, with dashes of colloquialism that make it wonderfully piquant. "No books give a more exact idea of what the French language is to-day." Such is the admission of Doumic, that *fidus Achates* of

Brunetière. If we are seeking for the systematic and rigid application of critical theories, we shall not turn to Lemaître ; but no critic will help us to greater

literary delights and no critic's help is in itself more delightful.

Benjamin W. Wells.

## A SPANISH ROMEO AND JULIET.

When French critics found Boccaccio guilty of plagiarism from their own early tale-tellers I am not aware that any like plea was put forward from Spain in behalf of the little town of Teruel, and of a story whose scenes laid there have become familiar as a popular drama to the entire Spanish-speaking world.

The fact is, however, that in the instance which we are about to consider, we have only to read the Italian and then his reputed Spanish original to find that they are one and the same, and that the merest variation of minor details is all that differentiates the tale of *Girolamo and Salvestra* of Florence from that of *Marcilla and Segura* of Teruel.

It was in the middle of the fourteenth century that Boccaccio wrote the former. The latter is reported as having taken place between the years 1212 and 1217. The one has remained a classic from the first ; the other has been passed from hand to hand in the form of poems, history, novels, and dramas—now well, now badly used—until at last, on the night of January 19th, 1837, Don Juan Eugenio Hartzenbusch became suddenly famous throughout Spain by the production of his drama, *The Lovers of Teruel*, wherein the whole story was related and given its final shape.

The name of Hartzenbusch as well as the phase in Spanish literature expressed by him is not so well known as it should be. A mere outline of his life will, however, here be enough. His father, a cabinet-maker, was a German, his mother a Spanish woman, and the young man for some time pursued the trade which was offered to him in the employment of his father. During this time he devoted himself chiefly to translation.



THE LOVERS OF TERUEL.

From a photograph.

Later he was to figure as a leader in the Spanish literature of his time as prose writer, critic, bibliophile and scholar, head of the national library, Academician and popular favourite. He died on August 2d, 1880, at seventy-four years of age.

In the town of Teruel, in the twelfth century, was enacted the popular story which has come to us to serve as material for plays, romances, and poems, and which has brought with it much of the middle-age spirit.

When Alfonso II. reconquered the ancient Roman city of Teruel from the Moors in 1171 there were in the Aragonese army no braver men than Blasco Garcés de Marcilla and his brothers, descendants of the King of Navarre, Garcia I., through Fortún Garcés, his grandson. These were among the settlers who here took up their abode for the advance of the Christian cause and the holding of the newly acquired city.

The son of Don Martín Garcés, brother of Blasco, also named Martín, married Doña Constanza Pérez Tizón. Their son is one of the chief figures in the story which has made all famous. Juan Diego Marcilla was born in the year 1190.

Of the Marcillas and the family of Muñoces there have come down details of bloody encounters in the streets, of factions and night attacks, of sudden murders and of quick revenge. The name also of Segura is a marked one; and it was from the house of Segura that the other chief character was descended. The two family mansions were found in the present street of "The Lovers," at that time, however, known as Ricos-hombres and San Bernardo. The new name records the tradition.

At the end of the twelfth century these houses were occupied by Don Pedro de Segura and Don Martín Garcés de Marcilla respectively, both of noble descent; and the daughter of the former, Doña Isabel de Segura, born in 1197, appears to have been early the object of the passionate attentions of the son of the other house. It was not, however, until 1212, when the young lady had reached the advanced age of fifteen, that her hand was formally asked by Diego.

Don Pedro de Segura figures in the traditional attitude of the conservative and prudent father. He refuses the advances of the young man on the ground of the latter's want of fortune compared with that of Doña Isabel, who, as the sole heiress of her father, possessed thirty thousand sueldos, without taking the house and its contents into consideration.

Whether it was actual poverty or whether the fact of Diego's being a second son acted as the cause of his refusal, is not clear, but it is certain that the lover insisted manfully upon his claim, and undertook to furnish the

wanting fortune, to which end he asked that a space of time be given him that he might seek wealth in arms, the only means at hand. Diego left Teruel at once and enlisted in the combined army of Pedro II. of Aragon, Alfonso VIII. of Castile, and Sancho II. of Navarre, which was at the moment formed into a coalition, afterward to be famous in Spanish history for the meeting and destruction of the Moors.

It was, in fact, that moment in the history of the reconquest when the most serious effort so far undertaken against Spanish-Arabian influence was to be successfully carried to an end in the bloody battle of Navas de Tolosa. Here it was that the Christians, united and determined, met in desperate conflict a great Moorish army, and in the crushing defeat of the latter laid the axe at the root of Mohammedanism in Spain.

It was a short time after he had left his native city, that Diego is said to have taken part in this struggle—he being one of those who, with the King of Navarre, attacked the tent of the Mohammedan leader, breaking through the chain which surrounded that tent, by which the right was gained to wear around the margin of the shield a chain in memory of the deed. In various parts of Spain broken fragments or single links, said to be part of that chain, are still to be seen.

He continued his struggle against the Moors, gaining great reputation and money; but as he seems to have been somewhat forgetful and to have spent more than five years—the allotted period—in the undertaking, he arrived at Teruel to find that Isabel had become the wife of Don Pedro Fernández de Azagra, natural son of Fernández Ruíz, second lord of Albarracín, having surrendered at last to the insistence of her father.

The story goes that it was on the same day on which the lover returned that the marriage was celebrated. But, when he learned of it from his parents, in desperation he secretly obtained entrance to her room, where a somewhat unnatural but altogether dramatic scene, we are assured, took place.

After the husband has fallen asleep Marcilla addresses Isabel and implores her to give him one last kiss. (Boccaccio varies the story here by making him beg to lie by her side, which being granted, he most inconsiderately dies

by holding his breath.) But the resolute lady resists his advance ; and upon repeating the same request he suddenly adds, "Farewell, Segura," and falls dead.

We are unfortunately here deprived of those precise details with which Shakespeare might have presented us. All happens in the most dramatic and perfect manner, however ; conscience and the heart work out the grand total without recourse to the meaner agencies of sword and dagger.

Isabel in terror perceiving that Diego is dead, awakes her husband ; but fearing to relate to him at once what has taken place, she begs him to tell her some diverting story. Having during its recital recovered her presence of mind, she informs him of what has occurred, pretending, however, that it has happened to a friend. Azagra promptly brands the lady of the story as most unkind and selfish in not having kissed her lover and for having thus let him die. Whereupon Isabel discovers the truth to him and points out the body of Diego.

The astounded Azagra rises, and, after considering for some time and not knowing what else to do, secretly carries the body of Marcilla to the door of his father's house, where, in the morning, it is discovered. A great cry is raised, but to no purpose. The body is without any sign of violence, and the corpse is finally prepared for burial with the pomp and splendour corresponding to so noble a family and to the riches which Diego had brought with him from the war.

More tragedy now follows. With great accompaniment of clergy and troops the body is taken to the church of San Pedro ; whereupon Isabel, overcome with the pain of having been the cause of the death of her betrothed, resolves to go and give Marcella the kiss which she had denied him in life. In a rough disguise she mingles with the women going to the funeral, and, arrived at the church, approaches the body, removes the cover from the face of Diego, and kisses him upon the lips. At the same moment she expires upon the coffin.

The climax has now been reached ; the dramatic impression produced. All stand in horrified silence. Then follows the discovery that Doña Isabel

Segura is the person disguised. Whereupon Azagra relates in detail all the circumstances of the preceding night, and it is determined that the two bodies shall rest in the same sepulchre.

Such is the popular tale. But the curtain has not gone down finally ; there is an epilogue to be heard—an epilogue dealing in graveyard trophies half recalled to the flesh. In the church of San Pedro in Teruel to-day are the veritable human documents for the proving of the tale to sceptics.

The two bodies remained interred, it appears, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, and in the latter (as certified to by notaries), in the year 1555, Miguel Pérez Arnal, being judge of Teruel, while renovating an ancient chapel of the church of San Pedro with the object of constructing that which to-day is dedicated to the medical saints Cosme and Damián, two remarkably preserved bodies were discovered ; and when it was sought to learn whose remains these were, it came to light through the records of the church that they were those of Juan Diego de Marcilla and Isabel de Segura, and that no one had been buried either before or after them in that chapel.

Having been replaced in their former position, when the reconstruction of the chapel terminated, they were again exhumed on April 13th, 1619, and from that date until 1708 rested as peacefully as possible in a cupboard, whence they were removed to the cloister and again set up in a cupboard with a marble inscription above them :

*Here repose the celebrated  
Lovers of Teruel, Don Juan  
Diego Martínez de Marcilla  
and Doña Ysabel de Segura.  
They died in the year 1217,  
and in 1708 were transferred  
to this church.*

Finally, in 1854, the people of Teruel, realising at last the importance of their mummified lovers, had them placed upon a walnut stand, supported mechanically in a standing position and clothed in light gauze skirts ! It is impossible to conceive of anything more grotesque or amusingly horrible. The romantic and passionate story ends in a show-case. The dusty, bony corpses raised to a horrible similitude of life, are even so adjusted as to suggest an affectionate gaze toward each other—a



gaze emanating from profound sockets above which are two bald and glassy heads. Marcilla is the best preserved—the lady having been injured and having lost an eye in the exhumation in 1555.

In 1555 Pedro Alventoso, a native of Teruel, published his *Sad and Sorrowful History of the Tender Lovers of Teruel*, a book which has become exceedingly rare, and of which, I believe, but one copy exists.

In the National Library at Paris, in that of the Duke of Gor of Grenada, Pedro Lainez, a poet and friend of Cervantes, speaks at length of the history of the *Lovers of Teruel* in one of his poems. In 1577 Bartolomé de Villalba published a book in which was included a history of them. A tragedy by Micer Andrés Rey de Artieda (Valencia, 1581) is the most ancient of all dramatic works devoted to this popular subject, and is peculiarly interesting because, in a measure, it follows the accepted story.

The ninth canto of the poem *Florando de Castilla* (Alcalá, 1588), by Gómez de Huerta, is also dedicated to the history of the *Amantes*; and Tirso de Molina in 1616 prints a drama which places the action three hundred years after its actual occurrence, Marcilla being here introduced as a soldier in the army of Charles V.

In 1616 an extensive poem in twenty-six cantos, tiresome in the extreme, was published by a native of Teruel, Don Juan Yagüe de Sallas, and three years later Don Vincencio Blasco de Lanuza printed his *Ecclesiastical and Secular History of Aragon*, in which the whole story is treated as fabulous.

Another drama upon the Lovers was

printed in Alcalá (1639-41) by Juan Pérez de Mantalbán, and in the eighteenth century there are four dramatic works on the subject: a burlesque comedy by Suarez; *Isabella*, a tragedy by an unknown author; *Los Amantes de Teruel*, by Comella; and an anonymous monologue. Besides these we have, in 1780, the *Genealogical Memoires of the Family of Marcilla*, by Don José Tomás Garcés de Marcilla, from which Hartzzenbusch was to derive authority for the tradition of the family of Marcilla.

Manuel Salazar speaks of the *Amantes* in 1789, and in 1806 a short account of them was published by Isidoro de Antillón y Marzo.

Isidoro Villarroja published (Valencia, 1838) a novel based on the story, and in the same year a *History of the Reconquest of Valencia*, by Don Louis la Marca, also discusses the subject. In 1842 was finally published, perhaps, the best history on the subject by Don Estéban Gabarda é Igual. Articles have appeared in papers at various dates, in 1843, in 1855, and later.

In 1861 a new historical novel appeared by Castel León, and in December 16th, 1865, an Italian opera by Avelino Aguirre was played in the Teatro Principal of Valencia. In 1867 Eusebio Blasco brought out a parody upon it, *Los Novios de Teruel*; in 1887 a short satirical comedy by Angel María Segovia was played, and in 1889, on February 12th, in the Royal Theatre of Madrid, was produced another opera, in four acts, by Tomás Bretón, written first in Spanish and afterward in Italian. As late as 1894 a short novel, *Los Amantes de Teruel*, was published in Barcelona.

Archer M. Huntington.

## THE BEGGAR.

The blinding heat of a July sun was stifling the air throughout the silent little village that crouched in the thin shade of its poplar trees like some exhausted wayfarer who stops to rest beside the road. It was but a poor hamlet bordering on the plains of Avor, with fields of flint-stones which under the intense glare of the sunlight resembled human bones.

In the belfry, twelve strokes had sounded after a preliminary chiming of the quarters. The door of the school-house near the church flew open, and a swarm of urchins, boys and girls, came bustling out into the road, disturbing it for a few moments with their shrill-voiced cries and their scuffling feet, and then they disappeared one after another into the adjacent houses like a flock of

pigeons, leaving the road again deserted, though blurred by a cloud of dust which once more slowly settled.

The teacher, a very tall and somewhat thin young man, with light hair and a yellow beard, appeared in his turn on the threshold. He shut the door, put the key into his pocket, and with a rapid step crossed over the highway toward the neighbouring inn, which could be recognised by the branch of firwood which served it as a sign over the door. Within, one found first a great cool hall, quite simply furnished with two large red-curtained beds, straw-bottomed chairs and several tables. When the teacher entered, the table at which he usually ate had been already set: a coarse white napkin, three thick plates set one upon the other, the bright tin covers, a litre of red wine, and the heel of an ample loaf.

Justin Pauly sat down, unfolded his napkin, and cut off a slice of bread. Only then did he observe that he was not alone. At the table farthest away and opposite one of the beds sat a man, his face completely buried in his hands, and with his elbows propped upon the table near his glass, in which the amber beer dissolved a glint of sunshine.

He was a most uncanny-looking beggar, more dilapidated, more unkempt, more thoroughly repulsive in appearance than is usually the case with country tramps, who always are more lucky than their city brethren in finding food and shelter every day. It was impossible to guess his age, so curiously browned were both his skin and hair, as though they had been harmonised by the action of a scorching fire. His very features had almost disappeared, obliterated by an eruption of the skin, which had half-closed his eyes, his nostrils, and his mouth. Pauly remembered that he once had seen in an anatomical museum some wax masks which represented certain miners at Saint Étienne who had been killed by an explosion of fire-damp. These masks had had precisely such a face as this, distorted and most hideously seamed. Pauly said to himself:

"It's probably some workman from Virzon who has had an accident—poor devil!"

He thought of it for half a moment, and then his attention was more pleasantly distracted. Mademoiselle Lucotte, the landlord's daughter, came bringing

in the soup. The two exchanged a smile. Pauly ever since his arrival at Foissy had felt a strong attraction for her, finding her far more congenial than the other country girls, inasmuch as she did not speak their rude *patois*, having pursued since her mother's death a course of study with the Sisters, and having herself acted as a teacher for the younger children. She was a pretty girl—pretty, at least, for this country of plain women—with gentle gray eyes, a broad white forehead, sunburnt cheeks, and pale yellow hair arranged in a becoming twist. She put down the tureen and leaned over the table on her closed hands.

While fastening the napkin around his neck and helping himself to the soup, Pauly inquired:

"Is everything going well to-day, Mademoiselle Henriette?"

"Quite well, M. Justin. And with you also?"

"Quite well."

They looked into each other's eyes, and their glances plainly showed their pleasure, their mutual interest, and also their reluctance to say, perhaps, too much as yet in words.

The beggar in his corner looked up and spat upon the floor. With a questioning glance, Pauly called her attention to him. Henriette bent down her head, and still leaning on her hands said in a low voice that answered his unspoken question:

"I haven't the slightest idea. It's a whole hour now that he's been sitting there beside his glass without drinking a drop. When he came in he looked at me in such a strange way that he fairly frightened me. I'm awfully glad that you came, for papa's away. Catherine and I were really quite uneasy. But that's no reason why you should leave your soup untouched. Come!"

She turned away, after a rapid glance in the direction of the beggar. The teacher asked:

"Surely you aren't going to leave me all alone, are you, just because you're afraid of this beggar?"

"No, of course not. I'll sit down here beside you."

They commenced chatting just as they did every day, he swallowing spoonfuls of soup, and she by his side near the end of the table. The insignificant chit-chat of the village formed the staple of this daily talk of theirs which both of them

alike looked forward to each morning with a certain eager expectation. Henriette took a lively interest in Pauly's pupils, and he gravely narrated to her all their tricks as well as the tasks and the punishments that he had imposed upon them.

"Jean Rousseau has really a good deal of talent. He wrote a dictation for me to-day without making a single mistake; and would you believe it, Mademoiselle Henriette, he came to me this morning to ask me how to punctuate! It's a pity, it's really a pity, that he's so harum-scarum."

"And how about Matthieu?" asked Henriette, who knew them all.

"Oh, Matthieu? He's an absolute idiot—the sort of fellow who'll be put to watching geese after he grows up."

Next they talked over the newspaper which the teacher had just received, and which he always loaned to Henriette for the continued story which it contained. It was a novel by M. Jules Mary, and Pauly found it very well written, but in a rather too pretentious style. Henriette, on the contrary, pronounced it simply "splendid."

When the teacher had finished his soup, she took away his plate; and although he objected, and out of politeness wished to serve himself, she brought him a boiled leg of mutton garnished with potatoes, and then took her place again beside him.

They had both by this time entirely forgotten the beggar, who in his corner sat before his glass, as still as death.

After a short silence, during which their thoughts persistently turned toward the same theme, Pauly asked in a hesitating way:

"And have you heard anything yet? No news still?"

Henriette blushed and then became preoccupied.

"No, not a scrap of news," she answered.

"And hasn't the Colonel sent you any answer?"

"Not yet."

The teacher shook his head.

"I imagine, then, that it's all over now. There can't be any doubt of it."

"Poor D'siré!" murmured Henriette. And putting her apron to her eyes she began to sob.

The teacher rose and leaned over her from behind her chair, endeavouring to

comfort her with gentle words and timid gestures.

"Come, Mademoiselle Henriette, you mustn't grieve like that. It's a whole year now since you began to be anxious about this affair, isn't it? Considering that his two comrades who returned last year with his company assured you that he disappeared about two months before the skirmish at Liang-Fu—disappeared, in fact, like a deserter—he must have been captured by the pirates who infest the colony."

But Henriette continued crying, overwhelmed by the thought that the man whom she had loved, the man who used to take her in the evening to walk among the hedgerows, and who had been the first to clasp her to his heart, was now dead, dead and mouldering in the earth, ever so far away in the land of the barbarous Chinese.

"Poor D'siré!" she kept saying. "He loved me so! If things had not happened as they did, I suppose that we should now have been married by this time."

"No doubt," replied Pauly. "It's very sad, of course. But now that you have lost your lover, just consider whether there isn't some one else who also loves you—who loves you, in fact, as much as did poor Désiré."

Henriette raised her head, her eyes shining through her tears. She nervously twisted the strings of her blue apron in her fingers, revealing of a sudden the true coquette, in spite of all her sorrow.

"Why, who can that be, M. Pauly?"

He drew her toward the bench, and they sat there side by side in a corner where they thought the beggar could not see them.

"Well, it is I, Mademoiselle Henriette. Don't you really know how much I love you?"

She grew very red, and her tears were dried upon the burning blushes of her cheeks. To be sure, she had a tender recollection of poor Désiré, who had died in Asia, far from all his friends; but still she was so young, she couldn't always remain single without some one to pet her, to hold her hands, to embrace her, and to love her. And all the while Justin Pauly in a low voice kept on trying to persuade her.

"Désiré surely must be dead; there can't any longer be a doubt of it. You've shed tears enough for him already, and

really you've been faithful long enough to his memory."

And, moreover, he thought to himself, without saying any ill of this brave fellow, whom, after all, Pauly himself had never known, was it not really allowable to think that he was not quite the husband that she ought to have? This Désiré was almost entirely illiterate; he was only a workman—what sort of a home could he have given her anyway?

She bent her head still lower and made no answer.

"Well, then," said he with a discouraged air, "I see very clearly that you love him still, and that you don't care for me at all. So I know the only thing that is left for me to do."

"And what is that, M. Justin?"

"To ask for a transfer. It happens that I have a friend who wants to make a change, as he's a native of this province. I'll write to him about it."

Henriette seized his hands at once with a quick, nervous movement.

"Surely you won't do that, M. Justin?"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" he answered, turning away his eyes. "I should do wrong to stay here when you haven't the least bit of friendship for me."

"What! Not a bit of friendship for you? It's most unkind of you to say so! You know very well I have, and, in fact, more than I ought to have, and you know that I should be ever so unhappy if you were to leave Foissy as poor Désiré did."

Tears filled her eyes again, and she began to sob. Pauly drew her toward him and kissed her gently on the neck and on the face.

"Ah, please don't cry! I can't bear to have you cry, my sweet little Henriette. I will stay at Foissy, and indeed, even if you didn't care for me, I shouldn't have the courage to go away and never see you any more, morning and evening, as I do now. I'll stay, and" (he lowered his voice, hesitating a little) "later, perhaps,—when you are absolutely certain—if you'll let me, I'll ask something of your father."

She placed a finger on his lips as she replied:

"Yes, a little later, and I'll promise you. I shall be happy, ever so happy!"

And then, overcome by a frank long-

ing for affection, she threw her arms around his neck and put her lips to his. They clasped each other in their arms; the ardour of young love thrilled them.

The sound of a table suddenly pushed back startled both. It was the beggar who had just arisen. They saw him as he stood there draining his glass at a draught and throwing down two coppers on the table. He passed in front of them while they even yet were clinging in a sort of half embrace. He looked at them for an instant and then departed with an uncertain step.

"He's had only a single glass of beer," said Pauly, "and yet he staggers like a drunken man."

"Did you see how he looked at us?" murmured Henriette. But Pauly did not answer, being tormented by a wish to kiss once more those lips that had just touched his own; and the young girl, also overcome by love, permitted him to hold her in his arms, for now that the beggar had departed she was quite at ease. They remained a long while thus, locked in each other's arms, as though this close embrace could shield them from the threat of some invisible and mysterious danger of which they had both been conscious even in the midst of all their tenderness.

Of a sudden Henriette pushed him away. Pauly, alarmed by the pallor of her face, cried out:

"What is the matter, Henriette? Are you ill?"

She only stammered:

"The man . . . the drunken man . . . the beggar! I knew *his* eyes! Ah, now I'm sure . . . yes, I remember!"

Pauly, in his turn, grew as pale as death.

"You recognised him?"

"Yes—at least it seems so, now. If it were really . . . ?"

She spoke no name, but her lover understood her. Then as she rose and was hastening to the door to look out on the road, he seized her hand and tried to hold her back.

"Henriette, I beg you, don't go!"

It seemed to him as though the happiness which he had just secured was going to escape him, to vanish away forever through that open door. But Henriette answered with dilated eyes:

"Yes, yes, I must! I *must* look!"

She drew him after her. They reached the threshold without letting go each

other's hands, as though they feared to find the beggar hidden behind the door and ready to strike them to the ground. But there was no one there. The village, as their eyes explored it, showed them only its drowsy silent houses set on both sides of the long white road.

But at the point of the horizon where the blue sky met this long white road, they saw a moving blur of black that slowly vanished in the distance.

Marcel Prévost, translated by  
H. T. Peck.

## PARIS LETTER.

Is the pen really mightier than the sword? Not evidently in the opinion of everybody here, for we have just passed through what may be called a month of literary duels. We have had a duel between two poets; we came near having another duel between the grandson of a poet and the son of an ex-prime minister, who devotes to historical literature the leisure created for him by political defeat; and our last encounter was between a journalist and a general, who had rushed into print in order to secure for himself before posterity the doubtful honour of having in a day of political crisis ordered his troops to fire upon the people, with the most deadly results.

Perhaps the most curious of these duels was the one between the two poets, Robert de Montesquiou and Henri de Régnier. It had its origin in a harmless joke of the daughter of another poet, Mademoiselle de Hérédia. You see the feud belongs entirely to Parnassus. The joke related to a cane, and in the mind of its author was connected with a portrait of Monsieur de Montesquiou by Baldini, in which the poet holds a cane in his hand. Monsieur de Montesquiou seems, or claims, to have believed that he was thereby likened to the base specimens of the male sex who used their sticks upon the representatives of the fairer and weaker half of mankind, in order more rapidly to effect their exit from the terrible fire of the Charity Bazaar, and no explanation would satisfy him. Henri de Régnier, the husband of Monsieur de Hérédia's older daughter, had to meet him *sur le terrain*. Somebody was wounded, not seriously though, and honour was satisfied; but honour alone, for the combatants did not shake hands after the encounter, and it is said that the breach will never be healed. I must add that

public opinion entirely sides with Henri de Régnier. His adversary has just published a collection of articles under the title of *Roseaux Pensants*. Had he been himself a little more of a "thinking reed" the whole incident might have been avoided.

In the next duel, which fortunately did *not* take place, we find the names of Hugo and Émile Ollivier. The latter, who has never been forgiven by the French for his share in the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, has undertaken to publish an exhaustive work upon the political events with which he has been connected. This work, which bears the general title of *L'Empire Libéral*, is to have no less than seven bulky volumes, of which the second, which deals with the early life of Louis Napoleon and with the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, has just appeared. Of course no one is more hated by the Bonapartists in France than Victor Hugo, the author of *Napoléon le Petit*, of *Les Châtiments*, and *L'Histoire d'un Crime*. M. Ollivier, in an extract of his volume published in advance by the *Figaro*, bitterly remarked upon the statements of the poet in relation to the events of 1851, and declared them untrustworthy; whereupon Georges Hugo, as the defender of his grandfather's memory, sent to the *Figaro*, which did not print it, and to the *Journal*, which did, a letter in which the ex-Prime Minister of Napoleon III. was handled without gloves. This led to a challenge sent to Georges Hugo by Émile Ollivier's son, M. Daniel Ollivier, a young lawyer, who seems to have inherited some of his father's ability. The seconds, among whom was, on Georges Hugo's side, Léon Alphonse Daudet, his sister's divorced husband, were already discussing the conditions of the duel, when Émile Ollivier, who had just heard of the affair, suddenly appear-

ed in the midst of them, declaring that he did not consider himself offended by young Hugo's letter, and that therefore he could not allow his son's fighting a duel about it; and, moreover, that if there must be a duel—why, he would fight it himself. As he is now over seventy-two years of age, of course this ended the affair, and honour was satisfied without the shedding of one drop of blood.

A curious point to be noted about this affair is that while Émile Ollivier's book was published by instalments in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the chapter in which Hugo is mentioned did *not* appear in the celebrated magazine. Did M. Brunetière refuse to print it? Was it not presented to him? This is the secret of the gods.

General Rébillot is another man whose honour is satisfied. His duel with Monsieur de Sainte-Croix, a writer in the advanced republican newspaper, *La Lanterne*, was also caused by the publication of Émile Ollivier's book. The author, of course, had to mention the massacre of December 4th, 1851, which took place on the Boulevard and began in front of the Maison Sallandrouze. In so doing, he tried to clear Marshal Canrobert's memory from the stain left upon it by this incident, when General Rébillot came forward in a letter addressed to the *Figaro*, shrieking aloud, "*Me, Me, adsum qui feci!*" or, as Racine would have put it,

"Ce que j'ai fait . . . j'ai cru le devoir faire.  
Je le ferais encor si j'avais à le faire."

The old general, then, claimed to have ordered the firing, and even to have been for years treated very coolly by Canrobert for doing so. No wonder that a republican journalist told him some pretty sharp things about it. The duel followed, with just enough bloodshed to satisfy bloodthirsty Honour, and the two combatants heartily shook hands afterward, while the old warrior answered those who asked him why he had fought, "Why! I am devilish fond of fencing!"

And now, *paullo minora canamus!* let us hang to the peg the sword of our ancestors and record the doings of the pen.

First of all, to the seriously minded, I must mention a very important, perhaps an epoch-making book, by Dr.

Maurice de Fleury, *Introduction à la Médecine de l'Esprit*. The title is clear enough to call for no elucidation. All I have to say is that the book is as clear as its title, and that it is intensely suggestive.

One of the great undertakings of the publishers Armand Colin and Company came to completion this month. It is the *Histoire Politique de l'Europe Contemporaine* of Professor Seignobos, which had appeared by instalments. It covers all the ground which Fyffe had intended to cover in his *History of Modern Europe*. I shall be surprised if an English translation does not appear before long.

I doubt whether Henri Lavedon's last book, *Les Jeunes*, even with its sub-title, *L'Espoir de la France*, will appeal to the same class of readers as the foregoing. These dialogues certainly make up the most *fin de siècle* book we have had as yet. I confess that it is hard for me to understand how a man of Lavedon's penetration can be satisfied with the pitiless *blague* that covers every page of the book.

Even Gyp has her serious moments. Her *Baron Sinai*, which has just appeared, has a good deal to commend it as a study of some of the features of the influence in society of Jewish finance.

But everything this month in the domain of fiction yields, as far as success is concerned, to Marcel Prévost's *Dernières Lettres de Femmes* and to Ohnet's *Curé de Favères*. In a few days Prévost's book had reached its twenty ninth edition. There is no doubt that he is at his best in these short and somewhat sentimental sketches. It is a book to be taken up to while away a few minutes of fatigue in these hot days. How it will be read and its *cas de conscience* discussed by the seaside and in all the summer resorts!

As for Ohnet's sixteenth novel, it bids fair to be as successful as his *Maître de Forges* was years ago. It has the same qualities and the same faults. Its story is full of incidents, its situations are externally dramatic. The style, the psychology of the author have not improved since Jules Lemaitre's merciless analysis of the same. But the public will read the book, which is far from tedious, and will flock to the play when it is dramatised, as it is sure to be. I must say here, by the way, that it is not a board-

ing-school girl's book. There is a wide difference between Ohnet's *Curé de Faivières* and Halévy's *Abbé Constantin*.

Jeanne Mairet's *Deux Mondes* will certainly not have as many readers as Ohnet's book, but it will interest the American public none the less. It cleverly contrasts American and European society, and neither Europeans nor Americans have a right to complain that the author was not qualified for the work. Jeanne Mairet, as is well known, is the *nom de plume* of Madame Charles Bigot, who is an American by birth, being the daughter of Healy, the artist.

With the hope that this will be the last time I shall have to do so, I again couple together the names of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. M. Rocheblave publishes in book-form George Sand's letters to Musset and Sainte-Beuve, formerly published in periodicals, together with his own thoughtful article, *La Feu d'une Légende*. May it be the end, indeed! We have another book on George Sand and a less exasperating part of her life, *La Bonne Dame de No-hant*. It deals, of course, with Lélia's old age. It is due to two authors, MM. Hugues Lapaire and Firmin Roy. They have done their work well.

I do not know who is the "Temoin Impartial" who publishes a thin volume on *Paul Verlaine et ses Contemporains*; but I can say that he is the reverse of impartial. He is an out-and out ad-

miration of Verlaine, which does not mean, however, that his book is not readable and interesting.

At the last moment two important contributions to literary history have come from the press, a monograph on *Mari-vaux*, by Gaston Deschamps, in Hachette's *Grands Écrivains Français*, and a *Chronologie Molièresque*, by George Monval, which is published by Jouaust, and therefore a book for the booklover as well as for the bookman. I need hardly say that George Monval's name on the title-page is a guarantee of completeness and accuracy.

A few months ago I mentioned an excellent selection of Hugo's poems published by Delagrave. The same firm now issues a companion volume to the same, consisting of selections from Hugo's prose works.

Two thick volumes of practical information have just come out, both remarkably useful: one is the eighteenth yearly issue of Henri Avenel's *Annuaire de la Presse Française et du Monde Politique*, the other the first issue of the *Annuaire Hachette*, which is a totally different publication from the *Almanach Hachette*.

And as to the future? All I shall mention this month is a verse-play by Armand Silvestre, just read to the actors of the Théâtre Français. Title, *Tristan de Léonois*. It tells its own story.

Alfred Manière.

## THE HOUSE OF WISDOM.

I had not thought (ah God ! had I but known !)  
That this sad hour should ever me befall  
When thou I judged the holiest of all  
Should come to be the thing I must disown.  
Was it not true ?—that April morn ?—thy blown  
Gold hair around my hair for coronal ?  
Or is this truer ?—thou at the outer wall,  
Unroyal, and with unrepentant moan ?

Yet prize I now this wisdom I have won  
Who must alway remember ?—Nay ! My tears  
Must close mine eyes—as thou wouldst hide thy face  
If some great meteor, kindred to the sun,  
Should haunt the undying stars ten million years  
To fall, some noon, dead in thy market-place.

Francis Sherman.

## NEW BOOKS.

## THE MARTIAN.\*

"Oh, crimini, but it *was* hot! and how I disliked the pious Æneas!" exclaims the biographer of Mr. Du Maurier's hero, Barty Josselin, in recounting their common school days at the Institution F. Brossard, fifty years ago. From the hour of Barty's enrolment, when he drew forth from his pocket a white mouse that stood upright in his hand, and winked the wink of successful, time-serving hypocrisy, and asseverated: "*I shan't go blind; nothing will ever happen to my eyes,*" to the time when he was "plucked" from his class, and decided not to be a guardsman, but an artist, and returned to Paris and Antwerp, and *did* become blind, and was delivered from a fool oculist and from suicide by an angel from the planet Mars, and by her was inspired to write novels, and became the "greatest genius this century has produced," Robert Maurice was desperately in love with him, and the whole world reflected his light-heartedness and beauty. For he *was* beautiful, nor on such account was a *gringalet-jocrisse*, and words are empty and unavailing to show how brave and noble he was, and how he sung and danced into the heart of every man or woman he met, from the Circassian girl on the boulevard and that Jenny who was no Elaine, to *le grand Bonzig*, his schoolmaster, and the heiress Julia, who, despite the fact that he was Mr. Nobody of Nowhere, fated to a coat-of-arms crossed with the bar sinister, all but proposed to him; from Leah, who made tea better than Julia, and whom he married, and Father Louis, who played Beethoven to him for a French song that the priest forgot to forget, to the charcoal-burner, who kissed him on both cheeks and gave him a large green lizard. Barty was too gentle to kill a hare, and fearless enough to outstare a stamping bull. Ah, it would be such a pleasure, even for the reviewer, to recall every incident in the joint lives of Barty and Bob, day by day, hour by hour, microscopically—to tell every book they read, every

lark they shared, both in school and in the life struggle that followed, but this Mr. Du Maurier did, and he who runs may read.

Like *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*, the story is suffused with charming sentiment and quaint humour, and touched with a satire that is both well bred and keen. Twice one glimpses a *dreibund* of good fellowship that suggests the immortal group of Englishmen in *Trilby*; and the youthful scenes of the first third of the volume take one swiftly back to the opening chapters of *Peter Ibbetson*. The story is strewn with droll incidents, none funnier, perhaps, than where Barty and Bob come to fisticuffs over the question which should bleed himself to death on the other's tomb, *à la* Chateaubriand's Outagamis. As for satire, the only Jewess is Leah, whom Barty loved as he had Scott's Rebecca. M. Noiret, the sleek, rapacious oculist who maltreated Barty's eyes, and an English snob, Beresford Duff, who asked Barty if he really meant to "paint for *hire*," are hit hardest, perhaps, although there is a pen-jab at "the American gentleman," and no attempt to abbreviate the names of the German princes visiting Düsseldorf, Fritz and Hans von Eselbraten-Himmelsblutwürst-Silberschinken, "each passing rich on £200 a year."

The delightful informality of the narrative disarms criticism. The supposed chronicler professes to know only telegraphese, and lapses into comic despair over his unaccustomed task. Now he lags, and now he spurts, getting ahead of the story, and again recovers himself with the remark: "What matter how it's written so long as it's true." It is, indeed, made to seem true, and that as much by the chronicler's artful indifference to unimportant details which, he says, have escaped his memory, as by the minuteness with which he relates what he remembers. None of the dialogues are long, and there is only an occasional dab of natural description. The galleries and street scenes are sketched with a light, unerring touch. The tale moves much more slowly than *Trilby*, and lacks, if anything, a cumulative interest. Yet one lingers on each page, finds the note of suggestion every-

\* The Martian. By George Du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.



where, and comes to love the leisurely, wayfaring pace of the author. Du Maurier's mere use of "and" is refreshing; the sentences ripple along like waves chasing one another. And those impulsive, open-faced paragraphs! Did you ever notice how prone they are to end with some sage little afterthought, like, "One never quite knows," or "The world is wide," or "I forget what use we made of the money—a good one, I feel sure"? While the sentiment hangs like a globule of dew, we pause and reflect—and behold, I fear, *Mes compliments*. Never did writer let himself in on his materials more genially and confidingly, or by his own complacency lure the reader to a more amiable mood of self-appreciation. In the matter of style, the "Thackeray of a later age" whom Mr. Lang has been at some pains to name, is not Mr. W. E. Norris, as this astute critic implies, but plainly and unquestionably Du Maurier. It is probable that no writer ever reproduced the manner of another so bewitchingly and with so slight a sacrifice of his own individuality.

It is not difficult to surmise why the author of *Trilby* admitted a supernatural element into the present story. Like the hypnotic "business" of *Trilby* and of Bourdillon's *Nephelê*, Martia and the Martian's periodical consciousness of the north may whet curiosity and excite discussion; but these features can only detract from the literary value of the book, for they are not an integral part of it. Barty was such a wonderful fellow, we are informed, that he "must have had some special friend above." In no other way could his associates account for his abnormally keen sense of hearing and of smell, or his magnetic discernment of the north. He went on naturally enough, however, for one so extraordinarily gifted, till page 190, where we are told that "now he was nearing the end of the time when he was to be as other mortals are." Thenceforward we read of him, a dozen times, either that he "felt northless," or that he had a "sense of the north." We begin to wonder where Martia, as the chronicler said of Barty, "comes in," and are on the lookout for some vaporous "I call! I call! Appear!" business. The first intimation we have of her arrival on this planet is a series of dashing, affectionate letters indited to

Barty and left on his desk. She expressed the fear that she would be but a vague, mysterious name. She is not half vague nor mysterious. It transpires that she had been unable to meet the high standard of motherhood obtaining in Mars, and came to our planet, that she might incarnate herself in some promising youth. Barty was "the most perfect being she was ever in," although she had been very fond of Lord Runswick, Barty's father, and was destined subsequently to inhabit one of Barty's daughters. Martia did his brainwork for him, and, thanks to her benign influence (she even gave him a list of books and urged him to cultivate a "decent English style"), his literary and artistic work "never cost him the slightest effort." Well, there is nothing remarkable about this, you say. It used to be parroted about that Brown-ing had a pet spider that did all *his* writing for him. But the spider was captivating; and Martia, I fear, will lend herself only to parody. To me, she is like a diamond stud on the shirt-bosom of an imperial photograph. And the "north" is merely a catchword, like Mr. Dawson's "middle greyness."

The author's illustrations deserve a separate review. They are full of imagination and humour and dignity. And a "glossary"!—not devised, I'll warrant, by Mr. Du Maurier. "This time America shall have her little French ditties translated for her, so she shall!" the Harpers seem to say. What, pray, will be the next innovation in novel-making? Will the Appletons append a "glossary" of Scotch idioms to Mr. Crockett's forthcoming story, so that no one may misread "Ye canna gang to the kirk"? Or, will Messrs. Little, Brown and Company furnish a "key" to Mr. Jeremiah Curtin's translation of Sienkiewicz, giving the English equivalents of such Polish expletives as, "I beg! I beg!" and "With the forehead"? Let us hope so.

George Merriam Hyde.

#### MR. BELLAMY REPLIES.\*

When enough copies of a book have been sold to make a ring around the world, if they were placed edge to edge,

\* Equality. By Edward Bellamy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

it is a very delightful surprise to find in the sequel, that with charming modesty the author provides, by a synopsis of the first part, for the entertainment of those who have neglected to acquaint themselves therewith. Everybody remembers the tremendous sensation that was produced by *Looking Backward*, and very few, perhaps, will need to have the peculiar hypnotic experience of Mr. Julian West recalled to mind; it will, therefore, be sufficient to say that the present volume, *Equality*, is simply a continuation of his story; that it begins, as to time, the moment after *Looking Backward* pauses, and that, as to plot, it doesn't end at all, but simply stops, leaving Julian and Edith still on the ragged edge of matrimony—and the reader will be fully possessed of all necessary information on that portion of the subject.

THE BOOKMAN, however, is a literary and not a political periodical; and any discussion of *Equality* in these columns must be based upon literary merit, purely and entirely. From which point of view the question is pertinent whether Mr. Bellamy is justified in using the framework of a novel to teach sociology? It is rather the fashion, nowadays, to say "No!" though to be sure our author might with some reason appeal unto Plato, who did much the same sort of thing in *The Republic*, only substituting Socrates for Dr. Leete. That the method is rather effective is shown pretty conclusively by the enormous circulation of the former book (not Plato's!), and the fact that the one at present under consideration was published simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy.

Naturally so wide a circulation involved a rather lively criticism, not so much of the literary as of the political side of *Looking Backward*, under which Mr. Bellamy held his peace for ten years. Meanwhile, the world has moved on rather rapidly, for if we except the first years after the crucifixion of Christ, the era of the French Revolution and similar epochs, there has never been known a period of such wonderful development in clear and consecutive sociological thinking as in precisely the decade 1887-97—a development, moreover, not in the closet, but in the field.

Writers on and teachers of political economy are much where they were at the beginning of the period, but that the rank and file have marched forward is shown at once by the fact, that while Mr. Bellamy's Social Republic was in 1887 simply a Utopian dream, it has become, in 1897, distinctly, though unavowedly, a political issue.

But while, as we have said, Mr. Bellamy held his peace during the period referred to, he was evidently doing a great deal of hard thinking, which in the present volume has resulted in a series of answers to the criticisms made upon the first, or rather to such of them as deserved reply; for some of these were based purely upon individual taste, such, for instance, as that the Social Republic would be rather slow; others related to details, as to co-operative dining-rooms and the like; with these our author has very properly not concerned himself. But if his scheme of social salvation was to be taken at all seriously—and certainly it was so taken by the mass of the people—there were two well-founded objections to which it behooved him to reply, and to which accordingly he does reply in the volume in hand. The first was that his Utopia was thoroughly materialistic, "The Paradise," it was wittily said, "of the American drygoods clerk;" that while it certainly announced a commensurate development of the artistic and spiritual side of man's nature, it only made us feel his gain in material comforts. In a volume of sermons or essays, it was said, the announcement would have been sufficient; but a novel, even though the plot was merely nominal, must conform to the canons of art at least to the extent of convincing rather through the imagination than the reason.

The second objection was that, while we were shown "that Phoenix," the full-grown, we were not told any particulars as to its chipping the shell—that is, no programme was laid down for the transition from monopolistic competition, the present system, to co-operation or social democracy, the system of the future.

To these objections our author, after these ten years of waiting, replies, first, by insisting that the "Great Revival" must come before Act V., if we may so term it, of the "Great Revolution." This he does make us feel, though we

may have our doubts whether Unitarianism will, after all, be the religion of the future, or whether a merely human Christ has the dynamic force presupposed by such a tremendous upheaval.

The second objection is met by the setting forth of a plan of operations, so clear and practicable, that really it might, just as well as not, be begun to-morrow. This plan we will not attempt to indicate; it must be read in the text. We will only suggest an answer to a criticism of one detail that is degradingly certain to be made—*i.e.*, that we have not, in the United States, any body of men to whom the work of re-organisation along the proposed lines could safely be entrusted. But, as a matter of fact, we have, during the last ten years or longer, been engaged in training, in our college and social settlements, in our Charity Organisation and Prison Reform Associations, above all, in our State and Interstate Commerce Commissions, men and women also, of intelligence, probity, and exactly the special technical knowledge required. The *personnel* of our reformers need cause us no anxiety whatever.

Our space is nearly full. We have no room to speak of Deborah and Barak, and all the rest of it. What has been told by no means exhausts all that there is to be said of the book from its literary side only. It is eminently quotable and abounds in epigram; this, in fact, is a far more notable feature than its characterisation, in which respect it is weak. Perhaps Mr. Bellamy's strongest point, artistically speaking, is allegory, or fable. "The Stage-coach" in *Looking Backward*, the "Water-tank" in the present volume, and the sort of semi-allegory presented by the group of statuary called "The Strikers," are things that one cannot forget. We should like to see a story by Mr. Bellamy rather more on these lines. Meanwhile, we are very grateful for *Equality*. And surely it must make us, with Little Lord Fauntleroy, "feel a queer feeling," to have the thought so prominently brought before us that if, in 1900, the American people at the polls choose to vote themselves economically free and equal, and not only entitled to, but determined upon, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," along the lines laid down by Mr. Bellamy, there is, so far as our

author shows, or we can discover, absolutely nothing to hinder.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

#### AN EPISTLE TO POSTERITY.\*

Whether Mrs. Sherwood has kept a journal all her life, or has been in the habit of writing voluminous letters to friends interested in the most trivial details of her existence to which she has had access, we do not know, but one thing is certain that many of the pages of her *Epistle to Posterity* read like undated and unsigned letters "run together," as the compositors say, with here a break and there a gap, for the most part artistically concealed. We feel sure of this, because almost from the first there is a vividness of impression and an exactness of observation which are indicative of the present mood in recounting things seen and heard. There are few signs of the pain and difficulty which attend the severe ordeal of recollection, little of the mistiness that forms the veil between the panorama of the past and the view-point of the present; nearly everything related is cameo-like in its clearness of detail. Names and dates, repartee and choice bits of conversation are added to the score with the mathematical nicety of a sum in figures. Either Mrs. Sherwood is gifted with a marvellous power of retention, quickened by a vivid sense of mental reproductive-ness, or our hypothesis holds good. What substantiates the latter is the fact that just where Mrs. Sherwood errs in veracious statement or in her version of a story or incident against history, she does so at such times when we should say that she was drawing on her recollection of the past, or reporting hearsay, or it may be padding from contemporary annals for the sake of continuity or amplification. Chief reason of all for believing that the *Epistle* has largely been composed of letters or the pages of a journal, is the presence of that quality which is the best commendation of a letter—namely, its personality. Now personality in a letter takes note of the things that are uppermost

\* An Epistle to Posterity. By M. E. W. Sherwood. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

in the mind at the time of writing, and plainly reveals the mood in which it is written. And such a revelation of personality is very different from that which is disclosed in reminiscence.

Mrs. Sherwood's "rambling recollections" take us back to the thirties and forties, and her early life in New Hampshire, her parentage and pedigree are described with a generous pen. Mrs. Sherwood seems to have inherited certain traits from her father—he was "impulsive and lavish"—for the adjectival use of these qualities is apparent in many of her pictures, which are drawn with a very free hand. Mrs. Sherwood leaves the date of her birth in nebulous uncertainty, and a reference to the portrait (in photogravure) does not help us much, for she wears her years gracefully, and reminds us of what she says of her mother—"she died at fifty, looking only twenty." But we find her in the forties "intimate with the Sage of Weimar and with Thomas Carlyle," listening to Emerson's lectures, and welcoming the first little green books which emanated from Boz, and also the yellow-covered Thackerays.

"The first yellow cover I ever saw held Becky Sharp in its embrace. It was the purest and best society I have seen. No unclean thing came near it, but—alas that there is always a but!—my mother's clear blue eyes, sharp as a Damascus blade, cut through the dignified pretensions of Miss F.'s school. She found out that I was individually learning nothing, and I was surprised one night reading Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* at the hour of two in the morning.

"I have always illogically wished that Miss Edgeworth, now sunk into undeserved oblivion, could have lived to hear that anybody sat up *all night* to read her decorous *Helen*. What *fin-de-siècle* girl will do it now?"

Ah, who, indeed, Mrs. Sherwood?

But "Mary Elizabeth" was soon to learn the error of her ways, and trouble began to brew when Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Selden told M. E.'s mother that they feared she was reading too many novels, and when it was reported by the head of the circulating library that the same offender took out two novels every week, while Lucretia Brown took out *Mrs. Chaporee's Letters* and *The Serious Call*. Marched to her father's office by her mother, "as beautiful and quite as severe as Dante's avenging angel" (on another occasion she is described as receiving admiration at Washington "with the calmness of the mother of the

Gracchi"), M. E. is arraigned in these words:

"Colonel Wilson, here is our daughter whom we have sent to Miss Fiske's school, and of whose abilities and studious habits we had hoped so much. She was reading a novel at two o'clock last night, and she cannot parse a word of *Paradise Lost*. She cannot bound Pennsylvania, she does not know where Jerusalem is, and she thinks six times six may be forty."

Her father's strong sense of humour turned the sharp edge of her mother's asperity, steeled by Puritan Calvinism, but Mary Elizabeth was put "on a short commons of novels." Bulwer was entirely forbidden, but she was "allowed Walter Scott (God bless him!) and Miss Austen. God bless her a thousand times!"

During this storm and stress period was written her first story, published anonymously in the *Social Gazette*, a dear, clerical parlour sort of periodical. The recital of this experience, when Mary Elizabeth had "the exhilarating thrill of hearing my own writings read to an appreciative circle," is good:

"Mr. Prentiss said, 'That is a capital story.' I, the unknown author, sat burning in the background. My mother (O rapture!) applauded it. Dear woman, it was the only time!"

"When I got home I told her I had written it. 'Go to bed, my dear; it was a very poor story, indeed!' said she sternly."

But we cannot linger longer among the entertaining and instructive events of Mrs. Sherwood's girlhood. She was sent to school at Boston, where rheumatics came to her rescue, and she escaped with her father on a journey to his temporary official residence in Dubuque, Ia. Her public life may be said to date from this time forward. The first distinguished personage she met was Daniel Webster. "How elated I felt," she says, "as my tall father put me up there [in the driver's box], and he whispered in my ear, 'Remember this, my daughter, you are to drive five miles with Daniel Webster as your coachman!'" Daniel talked to her of Burns, Shakespeare, and Milton; he asked her if she knew any of Watts's hymns, "to my regret I did not, when he quoted two or three." His conversation was "like a great organ playing, and his smile was grandly beautiful." He gave her "a *Drummond's Botany* with his autograph. . . . It is unnecessary to say

that I have that book still." At a reception given by Mrs. Webster she saw Charles Dickens for the first time. When he entered the room her "heart stopped beating." . . . "I also remember," she writes "(and I fear no one else does) what I wore on this momentous occasion," etc. Again: "I remember thinking that Mrs. Dickens's bonnet was dowdy." And so on the *Epistle* runs, recalling meetings with celebrities in the New World and the Old, what they said, what she said, what they wore, what she wore; retailing stories and gossip galore of "distinguished people" and "literati," social and literary flotsam and jetsam; regaling us with glimpses of the literary land of the fifties and sixties, and with impressions of foreign travel; then some solemn closing words befitting the author of *Manners and Social Usages* and *The Art of Entertaining* upon American society, its fashions, its snobbery, its mission, its power.

*An Epistle to Posterity* will not bear being taken too seriously. Its light featherweight groans beneath the burden of a too pretentious title. Its butterfly flight through the gay scenes of life, sipping honey from its brilliant flowers, might have borne a more airy title in *A Paean to Prosperity*! There is an easy-going paganism about its nonchalant philosophy that froths and bubbles on the surface. The world to Mrs. Sherwood spells Society in large capitals. Such an epistle might have fitly been written for the amusement of a passing hour, but to bequeath it to posterity!—we echo her prayer when we think of it, but in a more serious sense: "Judge us lightly, Posterity!" We cannot help deploring a great opportunity lost by Mr. Bok when he failed to secure these chapters for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And when Mrs. Sherwood says, "I will not put in one word of gossip, not even in a postscript," it is not gossip we venture to think that she means, but scandal, for gossip is the staple of her book, much of it in the best sense interesting and readable, but how much of it frivolous, inconsequential, and stamped with a spurious value! But, as we have said, Mrs. Sherwood must not be taken too seriously. Happily for us, she has herself confessed in her preface that to her "Life has been an enjoyable experiment, and amusing,

in spite of its sorrows and disappointments. Life is a success if we can work and laugh." It has been a "perpetual pleasure to her," to quote her own words again, "to see luxury march on with giant tread;" it is not possible for her to

"believe that New York has been a bad or a dissolute city. . . . Eminent and beautiful lives, most charming and happy households, have held their own here, in spite of luxury and fashion. And what a small part of any city is any so-called fashionable circle!"

Posterity, she fears, if it read our buried newspapers, will be apt to think that we were very wicked, that the men's clubs were instituted to take away the characters of women, that society was only another name for a black eye. Well, Mrs. Sherwood has come bravely to the rescue, and has given posterity a few points. The effect is almost comic when she gets into the pulpit or sits in the moraliser's chair. The fact is that from the outset Mrs. Sherwood has been one of the fortunate; life even in her early years, as she says herself, was a joke that was just begun. "I was travelling into the Unknown, and it was like the fabled stuff of Damascus—whichever way you turned it, it was scarlet and gold." Just so, and we do not doubt that she has found life an "enjoyable experiment," that to her it has been a "success," yes, and "amusing" too.

If that were all?

Jay Mackay.

#### THE MEMOIRS OF BARON THIEBAULT.\*

Baron Thiébault's five long volumes are undeniably prolix, but they are good reading. His campaigns are not so lively as Marbot's, but he brings them well down to the comprehension of the civilian. The autobiographical element is always highly characteristic, and his scandalous stories sufficiently spiteful. If his frequent reflections seem lengthy, they are always either of real historical value, or else so peevish or fanatical as to surprise and entertain. Besides, the general, unlike most of his rivals, knew how to write and to describe. Springing from a literary family, born and brought up at Berlin

\* The Memoirs of Baron Thiébault. Translated and condensed by A. J. Butler. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$7.00 net.

by his father, one of the more or less distinguished Frenchmen who shared Frederick's oppressive patronage, he became more and more a curious (and in those days rare) compromise between the professor and the warrior, in fact an early specimen of the literary and scientific soldiery of modern Germany and her imitators. His contempt for the gross ignorance of the half-educated generals and politicians who climbed over his head, he takes no pains to conceal, and the effect of his baffled ambitions and repeated disappointments was to confirm his literary vocation. As an historian, or even memoir writer, he will not stand high—his prejudices and discursiveness forbid that—but his monumental work is nevertheless valuable, in some respects indeed invaluable. And that chiefly owing to the minuteness and wealth of detail with which he labours certain minor, but obscure and important episodes on which he possessed personal and special information.

So much cannot be said of the present abridged translation. It cannot, and does not pretend to any historical value. In reducing the bulk of the work to about one third, Mr. Butler has been compelled to omit much interesting detail. The task of selection was a peculiarly difficult one, to which he is not always quite equal. For instance, the twelve pages (vol. v., pp. 27-39) which Thiébault devotes to his excessively important and minute revelations as to the secret history of Count Bentinck's trial—one of the worst infamies of the Empire—are reduced to the half a dozen lines which can be found in any short history. On the other hand, he retains a good deal that is quite trivial, especially in his first chapter, which is mainly a few disjointed nursery chronicles. Neither there nor in the Preface is the popular reader told anything to the purpose as to the position, profession, or previous career of the author's father—a man about whom Mr. Butler could have easily found out enough to make the earlier chapters more intelligible. In fact, from this unsatisfactory Preface, written in a somewhat off-hand, flippant manner, we should infer that he has grasped imperfectly the character of the author and of his work. Thus he attributes the Baron's failure in life mainly to "want of self-control leading to acts of insubordination." But com-

pared to some of his successful rivals poor Thiébault was an angel of patience and docility. The fact is that he was profoundly distrusted. He was a born trimmer, but with odd little revolts of consistency always at the wrong time. Bigger men were more flagrant turncoats and intriguers than he, but they were more impudent and hardened. Thiébault was always hesitating, sitting too long on the fence, and whenever he did take the plunge, it was always ridiculously, comically too late. So he was always being found out. And instead of obliterating the traces of these *faux pas*, which in the general Saturnalia would have been soon forgotten, he made them a grievance and published too openly what he regarded as his bad luck. In fact, he seems to have been an honest fellow, who finding that simple merit did not succeed fast enough, tried to do as others did, and failed egregiously whenever he essayed a bit of knavery. Napoleon and his ministers regarded him as a most useful and conscientious subordinate in his proper sphere, but were too wise to admit him into the inner circle. They would never trust him or allow him to co-operate in their schemes. Further, it is probable that they had observed in certain episodes, which he of course suppresses or explains away, marks of that obstinate, wrong-headed, prejudiced, almost insane attitude of mind which often peeps out in his writing. How could such an oddity be trusted? Need we ask why he was not a marshal, when we find him, an educated scientific soldier, a keen observer of contemporary events, solemnly stating (and no doubt ending by believing) that the diabolical English, instigated by the Machiavellian Pitt, not content with flooding France with false coin, forged *assignats*, Greek fire, hired assassins and poisoners; positively sent adrift from their ports a fleet of empty ships, to be wafted by the wind against the French coasts and shipping, and that on the deck of each was an inhuman, unchristian, wholly infernal destructive agent—no, not gunpowder, nor even Greek fire—you will never guess—positively nothing more nor less Satanic than "*burning arsenic*"? The poor Baron has no sense of humour, or he would dread lest English historians should retort by recording how Boney had forced the fashionable vis-

itors to evacuate Brighthelmstone and Margate by running aground among the bathing machines certain ships laden with infernal machines, charged with the deadliest of ancient Marseilles and Havre smells. Further, what responsible political or diplomatic post could be safely entrusted to a man who had persuaded himself into the monomaniac belief, that the *fact* of Louis XVIII. granting a pension to a sister of Robespierre *proves* that the Incorruptible was an aristocrat, and from first to last the mere paid agent of the Bourbons, and that the whole Reign of Terror was planned by Louis and directed day by day from Coblenz by means of his secret couriers? These are but two samples—granted they are the worst—of the nonsense to which Thiébault descends in his frenzied spite and hatred. Surely as general or statesman such a man must have been a trifle impossible.

But, after all, Mr. Butler's abridgment pretends to be nothing more than a popular work in a convenient, manageable form, and as such it is highly acceptable. Much of it will be found entertaining, especially in the first volume. The second, however, which commences in 1799, is less racy, the translator having retained little of the original beyond what bears upon the Peninsular War and the public career of Napoleon. To any one who remembers the fifth and last volume of the original, which appeared just a year ago, the fifty pages which here represent it will seem but a pallid ghost. Those who like reading about campaigns will, however, read their fill with satisfaction, and those who do not might waste their time worse in other ways. Mr. Butler's performance is on the whole satisfactory, though here and there he has rather missed the author's sense, and sometimes his sentences are obscure, and his phrases slangy. There is an index, but no table of contents or headings to the chapters, nor any dates whatever save those inextricably embedded in the text, so that the unlearned reader is quite in the dark as to the year. This is deplorable. Perhaps we should add that if the narrative seem in places strangely disjointed and obscure, that is not wholly Mr. Butler's fault. The original autobiography is equally so; the Baron always seems to be addressing himself to

an audience who already knew a good deal about him.

Y. Y.

#### WALTON'S "COMPLEAT ANGLER."\*

"Perhaps no English book," says Mr. Le Gallienne of *The Compleat Angler* in his charming Introduction, "except *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe*, has been so beloved. Generation after generation has brought to it its young affections, and there seems every reason to suppose that the average of something like a new edition for every two and a half years, which so far *The Compleat Angler* has maintained, will even be surpassed in the future." Many editions of *The Compleat Angler* have been issued since this old book, "heirloom of ancient friendship," was finally revised by the authors over two hundred years ago, yet at no time in the past has public interest in its "muffled, sleepy" pages, evinced by the number of publishers recently and at present vying with each other in producing beautiful editions of the work, been so strongly marked. Each new edition justifies its existence in some added feature of illustration, editing or of book-making. But of all editions that we have seen we know of none more complete, more beautiful, more satisfactory in every way (unless for the bulkiness of the volume, which is offset nevertheless by its lightness of weight) than the one now before us, for which Mr. John Lane is responsible. The spirit of Walton's classic would seem to have possessed all concerned in the making of this book, "patient at morn, at evening patient still"—everything about it bears the marks of great care and deep reflection. Something of that "high content" which the venerable Izaak found in the pursuit of the gentle recreation of angling, enters the reader's mind "in the search and conference of what is here offered to his view and censure." No one needs to be told that the charm of *The Compleat Angler* lies not in its science of the game, but in the delightful personality of the Angler him-

\* *The Compleat Angler*. By Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. New York and London: John Lane. \$6.00.

self, in its brooding peace and sunlight, its geniality, that rarest of human virtues and graces. As "Honest Izaak" says himself, "in writing of it I have made myself a recreation of a recreation; and that it might prove so to him [the reader], and not read dull and tediously, I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth, of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man, then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge; for divines say, there are offences given and offences not given, but taken."

Mr. Le Gallienne's Introduction is very full and adequate, gathering up what has already been written about Walton, and incorporating some gleanings of his own in various fields of bibliographical research, all of which he has precipitated in a solvent of vivacious fancy and poetic feeling, and presented to us afresh in a delightful and readable form. His classification follows (I.) the outlines of Walton's Life, (II.) Walton's Literary Life and Friendships, (III.) The History of *The Compleat Angler*, and (IV.) Charles Cotton, the author of the Second Part. All extraneous matter and notabilia have been wisely consigned to an Appendix. This Appendix contains, among other interesting things, a skeleton bibliography of *The Compleat Angler*, appropriated, to use Mr. Le Gallienne's own word, from Thomas Westwood's *Chronicle of the Compleat Angler*, in which the history of Walton's romance has been written once and for all.

The illustrations, scattered in profusion throughout the work, are the most characteristic and harmonious, artistically, that have ever adorned the text of this quietest and most restful of all pastorals. It has been the aim of the artist to work continually from a topographical point of view. In this way we have engravings of places described by Walton along his routes from Tottenham to Ware, and by Cotton from Brailsford to his seat at Beresford Hall. There are also pictures of houses and scenes associated with the lives of the authors, besides the fine portraits in photogravure of Walton and Cotton. Maps are given and drawings of the fish, as well as numerous decorative headings and initials, all in harmony with the context. These illustrative features would in themselves enhance the value

of this edition above all others, and when taken with the superior excellence of all parts of the book, it will be seen that publisher, editor and artist have combined to produce a *Compleat Angler* that, if not destined to be the final edition, is certainly most unique.

When addressing himself to the reader of "this Discourse" the Honest Angler exempted those men who were "too grave or too busy" from receiving "pleasure or profit by it." And yet turbulent and stirring as were the times then, this gentle little book with its note of peace fell like a benison upon men's minds, and was eagerly perused by the class least expected to enjoy it. If at such an hour this quiet message, breathing thoughtful breath, was one pertinent to the moment, may we not hope that in our day also, when men's souls are so sorely tried, the same message, as much needed, shall have the rare fortune of being heard? With Lamb's question to Coleridge we leave this book with the reader. "Among all your quaint readings, did you ever light upon Walton's *Compleat Angler*? . . . It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianise every discordant angry passion: pray make yourself acquainted with it."

M.

#### BOOK AND HEART.\*

To answer in one word what it is—this collection of thirty odd scriptures, in which book and heart are so distinctly blended—is impossible. They are both modern and old-fashioned, radical and cautious, scholarly and fragmentary, gossipy and sermonic. They are anecdotal and vital rather than literary; alert, stimulating, sincere, rather than analytic or informing. Colonel Higginson does not explore a subject, but probes it; and if he is fond of facts, likes the marshalling of them better; nor is he chiefly concerned with the artistic use which they may subserve. He is not a creative critic, like Mr. Stedman or Mr. Gosse, but a controversialist. For

\* Book and Heart. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.



years, as is said of Lowell, he has gone on lighting his pipe with flint and steel—the friction of other minds and current events—until it is difficult to say what he could have accomplished if his scrap-books, by some happy accident, had been burned and he had been obliged to ponder deeply and husband his own resources. As it is, the majority of these essays have a value akin to that of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and if they survive, it will be because of the wealth of quotation and anecdote they embody, and because of the sturdy manhood which informs them. Most of them were written during the past year. That they show no diminution of zest and insight and are well-timed is a wonderful comment upon the young heart and progressive spirit of an author to whom, at the age of seventy-three, not the nineteenth, but the twentieth century "becomes interesting," and who "turns for a theme to the coming generation." Their personal flavour is delightful. There is a charm in Colonel Higginson's reference to "Professor Longfellow," and in his recollection of the time when people spoke of the *Waverley* Novels as "the Scotch novels." No page is more delightful than that on which he confesses that life is a choice of drudgery, and says that of all forms of labour the one that is least repellent to him is that of the boat-builders on a certain sunny wharf.

"They work all day in their airy shops, with an endless stream of friends coming in to chat or children to play. The work always ends in something graceful and beautiful and useful, and even the shavings are sweet-scented and the dust is clean."

Colonel Higginson's Americanism is not always convincing. It is at its best in "Polite Society," "Classes and Masses," "International Marriage," and the discussion of immigration. In many of his literary discussions he pours his lightning through the narrow cranny of New England complacency, which, as Carlyle said of Scotch song, is perhaps "the narrowest cranny ever vouchsafed to any son of thunder." The question, "Are we not provincial?" seems to him to be purely a matter of manners, and his answer is that "all the manners of the great world are but little affairs of spoons and napkins and visiting cards." He appears to fear that those who have not reached middle

age will not go abroad "to be Americanised." Messrs. Henry James and Bret Harte, again, "would have developed more lasting power had they remained at home." Such statements bear on the face of them a curiously circumscribed view of cosmopolitanism, and suggest the evolution of a Greater Americanism, which will not see the "colonial spirit" in the honest attempts that are making to broaden and denationalise art, and choose for it, at any sacrifice, a congenial atmosphere. When Colonel Higginson asserts that Emerson and Whittier and Longfellow were great "because they were first and chiefly American," it seems to me that he is placing their title to greatness on rather a narrow ground. Our great American poets surely need no special pleading. If they are great, it is because of their universality—their power to compare favourably with the other great ones of the earth. The query whether it is not "as great a thing to be fellow-countrymen of Emerson and Hawthorne as of Tennyson and Browning" is misleading. Its meaning, however, may be guessed from the allusions that follow:

"Even of these last names, it is to be remembered that Tennyson lived the life of a recluse, and Browning lived so much out of England that the fact was urged strongly by a brother author, James Payn, as a source of objection to his being buried in Westminster Abbey."

To me this is an eminently unsatisfactory statement, and reveals the precise defects of Colonel Higginson's criticism, both in form and substance. In any candid discussion of comparative greatness, these seem to me to be the very facts which are *not* "to be remembered." That Mr. James resides in London, that Tennyson was a "recluse," and that Browning sunned himself in Italy, may nettle Colonel Higginson; but it would be ungrateful, in view of their palpable achievements, to cast a single slur on the means whereby the achievers have been enabled to accomplish their ends. Moreover, there is a personality about such critical dabs which is very distressing, from any but a picturesque point of view. Mr. James may, even "derisively" (though I can scarcely imagine it), have said that Thoreau was not merely provincial, but parochial. But is it not unkind, and irritatingly uncritical for Colonel Hig-

ginson to retort: "Yet that parochial life has found already three biographers in England, which is possibly two more than the lifelong transplantation of Mr. James may win for him"? Heaven knows that every writer is entitled to his full bundle of prejudices and aversions, and would else be very unentertaining. But there is an *animus* here quite beyond that inhering, for instance, in Mr. Maurice Thompson's expressed opinion that De Quincey will outlast Dickens. Undoubtedly Colonel Higginson feels that a principle is at stake, for he speaks elsewhere of "the narrowness of a merely literary ambition." Fortunately such a view of the matter does not prevail. If it did, literature would become very much frayed out at the edges. The trouble is that literary men, not the petted authorlings, but those who have a sense of reality and a capacity for originality, do not take themselves half seriously enough.

Inadvertently, Colonel Higginson has done an injustice to his contemporary, Bayard Taylor, for he asks what has become of Taylor's literary fame. I venture to say that the author in question is not quite forgotten. So far as I have explored the libraries of my friends, I find Bayard Taylor's poems holding their own beside those of Bryant; and as for his translation of *Faust*, it is everywhere, and Brooks's, for which Colonel Higginson has a decided preference, is nowhere. (Personally I, too, prefer Brooks's, but that has nothing to do with the question.)

Colonel Higginson is never so witty as when he is dilating upon the shortcomings of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, in his youth, it appears, left one of Scott's novels unread, and was quaint enough to say so. The remarks upon the *morale* of Mr. Hamlin Garland's short stories seem to me to betray a total misapprehension of the realists' point of view.

In respect of their form, these discussions present an interesting study. When the author has something to say, as in the essays about Lowell, Mr. Crane, the Keats and Shelley manuscripts, or in those relating to the material condition of our country, he goes ahead and says it with force and freedom. The rest, and by far the greater number, depend for their unity upon some underlying moral motive, and are mainly composed of what in ministerial

language would be called "illustrations." These are so heavily stamped (I wish I could say "richly embroidered," but the one thing they lack is colour, atmosphere) upon the web of his thought that it frequently becomes very tenuous. In this one volume, Colonel Higginson has laid under tribute fully one hundred separate authors, ranging from the elder Scaliger and Quintilian to Flaubert and Tolstoy, and the galaxy of New England writers, whose presence pervades the volume like a benediction. Not less than two hundred anecdotes or quotations are thus distributed over as many pages (counting out the more solid essays above mentioned), usually to point a moral. Too often, despite their aptness and scintillant virtue, they are like stepping stones across a brook, from one to another of which the author nervously moves, lest he should find a gap that is too wide and be plunged into the cooling waters of his own thought. When I think of what the world may have lost, my wish is that Colonel Higginson would fall into the brook more often. I suspect that he got into this habit of self suppression and extra-illustration many years ago, when he was a preacher. The one thing a popular sermon lacks is well-knit fibre. It is a string on which to gather pearls. Most of Colonel Higginson's essays are not essays at all, but sermonettes. I wish that I had been alive to hear him preach, for, of all things, I hate amplification—in a sermon. Very few of our younger men, I fancy, are giving themselves so generous a course of reading as Colonel Higginson gave himself. But on that account they have to think the more strenuously, and are delivered from the urgent temptation of being true to nearly everybody but themselves. Nor do they have at their command enough literary allusions, all told, to squander any on proving the obvious. But one cannot get a spirited essay by the simple process of stringing together little anecdotes. There must be a compelling motive, either ethical or the collector's—or the recipe, however straightforward, will not be followed. In default of this motive, I fear that Colonel Higginson's art will languish in times to come, although of listing *personalia*, in the newspapers, there can be no end. We shall have instead the biographical, the criti-

cal, and the expository essay, in answer to the growing demand for information on literary subjects, and the growing disposition of people to depend upon their own judgment in the moral sphere.

I notice that Colonel Higginson continues to write the unaccompanied surnames *Tocqueville* and *Goncourt* with a *de*, although as far back as Wendell Phillips remonstrances have been raised against this usage. Should any one accuse Colonel Higginson of using slang, I would like a chance to defend him in this particular. He *did* "collar" that boy who disgraced himself on page 230; half a dozen dinners (p. 227) *would* "land" a person in a hospital; and "tough statement" (p. 5) is a quotation in dilution, for did not Huckleberry Finn say "some of her statements was tough"?

G. M. H.

#### THE LAST OF THE PROSPECTORS.\*

Mr. Catlin has been prompted in this noteworthy novel to sketch the lines of a picturesque and distinctively American character, now a passing, vanishing figure, and to preserve his memory in the crystallised form which he has given to the prospector, the mountain wanderer, the tireless seeker. He regrets the absence of the master's pencil to limn him, but makes no apology for what he calls his rude sketching. Yet inartistic and crude as the work is for the most part, the character of "old Zeb" has suffused it with a human interest and intrinsic beauty which many books written with consummate finish and skill entirely lack. For two sterling qualities in the author have entered into the making of Zeb, a long and intimate acquaintance with the original type, and an informing sympathy resulting from this, which has quickened him into life through the imagination of his creator. Zeb is no mere piece of portraiture, he is a living creature to us, moving through the pages of the story as his prototype must have moved through the scenes in which he lived. *Yellow Pine Basin* comes to us like a rough piece of quartz, but the pure gold of one of nature's noblemen shines through it and makes it precious.

It is for the sake of "old Zeb" that

\* *Yellow Pine Basin*. By Henry G. Catlin. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. \$1.25.

this story will remain in the possession of the reader to be read again for the very pleasure of contact with so genuine and generous a nature. For the rest, we feel the artificiality, the uncertainty, the crudeness of the work too palpably to be interested or attracted by it. But Zeb is as vital a creation as Robinson Crusoe, or Natty Bumppo, or Doctor Maclure. We find in him the ingenuity and ready resource of De Foe's hero, the reverent spirit and unwearying garrulity of "La Longue Carabine," and the modesty and loveliness of Ian Maclaren's "Doctor of the Old School." Perhaps because of his setting among the wilds of nature, his amenability to its influences blending with his subjugation of its forces, he will oftenest recall the immortal pioneer of the Leather-Stocking tales. Indeed, one could wish that, like Cooper, Mr. Catlin might be tempted to go back to earlier scenes in Zeb's life, for in this story he has laid bare only the few closing months of his rough yet gentle career, the rest being filled in with hints of reminiscences, which are exasperating in their rich suggestiveness of a hidden existence full of singular experiences and adventurous deeds. The death-scene of the old trapper in *The Prairie* may be more grand and imposing as a spectacle, but nothing could be more touching or pathetic than the quiet, unostentatious passing of Old Zeb. In this scene the author has shown an artistic reserve and restrained power which impart a thrill to the narrative and add a climacteric effect that is full of surprise. It is a great pity that this fine effect should be weakened by what follows in order to give a conventionalised form to the melodramatic necessities of the story. Were it not, indeed, that the character of Zeb is strong enough (and it is all the more a tribute to the author's creative power) to hold the attention and sustain the interest throughout the book, it would fall into the rut of the commonplace. But Zeb at least has been drawn with the strokes of a "master's pencil," and for his sake we would fain wish for the book a wide reading and a long life.

The "prospector" is almost a thing of the past. Only here and there is he to be found in the mountains following, from habit more than from any other impulse, his old vocation. The quest

for gold-digging has ceased, there are no more unexplored lands in this vast continent for the pioneer, soon he will disappear from the memory of man, and it is therefore with gratitude that we as well as posterity may turn to such a work as *Yellow Pine Basin*, in which is told the story of what might be called "The Last of the Prospectors."

James MacArthur.

#### THE LIFE OF DR. JOWETT.\*

Unquestionably the late Master of Balliol was one of the most striking personalities of the last generation. His most effective memorial is in the lives he influenced and moulded, and in the original and attractive writings he has left us. But some account behooved to be given of the secret of his influence, and of the sources and methods which produced these writings. Whether in the two large volumes of biography now published there is not rather an excess of material, whether alongside of the plethora of correspondence there is not somewhat of a paucity of the brilliant sayings of the late "Master," will no doubt be questioned by the public. But of that large number of men who could speak of him as "the divine Jowett," "the wisest and best man" they had ever known, few will be found to complain of the amount of material here collected. It is true that the aim of a biography is to present an adequate record of the life and a true picture of the character of its subject, not to preserve as much as possible of what he produced. But even so, no one who reads these volumes can fail to form a clear image of the remarkable figure depicted. For the biographers have accomplished their task with sympathy, insight and good taste. The first volume has been written by Professor Campbell, his collaborator in one of his most important works. It brings us down to 1870, when Jowett was appointed to the Mastership, and includes an account of his methods as Tutor of Balliol, of his *Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles*, of his appoint-

ment to the Professorship of Greek, of his efforts at University Reform, and of the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. The second volume tells the story of his subsequent years, and has been written by Dr. Abbott.

The extraordinary impression which Professor Jowett left upon many of the most influential men of our time becomes intelligible as we accompany him through the life recorded in these volumes. He was the ideal professor. Not only was he possessed of a striking individuality of character, not only did he cherish and express a high ideal of life, but he devoted himself wholly to the College and University in which he spent all his days. He had no ambitions or interests which in any degree diverted him from the main work of his life. At any hour of the day, or almost of the night, his door was open to any man of his College who sought his help. Nor did he confine himself to his own College. Very touching acts of kindness toward members of other Colleges are recorded in these volumes. It was this entire devotedness to their interests which won the men under his charge; "the depth and extent of his pastoral supervision of young thinkers," it was this which gave authority to his plain-spoken criticisms and which brought men to trust him utterly. He belonged to them. With all those great endowments which fitted him to win rewards outside the walls of his College, he was first of all and last of all "Master of Balliol."

It has been reckoned a blot on Jowett's character that he worshipped success. But that one who had the responsibility of launching so many young lives should anxiously scan their future career, and should rejoice in their winning positions of influence is pardonable. Besides, his own life was remarkable for nothing more than its completeness. "Mine," he said in dying, "has been a happy life. I bless God for my life." Certainly its placid happiness, and its readiness to overflow into other saddened and crushed lives is conspicuous, but still more so is its success. It exemplifies the command a man may have over his own life; how, if he takes the measure of his own capabilities, and doggedly persists in work for which he is competent, his life may produce a surprising amount of fruit. It is true, his

\* The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. By Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$10.00.

character was mixed and tempered for success in a quite unusual degree. He had none of the scarcely controllable passions which wreck so many lives at the outset. "His tenacity was passionless, his victory without triumph." With this extraordinary serenity, which was never ruffled into boisterousness either by mirth or passion, he possessed also as remarkable an intensity and an indomitable courage and diligence. But the rounded completeness of his success in life was due, with all these natural endowments, to his clear-headed recognition of what he could do best.

From the ardour with which at one time he prosecuted the study of Kant and Hegel, it might have been expected that he would devote himself wholly to philosophy. From his elaborate and richly suggestive work on Paul, theology might seem to have called him with irresistible force. And although his prime was given to the Greek classics, he always cherished the hope that he might return to his early love. In 1883 he writes :

"I wish my last years to be employed in original work, which may help men and women to live better and to be happier. In three years I think it possible that I may finish the *Politics*, the *Republic*, the *History of Greek Philosophy*, Thucydides, Ed. 2. I shall then devote the rest of my days to sermon writing and to moral philosophy, the *Life of Christ*, a commentary on the New Testament Scripture."

But this, alas ! was not to be. Nearer the close, when a friend asked him why he did not finish his work on the *Life of Christ*, "he replied, falling back in his chair, with tears in his eyes, 'Because I cannot ; God has not given me the power to do it.' " His intention was in this proposed *Life* to bring the mind and thoughts of Christ a little nearer to the human heart. In many respects he was well fitted to accomplish this. Defective, if measured by confessional orthodoxy, it would have been. Of immortality he was able only to say : "I seem to have a hope for myself and others that this world is not and cannot be all. We trust in God, not venturing to say much on such a matter." This gives us the measure of what his interpretation of the mind of Christ would have amounted to. And yet his appreciation of the moral ideal presented in Christ would have been unsurpassed. There were elements in his daily life which revealed how much he had pon-

dered that central Figure, and which interpreted Christ to many, and with these elements we must rest content.

Marcus Dods.

#### THE LATEST CYPRIAN.\*

Cyprian is a noble subject, which long ago charmed the youthful imagination of Edward Benson, and occupied him during thirty years, until he had finished the book now offered, almost as his last will and testament, to a somewhat over-busy world. Not, indeed, that the story of the first Christian centuries has lost its importance. On the contrary, it is more sifted and scrutinised than ever, and the bold attempt to interpret or to practise the religion of the New Testament, as though its tradition were of no account, has been exchanged for an anxious or even microscopic attention to what was believed by the early disciples, and may yet be discernible in their extant remains. Among English students of antiquity Bishop Lightfoot holds the first rank, and deservedly so ; for his *Clement of Rome*, his *Ignatius and Polycarp*, display the combination of wide learning with judicious criticism, and of zeal with impartiality, that in this department can alone secure the scholar's approbation and the reader's interest. We ask at once, on receiving the new *Cyprian*, whether it is equal to Bishop Lightfoot, or worthy of a man who gloried in being his disciple. Will it live ? Is it the final judgment on a keenly debated subject ? Is it likely to be the standard treatise for a long while to come which, before its publication, we had many of us hoped ?

To these questions, if I must rely upon my first impressions, the answer will be disappointing. One cannot but be sorry that the Archbishop, ere he was confirmed in the dark Thucydidean style which he has chosen, had not tried its effect on a critical—that is to say, a popular—audience. There was no reason why he should be obscure except his own resolve not to write like the rest of the world. Cyprian himself, though enamoured of the vehement Tertullian,

\* *Cyprian : His Life, His Times, His Work.* By Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. New York : D. Appleton & Co. \$7.00.

did not copy his Africanisms or his eccentricities. The Primate of Carthage wrote an admirable and pellucid style. But Dr. Benson, by a perverse, abrupt, and humorous manner of composition, not less tantalising than Mr. George Meredith's, has made it impossible that his lifework should become the standard account of Cyprian. Yet how many points he had in his favour! Scholarship was not wanting; nor the multifarious help of friends in many libraries; nor travel in search of topography; nor the newest German inventions to whet his appetite for refutation; and the keen interest which from a boy he had taken in his hero must have gained a fresh stimulus when he attained prelate honours. Cyprian, to be sure, comes forward in this volume as the earliest and the latest champion of Canterbury against Rome. I do not say that enthusiasm, quickened by polemics, will give us an accurate or impartial history, but one not difficult to read, not dull and lifeless, it ought certainly to afford. We can fancy Gibbon treating in 600 pages the Christian virtues, vices, beliefs, quarrels, heresies, persecutions of the middle of the third century, and how all his acquaintance with men and manuscripts, with cities and nations, would have furnished a clear, exact, and easily remembered picture in English, as stately as it was bright and amusing. He would never have broken up his learning into a set of notes and scholia, and, however controversial in meaning, his aim would have been, before all things, to produce a work of art, a masterpiece of literature.

Not so Dr. Benson. Regretfully we must say it, he does not rise to supreme excellence, whether as writer, historian, critic or divine. His language has no fine harmonies; his sketches of the third century are subdued in colour, smack a little too much of the Sunday-school, tend to run off into preaching, and shun the supernatural, of which in Cyprian we meet with abundant evidences. As regards the main achievements of criticism, Hartel has gone before him; at least, with the exception of some notes on manuscripts, and an occasional fresh reading, I find nothing that was not earlier in print. And, to my shame, I confess that, after repeated perusals, I cannot understand what was the principle of unity in teaching, what the meth-

od of preserving from schism the One Episcopate, or what was the ecumenical policy, to take the place of Rome, which he detested, that the erudite Archbishop would have commended to our acceptance.

It is no business of mine just now to enlarge upon the anti-Roman argument which lends a fierce accent to many of these pages. But, looking at the matter from outside, one would be disposed to think that some general review of the evidence accessible to us during the period up to Cyprian, and onward from Cyprian to Pope Leo I., would fittingly introduce any discussion, whether of the Episcopal or the Papal problem in Church government. This, except a slight and inadequate reference to Tertullian's theory of the layman as priest when no ordained priest was to be had, I am unable to find in Dr. Benson. Moreover, by an omission so striking that it might appear to be deliberate, there is no notice, good or bad, of the principle of development as applied by Cardinal Newman or De Maistre to the growth of the Church, and its expansion into a kingdom held together in unity by St. Peter's successor. The secular historian perceives such an expansion, and connects in one line of history the Popes who reigned in the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries with those who reigned in the third and the second. To these phenomena the Catholic divine brings his doctrine of a superintending Providence, and sees in them the continued presence, the enduring prerogatives, of the Prince of the Apostles, just as in other phenomena he sees the abiding presence of Christ Himself. It is not answering his contention to pass over the view on which he would explain why there was so much evidence for his dogmas, and why no more, in the ante-Nicene period. Nevertheless, passed over it is by Dr. Benson, or not met full in the face. He treats the Cyprianic questions as though isolated, without antecedents or sequel; for how is it a reply to the common Catholic teaching, which we read so frequently in Augustine, to say that Carthage, at the end of the fourth century, was pretty well autonomous? Suppose it were a little governed in detail from Rome as was Alexandria or Constantinople, would any one maintain that in Augustine's latter years the Pope of the da-

claimed less jurisdiction than did the illustrious St. Leo, ten years after Augustine's death? And if some daring person ventured on such a paradox, would not contemporary evidence speedily refute him? This method of special pleading, as I may call it, is due to the want of a large and definite outlook upon the history of church government as a whole. It may have been a necessity of the Archbishop's position; but surely it is neither philosophical nor scientific.

To some it will appear that every discussion of these points is "legal"—unspiritual and disedifying. They do not see how the Christian life is bound up with Popes or Bishops; and they hate the antiquarian aspect which is given to it by arguing from Patristic homilies, worm-eaten parchments, Councils in Mauritania, and musty Greek and Latin. But Christianity is a religion of the Book, as we all confess; and the Book cannot be thoroughly understood without Hebrew, which is still less at the command of the multitude than are Greek and Latin. In like manner, history does furnish the data by means of which we learn what Christianity was in fact when it changed the face of the world. If it is not a tradition, it is what anybody chooses to make it, without a "local habitation" and little better than a name. The Archbishop had strong grounds for searching into the spirit and the form of that religion as it was held in the days of Cyprian. But he could not hope to bring out the significance of a treatise such as Cyprian wrote *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, unless by taking all the facts into consideration. These facts include the judgment of the fourth and fifth centuries upon the principles of the third. As Cardinal Newman writes, "St. Cyprian had his quarrel with the Roman See; but it appears that he allows to it the title of the 'Cathedra Petri;' and even Firmilian is a witness that Rome claimed it. In the fourth and fifth centuries this title and its logical results became prominent." And he adds, "the simple question is whether the clear light" of these centuries "may be fairly taken to interpret to us the dim, though definite outlines traced in the preceding." To me it is very wonderful that Archbishop Benson, who had doubtless read the Cardinal, and was acquainted with his reasoning,

has never once considered that "simple question." Nor, unless by his own remarkable assumption of quasi-Papal prerogatives in dealing with the Bishop of Lincoln, has he intimated the process to be followed when a Bishop is charged with offences against the Catholic Tradition.

If unity in faith and communion in brotherhood are to be preserved, we shall find ourselves admitting some kind of tribunal from which there is no appeal—the Royal or the Papal supremacy, the judgment of a Synod, or the decision of a Court of law. In every case, we go beyond the word of St. Cyprian; or we interpret and define his "One Episcopate" as having within it some governing power to which individual bishops must bow down. Without sovereignty government is a fiction. And it is certainly instructive to notice how the course of events, the British Colonial Empire, and the consequent multiplying of churches in many lands, have obliged the Archbishop of Canterbury to proceed as though he were an Anglican Pope. On the other hand, Leo XIII., like his predecessors of the same name, makes his supremacy to rest upon a charter to which he points in the New Testament, and a tradition the chief outlines of which may be traced as far back as Irenæus and the sub-Apostolic age.

William Barry.

#### THE TREASURE OF THE HUMBLE.\*

We are in the midst of a great revolution of thought, which is touching literature and speculation alike; an insurrection against everything which assumes that the external and material are the only fixed things, the only standards of reality. There have indeed been always plenty of men to write and to say that "thought is the only reality," but since the rise of the scientific philosophers they have said it with a merely academic conviction, and all their criticisms of life and of literature have assumed that the world and nature were alone realities. But this insurrection has come with a generation young enough to have escaped from servitude to the scientific philosophers, and M. Maeterlinck, who took the red bonnet

\* *The Treasure of the Humble*. By M. Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

from the hands of Villiers de Lisle Adam, is among the most inspired of its leaders. The soul is to-day, he says, "clearly making a mighty effort. Its manifestations are everywhere, and they are strangely urgent. . . . I will say nothing of the occult powers, of which signs are everywhere. . . . These things are known of all men, and can easily be verified, and truly they may well be the merest bagatelle by the side of the vast upheaval that is actually in progress, for the soul is like a dreamer, enthralled by sleep, who struggles with all his might to move an arm or raise an eyelid. . . . In the work-a-day lives of the humblest of men spiritual phenomena manifest themselves—mysterious direct workings that bring soul nearer to soul; and of all this we can find no record in former times."

His book is an avowed exposition of the "mysterious direct workings" of which "we can find no record in former times;" and the wonder of the book is that M. Maeterlinck has dwelt so long with these dim powers, these mysterious principalities, which are the deep below all deeps, that he writes of them, not with the arid vehemence of a combatant or an innovator, but with a beautiful pathos and tenderness.

"What avail to cultivate an *ego* on which we have little influence? It is our star which it behooves us to watch. It is good or bad, pallid or puissant, and not by all the might of the sea can it be changed. Some there are who may confidently play with their star as one might play with a glass ball. They may throw it and hazard it where they list; faithfully will it ever return to their hands. They know full well it cannot be broken. But there are many others who dare not even raise their eyes toward their star, without it detach itself from the firmament and fall in dust at their feet."

The book, it appears to us, lacks the definiteness of the great mystics, but it has countless passages of this curious pathetic beauty, and shows us common arts and things, with the light of the great mystics, and a new light that was not theirs, beating upon them. It is very tolerably translated by Mr. Alfred Sutro, and had not Mr. Walkley written an absurd introduction it would have been worthy to be a book of those that have few books and turn to them year after year. Mr. A. B. Walkley has done great service to dramatic literature by his analysis of modern drama, but he has no mystical knowledge and no mystical sympathy. He has introduced a book, which would charm that it may persuade, with a story from Dickens about Mr. Squeers and how his pupils spelled w-i-n-d-e-r

before they cleaned the windows. Apart from his special subjects Mr. Walkley is but a popular journalist, and would probably think a quotation from Dickens and a quotation from Dr. Johnson, unfailing symptoms of popular journalism, the only necessary prelude to *The Imitation of Christ*. If publishers would frankly recognise that popular journalism has but a trade value, and perforate the inner margins of the pages of its introductions, no man would have a reason to complain. To merely slip the introductions in like circulars would be to go too far, for numbers will always prefer them to the books themselves.

W. B. Yeats.

#### THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC.\*

Since Dumas set the fashion and flourished therein, France has been a centre of gravitation to writers in search of romantic material. France is the happy hunting-ground of the modern romancer's dreams; something there is in French history that offers opportunities to him of an unusual richness. To be sure, there has never been in modern times anything like the brilliancy and polish of its courtier life, the complexity of its court intrigue, the intricacy of court plotting, the intensity of hate and love in the court factions, and over all the glamour of sun and sky that imparts a tone and a light to life and adventure not to be found beyond the boundaries of France. With Dumas for his model, and France for his scenes of prowess, Mr. Levett Yeats has ventured in his new novel, *The Chevalier d'Auriac*, to put forth an historical romance very close to the period used by Mr. Weyman in *A Gentleman of France*, and akin to that work in its spirit and purpose.

Mr. Yeats's story begins where Mr. Weyman's leaves off, with the accession of Henry of Navarre. The languishing Holy League had just enough life left in it to bring the hero, the Chevalier d'Auriac, into conflict with the reigning power. The opening chapters quickly bring us into the heart of the movement, like the first brisk scenes of a play, and the drama gathers force as it unfolds the fateful tapestry of history,

\* *The Chevalier d'Auriac*. By S. Levett Yeats. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.25.



while the hero threads his fortunes of love and intrigue against the machinations of his enemies into its pattern. The stormy atmosphere of the time, mingled with elements of danger, discontent and dire disaster, is realised not only by successfully making the hero tread the highway of history, but by the sharp turns his adventures take, the quick, ready thrusts of his trusty blade, the succession of incidents bristling with unforeseen and unexpected dangers. The story is full of action, it is alive from cover to cover, and is so compact with thrilling adventure that there is no room for a dull page. The chevalier tells his own story, but he is the most charming of egoists. He wins our sympathies from the outset by his boyish naïveté, his downright manliness and bravery. For all the world loves a brave man, especially if he be in the race for lady fair. The traditions of his family had thrown him with the League, but in his heart he was for Henry of Navarre. Then love strangely crossed his loyalty, his honour, and his faith, but the chivalry that dares the right impelled him, much against his will at times, and in the end the story tells how D'Auriac surprised the nest of treason against the King, how the King—"plain Henri de Bourbon"—disarmed his ill-will, and how the chevalier found Claude, the Royal Ward, and led her to his crow's nest of D'Auriac. There is a supreme moment near the climax of the story which is handled with great skill, and which shows that Mr. Yeats has the imaginative power to conceive and to portray a strong dramatic situation. The King and D'Auriac are alone, and about to attempt the dangerous assault on the treacherous assembly secreted in the Toison d'Or. The King speaks:

"M. d'Auriac, are you still an enemy of your King?"

"I could make no answer; I did not know what to say, and stood, candle in hand, in silence. . . ."

"Sire," I answered boldly, "is it my fault?"

"He began to pull at his moustache, keeping his eyes to the ground, and saying to himself, 'Sully will not be here for a little; there is yet time.' As for me, I took my courage in both hands and waited. So a half minute must have passed before he spoke again:

"Monsieur, if a gentleman has wronged another, there is only one course open. There is room enough here; take your sword and your place."

"I—I," I stammered. "Your Majesty, I do not understand."

"I never heard that monsieur le chevalier was dense in these matters. Come, sir, time presses; your place."

"May my hand wither if I do!" I burst out. "I will never stand so before the King."

"Not before the King, monsieur, but before a man who considers himself a little wronged, too. What! is D'Auriac so high that he cannot stoop to cross a blade with plain Henri de Bourbon?"

"And then 'twas as if God Himself took the scales from my eyes, and I fell on my knees before my King."

Not only has Mr. Yeats written an excellent tale of adventure, but he has shown a close study of character which does not borrow merely from the trappings of historical actors, but which denotes a keen knowledge of human nature, and a shrewd insight into the workings of human motives. The chevalier himself, "hot with the fire of five-and-twenty," we like for his straightforward simplicity, his brave, impulsive nature, his superb recklessness, his chivalry, and especially for his tender passion for Claude, which beguiles us from page to page to the happy issue, and which dwells with touching tenderness in the brief closing retrospect. D'Auriac belongs to his day, and fills his place in the delightful improbabilities of romance to perfection, yet he is of kin to us, and something throbbing in his life awakens a response in ours. The fashion of the period is kept well in mind, the style of writing has just that touch of old fashioned formality which serves to veil the past from the present, and to throw the lights and shadows into a harmony of tone. Moreover, the work has literary quality of a genuine sort in it, which raises it above a numerous host of its fellows in kind. A word of praise is called for, too, by the "Prelude" in verse which, projecting a high and lofty truth into the story, is gracefully borne upon its pennons.

The author very pleasantly says in his preface that "his object is simply to enable a reader to pass away a dull hour." Perhaps we have made a larger claim for him, but the refreshment it was at least his purpose to purvey for the reader will be found in these pages to his heart's content. But *The Chevalier d'Auriac* need not be shamed by the neighbourhood of others whose authors have gone to the same field to create that world of romance which never was, yet always is.

J. M.

## NOVEL NOTES.

LETTERS OF WOMEN. By Marcel Prévost. Translated by Arthur Hornblow. New York: Meyer Brothers & Co. \$1.00.

We have noted so carefully the rise of M. Marcel Prévost to his present rank as to lead us to peruse this volume with especial interest, since it is the first even partial attempt to make his shorter stories accessible to those readers who have no French. Of the selections from the famous *Lettres*, which the translator has here made, only one (*Mon Vieil Ami*) has, so far as we know, ever appeared in an English dress; the rest will be new to the American reader. Mr. Hornblow has, on the whole, shown excellent taste in choosing his examples to illustrate M. Prévost's versatile genius and his different manners. One of them, "Genevieve's Note-Book" (*Les Cahiers de Geneviève*), we have always held to be one of the best things that Prévost has ever written, for it not only illustrates perfectly his light touch and sympathetic understanding of a woman's mind, but has also a delicacy and tenderness not always to be found in his other productions. "Expiation" is in his most serious vein. The rest are very fairly representative. We could have wished that *Grâce* had been included, for though very slight, it is one of the most subtle of the *Lettres*; and the first selection in the book seems hardly worth the trouble of translating—but this is largely a matter of individual taste.

As to the translator's work, it is fairly done—not in a way to compare with his rendering of *The Triumph of Death*, but better than what he did in the last book of Gyp's that he Englished. There seems to have been too little care taken in going over the proofs to rectify inconsistencies. Thus, why should we have an accent on the purely English form "prefect"? And why speak of the Obelisk as "the Obelisque"? And in giving names of streets, why write sometimes *Rue* and sometimes *rue*? These are small matters, but they grate upon the sensibilities of a cultivated reader, and force upon his attention the fact that he is reading a translation; whereas the perfect translation is that which for the moment deludes you into the feeling that you have the original in your hand. Then, again, we never like to see, in a version from the French, bits of slang that are essentially Anglo-Saxon, and therefore destructive of the Gallic atmosphere. Thus, instead of writing (p. 202), "This kid already does what she likes with the men," it would have been much better to have said, "This little minx," or even to have let a French word stand and say, "This *gamine*," which would have been both comprehensible and in keeping with the local colour.

IN PLAIN AIR. By Elisabeth Lyman Cabot. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

That Mrs. Cabot has a capacity for gentle satire that in any way suggests Mrs. Craigie, or that her dialogue, however veracious, could ever remind one of Anthony Hope Hawkins, as the publishers' puff preliminary intimates, is less a comment upon the fabric in question than

upon the tactile sense and circumscribed view of the advertiser, and can only react humiliatingly upon all concerned. So far from possessing any real distinction of style, *In Plain Air* (rather obscure for a French title, by the way) has its full share of sins against grammar and syntax, all of which the reviewer would fain have overlooked, because of its entertaining value, but for the barking propensities of those who have not consciously taken up their abode on Coney Island. The story is an intimate account of a maid Marion, who involuntarily reversed the decision of Brookfield, Mass., regarding a mill-hand of artistic bent and two other more sophisticated and spirited young men, whom she alone had the pluck to befriend. With a rare tact she disposed of each of her *protégés*, getting one of them off to Paris to cut stone, contriving a happy marriage for another, and herself marrying the third, not, however, till she had evidence of his faultlessness, and, under the physical exhilaration of a break-neck runaway, a clairvoyant sense that his was a "noble soul, mated to hers from all eternity." The story is notable chiefly for the contrast at every point between Marion and her relatives and associates, whom, by dint of education and travel, she had outgrown in sympathy and comprehension. The world to which she returned had no doubt as to the identity of the sheep and the goats, and recognised no true community of soul which had not been cemented by a course of reading aloud, preferably from the early English dramatists. What impertinences Marion suffered from the lips of her counsellors only the amiable can fully appreciate. Her woman friend religiously indicated the opportunity which was hers to show Brookfield that she was on the side of the right by denying her friendship to the man the country bumpkins distrusted. And even Flossie, who had a *penchant* in August for hot-looking red dresses that "creaked demonstrably" in their efforts to contain her, had to tell Marion that Mamie Glover told *her*, "on the best authority," that she was engaged to the same social outcast.

SPANISH CASTLES BY THE RHINE. By David Skaats Foster. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

A "triptychal yarn" by any other name would, perhaps, be as spellbinding; but when three rogues in buckram, unromantically designated Jenkins, Waterbury, and Perkins, "let drive" at us, as Falstaff would say, from amid the mediæval rookeries of Germany, their adventures are only adequately described by such prose-poetry as *Spanish Castles by the Rhine*. It is certainly less sophomoric than "From *Alma Mater* to *De Profundis*," which one of Mr. Foster's brother fictionists chose for a chapter heading, and less disturbing than Mr. Foster's own "Six Dumb-bells (dumb *belles*) of Castle Schreckenstrohm." That in these neatly correlated tales Mr. Foster has written something good of its kind is not denied. They are entertaining, ingenious; they are touched with humour and sentiment, and not overburdened

with explanatory matter or legendary allusions; and they move with considerable swiftness, the first even ending before it might. They also deserve, undoubtedly, to be adjectived "up-to-date," the wit exemplified having a dash of flippancy and slang which, along with a telephone, a horseless carriage, and the "catalogue" of his masquerading majesty's wardrobe, will be enjoyed by many who do not like to dip too deeply into the well of oblivion. But the kind of romance improvised by Mr. Foster is distinctly imitative. It is difficult to imagine these stories existing independently of the plots and incidents contrived by Messrs. Hawkins and Stockton. But why, you will ask, should every "man who looked like the king," or, for some mysterious reason, woke up in his bedchamber, and every indiscreet duchess, and every region in name resembling Ruritania, be adjudged the peculiar property of Anthony Hope? And has not Mr. Foster's runaway balloon with its dawdling, contented passenger as good a right as Mr. Stockton's to be halloed at by belated pedestrians? Those who like to regale themselves with old wine sealed in new bottles will find here an abundance of novel turns and crisp touches. In the first story a designing baron is in the stocks, and in the second two of the "dumb belles" are out of their stockings when the group bursts upon the hero's view. Von Dunkelheim, the best liar in Europe, is "kidnapped"—that is, an Amazonian body-snatcher named Cunigunde drags him into a cab by the nape of his neck. There is a Barrisonian flavour about the six "Dumb-bells," and the story swinging them is potent with comic-operatic suggestions.

THE MISSIONARY SHERIFF: Being Incidents in the Life of a Plain Man Who Tried to Do His Duty. By "Octave Thanet." New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

We have many writers who are content to fabricate stories which are short, or abbreviated long stories, or elongated short ones, but very few, perhaps not more than half a dozen all told, who will take the trouble to write a short story. Among these half dozen must be numbered Miss Alice French. That is certainly a distinction of which Davenport, Ia., may well be proud, and which, being a "distributing centre," she should generously share with the adjacent cities of Rock Island and Moline, Ill., which have, if we mistake not, furnished Miss French with considerable literary properties. To a trained eye every story in the present collection bears evidence of indefatigable labour, and the first three are beyond reasonable criticism. They are full of premonitory notes, deft, convincing touches of characterisation, which plausibly conserve the development of the plot. They are carefully pruned of extraneous details, and, while not devoid of rhetorical niceties, keep the reader's attention and heart centred on their content rather than their form. "The Hypnotist" and "The Next Room" reveal a substratum of conviction which by some will be construed as prejudice, and may on that account appeal less widely. The illiterate sheriff, Amos Wickliff, with his scarred face and filial piety, who took philosophy to be not much more than "seeing things with the paint off," and brought on witnesses who believed

that the Armstrongs "if instructed, would learn to play the organ," wins a snug place in the affections of the reader, not far removed from that acquired by Van Bibber. The optimism of the writer who can make us feel that the young criminal who had been the model boy of the Sunday-school kept his face clean and brushed his hair without being told to, learned his lessons quick, and always said "Yes'm" and "No'm," and when he got into a scrape lied out of it, and "picked up bad habits as easy and quiet as a long-haired dog catches fleas," was not too "slick" to be reformed, is a freak of artistic exuberance which assuredly deserves praise.

IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Those who read *The Knight of the Black Forest* with delight, and *Mimosa Leaves* with appreciation, will hardly feel satisfied with this new work, although there are marks of the same hand. The selection of environment is unfortunate by reason of its too great familiarity. The social aspect of Washington has been presented so often, and with such unvarying features—for nowhere else in America are social functions so stereotyped in form—that the very mention of the town brings depression to the novel-reader. Most of the characters are distinctively the products of the environment, and they have figured in fiction galore. The aunt we have all known these many administrations, so long and so well that we scarcely care to read that "her nondescript face had a fixed pleasantness of expression wholly without reference to passing events," or that "her geniality had nothing personal in its character." Leigh Cameron, the young niece of this typical dame, is tried in the crucible, and turns out to be mainly dross, although the author is apparently unaware of the fact. Philip Russell, a young naval officer, sustains, or endeavours to sustain, the rôle of hero, and is forced to resign his commission and to suffer under the suspicion of a murder which he did not commit. The mixture of the grimmest elements of the melodrama with the drawing-room farce of Washington life is the only really remarkable characteristic of the story. The old general, who always parades the capital, ably supports his part by repudiating his nephew, the suspected man. And the bad man comes in just as the heroine has cast the hero out of her love on the first breath of suspicion—as no loving woman ever did or could do in real life—and succeeds in inducing her to transfer her devotion to himself without delay. For whatever may be the criticism of the story, it cannot be said to lag. Dramatic events succeed each other with stirring rapidity. The heroine is hardly married to the bad man—who is not so very bad, after all—before she discovers that he, and not her former lover, is the real murderer. Whereupon her affections are transferred again, and trouble begins, when the husband dies just in the nick of time, and all is well. It is hardly possible to take such work seriously, and yet there is, nevertheless, a very genuine regret that a writer who has done such good work should, through haste, or carelessness, or from any cause, do anything like this.

ARRESTED. By Esmé Stuart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Those who like things to happen in novels will find this one greatly to their taste. A buried treasure discovered in the very beginning of the story leads forthwith to many thrilling complications. The innocent young man who finds it is suspected of a mysterious murder and robbery, and is consequently separated from the girl he loves. She forthwith undertakes to establish his innocence in the most charming and utterly impossible way, the medium being a weird, half-witted creature, who supplies the element of the uncanny. The scene in which, led by this darkened mind, she goes into the woods on a stormy midnight and searches for the proof that is to free her lover is quite as delightful as anything by Mrs. Radcliffe:

"Dig Down!—but I can't: I have but my hands; then making the effort, Elsie plunged her small fingers into the soft soil. All idea of fear departed as she began to work. She did not know what she was looking for, but she believed that Tim could not deceive her as to facts. Something lay hidden here. It might have nothing to do with the question, but it was surely something which his poor, queer brain thought would be useful to her. She had already scooped out a little mound of damp earth, much as a child does when building a mud castle, when she paused. The rain came steadily down upon her and the wind blew her hair about. What did this mean?"

It meant something very important indeed—nothing less than the unravelling of the mystery of the murder and robbery, and the whole situation produces an enjoyable shiver. For it is really enjoyable now and then to come across a story of its kind, written without consideration of the probabilities, without attempt at analysis, without apparent thought of criticism. And in truth far more pretentious work might have had greater reason to dread the critics, for its simple style is very good.

PERFECTION CITY. By Mrs. Orpen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.00.

Mrs. Orpen's story is as breezy as the prairies in the midst of which was set Perfection City, and a great deal less dreary than she would have us believe they are. An old subject of satire—the ways and walks of reformers who have found short cuts to the millennium—has here a very fresh and lively setting; and the dry, hard common-sense of the moral is softened and lightened by the kindest sympathy and humour. The story of Olive, a young creature, bright as a flower, set down as a bride among the faddists of the communistic "city," a shrewd young rebel withal, a graceful, inconvertible heretic, and with the truest little heart in the world, wins our complete sympathy, and for her sake we feel kindly toward her slow and solemn Ezra. Madame Morozoff-Smith we have often met before; but, at least, she is a strong presentment of the woman who embraces a cause for the sake of a man, and would betray it, too, for him. "Will you hear the truth about Perfection City?" she says in her hour of confession. "Then listen. It is not an experiment in new principles, it is an example of the oldest the world has seen—of the folly of a fond woman. I founded Perfection City so that he might love the founder." She goes off the stage with a tragic gesture, but the others, their troubles over, pack up their goods very cheerfully for the City of Common Sense.

THE GARDEN OF ROMANCE. Romantic Tales of all Time. Chosen and edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: New Amsterdam Company. \$1.50.

The tale is a form where art has shown its best power of simple delight, where unquestioning romance has had its fairest opportunity. It is the food of fresh minds and the rest of tired ones. This is an anthology of tales. It should be judged by the excellence of what it includes, for no other person's anthology could coincide exactly with the one we make for ourselves and never print. Mr. Rhys has been very fastidious in his choice of ten. Each of the ten has an undeniable right to its place, and some of them we meet with a pleasurable surprise of their having attained to a distinction which popular fame has withheld from them. Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" is chief among these. "The Story of the Lame Young Man" from the *Arabian Nights*, "Cymon and Iphigenia" from the *Decameron*, Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher," and Cervantes's "Story of Marcella" are among the more expected treasures. The setting of the tales is worthy of them, and *The Garden of Romance* will be lingered in with delight by old and young.

THE PHILANDERERS. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

The galloping pace of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* has slowed off, and Mr. Mason brings his adventurous soul to the contemplation of modern drawing-room characters. He does not like them, and he presents as their foil a man who has been brought face to face with the issues of life and death, who has been the arbiter of life and death in a Central African expedition full of unusual hardship and peril. He is a very fine fellow indeed, and, of course, he shows to the utmost advantage when placed opposite to a poor, mean, spiteful, irritable thing of a novelist, and an idle, irresponsible spectator of life, who meddles intermittently with his neighbours' business, and never with wisdom. There is a woman, too, who treats the hero badly, admiring him though she does with whatever strength is in her thin, weak nature. The other woman, who has intelligence and character enough to be his mate, is given a mere secondary part to play. The contrast of the strong-willed, single-minded man of action with the philandering nobodies of London society is an interesting motive, but Mr. Mason's is only a 'prentice hand at this kind of work as yet; his subtleties are a little dull and his fine shades a little blurred. Now and again, as on page 53, there is something like a parody of Mr. Meredith's style, unsustained, however—and the failure is fortunate.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

There is a disappointment in store for admirers of Mr. Crawford's work. He gives them in *A Rose of Yesterday* neither glowing Italian romance nor the careful detailed study of Roman or New York society. Evidently he has written this book with a serious purpose—that of warning us against the dangers of facilities of divorce. We have no quarrel with that. His reflections on the subject are not interesting. Mr. Crawford is not a thinker, nor even

an inspiring preacher ; but as a man with something earnest to say we respect him. Now, to make his sermon effective, he should either have made his middle-aged heroine divorce her mad, bad husband, or have convinced us, by glimpses at her later life, that she never did so. As a warning, or as a fine example, she would equally well serve his purpose. But he has not the courage to do one or the other. Just when the virtuous, faithful old lover is trying to persuade her that she is under no obligation to rejoin her husband, who is about to be released from the asylum, and when she is resisting, but not in a way convincing to the reader, Mr. Crawford kills the mad, bad husband, and the virtuous old lover steps respectably into his shoes ! What is the use of his story—which apart from a moral is not entertaining, and which has no moral ? There is a half-developed boy who interests us a little, and an abortive romance of a young girl for an elderly man, which does not interest us at all, and does not interest Mr. Crawford, for he drops it limply, and wanders away from it to preach his sermon with the illustration, which is no illustration, but a shirking of the whole position.

SYMPHONIES. By George Egerton. New York : John Lane. \$1.25.

Only one story, or, if you like, "Symphony," out of the seven is strongly reminiscent of George Egerton's earlier manner, which brought her notoriety. "At the Heart of the Apple" is the link between *Keynotes* and *Discords*, especially the former, and the newer manner which is as yet fumbling and indeterminate. At least there was always a purpose at the core of the first kind, generally the one that is expressed in "Heart of the Apple"—to depict the "race of women, and they are many, to whom the child is first, the man always second." The interest, the success of propaganda, attach to these accordingly. When there is no propaganda, the writer has to depend precariously on a general knowledge of human nature, and on literary skill for a clientele ; and just at this moment George Egerton's fortunes are low. There is one picturesque scene in "A Chilian Episode," and there is a vivid presentment of the atmosphere of the Basque country in "Pan ;" but the greater part of the work in the book is of poor literary quality, and the material utterly commonplace. After reading the Chilian tale and "Sea Pinks," we have an uneasy sense of listening to something very familiar, but incongruous with all our previous ideas of this writer. The voice of

George Egerton was silent, and there were echoes of Ouida and Mr. Morley Roberts. These names, we think, accurately define the literary influences she seems to be under at this transitional stage. In what strikes her old readers as the most characteristic story, "Heart of the Apple," one is tempted to name Miss Corelli, too, but, in justice, the creation of the pure, strong, valiant child of nature should be called her own ; besides, Miss Corelli would disown the morals. We should like to leave the matter here, and wait for what this writer of chaotic brain but considerable force of feeling may give us in the course of years, but we must fain express a hope that the passages and references of gratuitous vulgarity may receive some general discouragement from her readers. It may be worth mentioning, too, that this kind of writing must disgust alike the scientist and the lover of good letters—

"She proved a never-failing delight to him, this child woman, with her absolutely fresh, unspoiled nature, all her basic instincts intact ; a genetic creature fashioned of the right ground-stuff for the renewal of life in man by the formation of new strong individuals—in her physiological structure a "driftnatur"—quick to laugh, quick to be grave—with no conscious personality, a thing of perfect health, sound in mind and body, all her apperceptions unconfused by the scrapment system of modern education."

THE MASTER-BEGGARS. By L. Cope Cornford. With illustrations by W. Cubitt Cooke, and a map. Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

This is a tale of Alva and of his famous foes, the Wild Beggars, the *Gueux*, the spirited instruments of Flemish freedom. Whosoever has read *Captain Jacobus* will know that he need fear nothing slipshod and slovenly in the matter and manner of Mr. Cornford's new romance. He is a writer who most evidently delights in his work, and the respect which he has already gained among such as read fastidiously should grow steadily till it means wide success. Perhaps on the side of popularity *The Master-Beggars* falls below the earlier book. As a picture of the time it is excellent ; as a story it hardly competes with some far more worthless rivals ; and this, in spite of very spirited incidents, and two or three personages in whose company we journey very willingly. An occasional drag in the interest occurs, but energy is regained before we lose trust. The romance of the ex-monk Hilarion and the Lady Jacqueline has our abundant sympathy, while the Wild Cat from first to last is a living, forceful being who convinces our imaginations and keeps us on the alert for his next adventure.

## THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By Justin McCarthy. Illustrated. New York : Harper & Bros. \$1.75.

Mr. McCarthy's well-known *History of Our Own Times* has been written over many years of his life and has been a work of growth. In 1878 there appeared the first two volumes (in one volume in America), and in 1880 a third and

fourth volume (Volume II. in the American edition), bringing the review of events that had passed within his own recollection up to the crisis of that year. A new and fifth volume has just been added to the story of the Victorian era, taking up the narrative of events at that momentous epoch, and passing in review all that has happened in the affairs of the British

Empire during the last seventeen years. So that we have now a continuous history of the Queen's long reign up to the Diamond Jubilee. We notice that the new volume has not been made uniform with the preceding volumes already published by the Harpers, as it is complete in itself, and will be found worth reading for a recital of the chapters of history within the period it covers. While it stands in relation to the previous volumes as an additional volume, it nevertheless has an interest of its own apart from that attached to those which it succeeds. The years 1880-97 have been crowded with history; old questions have reached their climax, and new ones have arisen yet to be solved; administrations have flourished and faded; statesmen have grown mighty in power, and after a brief season have disappeared to give way to others who have succeeded their fortunes and losses; names written "on Fame's eternal bead-roll" during the century have been transferred to the Death-roll, with other names that have shone with less lustre on the page of history. Through the long and illustrious procession Mr. McCarthy leads us with unfaltering hand, and despite the ignoble fallibility and frailty of mankind, the mistakes and blunders of statesmen, the wrecks of many kinds, we are impressed by the majesty of man, the onward tramp of a mighty race, the upward range of an aspiring people, the mighty hopes which make us men. Mr. McCarthy's aim has been, like that of Green in his *History*, to write the story of the English people in the nineteenth century, and not a dry record of facts and dates. He has the sympathetic imagination, the warmth of the Celtic mind, the rare art of the raconteur, and with these gifts he has given us a fresh and vivid view of the times through which many still living have passed with him. This is more strikingly evidenced in the new volume, to which Mr. McCarthy contributes many personal reminiscences of the various parliamentary and historical figures with whom he has mingled in his public career. There are sixteen portraits of eminent English personages, including a frontispiece of Queen Victoria; and an index enhances the usefulness of the work.

NATURE IN A CITY YARD. Some Rambling Dissertations Thereupon. By Charles M. Skinner. New York: The Century Co. \$1.00.

"Our yard," says Mr. Skinner, "is only an epitome of and substitute for the real thing, which is the country. I do not live in town because I want to, but because I must." But what a yard! We know that if we were to visit Mr. Skinner's yard, "about eighteen feet by fifty," loved by tuneful cats, the McGonigle boy, mosquitoes, and other minor denizens and visitors, we should see a very ordinary sight; not even the Newfoundland dog, the three toads, and a turtle would serve to differentiate it from its fellows. Its local geography is thus described:

"The yard is bounded on the north by the carpenter's yard, with its piles of lumber; on the east by a board fence and a lilac-bush; on the west by small boys and a gravel dump—on the far side, to be sure, of three other yards; on the south by the two-story and basement brick house where we live."

Yet how the writer has peopled that "common city yard" with fancies and delights innumerable of the eye and ear, and transformed a

square, unadorned patch of space into a shelter from the hurly-burly of the city's strife, a quiet bower for rest and peace, a coign of vantage upon which to stand and view the wondrous working of all creation. Mr. Skinner has verified the proverb: "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry out the wealth of the Indies." Every page of this little book is luminous with suggestion and allusion. The poet's mind is at work, building up a whole structure of beauty and wonder out of a bit of common earth, a few yards of space. The geographical boundary is not the true boundary: there is a soul within the barriers which cannot be shut in; the spirit of the book is in the clouds and with the stars and at the ends of the earth, while the anchorage is in the yard. From grave to gay, with a lightness of touch, and a playful humour flashing on its surface, the stream of thought and fancy flows on from theme to theme, deepening in its current as it reaches the haven of its desire in "The Soul of Nature" in the last chapter. Like Harold in the yard, whose infant mind sees the wonders of nature with a fresh eye, the writer amuses us constantly by the quaintness and unexpectedness of his observations. There are the freshness of feeling, the sense of wonder, the beautiful simplicity of a mind touched afresh each rising morn by the beam celestial "which evermore makes all things new." What Walden Pond was to Thoreau, a Brooklyn backyard has been to Mr. Skinner; it has been already remarked that *Nature in a City Yard* will remind many readers of Charles Dudley Warner's *My Summer in a Garden*. We can assure the most sceptical that if they have found delight in Mr. Warner's garden, they will certainly find pleasure in Mr. Skinner's back-yard.

MARTHA WASHINGTON. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

We have had occasion in reviewing the volumes that have already appeared in this series to speak highly of their social and historical value. Each biography has had an individual power and charm of its own, and yet each has taken its place in the series with a certain valuation and sympathy of treatment which has preserved the unity of the design. Not the least difficult of the subjects handled has been that of *Martha Washington*, the fifth volume in the series of *Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times*. One has to recognise the serious obstacles with which the author was confronted at the outset of her task in the absence of personal and family letters, and in the grave fact that Mrs. Washington, as a distinct personality, had been overshadowed by the majestic form of her husband, in order to appreciate to what extent the bare outline of her life has been clothed with the charm of individuality and animated by the warmth of human interest. Only a few letters of Mrs. Washington's have been discovered, all of her correspondence with her husband having been destroyed at her request, but these few are very characteristic, and enhance the value of the vivid portrait which Miss Wharton has given us—a portrait which is the most complete and authoritative we have yet had, and which awards the book which contains it a foremost place in the biography of the

subject. Miss Wharton's work will remain for many a day the reliance of the student, and the delight of the reader in regard to all that pertains to Mrs. Washington's public, social, and domestic life.

**THE FLIGHT OF THE KING.** Being a Full, True and Particular Account of the Miraculous Escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester. By Allan Fea. With numerous sketches and photographs by the author, and sixteen portraits in photogravure. New York: John Lane. \$6.00.

Devotion to a lost cause has been the inspiration of Mr. Fea's labours. But such devotion generally takes literary shape in rhetoric, while his effort has all been toward accuracy and compression. His own part of the book consists of an account of an Historical Tour, in which he traces Charles's movements in detail from Worcester to Fécamp, briefly narrating the incidents by the way, and describing the aspects of his resting and hiding-places as they were then and as they are now. The illustrations, mainly architectural, are excellent. Altogether Part I. is a curious and interesting piece of work, which has demanded and received close investigation among historical and private family documents. It is a summary of all the verified information on the subject, and a delightful recaller of an England that has mostly passed away. The second part has its justification in the incompleteness of "The Boscobel Tracts." Hughes included none of these five, yet they are valuable if only in a supplementary way, and contain such individual corroboration of the accepted narrative that the reader of picturesque history cannot afford to ignore them. Mr. Fea's pious labours will receive serious appreciation outside White Rose leagues. The portraits in Part II. are finely reproduced, and every external feature has been attended to with care and taste.

**WALKS AND RIDES IN THE COUNTRY ROUND ABOUT BOSTON,** covering thirty-six cities and towns, parks and public reservations within a radius of twelve miles from the State House. Written by Edwin M. Bacon and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the Appalachian Mountain Club. With four maps, in two pockets. 150 illustrations. \$1.25.

At the suggestion of President Eliot of Harvard, the Appalachian Mountain Club has undertaken the duty of publishing a guide to its regular Saturday afternoon walks in the vicinity of Boston, and its equally interesting rides, putting the data it has collected into the capable hands of Mr. Edwin M. Bacon, the author of *Boston Illustrated, The Dictionary of Boston*, and well known as an antiquarian, with few superiors in the knowledge of local history. Mr. Bacon has also been introduced to our readers recently as the writer of two papers in a series on "Old Boston Booksellers." In his hands the plan has developed from a brief guide to walks, with distances and directions for finding the picturesque spots, to an exhaustive, but wonderfully condensed account of the most attractive rambles and rides through the region embraced in what the geologists call "The Boston Basin," and the politicians, "The Greater Boston," giving details of scenery, of historic landmarks, of geological and topographical features, noting the inscriptions on every historical monument and tablet and giving its history, making the volume an absolutely indispensable

pocket companion to every pedestrian, wheelman or horseman who desires to add to his outing some understanding of the country covered.

As a reference book for the library it is equally valuable, and there are few persons in any of the towns included who will fail to find many features in their own vicinity, here mentioned as attractive or notable, of which they were ignorant. A very complete index and the system of display type used in the *Baedekers' Guides* (which this book resembles in size, style, and plan) make it available either in the library or on the road.

**MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN MODERN FICTION,** and other Essays on Kindred Subjects. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. New York: John Lane. \$1.50.

These essays are by a woman who has thought out her words before she uttered them. There is, as a rule, very little thinking either in the orthodox or the heretical opinions on these subjects, and nowadays when heretical opinions are not very hardly dealt with, perhaps the hollowest nonsense is spoken on the revolutionary side. It can hardly be said that Mrs. Chapman has come to any new conclusions. She holds the old-fashioned views on such questions, but has found fresh modern sanctions for them. Because of her interest in and good will to modern developments, and especially to the advancement of women, she is on the side of order and restraint. Very likely she has become a little unnerved by Nordau's dark prognostications; and, for all her thinking, she has certainly not faced all the evils which she holds should be borne by the individual for the good of the race. But her attitude is staunch, stalwart, and worthy of respect. The most notable article is not the first, which is a rather tedious criticism of the woman-problem novel, but that on "Why We Should Oppose Divorce." It is an amplification of the statement that the way to make marriage some day an ideal relation of life is to make it indissoluble, and to convert all men and women, Christian or Agnostic, to the belief that it is a sacrament.

**EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.** His Life and Poems. By Wilfred A. Gill. New York: John Lane.

This volume, if only a collection of Lefroy's poems, would be most welcome, and its interest is much enhanced by the memoir and the critical estimate it includes. Not always do a poet's verses and his character conform, but in the case of Lefroy "his spiritual apperception of sensuous beauty was the outcome of a rare and exquisite personality;" and poems and life complement each other. The memoir, by Mr. W. A. Gill, is a sympathetic sketch of an earnest and lovable character; and the critical estimate, by J. Addington Symonds, is a charmingly written and suggestive essay. Lefroy's fame must be based upon his century of sonnets, and that is surely a secure foundation, for the sonnets are delicate in workmanship and luminous in thought. "On the Beach in November" is in itself sufficient to separate Lefroy from the multitude of minor singers, but all his work is dignified and beautiful, "and to rest for a moment upon the spontaneous and unambitious poetry which flowed from such a nature cannot fail to refresh minds wearied with the storm and stress of modern thought."



## THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

## EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1897.

In recording the business of the past month many of the titles mentioned must be a repetition of those in previous letters, for although there have been numerous publications very few have reached any considerable sale. *Equality*, by Edward Bellamy, has been the most prominent of the month's output, but is yet hardly selling up to the expectations of a new work by the author of *Looking Backward*. *A Rose of Yesterday*, by F. Marion Crawford, and *Uncle Bernac*, by A. Conan Doyle, are next in order, and are selling readily. Mrs. Jenness Miller enters the field of fiction with *The Philosopher of Driftwood*, her previous books on physical culture and dress reform having sold largely. Other books of interest have been *Bolanyo*, by Opie Read; *The Meddling Hussy*, by Clinton Ross, and *Susan's Escort and Others*, by Edward Everett Hale.

*Quo Vadis* has again led all other books in point of sale, with *Soldiers of Fortune* for a good second. These are followed by *The Choir Invisible*, *On the Face of the Waters*, *The Pomp of the Lavillettes*, and *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*.

The sales of paper-bound books continue to drag, and must be discouraging to the publishers of this class of literature. Just at present *Marietta's Marriage*, by W. E. Norris; *Dear Faustina*, by Rhoda Broughton; *America and the Americans*, and *That Affair Next Door* are the most popular.

Outside of fiction, which commands the major part of the business, out-of-door subjects are in the lead. *Insect Life* by J. H. Comstock, is the latest addition to this class, while *How to Know the Wild Flowers*, *Bird-Life*, and *Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America* are still in good demand.

*Bacdeker's European Guides* are continually called for, also guides to summer resorts, particularly of the Adirondacks.

A number of new books by prominent authors are announced for early publication, notably *The Martian*, by George Du Maurier; *Jerome: A Poor Man*, by Mary E. Wilkins; *Afield with Flowers and Animate Things*, by W. H. Gibson, and *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling.

It is interesting to note that the popular books are not issued by one or two publishers, but are quite generally divided; for example, the Harpers have *The Pursuit of the House-Boat*; the Appletons, *Equality* and *Uncle Bernac*; the Scribners, *Soldiers of Fortune*; the Macmillan Company, *The Choir Invisible* and *A Rose of Yesterday*; Little, Brown and Company, *Quo Vadis*; Lamson, Wolfe and Company, *The Pomp of the Lavillettes*.

In view of the considerable amount of works of travel and biography which were published in the early spring, it is somewhat remarkable that their sale has not continued. At present there is very little call for these books, with the

exception of Nansen's *Farthest North*, which still has a fair sale. Religious books also are in little demand, and with the exception of such fiction as relates to the subject there is seldom any call for books of this character.

Trade in general, as might be expected, has been quiet. A noticeable feature of the past two years has been an increased activity in the month of June over the immediate month preceding, and more or less interest is created by the presenting of the various lines for the Fall trade, which bid fair to equal those of former years.

The best-selling books for the month are as follows:

*Quo Vadis*. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.  
*Soldiers of Fortune*. By Richard Harding Davis. \$1.50.

*The Choir Invisible*. By James Lane Allen. \$1.50.

*A Rose of Yesterday*. By F. Marion Crawford. \$1.50.

*Uncle Bernac*. By A. Conan Doyle. \$1.50.  
*Equality*. By Edward Bellamy. \$1.50.

*The Pomp of the Lavillettes*. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.25.

*The Pursuit of the House-Boat*. By John Kendrick Bangs. \$1.25.

*On the Face of the Waters*. By Flora Annie Steel. \$1.50.

*In the Tideway*. By Flora Annie Steel. \$1.25.

*Trooper Peter Halket*. By Olive Schreiner. \$1.25.

*Marietta's Marriage*. By W. E. Norris. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

*Dear Faustina*. By Rhoda Broughton. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

*America and the Americans*. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

*Under the Red Robe*. By Stanley J. Weyman. \$1.50.

## WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, July 1, 1897.

Last month business was of the average kind, the demand proceeding mainly along regular lines, and not presenting many features of general interest. There was quite a lively call from the country during the early part of the month for books for commencement presents, the class of books demanded being, from a literary standpoint, especially good, works of classic rank being selected in nearly every case.

*Soldiers of Fortune* and *The Choir Invisible* led the van in last month's sales. Even allowing for the immense popularity of these two books, the numbers sold were for this time of the year astonishingly large.

*Quo Vadis* still continues its wonderful vogue, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling* has had an exceptional sale. Apart from these the demand for the older books among the favourites shows a slight diminution. Of the new books published during June Edward Bellamy's *Equality*



was the most successful, and present indications point to its having a large sale; the work being virtually a sequel to *Looking Backward*, the demand for the latter book has consequently revived. Other successful June books were Conan Doyle's *Uncle Bernac*, Marion Crawford's *Rose of Yesterday*, and W. C. Larned's *Arnaud's Masterpiece*.

While the demand for poetry cannot be said exactly to be falling off, it is at present the only class of literature which shows no increase in its sales. The standard poets, especially the famous American authors, such as Longfellow, Whittier, etc., sell steadily and regularly, with scarcely any fluctuation all the year round, but new books by living poets have for the most part, with local exceptions, a very small sale, and if now and then a book does meet with considerable vogue, it does not last long.

Sales of paper-bound books are fair, especially in cheap lines. A peculiarity of this part of the book business is the passing of the fifty-cent paper-bound novel, which is diminishing each year. In fact, several houses that formerly issued serial lines at this price have stopped making them.

*The Land of the Dollar* had quite a good sale last month, and is, even for a work of its kind, meeting with a most favourable reception everywhere in the West.

The Centenary Edition of Carlyle's works, imported by the Scribners, supplies a "long-felt want" for a good, moderate-priced edition for library use. It can also be bought by the volume if desired.

The usual July influx of travellers with samples of Fall preparations is beginning as we write. Last season's output was very large, but this year will probably surpass it, both in the number of new books published and the literary quality of the same.

Novels usually enjoy a monopoly of sales at this time of the year, but last month's reading was not confined entirely to fiction, such books as *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, *Farthest North*, *Menticulture*, and *After Her Death* having sold remarkably well.

Last month's sales compare favourably with the record of the preceding month, and are also decidedly larger than those of the corresponding period last year.

The following books had the largest sales last month in the order as given:

- Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. \$1.50.
- The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. \$1.50.
- Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. \$2.00.
- Equality. By Edward Bellamy. \$1.25.
- Rose of Yesterday. By Marion Crawford. \$1.25.
- Pursuit of the House-Boat. By J. K. Bangs. \$1.25.
- Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. \$1.50.
- Honourable Peter Stirling. By F. L. Ford. \$1.50.
- Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. \$1.50.
- Miss Archer Archer. By C. L. Burnham. \$1.25.
- After Her Death. By Lillian Whiting. \$1.00.
- Menticulture. By Horace Fletcher. \$1.00.
- Arnaud's Masterpiece. By W. C. Larned. \$1.25.
- Margaret Ogilvie. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.25.

Phroso. By Anthony Hope. \$1.75.  
Sentimental Tommy. By J. M. Barrie. \$1.50.

## ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, May 24 to June 19, 1897.

With nothing else but the Diamond Jubilee upon the lips of every one, it can easily be believed that little attention has been given to the tempting wares of the bookseller's shop. In addition to this, the near approach of Midsummer day is always associated with a quiet time in the trade, as it is hardly the season of the year for one to sit at the fireside and read. As a set-off, the disposal of a considerable quantity of "Jubilee literature" has made matters a little better than they otherwise would have been. So much for business at home. The foreign and colonial trade has been good and well sustained, there being a steady demand for general literature, and Jubilee publications have also been exported in considerable quantities.

Under the conditions above named, it will be readily understood that the 6s. novel has not been selling very freely. *Phroso* appears to be the most popular one for the moment.

Among Jubilee publications *The Queen's Resolve*, *These Sixty Years*, and *The Personal Life of Queen Victoria* have been selling well, especially the last work mentioned. A volume of sermons for the commemoration has also been inquired for on a large scale. The publication of *The Life of Queen Victoria* by the librarian of Windsor Castle has been delayed, owing to the many engagements of the Queen having prevented the completion of the revision. The public will be quite satisfied with the explanation, the truth of which is so very patent.

The fifth volume of Mr. McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* appears at an opportune moment, and has met with the usual favourable reception.

Books on Cromwell, such as *Cromwell*, by Horton, and *Cromwell's Place in History*, by Gardiner, are attracting considerable attention, and point to the growing interest that surrounds any work dealing with the Lord Protector of Great Britain and Ireland (especially Ireland).

The literature of outdoor sports and pastimes is now in its season. The issue of a work on cricket by K. S. Ranjitsinhji is looked for with much interest.

Tons of London guides have been sold during the month. There never has been, and probably never will be again, such a demand for them. English and foreign guide books are also selling freely, as is usual at this time of the year.

Scott and Dickens are slightly increasing in favour. A new edition of each is about to appear.

The sale of the June issue of the principal illustrated magazines has been very large, owing to the lives of the Queen that have appeared in them. *The Woman at Home* was a noticeable instance.

The official programme of the procession appears at the moment of writing. Its sale will probably be enormous, as it is issued for the benefit of the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund.

There has been a slight, and only a slight, abatement in the number of new books and new editions issued during the month. The publication of more than one hundred in a week during June must be unprecedented. Doubtless many of the works have been pushed forward for publication before the Jubilee celebrations, as a reaction is sure to follow such an event as that which it is proposed to carry out in such a magnificent style. The appended list of new books embraces as usual the more popular works of the moment :

- Dear Faustina. By R. Broughton. 6s.  
 Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. By H. Garland. 6s.  
 A Rose of Yesterday. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.  
 My Run Home. By R. Boldrewood. 6s.  
 Phroso. By A. Hope. 6s.  
 Uncle Bernac. By Conan Doyle. 6s.  
 The Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. 6s.  
 The Massarenes. By Ouida. 6s.  
 Flames. By R. Hichens. 6s.  
 A Fountain Sealed. W. Besant. 6s.  
 The Philanderers. By A. E. Mason. 6s.  
 The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. Mason. 6s.  
 A History of Our Own Times. By J. McCarthy. Vol. 5. 12s.  
 Cromwell. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.  
 Cromwell's Place in History. By S. R. Gardiner. 3s. 6d.  
 St. Augustine's Mission to England. By A. J. Mason. 5s.  
 How to Listen to Music. By H. E. Krehbiel. 6s.  
 A Great Agricultural Estate. By the Duke of Bedford. 6s.  
 How Money Makes Money. By Duncan. 2s. 6d. net.  
 Fads of an Old Physician. By G. S. Keith. 2s. 6d.  
 Many Cargoes. By W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d.  
 Symphonies. By G. Egerton. 4s. 6d. net.  
 The Indiscretion of a Duchess. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.  
 The Queen's Resolve. By C. Bullock. 1s. 6d.  
 These Sixty Years. By E. Holmes. 2s. 6d.  
 Sermons for the Commemoration of Queen Victoria, 1837-1897. 2s. 6d.  
 Personal Life of Queen Victoria. By S. A. Tooley. 3s. 6d.  
 The White Slaves of England. By R. H. Sherard. 2s. 6d.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between June 1, 1897, and July 1, 1897.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

## NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

3. Equality. By Bellamy. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
4. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Pomp of the Laviettes. By Parker. \$1.25. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. \$8.00. Little, Brown & Co.)

## NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Life of Nelson. By Mahan. \$8.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)
6. Equality. By Bellamy. \$1.25. (Appleton.)

## ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)
6. A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)

## ATLANTA, GA.

1. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Old Gentleman of Black Stock. By Page. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Quest of the Golden Girl. By Le Gallienne. \$1.50. (John Lane.)
5. A Princess and a Woman. By McDonald. 25 cts. (Munsey.)
6. On the Face of the Waters. By Steel. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)

## BOSTON, MASS.

1. Aeronautical Annual. By Means. \$1.00. (W. B. Clarke & Co.)
2. Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Forty-one Years in India. By Roberts. \$12.00. (Longmans.)

## BOSTON, MASS.

1. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. ~~✓~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Pomp of the Lavillettes. By Parker. \$1.25. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. ~~✓~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. \* A Talk about Books. By Larned. 50 cts. (Peter Paul Bk. Co.)
6. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

## CHICAGO, ILL.

1. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The Massarenes. By Ouida. \$1.25. (Fenno.)
3. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. ~~✓~~ Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. His Native Wife. By Becke. 75 cts. (Lippincott.)

## CHICAGO, ILL.

1. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. ~~✓~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. ~~✓~~ Equality. By Bellamy. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
5. ~~✓~~ Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. ~~✓~~ Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)

## CINCINNATI, O.

1. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. ~~✓~~ Equality. By Bellamy. \$1.25. (Appleton.)
3. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
4. ~~✓~~ A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)

\* Local Book.

6. 1861-1865: Personal Recollections in the Confederate Army. By Dinkins. \$1.50. (The Robert Clarke Co.)

## CLEVELAND, O.

1. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
3. Lads' Love. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Spoils of Poynton. By James. \$1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
5. In the Tide Way. By Steel. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. The Master-Beggars. By Cornford. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)

## DENVER, COL.

1. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
2. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. A Singular Life. By Phelps. \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Ziska. By Corelli. \$1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Phroso. By Hope. \$1.75. (Stokes.)

## INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. ~~✓~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. ~~✓~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Master-Beggars. By Cornford. \$1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. \$1.50. (Holt.)

## KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. ~~✓~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
3. ~~✓~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)
4. A Royal Traitor. By Barnes. \$1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Farthest North. By Nansen. \$10.00. (Harper.)

## LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. ~~✓~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)
2. ~~✓~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

- ~~1.~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)  
 4. American Lands and Letters. By Mitchell. \$2.50. (Scribner.)  
 5. The Forge in the Forest. By Roberts. \$1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)  
 6. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)
- ~~1.~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)  
 3. Lads' Love. By Crockett. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
~~4.~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
~~5.~~ Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
 6. Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)

## LOUISVILLE, KY.

- ~~1.~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
~~2.~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)  
 3. The Sowers. By Merriman. \$1.25. (Harper.)  
 4. Great K. & A. Train Robbery. By Ford. \$1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)  
 5. Miss Archer Archer. By Burnham. \$1.25. (Houghton.)  
~~6.~~ Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. \$2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

## MONTREAL, CANADA.

- ~~1.~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)  
~~2.~~ A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)  
~~3.~~ Uncle Bernac. By Doyle. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
~~4.~~ Equality. By Bellamy. \$1.50. (Appleton.)  
 5. The Massarenes. By Ouida. \$1.00. (Bell & Co.)  
 6. A Story Teller's Pack. By Stockton. \$1.25. (Scribner.)

## NEW HAVEN, CONN.

- ~~1.~~ Soldiers of Fortune. By Davis. \$1.50. (Scribner.)  
~~2.~~ The Choir Invisible. By Allen. \$1.50. (Macmillan.)  
~~3.~~ A Rose of Yesterday. By Crawford. \$1.25. (Macmillan.)  
 4. Life of Nelson. 2 vols. By Mahan. \$3.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)  
~~5.~~ Pursuit of the House Boat. By Bangs. \$1.25. (Harper.)  
 6. Equality. By Bellamy. \$1.25. (Appleton.) & Co.

## OMAHA, NEB.

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